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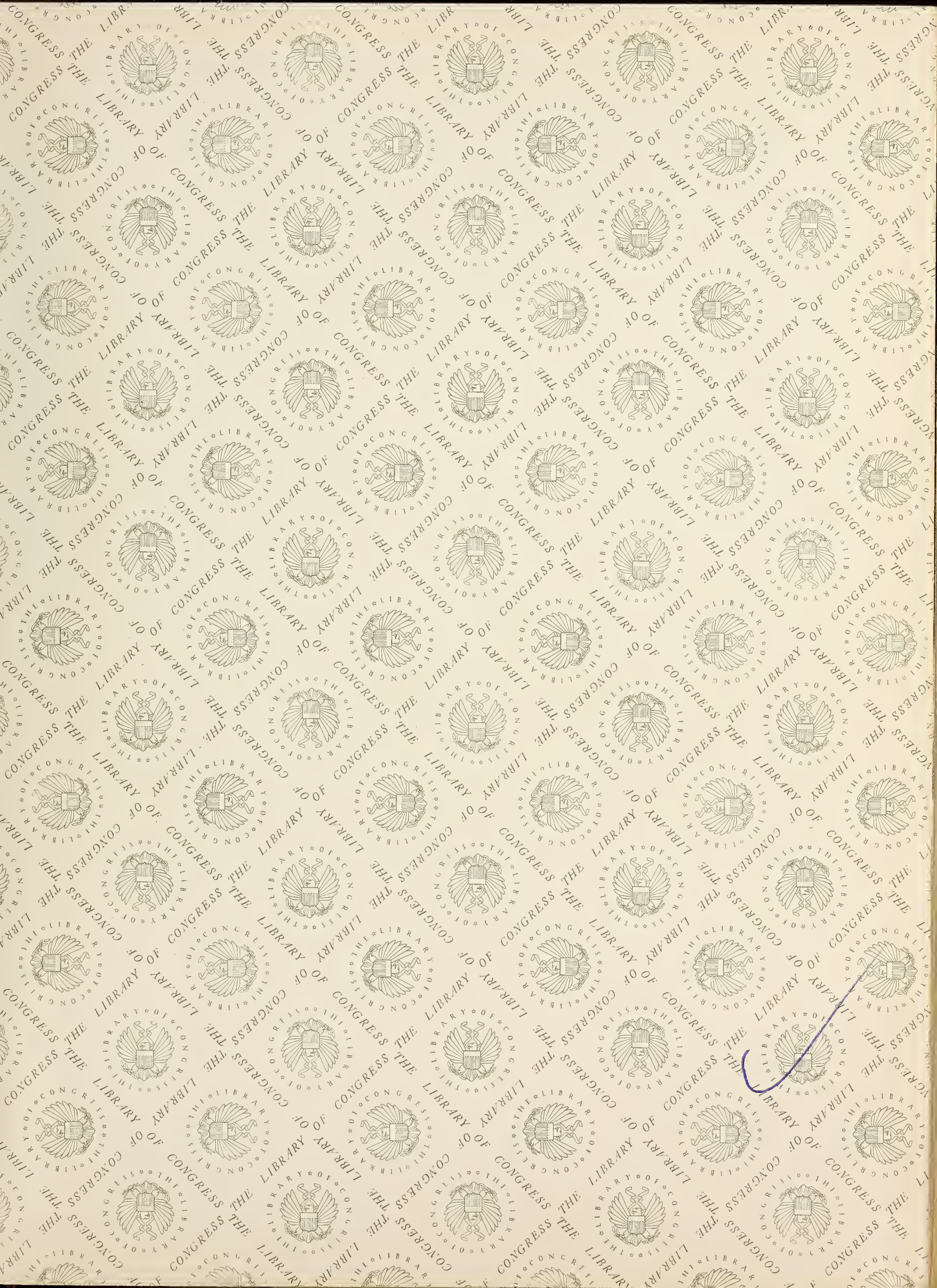
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NOV -9 1953

A'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

nodern screen

DEC.
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SERIAL RECORD
NOV 27 1953

Z AND MIKE:
intimate picture story
u'll never forget

The TRUTH about those PARIS FLINGS
of Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Gregory Peck, Gary Cooper

I dreamed
I rode in a gondola in my maidenform* bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's new Etude* in fine white broadcloth or nylon taffeta, in AA, A, B and C cups . . . from 2.00.
There is a Maidenform for every type of figure*.

COSTUME BY ZITA *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1953 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.

NOV -9 [illegible]

At all stores now—in same familiar package!

NEW IPANA® WITH ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

reduces tooth decay...stops bad breath!

What should you know about ENZYMES and how to fight them?

Here are proved facts — *in plain language!*

The enzymes you have been hearing about are formed by mouth bacteria. They speed up production of decay-causing acids. They also help produce unpleasant mouth odor.

Dental scientists now say that most tooth decay may be stopped — by stopping bacterial-enzyme action.

That is why you should use new white Ipana. All Ipana now on sale contains *anti-enzyme WD-9.* Brushing your teeth regularly after meals with Ipana containing WD-9 *checks* bacterial-enzyme action.

Most dentists recommend this way of using Ipana. It is the best way to fight decay all day long.

New Ipana Tooth Paste is so effective that a single brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor up to 9 hours. Even after smoking—and eating anything you please except onions and garlic.

And with anti-enzyme WD-9, Ipana now has a new minty flavor, new foaming and cleansing power. Children love it.

Get new Ipana with WD-9 today—encourage every member of the family to use it regularly.

Don't forget your gums — they are important, too. Brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9—from gum margins toward biting edges—helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Every single brushing helps stop tooth decay!

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!

Product of Bristol-Myers

No change in package design. Look for the familiar yellow-and-red striped carton wherever fine drug products are sold.

ALL IPANA NOW ON SALE CONTAINS ANTI-ENZYME WD-9

Hundreds of girls praise this greaseless

YOUNG SKIN TREATMENT

Has your skin suddenly become "upset"?

This may be what is happening:

In the teens, oil glands often start to *overwork*, skin grows sluggish. Soon, an oily layer of undiscarded dead skin cells begins to "choke" pore openings. Next come enlarged pores, even blackheads!

Now—Pond's recommends this *greaseless* corrective for oily skin, flakiness, large pores, blackheads. Hundreds of girls with these "Young Skin" problems said they saw a *real* change in less than 2 weeks of Pond's treatments. "The best I've ever used!" . . . "Did wonders for blemishes and that oily look" . . . "My skin cleared up wonderfully."

New help for Oily Skin, Blackheads, Flakiness!
POND'S

Several times a week—cover face, except eyes, with a deep, cool layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves away dead skin cells, frees the tiny skin glands to function *normally*. Leave on one full minute—wipe off. Rinse with cold water. See how tingling, how *ungreasy* your skin looks, how *soft* it feels!

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"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!

A protecting powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is most becoming to "Young Skin," stays unshiny *longer*.

DECEMBER, 1953

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the cover: Color portrait of MGM's Elizabeth Taylor and her baby by Trindl and Woodfield, FPG. Other picture credits are on page 72.

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DURBIN HORNER
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STEWART GRANGER
ANN BLYTH

with BETTA ST. JOHN · KEENAN WYNN · JAMES WHITMORE · KURT KASZNAR

Screen Play by HARRY BROWN · Based on the Story by Ben Ames Williams · Directed by RICHARD THORPE · Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN · AN M-G-M PICTURE

GRETA PECK DAMPENS THOSE RUMORS

ABOUT GREG AND AUDREY HEPBURN . . .

EUROPE AGREES WITH CLARK GABLE . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS'

THE GOSSIPS' eyebrows shot up like rockets when Greta (Mrs. Gregory) Peck honored Audrey Hepburn at a swimming pool party at the Peck home, welcoming the Hepburn doll to Hollywood.

The chatterers chirped, "How can Greta be so naive when every*body* knows that Greg fell like a ton of bricks for Audrey when they were making *Roman Holiday* in Italy."

It's the gossips who are being naive in this case—not Greta. The rumor hounds have been taken in by the old, old nonsense that an actor and actress who play love scenes well *on* screen are also playing them well *off*.

The truth is that Greta and the lovely Audrey were the ones who became good friends in Rome, not the other way 'round.

Not long ago, Greta told me that things were not all they should be between her and Greg. A long separation such as the Pecks are weathering, with Gregory in Europe and Greta and the children in Hollywood, puts a strain on any marriage.

But, I happen to know that she still receives three or four letters weekly from her roving husband and many of their close friends believe they will never reach the final break of divorce.

It isn't easy for a woman to read day in and day out that her husband and the father of her children is engaged in some new "love" adventure in Europe.

Through all the gossip, Greta has kept her chin up, has been a good mother—and her conduct has earned her a great deal of admiration.

On Greg's side it can be said that he may be the innocent victim of rumors about every pretty woman he dines with in Paris, London or Rome.

Greta told me, "I hardly expect him to be alone."

If I were Greg, I'd think twice about losing a wise and understanding wife like Greta.

IT'S BEEN a month of so many explosive news breaks that before the fireworks died down I was convinced I should have gone in for china-painting or some less strenuous career than reporting Hollywood.

My nights were turned into days as developments popped in such headlines as:

LUCILLE BALL COMMUNIST VOTER IN 1936!

RITA WEDS DICK HAYMES IN LAS VEGAS!

LANA AND LEX ON SECRET EUROPEAN HONEYMOON!

Yipes! I'm sure you know all the factual details of these events—but as I look back, I find myself remembering the personal angle behind the headlines in each case.

For instance, for the first time in my life I was out of touch with my newspaper (I was trying to get a few days' rest) when the Lucille Ball bombshell broke.

Lucille and Desi Arnaz had been trying to reach me all day.

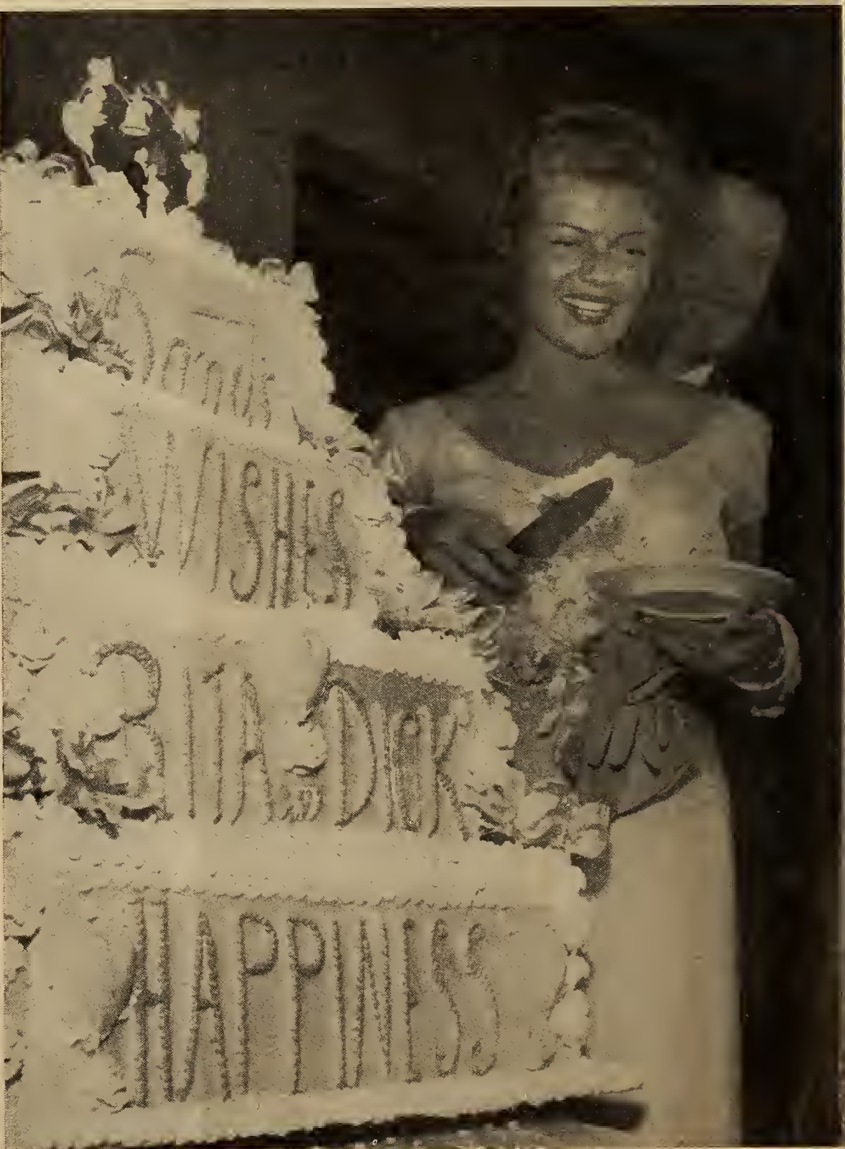
It was early the following morning when the call came through to my hotel.

Desi said, "We have nothing to hide. Lucille told the whole truth to the Un-American Activities Investigation Committee about how she happened to be registered as a Communist voter in 1936.

"The only thing that worries me is that she'll break down. But she came through like a trouper tonight on our show and I was so proud of her!"

When I returned the next day, Desi and Lucille again talked with me.

Desi said, "Not until Lucille received hun-



"This wedding is too important to me to clutter up with frills," Rita said. But the couple's arm-in-arm procession from her quarters to the casino where they were married was witnessed by several hundred people—some climbed diving boards for the sight

REPORTERS OUTNUMBERED THE OTHER GUESTS. A PRESS AGENT

$4000 THEFT AT A STAR-STUDDED PARTY . . . SHELLEY WOULD RATHER HAVE A BABY THAN A DIVORCE . . .

GOOD NEWS

"I want a ring, too," Yasmin announced when Rita and Dick exchanged bands. Witnesses were couple's lawyers, children's nurse. Rita wore a blue linen dress (not new), toast hat, gloves, held lilies-of-the-valley and orchids.

They had taken out a license as soon as Dick won divorce in 7-minute hearing. "At last, after so many difficulties," Rita sighed, regretted that her father could not leave work to attend wedding.

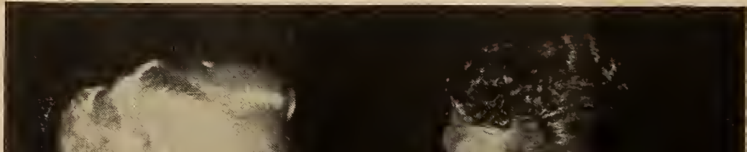
Wedding was held in Gold Room of Sands Casino, owned by best man Jack Entratter. The couple recited vows before District Judge McNamee, ignored gambling which continued through ceremony.

Dick moved into Rita's suite for brief Las Vegas honeymoon before keeping Philadelphia singing date. Asked by reporters whether he had tasted Rita's cooking, Dick grinned, demanded, "Who marries Rita Hayworth for cooking?"

GAVE THE SIGNAL THAT BEGAN RITA AND DICK'S FOURTH WEDDING IN A SIMPLE, 3-MINUTE CEREMONY

Pert Mitzi Goynor, unlike most of Hollywood's younger crowd, is often seen at nightclubs on The Strip. At Mocambo with Jack Beon, she displayed her new, short Italian haircut, but admitted Jack's clipping beat her trim by inches!

Jean Simmons, also following the short-hair fad, is rumored peeved at husband, Stewart Granger, because he plans a film in England without her. Jean's latest hit, *The Robe,* has been filling theatres ever since the gala première.



Deon Martin and wife, Jeanne, dine at Ciro's. Rumors of trouble between them have died down since Dean's return from Europe with Jerry Lewis, squelched by announcement that Jean will soon present him with new baby.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

dreds and hundreds of telegrams and our sponsor expressed complete confidence in her did she break down and cry."

After Congressman Jackson released the full transcript of Lucy's testmony, the atmosphere cleared.

All I can say is that Lucille was the smartest girl in the world in telling the *truth*: that her grandfather so completely dominated the family's political thinking years ago, that they registered as Communists just to please an old man, although they did not vote.

RITA HAYWORTH called personally from Las Vegas to invite me to her wedding to Dick Haymes.

I laughed. "Maybe you'll have better luck if I skip this marriage," I said. I was referring to the jaunt I made half around the world covering her headline-splattered tie-up with Aly Khan.

"I'm not superstitious," said my girl friend. "You're my friend. Please come."

But work was pressing and I had to remain at my desk to keep up with the didoes of many of her stellar confreres (also breaking out in a rash of headlines).

And, just between you and me, my heart isn't quite in this latest marriage of the exotic girl I've known for so many years.

ELEANOR PARKER was shocked almost speechless when I was the first to tell her that her ex-husband, Bert Friedlob, had filed a request in the Children's Court of Conciliation that a reconciliation be effected between them.

This, despite Eleanor's divorce suit already filed last July.

As long as I've been covering Hollywood divorces, this is the first case of it's kind I've known of.

Eleanor, almost in despair said, "How can he do this? Of course, I'll fight it. Bert cannot force me to take him back. Only the two of us know the real reason back of our separation. I have never discussed it."

I told her that Bert had submitted sealed papers to the court in his petition, one of the points being that it was to the best interest of their three minor children that the home not be destroyed.

In her suit for divorce, Eleanor had said that Friedlob gave her a great inferiority complex and belittled her in front of the children and their friends; also, that he refused to let her make her own decisions even in vital matters concerning her career.

It will be very interesting to see how this unusual angle in a Hollywood divorce comes out legally. Her friends hold out very little hope that Eleanor will take Bert back—certainly not without a desperate fight.

AND HERE'S a little "inside" on the Italian wedding of Lana and Lex which made it such an ultra surprise to her studio. Exactly one week before she and Barker put wedding rings on their little fingers (????!!) Lana cabled MGM:

"ABSOLUTELY NO WEDDING PLANS.
LOVE. LANA."

WITH ALL the mishmush and nonsense about many of the Hollywood happenings, there have been two wonderful stories

BY THE AUTHOR WHOSE BOOKS HAVE BECOME WORLD-CELEBRATED MOTION PICTURES!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT
EDNA FERBER'S
PULITZER PRIZE NOVEL

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He stood there so big. Love had come... intense, unashamed... She was ready to forget she'd ever been a lady...

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JANE WYMAN
HER FINEST PORTRAYAL SINCE 'JOHNNY BELINDA'!

CO-STARRING
STERLING HAYDEN · NANCY OLSON

WITH STEVE FORREST • SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER • DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

WB

of courage and sincerity and faith.

I mean Suzan Ball, for one, whom I most certainly believe when she tells me it was faith and her deep belief in the goodness of God that has made it possible for her to discard her crutches after many doctors had said that her shattered leg had developed cancer.

"It's as though everything beautiful were happening to me all of a sudden after so much unhappiness," Suzan told me. "I've met a boy—a man, rather—who has brought real love into my life. Through his tenderness and understanding I've come to know what real love is." Of course, she was referring to Dick Long, the promising young actor who has fallen hard for Suzan.

THE OTHER story of almost super-human courage and heart is that of Boni Buehler, the pretty airline hostess—young, attractive and with so much ahead of her—who lost an arm and a leg in a speedboat accident at Lake Arrowhead.

The way Boni fits into the Hollywood angle of the news is that her escort, and the one who saved her life, was Geary Steffen, ex-husband of Jane Powell.

Many girls would have completely collapsed after such a tragedy.

Yet, just a bare six weeks after the accident, Boni was dining in a wheelchair at La Rue's with Geary. He introduced me as I passed their table.

"Isn't she wonderful?" beamed Geary proudly, holding onto Boni's hand, "I've never known such courage."

As I looked into Boni's eyes, smiling, vivacious—and with no bitterness—I wholeheartedly agreed with Geary.

If it were a movie script, I suppose Boni and Geary would fall in love, mutually healing both their hurts, Boni's terrible physical tragedy and Geary's hurt over losing Jane Powell to another man.

But this is real life, and I don't know whether it will turn out that way or not. I do know that these two have found a real and everlasting bond of friendship.

'TWAS A REAL wingding the William Perlbergs tossed following the Hollywood première of Bing Crosby's *Little Boy Lost*. Bill produced the picture. Bobbie, with her own fair hands, decorated the private dining room at Chasen's and did a bang-up job.

I was very interested in meeting Nicole Maury, the French beauty and Bing's leading lady, who flew from Paris just for the oc-

(*Continued on page 13*)

Jane Powell, whose box-office appeal does not seem to have dropped as feared because of her divorce, says she has never been so happy. She and Gene Nelson cheerfully sign autographs on their frequent nights out.

José Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney are together constantly. Rosie gets up at 6 A.M. to watch her husband play tennis; he squires her to parties and seems to enjoy them. Rosie has lost weight since her marriage.

One of Hollywood's quietest, happiest couples, Ronald Reagan and his wife, actress Nancy Davis, took time out from their television performances to attend. Ronald is former president of the Screen Actors' Guild.

Audrey Hepburn, Broadway hit, was unknown in Hollywood before he first American film, *Roman Holiday*. After the première she was mobbe by photographers and fans who hadn't noticed her on the way in.

ARLENE DAHL, co-starring in
"HERE COME THE GIRLS"
A Paramount Picture
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

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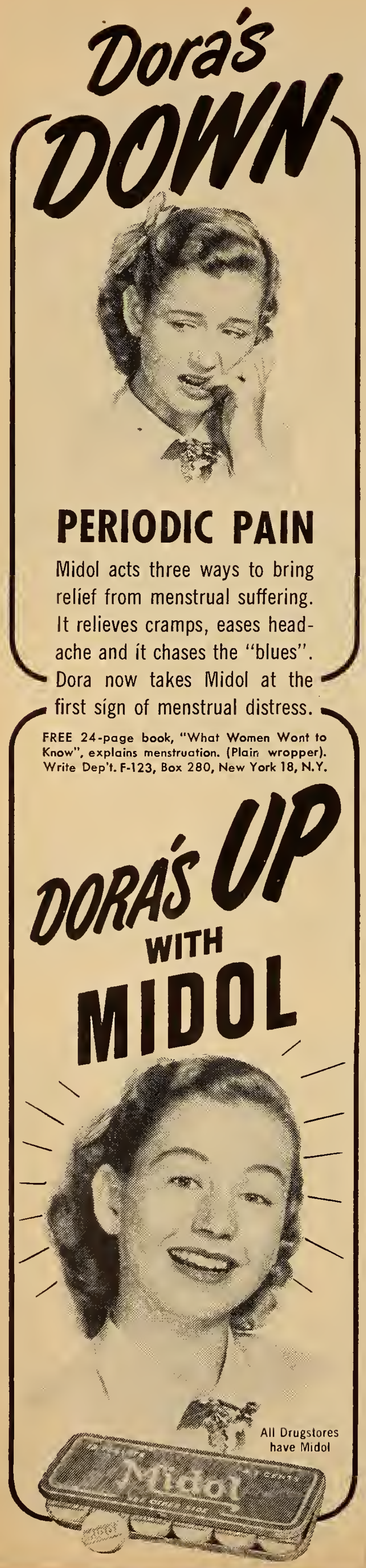

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I've read that Dick Haymes and Fernando Lamas were schoolboy friends in Buenos Aires, Argentina. How about that? —O.F., MOBILE, ALA.

A. *They were both born in Argentina, never met as schoolboys.*

Q. Is it on the level that Humphrey Bogart won't permit his children to be photographed? —A.L., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *No, the Bogart children have been photographed many times.*

Q. Why was there so much trouble in getting an actor to play opposite Judy Garland in *A Star Is Born?* —N.O., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *The script was written so that it featured Garland. Several actors refused the male role because they felt it wasn't big enough. James Mason, who accepted it, felt it was fine.*

Q. That Kay Spreckels who was allegedly beaten up by her husband—wasn't she once Clark Gable's sweetheart? —B.T., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Why doesn't some man ask Ann Miller to marry him? She has a lot of sex appeal. Hasn't she ever been married? —C.I., DALLAS, TEX.

A. *Divorced once, Ann Miller has turned down several marriage proposals.*

Q. Isn't there a hot romance going on between Joan Crawford and Jeff Chandler? —H.H., DULUTH, MINN.

A. *They are good friends only.*

Q. Can you truthfully tell me Ava Gardner's current salary, please? —W.O., RALEIGH, N. C.

A. *$5,008 per week, forty weeks per year.*

Q. How many times has Dick Haymes been married? —B.U., HONOLULU

A. *Four times.*

Q. Who sang for Cyd Charisse in *The Band Wagon?* —L.B., OGDEN, UTAH

A. *India Adams dubbed the sound track.*

Q. I'm told that June Allyson used to room with Gene Nelson's ex-wife, Miriam, and Gene Kelly's wife, Betsy. Why is it that June doesn't go around with these girls any longer? —V.B., BRONX, N. Y.

A. *Since her marriage to Dick Powell, Miss Allyson moves in different social circles.*

Q. What is the real reason MGM dropped Marge and Gower Champion, those wonderful dancers? —D.K., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. *Studio executives felt they couldn't carry an entire picture; also a studio economy wave.*

Q. Isn't Marilyn Monroe in love with a big shot at 20th Century-Fox? Isn't Joe DiMaggio being used as a smoke screen? —C.J., DENVER, COLO.

A. *No.*

Q. What happened to Grace Kelly, who was so friendly with Clark Gable when they made *Mogambo?* —C.H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *Miss Kelly has just finished the female lead in Dial M For Murder.*

Q. Is it true that success has gone to the heads of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis? I understand they now refuse to be interviewed. —E.J., STOCKTON, CAL.

A. *They are both extremely cooperative with all members of the press. Always have been, too.*

Q. What is the status of the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis versus Bob Hope feud? —D.L., AMARILLO, TEX.

A. *Still going strong.*

Q. Is it true that all members of the Armed Forces have been forbidden to see *The Moon Is Blue?* —J.J., FT BRAGG, N. C.

A. *The picture was banned from service theatres. Men in uniform may see it at any civilian theatre.*

Q. Wasn't Rory Calhoun's badly-slashed arm the result of a fight with his wife? Tell the truth now. —H.H., LONG BEACH, CAL.

A. *The truth is that Calhoun shoved a hand through a glass-paneled door in his house, had no fight with his wife.*

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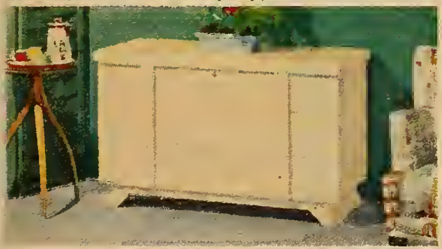

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Rose Point Jelly Server $6.60

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Butter Knife	9.35-13.25
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Cake Knife, 13"	13.50
Cheese Server	6.60-8.00
Cold Meat Fork	14.50-21.00
Cream, Mayo, or Sauce Ladle	8.75-10.25
Gravy Ladle	15.50-20.00
Jam Spoon	3.30
Jelly Server	6.60-8.75
Lemon Fork	4.75-6.60
Mustard Spoon	2.75
Olive or Pickle Fork	5.75-6.60
Pie or Pastry Server	11.25-13.25
Poultry Shears	30.00-33.00
Punch Ladle	55.00-110.00
Salad or Serving Fork	20.00-27.00
Salad or Serving Spoon	20.00-29.00
Salad Set, Wood	14.50-18.00
Soup Ladle	50.00-80.00
Sugar Spoon	6.85-10.25
Sugar Tongs	10.75-12.00
Table or Serving Spoon	12.00-18.00
Tomato Server	15.00-21.00
Vegetable Serving Spoon	12.00-18.00
Wedding Cake Knife	18.50

CARVING SETS

Roast Set 2 pc.	$36.00-40.00
Steak Set 2 pc.	24.00-30.00

JUVENILE

Baby Set, 2 pc.	$6.50-7.70
Baby Fork	3.25-3.85
Baby Spoon	3.25-3.85
Junior (Child's) Set, 3-pc.	15.00-16.50
Junior Fork	5.25-6.00
Junior Knife	5.75-6.25
Junior Spoon	3.65-4.25

MISCELLANEOUS

Bottle Opener	$6.50
Candle Snuffer	11.00-12.50
Letter Opener	6.50
Salt Spoon Pin	1.65

PLACE SETTING ITEMS

Tea Spoon	$4.25-6.25
Luncheon Knife	6.50-7.75
Luncheon Fork	7.50-10.50
Butter Spreader	5.00-6.25
Cream Soup Spoon	6.00-8.50
Salad or Pastry Fork	6.50-8.50
Dinner Knife	7.25-8.50
Dinner Fork	9.25-13.00

OTHER PLACE ITEMS

Bouillon Spoon	$6.00-7.25
Butter Spreader	6.00-7.00
Cocktail or Oyster Fork	4.50-6.00
Coffee Spoon	3.00-3.85
Dessert or Cereal Spoon	8.00-10.25
Fish Fork	8.50-10.00
Fish Knife	8.00-9.75
Fruit Knife	6.50-7.25
Ice Cream Fork	6.00-6.60
Iced Beverage Spoon	6.25-8.75
Orange or Grapefruit Spoon	7.25-8.00
Salt Spoon	1.65
Sherbet Spoon	3.25
Soup Spoon	10.00-12.00
Steak Knife	8.25-9.50
Tea Knife	5.75-6.50
Tea Spoon, small	3.65-4.25

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

©1953

All prices include federal tax and vary according to pattern casion. She knocked me cold by speaking perfect English. She knocked the males cold by being so beautiful and alluring.

Rosemary Clooney looked to me as though she had taken off some of those pesky pounds she put on following her marriage to José Ferrer. For the first time I have had occasion to observe, José seemed to be enjoying a party, and he was devotion itself to Rosy.

Nancy Sinatra brought thirteen-year-old Nancy, Jr., and ten-year-old Frankie, Jr., to the movie and they were permitted to drop in on the party for a half-hour. Frankie, Jr., was as pleased as punch that his invitation came directly from Bing Crosby (who was in Elko and wasn't present, himself).

That cute Charlie Coburn had an attractive "date," and danced every number.

Maureen O'Hara came with her handsome brother, Charles FitzSimmons, and Maureen agreed with me that Bing will be among the Oscar contenders next March for his fine work in this touching picture.

IT WAS Dick Haymes' own brainstorm (and not Rita's lawyer's, as suspected) that he sign what many considered those "embarrassing" papers, waiving all rights to Rita's money, or property or future earnings.

"I want the world to know that I love Rita—and I took this step on my own initiative," he told me. "I don't give a damn about her money."

Dick also had a lot to do with the redheaded Hayworth's coldly turning down a $1,000,000 settlement from her former husband, Aly Khan, provided she would bring up their three-year-old child, Yasmin, as a Moslem.

For a guy who is having plenty of financial headaches you have to admit that Dick is going way out of his way to prove it's just loooove, loooove, loooove he feels for Rita.

SPEAKING of Yasmin, everybody at the Sands Hotel fell completely under the charm of this little girl, who is one of the most engaging youngsters I have ever met.

One of the guards (assigned to her after Rita received threatening letters) gave her a small dog.

Yasmin taught the pooch to swim and she was in the pool with him every day. She named the dog "Esther" for Esther Williams.

"But it's a *he* dog," the guard told her.

"Does that make any difference," the little girl asked, "when it swims so good?"

CLARK GABLE got so fat—he put on twenty-two pounds, wining and dining through Europe with his favorite gal, Suzanne Dadolle, after *Mogambo*—that he had to go on a torturous diet before stepping before the cameras with Lana Turner Barker in *The True And The Brave*.

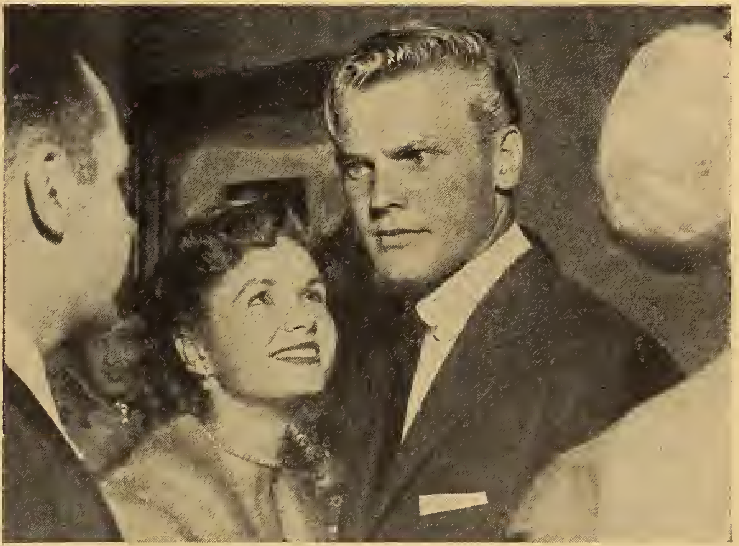
It's supposed to be a secret, but MGM practically put the King in retirement while he shed the unbecoming poundage.

This may be the real reason behind Mlle. Dadolle's asking for her job back as a model for Schiaparelli and why many people got the idea that Gable's mad yen for her had cooled.

I hear that Lana Turner kidded Clark unnercifully about his expanded waistline. Jsually, it's Lana who has to go on a strict liet to make the weight before a picture.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: If Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are *forced* to work together n *Johnny Dark*, the studio bosses can start aking aspirin right now. This feud is as strong

June Allyson has been mothering contented papa Dick Powell ever since his sudden illness last year. At Vic Damone's opening in Mocambo's famous Champagne Room, she hovered over him attentively.


Debbie Reynolds has been dating "like cra-a-a-zy" ever since her break-up with Bob Wagner. She attended the star-studded première of Bing Crosby's latest hit, *Little Boy Lost* with another popular youngster, actor Tab Hunter.

There's a new leading lady in the Esther Williams-Ben Gage home ever since Thursday, October 1, when Esther gave birth to a 7 lb. 15 oz. daughter. Susan is the first sister for their two sons, Benjamin, 4, and Kimball, 3.

Farley Granger vacationed on Italy's sunny Isle of Capri, spent much of his time shopping for a native hat to wear with his sporty outfit.

Lovely Jan Sterling arrived at the première with her famous husband, Paul Douglas. Paul's latest picture is a comedy, *Forever Female.*

Shirley Temple and her husband, Charles Block are rumored to be contemplating a movie debu for Shirley's talented daughter, Linda Susan

as it was two years ago. . . .

It could happen only to a movie-husband: Vittorio Gassman called Shelley Winters all the way from Rome to ask if she was divorcing him. He'd read it in an Italian newspaper that afternoon. "No," chortled Shell via trans-Atlantic telephone, "I'm planning to have another baby if I can ever catch up with you again!"

MARILYN MONROE, Terry Moore and Barbara Stanwyck all hold their mouths slightly open all the time, an odd mannerism in three such widely divergent types. . . .

If Susan Hayward liked Jeff Chandler a lot more than she does, she could take him out of circulation. But Susie's not concentrating on any gent. She's enjoying her freedom too much. . . .

After years of carrying a torch for one married lady, Rocky Cooper, I think Peter Lawford is lighted-up over another Mrs.—Judy Holliday Oppenheim. . . .

Had to giggle when I heard Ava's last feud with Frankie was because she thought he was getting swell-headed again after *From Here To Eternity*. Those Sinatras are something. . . .

Watch the Vera-Ellen romance with British Richard Gully getting hot. . . .

The Tyrone Powers should forget their disappointment over a second baby daughter. The important thing is—a healthy baby.

AS USUAL when the Ice Follies comes to town, it's a star-studded event for our actors who turn out to "ah" and "oh" over the thrilling skaters like the wildest-eyed fans.

Many dinner parties were given before the gala event, one of the gayest by the Jules Steins. I rode to the Follies in the same car with Audrey Hepburn, Phil Silvers and our host.

Love this Hepburn girl. She's so regular and unaffected and kids a lot about being so thin.

At the ice palace, I sat next to the Edgar Bergens with Henry Fonda just a few chairs away, close enough to tell me that he was in town to start rehearsals on his next stage venture, *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*, from Herman Wouk's book.

Olivia De Havilland looked beautiful in all-white, and although she was with an old friend, Sammy Colt, her heart was about 3000 miles away with journalist Pierre Galante in New York. Love is becoming to Livvy. She looks young and sparkling.

After a brief interlude of playing the field, Donald O'Connor was back with Marilyn Erskine, and seemingly liking it.

One of the real beauties in a box was Cyd Charisse who looks more and more like Ava Gardner since she snipped her hair short. Of course Cyd, in a tomato-colored dress with a white coat, was with Tony Martin.

Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger must have had two dozen candid cameramen around them snapping pictures at intermission.

"They must think I'm a skater," called Janie, who really is almost too modest about her fame.

Rock Hudson was with his (currently) favorite date, Betty Abbott. (Hey! He got her the job of script girl on his new picture *Magnificent Obsession*—and this begins to look serious.)

Nice to see so many old friends like Dennis Morgan, Jack Benny and many others eating peanuts and popcorn and acting just like kids about the exciting show.

GUY MITCHELL, the new singing sensation who screen debuts with Rosemary Clooney in *Red Garters*, ain't goin' to get off lightly because his career zoomed so far ahead of that of his bride-of-a-year, Jackie Loughery.

The lady has made this quite plain in asking $500 weekly alimony from Guy, who, a bare fourteen months ago, barely had $500 to his name!

The break-up of the former "Miss America," who was far more famous than her bridegroom when they married, and the new crooning rage, is the same old Hollywood story.

Two new careers under one roof. Jealousy. Tears. Suspicions. Then—calling it all off.

FOR A FULL fifteen minutes after Spike Jones dashed back into the Harry Jamesons' house at the party being given in honor of Helen Grayco's birthday (she's Mrs. Spike) and reported his $4000 gift for her had been stolen from their locked car, absolutely no one believed him.

Far from being a gag, the gorgeous diamond bracelet had been lifted from the glove compartment where Spike had put it until time to slip it on Helen's wrist.

Jerry Lewis, all dolled up in dinner clothes and tennis shoes (!) was one of the guests believing poor Spike was clowning—and insisted *he* had the gift in his pocket.

It was a case of one prankster kidding another and Spike didn't know whether Jerry had it or not.

Was Jerry's face red when he realized that Spike was not spoofing—and the detectives were called.

Among those milling around during the excitement were the Van Heflins, Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran, Jeff Chandler and Cesar Romero.

EDGAR BERGEN'S little girl, Candy, has a big crush on Guy Madison (so have many bigger girls).

Not long ago Edgar and Candy were shopping in Beverly Hills when Guy came along.

After the child had been introduced to her idol, her father asked her what she thought of Guy.

"I just wish he came in smaller sizes," Candy sighed.

THE LETTERBOX: "I can't take Jeanne Crain's new look," writes Mrs. Ronald Hunt, Mansfield, Ohio. "Bring back our old, lovely Jeanne, minus *that* hair-cut and *those* short skirts."

Carlos Turpiner opines: "Count at least one fan, me, as still as enchanted with Jane Powell as I ever was. Her private life is her own. Her talent is ours, thank heavens."

Two schoolgirls, Chicago, write: "Who is Deborah Paget kidding that she hasn't been kissed?" I think Debra has now been kissed, girls, and her name is Debra—not Deborah.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Marilyn MONROE Betty GRABLE Lauren BACALL

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in

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YOU SEE IT WITHOUT GLASSES!

Only CinemaScope could surround you with so glittering an array of stars... engulf you in the glamour of the world's greatest city... the excitement of Maine's ski slopes... the dazzling beauty of a fabulous fashion show..

20TH CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

How To Marry a Millionaire

TECHNICOLOR

Produced by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Directed by
JEAN NEGULESCO
Screen Play by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON

Co-starring
DAVID WAYNE · RORY CALHOUN · CAMERON MITCHELL
Based on Plays by Zoe Akins and Dale Eunson and Katherine Albert • with ALEX D'ARCY • FRED CLARK and **William POWELL**

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

THE REAL LOWDOWN:

Jane Russell's chapel in the San Fernando Valley has become quite a rehabilitation spot for alcoholics. David Brian delivered a sermon, his first, to Jane's religious group last month. And the guy has never looked better . . . Did you know that Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler were once schoolmates in Brooklyn? Shortly after Susie filed suit for divorce from Jess Barker, Jeff offered her his shoulder "to cry on." Watch this pair! . . . Quite a guy, Chandler. He came to the Multiple Sclerosis Telethon here in Hollywood at midnight on Saturday and stayed on until four P.M., Sunday, working like a dog answering phones and taking messages from donors.

Chandler

Marilyn Erskine gave Donald O'Connor a black star sapphire ring for his birthday . . . Did you know that the car that overturned and almost killed Beetsie Wynn on her trip back to New York belonged to Sid Luft, Judy Garland's husband? A friend was driving it back east for Sid and Beetsie hitched a ride in it . . . Is Judy responsible for Sid's alimony obligations? Lynn Bari, his ex, keeps filing lawsuits against him in an effort to get an answer . . . Debbie Reynolds has become the datingest gal in town since breaking up with Bob Wagner. Wonder when Deb, my favorite Girl Scout, will dye her hair and tread the glamour trail? . . . Liz Taylor, whose hair was naturally curly, now resorts to permanents. A medico tells me this is sometimes caused by motherhood.

Reynolds

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Their Hollywood chums wonder what significance there was in Lana Turner and Lex Barker's placing their wedding rings on their little fingers . . . When she heard about the Lana-Lex linking, Arlene Dahl, Lex's ex, said, "I wish them happiness. I think they have a lot in common" . . . Wait'll you see Arlene's torrid love scenes with Fernando Lamas in *The Diamond Queen!* . . . If Gary and Rocky Cooper reconcile it'll be because of their daughter . . . Now that Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra are at the height of their careers—she in *Mogambo,* he in *From Here To Eternity*—their intimates don't give *that* marriage long, either, this despite its many on-again-off-again aspects that have lately become mostly *off* . . . The romance to keep your eye on is the one between Chata Wayne, John's ex-spouse, and Steve Cochran. Steve kept long-distancing her from Rome throughout the divorce action.

Dahl

Lanza

Don't be surprised when Shirley Temple returns to movies. If she ever needed proof that the fans want her back she got it when they mobbed her at the Multiple Sclerosis Telethon, so overwhelmed were they by her sweetness and simplicity. She attended the party tossed by Sheila MacRae, Elyse Knox and Cleo Arnold when they started their new TV show, featuring remarks about their better-halves, Gordon MacRae, Tom Harmon and Edward Arnold. Outside the TV station, on Vine Street, who got the biggest hand from the fans? Shirley. They kept yelling, "We want Shirley! We want Shirley!" till she went out and took a bow . . . Don't look for anything exciting to happen between Judy Holliday and Pete Lawford, despite the romantic rumors . . . Johnnie Ray has been working in the night clubs without his hearing aid, which means you'll see no evidence of the device in any movie he makes . . . If Mario Lanza keeps saying nasty things to reporters over the phone he's likely to wind up in the clink . . . These three kiddies look like they'll be up for Academy Awards for best supporting actor roles: Christian Fourcade for *Little Boy Lost,* Tommy Rettig for *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T,* and Brandon de Wilde for *Shane.*

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Nelson

Tony Curtis' devotion to his father during a recent heart attack confirms what I've known all along: that Tony is tops . . . Jane Powell missed only one performance of Gene Nelson's Cocoanut Grove engagement, that one due to Dore Schary's birthday party . . . Then Janie herself opened at the Grove right after Gene closed. I was there opening night, when Janie's mother's date, a bartender, became obstreperous and had to be led outside by Gene's agent, Johnny Darrow. Everybody held his breath during *that* incident! . . . The Powell-Nelson wedding may happen much sooner than the year set by California law . . . I talked to Janie at the MGM *See For Yourself* star party for MGMers from all over the world, and congratulated her on her singing. "How come you're singing better than I've ever heard you?" I asked. She replied, "It could be because I have a new vocal coach. Or it could be because I've never been so happy in my life!"

Suzan Ball's ability to walk without her crutches and Dick Long's loving attendance during her long illness are the talk of Hollywood . . . Ty and Linda Power were disappointed at first when the stork delivered their second daughter instead of the son forecast by Linda's Rome astrologer. But now they wouldn't trade little Taryn for all the astrologers in the world . . . Pier Angeli has really been torching for Kirk Douglas! . . . Mrs. Douglas Mueller, the widow of a millionaire, has been consoling Fred MacMurray, following the death of his beloved Lillian . . . It's been touch-and-go for Olivia de Havilland and her French reporter *amour,* Pierre Galante. Anything in the romantic line can happen with these two! . . . Rock Hudson moved from Coldwater to Laurel Canyon—one canyon away from Betty Abbott . . . Anne Baxter dyed her hair from red back to its natural auburn shade for her tour in *John Brown's Body* and I like it, I like it! . . . When lonesome matrons (and some of the younger babes!) phone John Hodiak and invite him to parties he replies, "Did you know Anne (John's ex) is back from Europe? Maybe you'd rather have her." Ouch!

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Gabor

Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton almost didn't get married, the in-laws and agents were so dead set against it . . . Biggest surprise, the rift in the marriage of Guy Mitchell, Paramount's new star, and Jackie Loughery, who was Miss America of 1952. Career jealousy was blamed . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor has been seeing Porfirio Rubirosa, Doris Duke's ex-husband, so George Sanders has been seeing Ilse Bey . . . Mona Freeman dated Nicky Hilton at the *Villa Nova* but they had a spat and she called her ex-husband, Pat Nerney, to come and take her home! . . . Errol Flynn just can't seem to stay out of trouble. He trounced a young U.S. businessman in a hotel in Rome. The younger man landed in a hospital and threatened to sue.

Martin & Lewis got into a spat with British

Mrs. Dorian Mehle of Morrisville, Pa., is all three: a housewife, a mother, and a very lovely lady.

"I wash 22,000 dishes a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

You and Dorian Mehle have something in common. Every year, you wash a stack of dishes a quarter-mile high!

Detergents make your job so much easier. They cut right into grease and grime. They get you through dishwashing in much less time, but while they dissolve grease, they also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

Although Dorian hasn't given up detergents her hands are as soft, as smooth, as young-looking as a teenager's. Her secret is no secret at all. It's the world's best-known beauty routine. It's pure, white Jergens Lotion, after every chore.

When you smooth on Jergens Lotion, this liquid formula doesn't just "coat" your hands. It penetrates right away, to help *replace* that softening moisture your skin needs.

Jergens Lotion has two ingredients doctors recommend for softening. Women must be recommending it, too, for more women use it than any other hand care in the world. Dorian's husband is the best testimonial to Jergens Lotion care. Even after years of married life, he still loves to hold her pretty hands!

Use Jergens Lotion like a prescription: three times a day, after every meal!

Use JERGENS LOTION—avoid detergent hands

Now—lotion dispenser FREE of extra cost with $1.00 size. Supply limited.

hollywood report continued

reporters who criticized their act at the London Palladium, but Abbott & Costello came back from London saying, "You can't get laughs from British audiences just because you're a success in the United States" . . . The only casualty following a name-calling spat between Nora Flynn Haymes and Lita Baron Calhoun was Rory Calhoun, Lita's husband. In the middle of the melee, which started when Nora called Lita a name, Rory tripped on the front porch of his home and cut his hand . . . And Joanne Dru Ireland, John's wife and Dick Haymes' ex-wife, went to court and demanded that Dick support his three children ahead of consideration for Nora *or* Rita!

FUNNIES:

The story goes that Jane Russell was dressing in front of an eight-year-old niece who ogled Jane and trilled: "How come I'm so plain and you're so fancy?" . . . Guy Madison calls Los Angeles' combination of smog and heat, sometimes known as smog, *smeat* . . . Bob Mitchum to Susan Hayward: "My, you're small with your shoes off!" Susie to Bob: "You're small with yours on!" . . . When Marilyn Monroe saw the X-ray of her ankle bone following that accident in Canada she said, "That's one part of me that's never been photographed before."

Madison

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Debra Paget's family gave her an anklet with a diamond heart for her twentieth birthday . . . Doris Day bought a radiant-heat dog house for her hound . . . Joan Evans has made up with her parents (she fell out with them when she married Kirby Wetherley) but her husband hasn't . . . Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Jane Russell, June Allyson and Dick Powell have set up an outfit called International Adoption Association, object being to get children out of orphanages into private homes . . . Ann Sothern will not discuss her conversion to Catholicism with the press. She says it's a personal matter, and who can blame her? . . . Rosemary Clooney arises at six A.M. twice a week to watch José Ferrer play tennis . . . Ann Blyth gave Doc McNulty a family crest for their second anniversary—second month, that is.

Evans and father

Dale Evans' contribution to date to the American Society for Retarded Children totals $50,000 . . . Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford, who surprised everyone by announcing a date with the stork, have been married since June 16, 1951. They decided to pop with the news now that they've moved into their own home in Woodland Hills . . . The bracelet Grace Kelly is wearing is a gift from Clark Gable . . . The illness from which Jane Withers is suffering has been diagnosed as rheumatoid arthritis. Janie has to spend most of the day sleeping . . . Clifton Webb returned from Europe so excited over Rome that he is installing an Italian garden in his Beverly Hills place that's authentic right down to the naughty statues for the fountain . . . Linda Darnell returned from Italy, too, to find her daughter, Lola, an expert high diver . . . Burt Lancaster has given up the idea of buying that Connecticut farmhouse and will settle for an apartment in New York City this coming year.

ODDS BODKINS:

Nine-year-old Maggie Douglas has an overabundance of glamour parents: Paul Douglas, her real pop, and his wife, Jan Sterling, who loves to mother Maggie—and Virginia Field, her real mom, and Virginia's husband, Willard Parker, who loves to father Maggie! . . . Mary McCarty explains why Jane Russell is such a big woman: "She has to be big to make room for her big heart." . . . Marlon Brando lives on $100 a week drawn from the Marsdo Company, a corporation set up by himself, and another $50 drawn from his agent . . . Farley Granger is getting $85,000 for *Summer Hurricane,* the movie he's been making abroad . . . Gal about whom I've never heard an unkind word: Eve Arden . . . Esther Williams lists her swimming pool as a tax deduction. The Internal Revenue people call it her office because she spends most of her "business hours" there—working, that is . . . Joan Crawford's cure for insomnia: spend hours every night dictaphoning answers to fan mail in bed, turn the whole mess over to your secretary in the morning, then go to sleep!

Brando

Bing Crosby caused an uproar at Paramount when he showed up in boss Don Hartman's office wearing Bermuda shorts and a sports shirt . . . Kathryn Grayson's doctor told her to cancel her concert tour because of nervous exhaustion. So, says she: "I'm relaxing at home, scrubbing floors!" . . . Betsy Drake is taking guitar lessons. Poor Cary Grant . . . Roberta Haymes switched from playing Scrabble to—Steve Rowland! . . . Joan Benny and Vic Damone resumed the romance interrupted by his stretch in the Army . . . Karl Malden murders Dolores Dorn on the set of *The Phantom Ape* at Warners. But the catch is that this big-hearted guy picks her up and drives her to work every ayem!

SEX APPEAL:

If you measure Janet Leigh and Debra Paget around the chests you'll find they total Bob Wagner's height: 72 inches! . . . Greer Garson is hankering to make one of those sexy Italian films—in Italy . . . Marla English, Paramount's cute, new, little starlet, stopped by to see the Hollywood columnists in their offices. She's very cute: has Cadillac-blue eyes and lots of other things that spell s-t-a-r-d-o-m . . . Having heard her at a party, I can assure you that Maureen O'Hara's Irish soprano pipes are every bit as melodious as Ann Blyth's, and I hope she gets a chance to use them in a movie . . . A traveler back from Mexico City reports that the hottest glamour attraction for tourists south of the border is sleek, sunny, svelte, sexy, simply super Annie Sheridan! . . . Byron Palmer is buying a house where he can hide away from all the gals who've been bothering him for dates . . . Kathleen Hughes has devised polka-dot toenail polish . . . Fernando Lamas tells me he would give up girls—well, *almost!*—for a chance to play the star role in Ernest Hemingway's bullfight story, *Death In The Afternoon.*

Sheridan

QUICK QUOTES:

I asked Audrey Dalton if she laughs at Bob Hope's jokes or at his facial expressions. She replied: "Both—a funny story's no good unless it's told with the right face" . . . Grace Kelly inherited Shirley Booth's former Hollywood apartment and sighed, "I hope some of the talent rubbed off" . . . Anne Baxter on the subject of romance: "I'm as free as the wind because the man on the white horse hasn't come along as yet."

Farley Granger wrote me from Rome: "A sweet, rich, young Italian countess thinks she and I should get married. I told her I would if she would give me Sam Goldwyn (Farley's former boss) as a wedding present" . . . Jean Peters on the subject of Latin lovers: "They take longer to tell you how wonderful you are, but what a wonderful way to get bored!"

Granger

Pete Lawford was talking about people and the questions he runs into on his trips around the country. He said that this is the sort of thing he goes through!

A girl comes up to him and says, "Have you got a sweetheart?" His answer is that his work keeps him pretty busy. Then she says, "What is your favorite type of girl?" So Pete looks around and by then there are several types hanging around and he doesn't want to stick his neck out. So he answers, "I like healthy girls."

That doesn't discourage the questioners. One asks, "Who do you like best to take out on dates?" Pete has a good answer for that. He says, "Girls . . . just girls!"

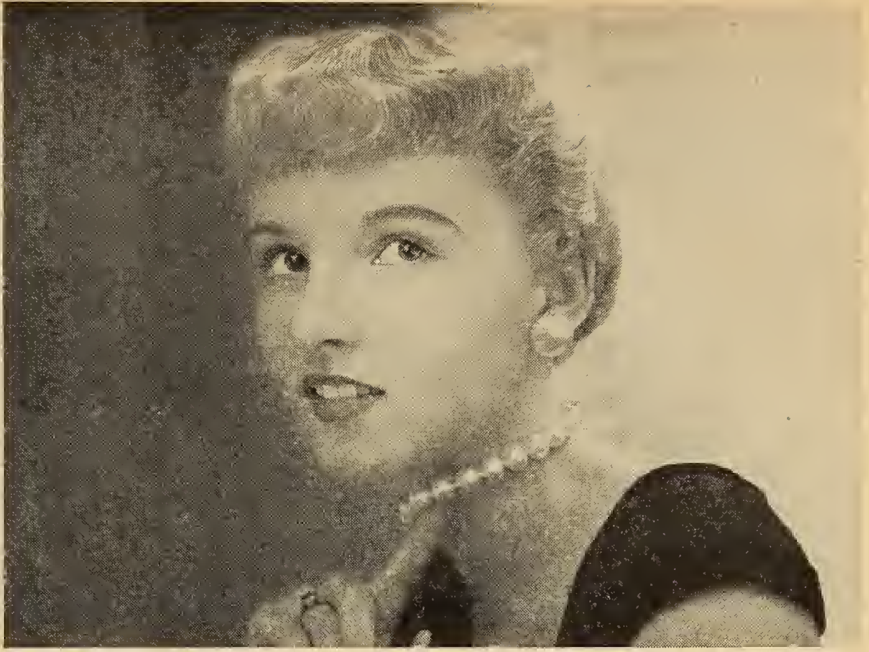
Then comes the embarrassing type question. A girl says, "You're a bachelor, aren't you? Did you ever think of getting married?" The best retort to that is this, "Yes."

Pete says that this short answer, usually, is a surprise.

It stops everything dead for about 30 seconds. Then someone says, "What do you admire most in a girl?" Pete says an actor can say—Intelligence, sense of humor, modesty, anything like that. But then some wise little creature will come up with, "You mean you don't like sex appeal in your girl friends?" At that point you say, "I'm sorry, you wonderful people, but my train is about ready to leave."

Next time Pete Lawford makes a personal apppearance in your town, just to get even, you can step up to him and say, "Mr. Lawford, are there any questions you'd like to ask me?" If you tried that technique on any actor, he'd fall over in a dead faint . . . and you could drag him away, because he'd be all yours!

Carl Schroeder



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These hairdos were made with Bobbi ...the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

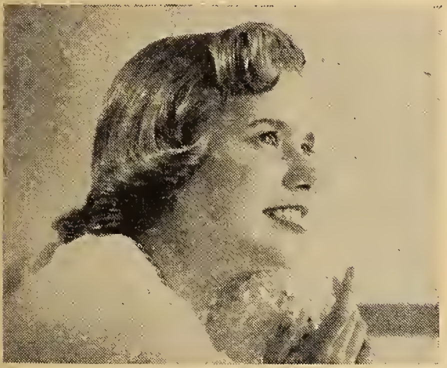
Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

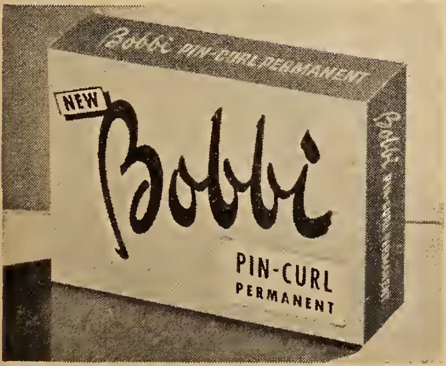
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.

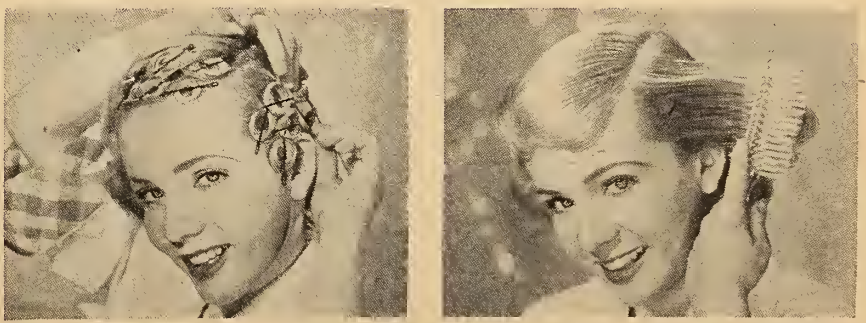
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Starlite" style. No nightly settings needed.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Skylark," thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

movie reviews

by florence epstein

MOGAMBO Some girls will go to any length to cop a maharajah. Kelly (that's Ava Gardner) hops off a bar stool in New York and lands in the middle of Africa. Her maharajah has gone up the river on a safari without so much as a fare-thee-well. Good riddance, thinks Ava, the minute she spots Clark Gable. He's a professional hunter with a jaded theory about women. Easy come, easy go, is the theory. He loves Ava till the pack boat arrives, then he gives her ten minutes to sprint for it. Getting off the boat are Grace Kelly and her scientist husband, Donald Sinden. Grace arouses Gable's protective instinct, which is one instinct away from pure, undying love. If you think Ava takes this, you're silly. She fights like a panther. The utter splendor of Tanganyika and the magnificent shots of wild gorillas and hostile natives pale a little beside this girl, whose wisecracks, low cut gowns and feline grace steal the picture. Technicolor.—MGM

HANK MARTIN CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS
EVERY PENNY • NICKEL • DIME HELPS! GIVE!

A LION IS IN THE STREETS This particular lion is James Cagney and you can hear his roar all over the south. Cagney is a peddler in a small, cotton-growing town. The item he sells best is himself. School teacher Barbara Hale doesn't even ask the price when she marries him, but she pays plenty ever after. Fiery and wildly ambitious, he becomes a champion of the people by proving that the town's chief cotton dealer (Larry Keating) is short-weighing the farmers. Flushed with this victory, which is accompanied by bloodshed, Cagney acquires a blonde (Anne Francis) and lays his remaining principles at the feet of an influential gambler (Onslow Stevens). Stevens promises him the governorship. Almost delivers it, too. But you remember what Abe Lincoln said: You can't fool *all* of the people *all* of the time. Too bad Cagney doesn't remember. Among the townspeople who aren't fooled are Warner Anderson and Jeanne Cagney. Technicolor.—Warners

BLOWING WILD Anthony Quinn owns eighteen oil wells in Mexico. An uncouth bandit named Juan García is willing to let him keep them for fifty thousand dollars. Quinn's so scared he's half way to the bank before Gary Cooper stops him. Cooper isn't worth a nickel (García blew up *his* oil well the week before) but he has more nerve than the entire Mexican army, Don't pay—fight; says Coop, who happens to be working for Quinn after a lapse of some years. The lapse was due to Quinn's wife, Barbara Stanwyck, who always loved Coop more. Coop tries brushing Barbara off again, but it isn't easy. Ruth Roman, who passes her time as a black-jack dealer in a local casino, lends a helping hand. To get back to the oil—what with the bandits whooping it up around those wells, Barbara considering tossing her husband into one, and Coop extracting a live nitro torpedo from another—there's plenty blowing wild. Including Ward Bond.—Warners

THE BIG HEAT A cop commits suicide because his conscience would have killed him, anyway, if not his wife (Jeanette Nolan). She blossoms in mink immediately and this arouses Glenn Ford's suspicion. Glenn is a cop, too, but honest. He decides the city is ruled by gangsters and he's going to clean it up. Alone, if necessary. And that's necessary, because his superiors keep telling him the case is closed. Superiors are scared of the big boss (Alexander Scourby). Ford is scared of no one, especially after his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is victimized by the gang and his small daughter is threatened. Glenn involves himself with B-girls, moronic henchmen and smart alecs who hurl scalding coffee into their sweethearts' faces. One sweetheart (Gloria Grahame) resents this treatment; it's bad for the complexion. With her aid, Glenn exposes more crooks than the Kefauver committee. Players include Lee Marvin, Peter Whitney, Willis Bouchey.—Columbia

Elizabeth Taylor, star of
RHAPSODY,
an M-G-M Technicolor picture, finds Leg-O-Genic glamour easy with Bur-Mil Cameo nylons.

"SOFT, MISTY STOCKINGS SPELL LEG LOVELINESS..."

says Elizabeth Taylor

BUR-MIL
CAMEO
STOCKINGS
WITH EXCLUSIVE
face powder finish

"Shiny stockings can make the loveliest legs appear unshapely," says lovely Elizabeth Taylor. That's the reason Miss Taylor and other M-G-M stars welcome the soft, misty, permanent dullness of Bur-Mil Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish. And you'll find Leg-O-Genic beauty in Cameo's 66 gauge, 12 denier personally proportioned nylons—the most luxuriously sheer stockings you can buy! Incidentally, they give up to 40% longer wear by actual test!

Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo 66 gauge, 12 denier nylons . . . $1.65. Other styles from $1.15 to $1.65.

ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY BURLINGTON MILLS HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

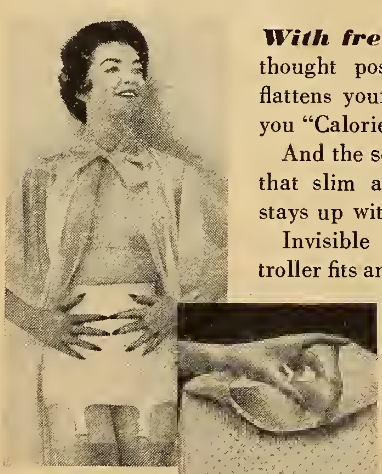
BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER FINISH AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.

Now... Control those "Calorie-Curves"!
Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

New Playtex® Magic-Controller! (FABRIC LINED)

Now available in all 3 styles:

Garter girdle — Panty with garters — Panty brief



With freedom and comfort you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—gives you "Calorie-Curve Control"!

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under sleekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.

Playtex Magic-Controller*...Now in all 3 styles

Garter Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95

Panty Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, $7.95

Panty Brief, $6.95

Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from $4.95

Other famous Playtex Girdles, from $3.50

Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

©1953 International Latex Corp'n... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del. Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario

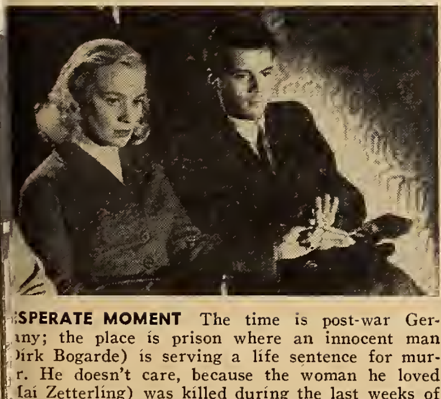
VICKI Vicki (Jean Peters) was a waitress until publicity man Elliott Reid and columnist Casey Adams discovered her. Overnight, they turned Vicki into New York's most famous model. But both are willing to swear they didn't turn her into a corpse. Someone did—on the morning she intended to depart for Hollywood. A sadistic detective, Richard Boone, insists on handling the case. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than sending Reid to the chair. But who says Reid's guilty? That detective looks pretty homicidal himself. And there are other suspects. Vicki's sister, Jeanne Crain, kept plugging away as a bookkeeper while Vicki wallowed in glamour. A matinee idol, Alex D'Arcy, loved Vicki enough to kill her if she spurned him. Take that crazy little desk clerk, Aaron Spelling. He could have made a fortune haunting houses. Why not question him? No sir, you can't sway Boone's one-track mind—and guess where the track is going!—20th Century-Fox.

TANGA TIKA It took Dwight Long four years to produce *Tanga Tika* (he was his own director, sound man and cameraman) which may be why he achieved such a happy blend of authenticity and charm. This is a movie about Tahiti, but don't expect a documentary. Expect a warm and simple love story centering around Timi, an island chief's son. To wed his girl Timi must have money, so he enters the South Pacific Olympic Games for a prize purse. You see dance competitions, canoe races, javelin meets—events highlighted by the knowledge that Timi's romance hangs in the balance. In addition, you see copra workers scaling giant trees, fishermen stoning their prey as the Tahitians did a thousand years ago. You see a Chinese wedding ceremony, a tropical feast, a shipwreck and a rescue in shark-infested waters. —Norton and Condon.

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE Papa is a newspaper editor in Dawson, Alaska. For his pains in trying to reform that outpost, he catches two bullets in the chest. Mama (Agnes Moorehead) and her four daughters (Rhonda Fleming, Teresa Brewer and the Bell sisters) arrive via dogsled—too late for the funeral, but not soon enough for Gene Barry, a saloon keeper who immediately succumbs to Rhonda's charms. Gene is the villain in this piece, as his dancing girls and poker tables will attest. Rhonda fixes him; she takes over her dad's newspaper and writes poison pen editorials. Sister Teresa doesn't want revenge; she wants to show her legs in Barry's chorus, and does, to the disgrace of her redheaded family. And sister Cynthia dares to fall for Guy Mitchell, the saloon's emcee. What turmoil, what heady passions play themselves out in this Technicolored, 3-D, musical drama!—Para.

THUNDER OVER THE PLAINS In 1869 there weren't ny oil wells in Texas. No Nieman-Marcus, either, o you can understand why Phyllis Kirk is bored. Besides, carpetbaggers are swarming around like ultures feeding on the farmers. Ben Westman (Charles McGraw) is a kind of local Robin Hood aking it tough for those baggers. According to martial law, Westman's an outlaw. Phyllis' husband, Randolph Scott, is an Army officer, but he's thrown into confusion about performing his duty. He admires Westman too much. Lex Barker is an officer of a different stripe. He hates Texans, he likes Phyllis, he's willing to relieve Randy of the care of both. Gunfighting goes on amid Technicolor scenery, but *Thunder Over The Plains* isn't just a shoot-'em-up. It deals with those rare qualities known as honor and loyalty—and that's a refreshing change. Cast includes Elisha Cook, Jr., Hugh Sanders, Lane Chandler, Mark Dana.—Warners.

ARRY ME AGAIN Marie Wilson and Robert Cummings almost never get to the altar in this one. Bob is a jet pilot recalled to duty about three seconds efore he can produce the ring. I gotta go, honey, he hispers to his eager bride and races out of the hurch. While he's becoming a hero in Korea, she's nheriting a million dollars from a newly-dead aunt. Marie can't tell Bob, though, knowing his stubborn ride. This same pride impels him to tell the world, ia national radio hook-up, that any wife of his will ave to struggle along on the sixty-five bucks a eek he earns as an auto mechanic. What happens ext is exactly what you'd expect, although that oesn't make it any easier to sit through. Assisting n the broad and baleful attempts at comedy are Ray Walker, Mary Costa, Richard Gaines and two French oodles.—RKO



SPERATE MOMENT The time is post-war Germany; the place is prison where an innocent man Dirk Bogarde) is serving a life sentence for mur- r. He doesn't care, because the woman he loved Mai Zetterling) was killed during the last weeks of war. Imagine Dirk's surprise when Mai turns up visiting day. Let me out of here, he screams. wn, boy, they say. Obviously, Dirk is being framed, in his position, it's hard to prove. The only urse is to escape and find the arch-fiend (Albert even) who posed as his dearest friend. Actually, ven's a ruthless black-marketeer. He knew Mai s alive, but he lied a little to save his own skin. w a chase begins that grows in excitement as each ness to the murder is bumped off. Lieven hightails or the Russian sector of Berlin, but he can't run t enough when love and justice betrayed are at heels.—J. Arthur Rank; U.-I. release

Dummies don't perspire
...but real live girls need MUM®
MUM
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor — just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near!

For sanitary napkins — Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Take a Tip from the Nelsons! See and Hear **"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"** Two different shows, radio and television, every week. See your paper for times and stations.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A

COLD OR SORE THROAT

"OZZIE & HARRIET" know what to do!

Kills germs like these way back on throat surfaces

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

They know that . . .

LISTERINE INSTANTLY KILLS GERMS ON THROAT SURFACES . . . BY MILLIONS!

At the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle, out comes the Listerine bottle and the Nelsons start gargling. With heavy TV and radio commitments, they simply can't afford to let a cold or a sore throat due to colds get them down if they can help it.

Like millions of other healthy American families, they have found that, used early and often, Listerine can often help head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity.

That is also true in reducing the number of sore throats.

In tests over 12 years, users had fewer colds, fewer sore throats

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" (see panel above).

These are the threatening germs that many authorities believe account for much of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue.

Listerine often halts such mass invasions . . . attacks the germs before they attack you. Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after gargling and up to 80% after one hour.

This safe, germ-killing action, we believe, accounts for this remarkable record:

Tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

So, if colds are going around, it's a pretty smart idea to see that everybody in the family gargles systematically with this wonderful antiseptic.

DECAMERON NIGHTS One of the greatest medieval story tellers was a writer named Boccaccio, and his most famous work was a collection of tales called *The Decameron.* Someone, namely RKO, finally got smart and based a movie on it. This movie. Louis Jourdan plays Boccaccio himself—a sensitive romantic, hopelessly in love with a young widow (Joan Fontaine). Joan is of such high moral character that she clings to mourning much longer than decency requires. Jourdan seeks refuge in her castle during a local war, and to keep him busy she demands he tell an after dinner story after every dinner. Certainly, says Jourdan—and what a spicy, imaginative spell he weaves over that lady. Clothed in laughter and medieval costume, *Decameron Nights* is exotic and delightful entertainment. Binnie Barnes, Godfrey Tearle, Joan Collins are among the cast.—RKO

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE ROBE *(20th-Fox):* This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new CinemaScope (realism without goggles) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel. Heading the huge cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Technicolor.

LITTLE FUGITIVE: Wonderful newcomer Richie Andrusco as a seven-year-old who thinks he has killed his brother and runs away to Coney Island for a mixed-up, riotous day. Independently produced, this picture took top honors at the Venice Festival.

THE ALL-AMERICAN *(U.I.):* Tony Curtis as an athlete who shows a snobbish Ivy League College what football and democracy are all about. Also attending: Richard Long, Lori Nelson.

THE MOONLIGHTER *(Warners):* Action, excitement, and plenty of love interest with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray and Ward Bond fighting it out amidst cattle rustlers and bank robbers.

THE CADDY *(Para.);* If you can believe it, Martin and Lewis got together on a golf course and began their career by taking a few hilarious pratfalls in fron of a little fat man with a lot of pull. Barbara Bates, too.

THE GOLDEN BLADE *(U.I.):* Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson in Bagdadian costumes and Technicolor are enough to defeat any plot (even by Gene Nelson)—add an invincible sword and half a dozen plots—and you come up with a lot of fun.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY *(Col.):* A brilliant portrait of Army lives and loves adapted from James Jones' best seller. Excellent performances by Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES *(20th-Fox):* Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in tights and Technicolor as Anita Loos' uninhibited gals with diamonds on their minds. Also involved: Charles Coburn, Tommy Noonan, Elliott Reed.

THE BAND WAGON *(M-G-M):* Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse team for top-notch dancing in this above-average musical; delightful songs and a lot of Technicolored fun with Oscar Levant, Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan.

LATIN LOVERS *(M-G-M):* Lana Turner doesn't know what to do with all her money and can't decide whether to let millionaire John Lund or masterful Latin Ricardo Montalban help her out. Technicolor

ISLAND IN THE SKY *(Warners):* John Wayne and a crew of Army pilots are downed in a Greenland snowstorm; Colonel Walter Abel makes a desperate attempt to locate the lost men before their supplies run out.

sweet and hot

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

by leonard feather

RECORD OF THE MONTH

DUKE ELLINGTON—*Premièred By Ellington*** (Capitol). Here's an unusual album idea. All eight songs were originally presented by the Ellington band years ago, but were not written by Duke, who usually writes all his own music.

Stardust is here—Duke's band played it before it had its famous lyrics. So are *Cocktails For Two* and *My Old Flame,* which the Ellington band played in two movies, *Murder At The Vanities* and *Belle Of The Nineties.* You'll also hear *Liza, Flamingo, Stormy Weather, I Can't Give You Anything But Love*—all melodic performances with the unique Ellington touch by a band that's still ahead of the field.

Odd sidelight: *Three Little Words* is the song Duke first recorded for a movie soundtrack, along with the Rhythm Boys trio—because the producer wasn't satisfied with an earlier solo version cut by a member of that trio, a lad named Bing Crosby.

FROM THE MOVIES

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—*Taps* by Rudy Vallee (Victor). Title theme by Ray Bloch* (Coral). *Re-Enlistment Blues* by Ray Bloch (Coral).

The Ray Bloch version of *From Here* features a very pretty accordion solo by Mat Mathews, a talented new star from Holland. Rudy Vallee's disc is coupled with a new version of his perennial *Whiffenpoof Song.*

JOE LOUIS STORY—theme and *I'll Be Around* by George Bassman* (MGM).

These two sides, recorded in New York, are from the soundtrack of the biographical film about the fighter. Bassman, best known as the composer of *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You,* wrote some unusually interesting background music.

ITTLE BOY LOST—*The Magic Window* and *Cela M'Est Egal* by Bing Crosby** (Decca).

These two tunes from Bing's latest should help to reestablish his slightly sagging popularity on records.

TORY OF THREE LOVES—Eighteenth Variation from Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody On A Theme* of Paganini by William Kapell with Fritz Reiner & The Robin Hood Dell Orch.* (Victor).

OPULAR

IC DAMONE—*Ebb Tide** (Mercury).

OMMY DORSEY—*Tenderly* LP** (Decca).

This is listed as a set of "love songs in waltz time." Actually it's nothing of the sort (there isn't a single tune out of the eight that's played in waltz time) but these are excellent swinging adaptations, arranged by Neal Hefti, of tunes that were originally waltzes, including the title song, *Charmaine, I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* and, most important, Tommy's recent best seller, *The Most Beautiful Girl In The World.*

IRVING NURICK

Merry Xmas Mother

Are you in the know?

What solves your family gift problem?
☐ *Charge 'em to Dad* ☐ *I.O.U.'s*

You'd plant really different (and wonderful) presents under the family tree? Write I.O.U.'s! One to Mom, promising you'll take over some household chore daily—for 3 months. To Dad your pledge to deliver 20 shoe shines on demand. And Sis? She'll prefer the *present* to future service; get something glamorous, "grown-up." But one day you *can* do her a service—by helping her to get the sanitary protection that keeps her confident: *Kotex.* Those *flat, pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!

Want to winterize your chassis?
☐ *Add anti-freeze* ☐ *Change oil*

Snow weather sets your teeth a-chattering? Heed both hints above. Keep your radiator (circulation) "het up" with such "anti-freeze" as outdoor sports, wholesome meals, ample H2O and juices. And chapproof your pelt; change to richer beauty creams. On "those" days, you'll radiate *poise* with the comfort Kotex gives: softness (*holds its shape!*), plus extra *protection* to thaw all chilling doubts.

For mistletoe bait, why not try—
☐ *Formal flattery* ☐ *Gooless lipstick*

You, too, can be a Lorelei in your holiday formal—even if you're built on the lean and hollow side. A gently draped bodice, a gossamer stole, can make a dream dress perfect for *you.* So too, a girl's *calendar* needs should be exactly suited to her. That's why Kotex gives you a choice of *3 absorbencies.* Try 'em! There's Regular, Junior, Super.

Regular Kotex

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

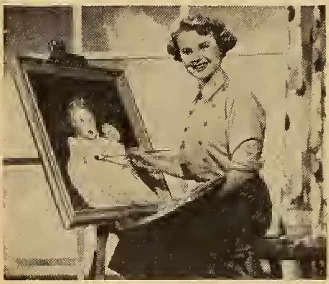
Which of these "steadies" does most for you?
☐ *Romeo & Juliet* ☐ *Kotex and Kotex belts* ☐ *Moon 'n' June*

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic . . . they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . *for a change!*

Creating a successful personality for yourself is like painting a picture, according to vivacious Mona Freeman. It takes care and a natural manner—plus a lot of attention to make-up.

Take my word for it

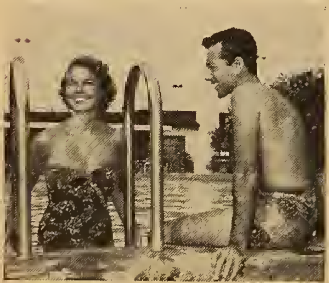
by MONA FREEMAN, star columnist for December



Painting made me more tolerant

but baby won't be an "easel-orphan."

I learned not to bubble too much,



and to try to keep an even mood.

HOW TO BE INTERESTING—BE INTERESTED in many things but mostly in people. There are many approaches. I found a good one in painting, though I didn't know it to be that at the time. I started to paint four years ago for recreation. But I found it was also giving me a new pair of eyes and a new understanding of people. The friend whose appearance I had formerly written off as just "plain" I now began to see as individual, possessing qualities in either formation of features or combination of coloring that I ached to capture on canvas. Faces took on a new meaning to me—and so did their owners. I saw more deeply, more thoroughly into their personalities. I became, via something I thought was just a hobby, much more tolerant.

I UNDERSTOOD MORE ABOUT MYSELF, TOO. I found out that I have a tendency to go whole hog about things. For a while I got so that nothing else mattered as long as I could paint. The house went to pot, appointments were put off, my little girl became an "easel-orphan." When I awoke to what was going on I gave up painting altogether for a while, and now I watch myself against overdoing it. My worst model is myself—I refuse to hold still in the mirror.

Painting gave me an insight into the moods of people—including me. I am the victim of many moods, not all good, and I used to give in to them. The worst one, curiously enough, was a gay exuberance which would strike me every so often. This was bad because anyone meeting me when I was "high" in this manner would expect me to be the same bubbly person always. When I failed to come up to expectations the next time they saw me, there was an odd letdown; a sense of social failure floated in the atmosphere and, believe me, this can be demoralizing.

THE IMPORTANCE OF AN EVEN MOOD cannot be overstated—especially in marriage. Can you think of any more provoking (and more common) expression between husband and wife than, "Well! What's got into you today?" Two people who recognized this in their marriage were my husband and I. We got so that whenever one of us was down the other automatically worked to talk her or him out of it. Of course, when we were both down . . . but let's not even bring that up!

If you think I'm overenthusiastic about painting's helping me in unexpected ways, let me tell you about some other benefits that came sneaking into my way of life as a result of it. For instance, while working on a picture of a girl friend one morning I was suddenly struck by the length of time it took to paint a face on canvas compared to the short time it took to "do" a face in real life—meaning my make-up! From that time on there has been no more hasty smear, daub and slap-on for me at the mirror. I take pains. Once I have it on though, before going out for an evening, that's it. I don't fuss with it afterwards.

PAINTING IS A BUSINESS OF MIXING COLORS to get the exact shade you want, and in doing faces it is also a blending of the colors to reproduce the way nature works in its tones. All artists know this, and also girls who put on make-up. But I decided I wasn't paying enough blending attention to my own face when I realized how much care it took to make a face look realistic on canvas. In time I developed some little beauty tricks along this line. First of all I made sure my face was absolutely clean before I applied make-up. No more of this rushing home and piling on new make-up on top of old, as girls will often do.

In applying rouge—which I do with a brush, of course—I began mixing in a little face powder with it. I found it went on more smoothly and eliminated this business of looking pale except around the cheeks where you suddenly take on a harsh, healthy look. Instead, you could achieve, in this manner, the soft, rosy sort of glow that looks as though it comes from within instead of having been slapped on from without.

I USED TO APPLY VASELINE or cold cream to my eyelids to give me that old eyeshine, but I gradually realized that here you have to fight gravity and it's a losing battle—the vaseline tends to run and gather at the eyelash line. Pretty soon you feel something and daub at it and there you are, making pretty conversation in the parlor and wondering what to do with a fingertipful of goop! So ruling out the greased-eye treatment, I went in for silver eye shadow instead, putting it on at the eyelashes and achieving my sparkle without worrying about having to drain my eye oil every social mile.

There are two more phases of this blending process. After my make-up is all on, I take a hot washcloth and hold it close against my face. Or sometimes I even daub at my face with warm water. What I achieve here is most important—an elimination of the dry, powdery appearance that so spoils the look of a face, and a more perfect blending of everything you've used, powder, rouge, lipstick and pencil.

I don't have to tell you not to touch your mascara with either the washcloth or water!

AND THEN THE FINAL TOUCH. In portrait work I learned that when the hair is lightened wherever it is against the face the whole appearance is softened. I make use of this technique for myself now. You know that hair-streaking vogue that originated in France and has become all the rage? I use the same touch to ighten my hair around my face. In summer time, fortunately, the sun does it for me. I'm one of those blondes whose hair bleaches into a two-tone job, lightening up just where I want it. But in winter or when I can't get out into the sun for long enough periods, I get my hair streaked to achieve the same effect, blonde-streaked, not grey.

WHEN I BUY A DRESS I look for what I have earned to call the "impossible." This perfect dress is one that is very plain, very simple, yet very feminine. You know what I mean. It isn't color, or decoration, or unusual effect. I don't care what the color is, the decorations only add flip, unusual effects individualize the dress more than they do you. The "impossible" has to be present in the line, in the cut. If it isn't, anything else in the dress is just an inducement to compromise.

Like everybody else I have to compromise a lot . . . but I keep looking. When I do find what I want I hang on to it, believe me. I once bought an outfit that will seem a whole botch of colors when I describe it but, take my word for it, it was a dream costume. The skirt was a tight-fitting, dark blue, wool crepe, and the jacket was cashmere, done in green and white checks, with a red lining! I know, I know how it sounds. But it was *it!* For five years it was the star of my wardrobe. The moment I lifted it off the hanger, knowing I was going to wear it, I felt myself armed, primed and set for a conquering day!

As soon as I finish this I think I'm going out prowling again . . . looking through the stores for the "impossible." I'll never hunt big game in Africa, but I bet the thrill is the same!

LEARNING TO LOOK FOR WHAT I WANT has turned me from the worst shopper in the world to, I think, a pretty good one. I used to pick up things that had no possible relation to the rest of my clothes. Now I buy nothing I can't visualize as part of a combination; in fact, not only as part of one combination but part of others I might be able to make up from my wardrobe. Very often I do what many girls do, I'm sure. I play the "clothes game," laying out all I've got to wear and trying to re-assemble it in new outfits. Sometimes you can hit on some surprising combinations.

Having taken care of my make-up and my clothes, there remains only one thing more to worry about . . . the real me . . . and how real am I to people I meet? What's the use of kidding? Beauty and clothes can make a girl look interesting but in the long run she has to *be* interesting to hold on to her happiness.

BEAUTY IS A RESPONSIBILITY. To me there is nothing worse than a girl who uses her beauty at a time when she should be using her intelligence or better still, her true, warm heart. For it is only by heart-to-heart steps with others that a person can lift himself into being a really happy human being.

Mona Freeman

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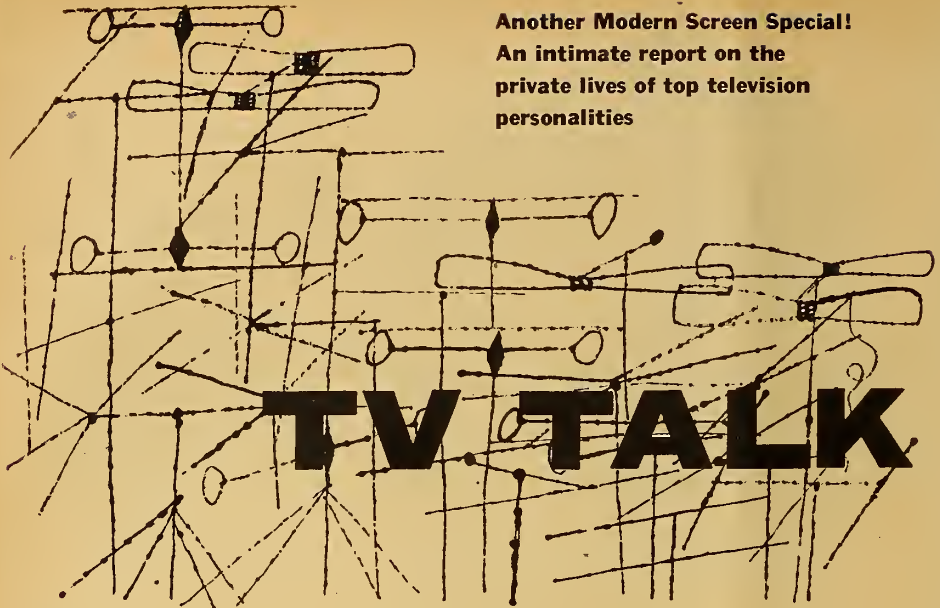

TV TALK

JACKIE GLEASON's home life is one of the most frenetic in show business. Separated from his wife, he lives alone in a penthouse apartment in the same hotel Mrs. Roosevelt used to live in. But he's never alone. He has incorporated himself so that the $25,000-a-year duplex is deductible. And he uses it for an office, rehearsal hall, and dancing school—for everything that goes into his television show. There are dancers hoofing in one room, singers warbling in another, and scriptwriters somewhere else. Agents and directors and friends wander in and out of the kitchen helping themselves, and the phone keeps ringing. Jackie—or Jackie's voice—is everywhere.

RED BUTTONS *actually enjoys writing out his rent checks. His jazzy new apartment overlooking the East River costs $400 month, and Red is just plain proud that he can afford it. He and Helayne, the tiny Mrs. B., went out and signed up for the layout* before *his first* TV *show. Only after he made his sudden and smashing success did they know they could afford it. Before they moved in, Helayne got herself an interior decorator. The living-dining room ended up* café-au-lait, *chartreuse, and coral. Their bedroom is all pink—the walls, the carpeting, the oversize bed, even the telephone. But one room was never finished. It could be a den or a guest room, but the Buttonses don't want anything but a crib in it. So there the room sits, with suitcases and pictures stacked on the floor, waiting for the one thing Red hasn't got—a baby. Don't pay any attention, by the way, to the rumors that Buttons has gone high hat. He's just trying to get something out of life that his club-date days never gave him. And he has found out, just as all celebrities do, that the minute the money starts rolling in, the relatives start asking for it. The people he wants to do things for—his parents, his brother, and his sister, the people who did things for him before he was a big star—get anything they want. They don't want much, however; it's the cousins he never heard of who are clamoring. And ignore the nasty rumors about Helayne. Sure, she calls Red, "Rouge," but it's not an affectation. So does his lawyer—and anyone else who knew him overseas. When he was in France entertaining with the Mickey Rooney troupe during the war, he told a French girl at a bar that his name was Red Buttons. "Ah," she said,* "Rouge Boutons!" *His buddies picked it up; the next morning the sergeant at roll call bellowed out* "Rouge Boutons," *and now Helayne uses it. All very legitimate.*

TWO OTHER TENANTS in the same building with Red and Helayne are Faye Emerson and her piano-playing husband, Skitch Henderson. Faye leads a busy social life all her own, and some observers think that her marriage is smooth only when it strikes Faye's fancy. As you know, she gave up her Butch hairdo in a hurry, right after she stopped being the intellectual moderator on *Author Meets The Critic,* and returned to her famous chignon. So, from the neck up, she looks about like the old Faye. Below that, though, she has spread. And she's not the fashion plate she used to be. You can see her around town in sober black numbers that don't turn her into the glamour girl we all used to know.

THEIR FRIENDS WONDER *how long Ernie Kovacs and Edith Adams can keep on this way. They've been in love for years, but the Hungarian with the string tie and the little blonde singer of* Wonderful Town *can't get married because he already is. Although his wife has left him and their two little girls (his mother takes care of them), she apparently doesn't want a divorce. Religious difficulties stand in the way, too.*

DAVE GARROWAY really *isn't* nuts about J. Fred Muggs, the chimp who gets more fan mail than the star of *Today.* And Mr. Muggs acts as though the feeling were mutual. When you see him away from Garroway, he's as lovable as can be—friendly and full of tricks. But around Dave he apparently doesn't feel too playful. He proved it once by biting him!

BERGEN EVANS, *the professor with the puns on* Super Ghost *and* Down You Go, *doesn't have to worry about losing his teaching job at Northwestern because he frolics on* TV *panel shows (a cause for firing in many colleges). He's been there so long, and is so popular with the students, that a near-riot would break out if the University tried to clamp down.*

IT'S FUNNY how men will stick to the same physical types when they pick a second wife. Movie producer Frank Ross (*The Robe*) did it when he married Joan Caulfield. You'd never know it from hearing her on *My Favorite Husband,* but her voice is low-pitched just like Jean Arthur's. Jean, of course, was Joan's predecessor. Joan, incidentally, made a lot of friends in the New York press when she came to town for interviews before her show started. It undoubtedly helped *My Favorite Husband* get off to a good start. The fact that the show turned out to be good didn't hurt, of course.

SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY *used to be very fussy about which newspaper and magazine writers he would deign to see. Even wrote* CBS *a letter giving them a list of the publications he would talk to! It was a short one, too. But when he found himself without a sponsor, he changed his tune fast.*

JEROME THOR and his agent told the press that he and wife Sydna Scott left Europe and *Foreign Intrigue* because they wanted to get back to the good old U.S.A. after two years abroad. The other side of that story is that he picked up a bad case of plain, old-fashioned temperament. Even reached the point where he allowed the cameramen to shoot him from just one side, his "good" side. It might be all right for Claudette Colbert, but the boys on the other end of the camera were not impressed.

MAKING TV SHOWS ABROAD *can be just as hazardous as making movies abroad. Movie stars make treks to Europe to do pictures for some independent outfits and then return because the financing has fallen through. And so do the* TV *people.* Foreign Intrigue *and the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shows have been the only successes; the rest have gone little further than a press release or two. Even Fairbanks had trouble in Paris; he tried to set up another show there, and the deal did not go through. American* TV *producers, on the whole, have a bad name abroad. Too many fast-talking characters have showed up, shot a pilot film, and disappeared without paying their bills.*

YOU'D BE SURPRISED if you knew how some of the panelists feel about their fellow guessers. The ones who play for fun get pretty peeved with the ones who play for keeps. And nearly all of them worry about being upstaged. Don't believe, incidentally, that many of them make $500 or $750 a week. Most of them are quite satisfied for $200 or a lot less.

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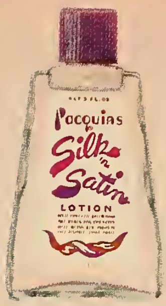

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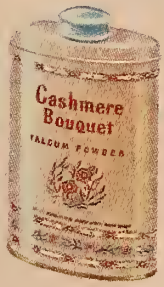

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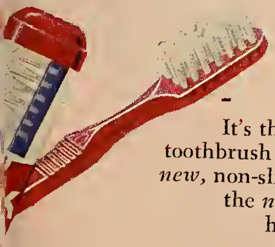

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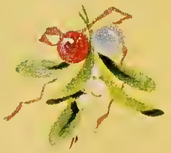
SUSAN SMART† says

Hoping to go 'neath the Mistletoe?



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NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

happy the bride . . .

Lana and Lex took Lex' son Alexander, daughter Lynn, Lana's mother and daughter, Cheryl, along on Paris honeymoon.

Only a few months ago Lana and Lex tied the knot. But already rumor says it was a slip-knot— and it's slipping!

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ According to one of the persons who was with Lana Turner in Italy and in London during the production of *The Flame And The Flesh,* "Modern Screen is probably more responsible for Lana Turner's marriage to Lex Barker than any other single factor.

"Your magazine," this informant reports, "ran a story about Lex and Lana (our August, 1953 issue) entitled, *They Called Them Shocking,* with a cover blurb that read, 'Lana and Lex: They Scandalized Europe.'

"When Lana read that story, she blew her top. I mean really blew it. She was mad. She said that she was living her own life. It was her business. No one was going to tell her what to do, and especially not Modern Screen. If she wanted to go around with Lex Barker, she was going to do it, and she didn't care what anyone wrote about it.

(*Continued on page* 78)

THEIR COURTSHIP'S HISTORY WAS WRITTEN IN GARISH HEADLINES AND THEIR WEDDING WAS SEALED IN FLASHBULBS. IS THIS THE HAPPY ENDING RITA AND DICK DREAMED ABOUT?

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN...

By WILLIAM BARBOUR

One of the most popular pinups in World War II was a photograph of Rita Hayworth. It showed her sitting up in bed, clad in a transparent nightgown. This pinup was plastered on bomb bays, block-busters, and barracks walls throughout the world. Rita Hayworth was portrayed as the most beautiful, glamorous, desirable woman on earth. *Life* magazine described her as the American version of the "love goddess."

A few years later, when Rita was married to Aly Khan, a columnist for the New York *Post* spoke for the male sex when he wrote: "There is scarcely a man among us who on the occasion of this news does not suffer a sense of personal defeat."

But today, Rita Hayworth is more often regarded as a typical Hollywood glamour girl who wears her heart on her lips. This change of the attitude of the public may be attributed to her recent marriage to Dick Haymes and the incredible circumstances surrounding it.

Earlier this year when Dick and Rita began going together, instead of acknowledging their friendship, they made a secret of it. Rita refused to talk to reporters. She refused to tell friends where she was. She refused to discuss Haymes in any light, whatever, Every question concerning Dick got one answer, "No comment."

Haymes, a rather muddled character, behaved even more strangely. For long periods of time no one could find him. Not even his wife. Not even his lawyer. Servants at the Hayworth home answered questions with, "Dick Haymes? Never heard of him."

Actually, there was no need for any of this furtiveness. Nora Haymes, Dick's third wife, had told him that their marriage was finished. Some people say Nora fell in love with an agent who was once very close to Rita, and who promised Nora a great career. Others believe that Nora fell in love with a producer of the legitimate theatre.

Whatever the reason, it was she who decided that she wanted no more of her marriage with Haymes. They agreed to separate, and Haymes was a free agent. A man who chronically falls in love, he fell in love then with Rita Hayworth.

Instead of being proud of their mutual love, instead of admitting it, Dick and Rita made a mystery of it. When Rita took a train to New York, Haymes went along. For some reason, they felt it necessary to be so discreet that it became a kind of cloak-and-dagger performance.

No one could understand why. Nora Haymes was never in a position to name Rita Hayworth as a co-respondent in a divorce case, and Dick and Rita knew that. Were they ashamed of their love?

The plain, simple, appalling answer to their strange headline-making behavior is that they both occasionally have very poor judgment about their personal lives.

Look at the Haymes record. (*Continued on page* 92)

WAS IT JUST PARIS IN THE SPRING OR THE REAL THING? HERE ARE THE

THE TRUTH ABOUT

THOSE CONTINENTAL FLINGS

These five stars went to Europe for work or a quiet vacation. But home

Suzanne Dadolle, really in love, gave up modeling for Schiaparelli to tour Europe with Gable. Experts say this may be only Paris fling to end in marriage.

Gary Cooper wooed Gisèle Pascale while sh was supposedly engaged to Prince of Monac his success convinced French he is a great love

FACTS BEHIND THE STARTLING RUMORS ABOUT HOLLYWOOD'S TOP STARS ABROAD. ■ BY COLETTE MAURIER

■ Paris is the traditionally romantic city, a magnet which attracts, sooner or later, the most beautiful women on earth. Respectable businessmen may sow their wild oats there without making the rest of the world party to their indiscretions. But above all, Paris is a city in which a man's behavior may be his own business, but his romantic nature the business of thousands of predatory women. Certainly, American movie actors abroad are more than fair game.

In the annals of motion picture history, 1953 will be recorded as the year of the great European migration. Practically every star you can think of spent some of 1953 in Europe.

Why?

Their reasons were varied. Many went abroad to take advantage of the favorable tax law which was later legislated away. Some went for vacations. Some went because they couldn't find work in Hollywood, a few went abroad for love, and a handful went on studio assignments. Regardless of their reasons for going there, some of Hollywood's top flight male movie stars managed to reserve a considerable amount of time for their Paris flings.

"Your actors come here," one Parisian explains, "because this is a city where a kiss in a café does not make headlines, where a night of revelry with a girl and a bottle of wine does not fill a gossip column. Paris is a lover, and it gathers all the world's lovers to its bosom. If a man has the price, Paris denies him nothing."

Of course, most movie actors have the price. But with money or without, when Americans are in Europe they are faced with unfamiliar social standards. Briefly, the French expect gentlemen on a fling to handle their *amours* lightly, but deftly and discreetly. The Italians are not so much concerned with sophistication. They admire volatile romance and they like to go to a wedding.

Bing Crosby, for example, was quickly accepted by Paris high society. Clark Gable apparently ranked next, but his chances of complete acceptance suffer from his failure to accept the social position of the French *mannequin*, either because he doesn't understand it, or because he doesn't care. Gary Cooper pays little attention to the social set, preferring to stick with the movie crowd. He enjoys great public popularity in France.

Unquestionably, Bing Crosby understands and follows the Parisian social law. For a while, he squired about a Belgian girl named Arlett Piquet. But the girl who received the most attention from *Monsieur* Bing, and incidentally from the press, was Ghislaine de Boysson, a twenty-ish model who works for Jacques Fath and Schiaparelli.

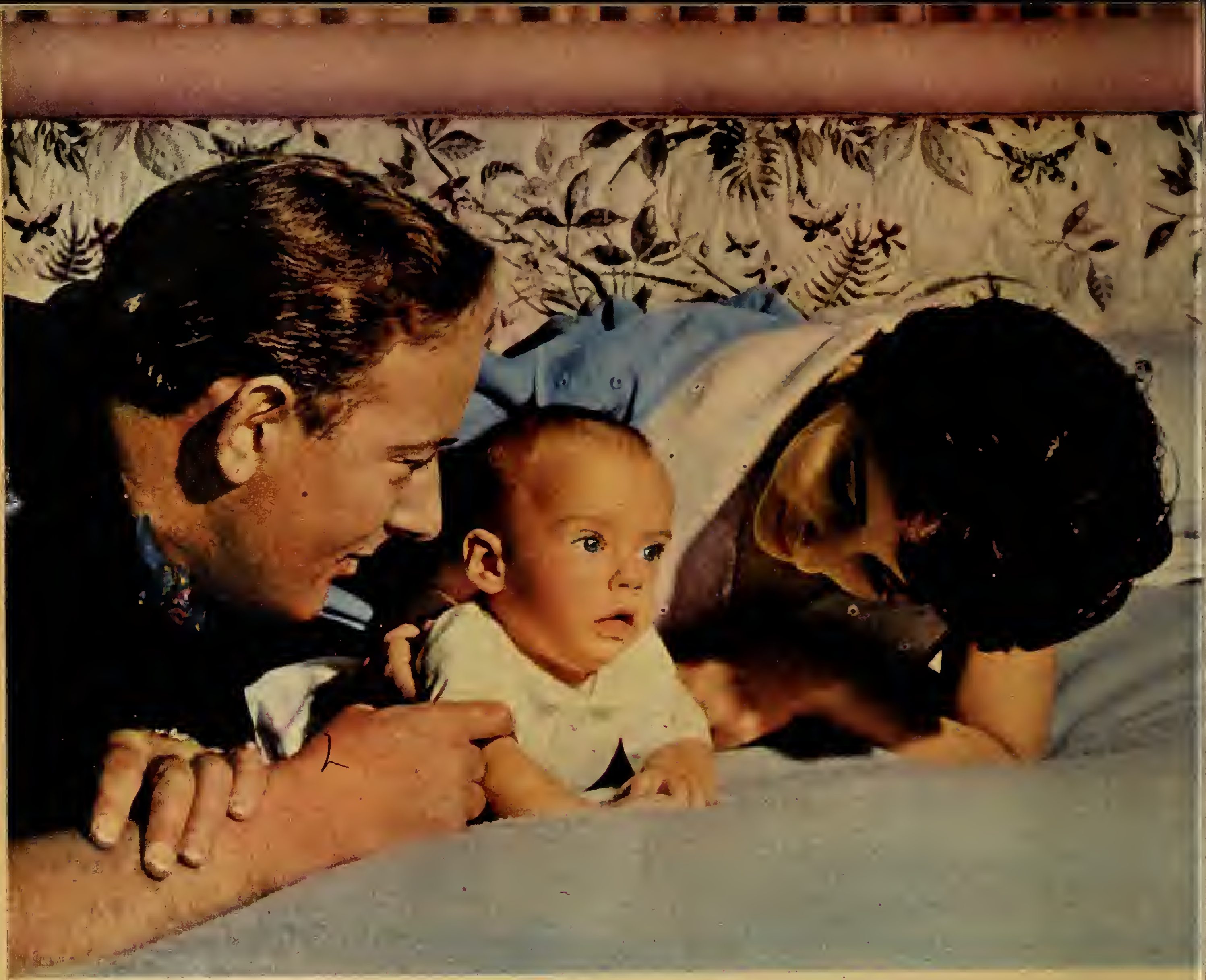
In Paris, models are a special class of people. Generally speaking, they are (*Continued on page* 87)

and Hollywood may have a lot of trouble getting them back from their extra-curricular romances!

Cosmopolitan Bing Crosby holds high social position in France, dines with Comtesse des Cars. His romance with model Ghislaine de Boysson follows approved French pattern.

Actress Ursula Thiess holds German view that women should follow and adore their men. Many believe she and Bob Taylor will have a happy marriage.

Audrey Hepburn, Veronica Pasanie were among Gregory Peck's rumored romances.



▲ "I can't call him Michael," Mike complains: "I feel as if I'm talking to myself!" So he called his son "Boy" (because the hospital identification bracelet worn by the new baby read "Boy Wilding"). Then Liz came up with "Britches" for a pet name. Now a confident father, Mike once feared hospital would give them the wrong baby.

◀ Liz and Nurse Mary share care of eight-month-old Britches. Ordinarily cheerful and easy to handle, Britches is given to crying only when tired. He found the flight across the Atlantic wearing, alarmed Liz and the plane's crew with his wails until England and a nurse comforted him. Imperturbable Mike, Sr., only felt sorry for the other passengers!

➤ Mike couldn't resist adding his own family snapshots to MODERN SCREEN'S collection. Liz shares motherhood with one of her menagerie—Gigi, her French poodle, who had a Caesarean birth at the same time Liz did, produced almost as cute offspring. Britches shares his parents' love of animals, plays happily with the family's many pets.

The happiest time

■ The steward of the giant BOAC flying ship moved up to the crew's cabin. Lightly, he tapped the pilot on the shoulder. The skipper looked back.

"Elizabeth Taylor and her baby," the steward shouted.

The skipper relinquished control of the ship to his co-pilot.

"What about it?"

"The little fellow is crying his head off," the steward said. "Miss Taylor thinks maybe he's sick."

The pilot got up and walked back to the tail of the ship. Liz and her son had spent the night in a berth flying across the Atlantic, and according to her, "He was just wonderful, not a peep out of him, until about an hour ago. Now, he just won't keep quiet."

"I feel sorry for the rest of the passengers," said Michael Wilding, the baby's father. "I think he's tired."

The pilot nodded and returned to the nose of the ship. He motioned to his radio officer. "Send a message to London Airport. Tell them to have a nurse standing by."

Three hours later, when Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding set foot on English soil, the nurse was waiting. But first the three *(Continued on page 38)*

Liz often plunks Britches on her huge bed for romp with 4 cats!

Still new to motherhood, Liz admits, "When he cries, I cry."

by Susan Trent

The immortal Raphael never painted lovelier mother-and-child pictures than those caught by MODERN SCREEN's camera in these exclusive shots of Elizabeth Taylor and her son.

MORE ➤

Psychologists say the American home is child-centered. Liz and Mike agree—and they love it!

(*Continued from page 37*) Wildings had to pass through Customs and Immigration.

A reporter asked an official whether Liz was traveling on an American or British passport. There had been some question of her citizenship before she had left Hollywood. On previous trips she had used dual passports, having been born in England of American parents.

"She is an American citizen using an American passport," the official explained. "Her husband is a British citizen using a British passport."

Liz carried her crying eight-month-old son as she went through Passport Control. The minute the Immigration men were finished, she handed the baby over to the waiting nurse. Instantly, the child stopped crying.

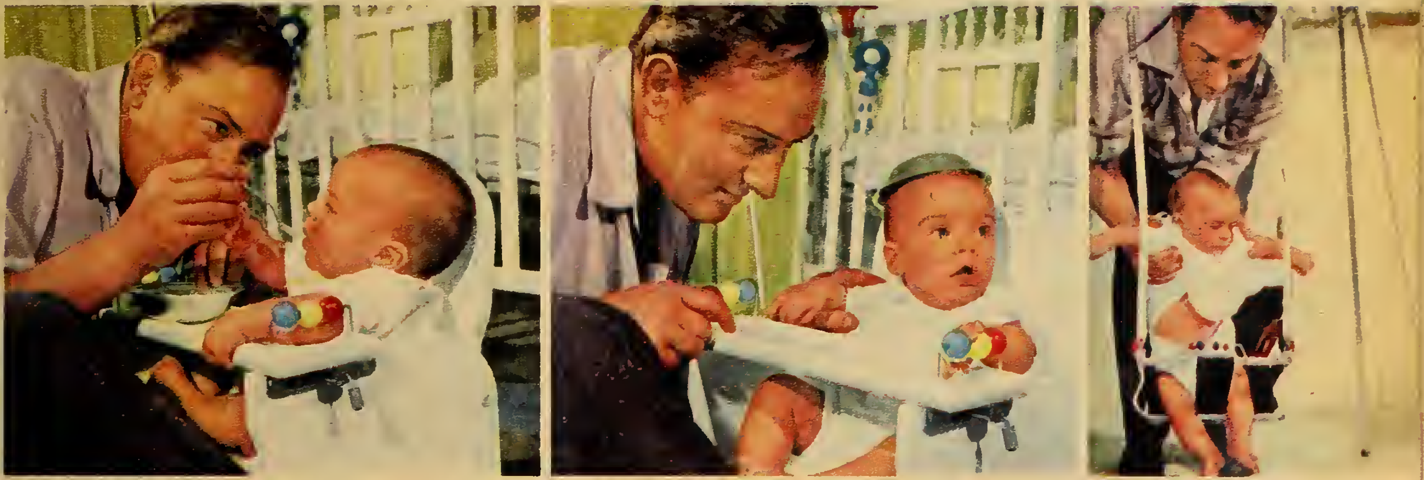
Liz, wearing a dumpy little bowl of a hat, a wide, flourishing skirt, with a fabric stole to match, turned to her husband. "How do you like that?" she asked.

The imperturbable Michael Wilding smiled. "Probably thinks she's Mary." Mary is the baby's nurse in Hollywood.

They drove to the flat in Grosvenor Square West which Michael Rennie's wife had rented for them. Here Liz undressed her son, changed him, and gave him his bottle.

(*Continued on page 73*)

"I don't care where I work," says the new Liz, "or if I ever work. I just want to be with two guys named Mike."



Mike enjoys fatherhood, counters Liz' worries with calm efficiency. He reassured her before trip, ("Typhoid injections don't bother babies") promised that son would like new nurse in England, ("This baby likes everyone") and agrees that a big family will be just fine.

IF YOU'VE HEARD ANY WILD STORIES ABOUT MITCHUM LATELY, DON'T BELIEVE A WORD. CHANCES ARE HE

MADE THEM UP HIMSELF! ▪ BY LOUIS POLLOCK

THIS is a MONSTER?

■ From all you read about Bob Mitchum, it would seem that such time as he can spare from sleepy-eyed stardom he cynically devotes to the neglect of his character. Most interviewers can't even come close to the truth about him.

It is not the fault of the writers. It is difficult to capture Bob on paper, and Bob doesn't make it any easier. He often takes an impish delight in supplying some of the wrong colors which have been used to paint the popular picture of him.

The result is that the Bob Mitchum the public knows is a self-made fraud. A big, tall one. Inside that, Mitchum is a guy he never lets anyone see; that he isn't going to let anyone see, no matter how misrepresented he is. Listen to Mitchum about Mitchum and after a while you can feel him laughing at you, and through you, at the world. He paints himself black, black and heartless. And in the end, you listen not so much to what he says as to yourself asking why he says it.

It is becoming clear that all through his professional life he has tried to hide two aspects of himself: (1) that he is a man with a heart, and a soft one, (2) that he is serious about the art of acting. But time—Bob has been under journalistic observation for nearly ten years now—is defeating his little game. Despite his own efforts, he reveals his true self in little ways—little, but significant—and by a record of achievement he can't very well obscure. There is nothing he can do to keep this from washing out, bit by bit, the legendary Mitchum, the careless, indolent, even dissolute fellow he not only pretends to be, but sometimes makes painfully realistic demonstrations to prove he is. *That* fantasy is slowly being replaced with a flesh and blood figure who, if not so colorful, is more human and a lot more (*Continued on page 80*)

Bob pretends to treat homelife carelessly, leave family worries to Dorothy. But he has been seen feeding the baby, carrying luggage and making like a model father with his sons.

Self-styled toughie, Bob is a very dependable actor, lets nothing keep him from work. On location with Rory Calhoun and Marilyn Monroe he even refrained from wolf whistles.

Bob's directors know the only safe person to bawl out is Bob himself; "blackhearted" Mitchum has walked off sets to protest unfair treatment of crew members by higher-ups.

My roommate, Elaine

BY SUZANNE SCHEIRER

Don't room with a movie star! Not unless you're prepared for roses in the bathtub, bear cubs in the livingroom, and badminton all over the house!

The author, blonde Suzanne Scheirer, prefers to do the driving for herself and impulsive roomie Elaine Stewart; she is often routed out of bed for 3 A.M. spins to the desert or ocean.

■ I opened the door of my apartment, put one foot inside, and stopped dead. I may be a coward, but I wasn't going in until I knew whether I was seeing things or not.

I wasn't. My roommate, Elaine Stewart, was sitting in the middle of the livingroom rug, wearing a pair of black satin slacks, and in her arms she was cradling a baby bear. I was used to the black satin slacks, and I shouldn't have been surprised by the bear, because when you live with a movie star you shouldn't be surprised by anything.

It's like living with an electric spark, a runaway freight train, or the bubbles from a glass of champagne. It's playing Hamlet at four in the morning in costumes made of colored napkins and swimming by moonlight in the Pacific Ocean, and never knowing what to expect next.

The bear came from a South American admirer —if admirer is the right word. He had flashing eyes, wavy hair, and a Spanish temper. He met Elaine on the set while she was making *Take The High Ground*. When Elaine refused to go out with him, he got so angry that he threatened to send her an alligator. I guess he couldn't find an alligator, so he sent the bear instead.

There was the time I started to take a bath and almost stepped into the middle of the 412 red roses that were floating aimlessly around the bathtub. And there was the time Elaine felt like playing badminton.

The roses were a gift from the Navy. Or rather from a Naval squadron that chose her its queen. Each man in the squadron had sent her a rose, and the only vase Elaine (*Continued on page 61*)

anybody

■ A few days after Gene Kelly finished *Crest Of The Wave* in London, newspaper editors notified their reporters in New York to keep close watch on all ports of entry.

"Gene Kelly," one waterfront newsman was told, "is the first and only actor to have spent seventeen months overseas under the old tax law. He has earned about $300,000, tax free. He is also responsible, in part, for the change of the tax laws by Congress. We want a story on him."

Alert newsmen subjected every plane and ship passenger list to close scrutiny. When they were absolutely confident that Gene Kelly could never get into New York City undetected by the press, word came from Hollywood that Gene was back in movietown and that Arthur Freed, Metro's chain-smoking producer, was throwing a big welcome-home party for the dancer.

The editors back east were fit to be tied. Verbally, they went to work on their waterfront and airport reporters. How in heaven's name had they missed Kelly?

Chagrined, the reporters offered several alibis. One said that Kelly was traveling under an assumed name. Another said flatly that he got off his plane in Boston and caught a direct flight to Los Angeles. A third announced that Kelly was really in New York, having a series of wild parties in a midtown hotel while awaiting the return from Europe of his wife, Betsy, and his daughter, Kerry.

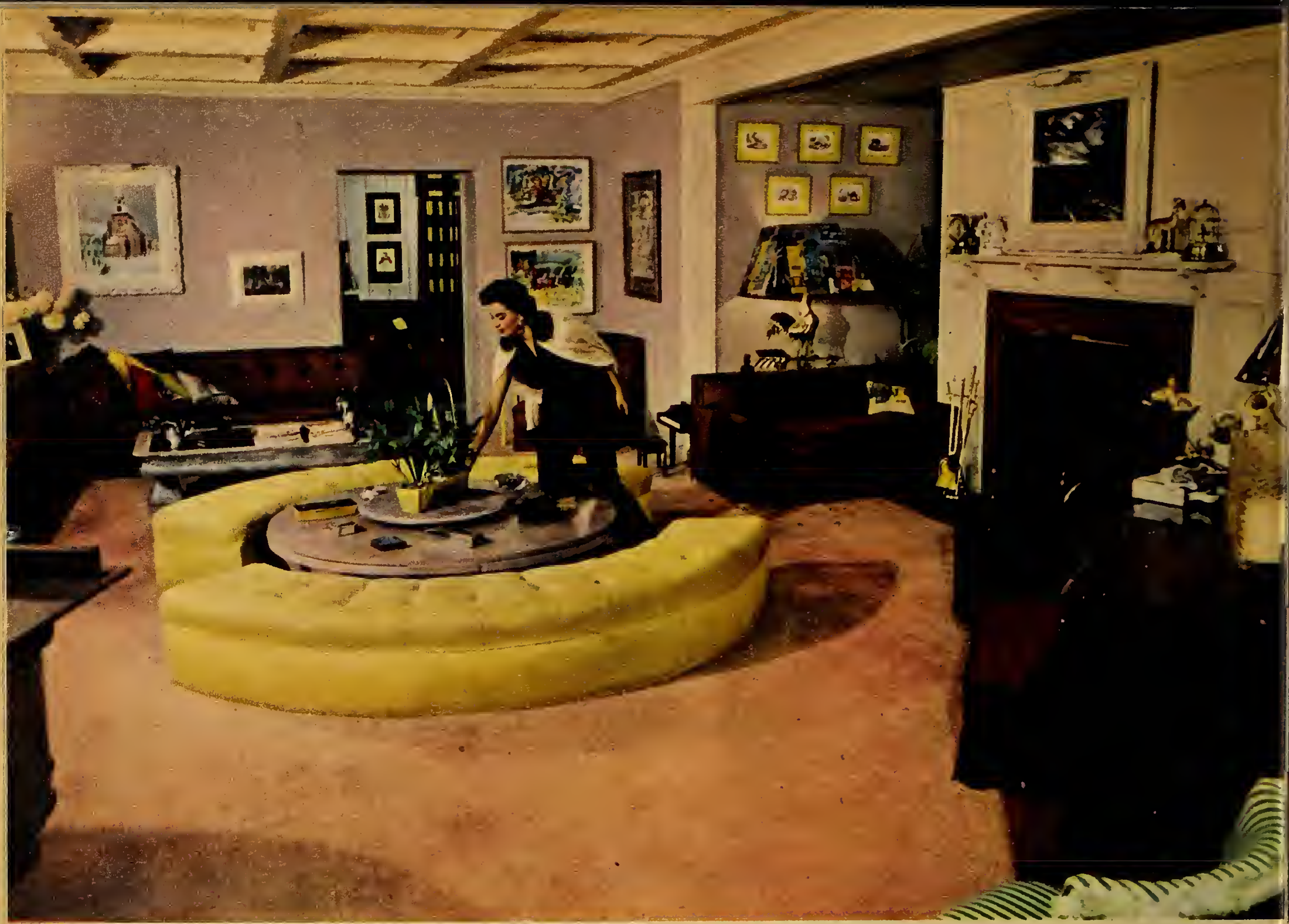
When Arthur Freed read this last item about his leading star, he blew his top. "We're gonna sue that guy," he stormed, naming the columnist who printed the defamation. "This time he has gone too far. He really has. We have a libel suit set to go. Sayin' those things about Gene. Lies, all (*Continued on page* 94)

The Gene Kelly formula has always been "All for one and one for all" but they say there's trouble brewing in Paradise—maybe Betsy's been getting second billing.

BY ALICE FINLETTER

here seen Mrs. Kelly?

Betsy's fine performance in *The Snake Pit* is still remembered. Now that Kerry, 9, is in school, Betsy has too much time on her hands.



Cyd and friend Dusty Negulesco combed city for perfect center table for livingroom: it has slide-out trays that are removed for buffet dinners.

The Martins' ten-room Colonial house stands on a busy Sunset Boulevard corner. (Tony likes to be in the middle of things!) Once grim and old-fashioned, it has been modernized by Cyd.

the Song and Dance house

by Marva Peterson

CYD CHARISSE AND TONY MARTIN BROUGHT A BRIGHT NEW LOVE TO AN OLD COLONIAL HOME.

■ The shrill, sustained jangle peculiar to long-distance calls sounded in the kitchen.

"Pittsburgh calling Mrs. Tony Martin," the operator monotoned.

"This is she," Cyd Charisse acknowledged. It was Tony, of course. In their five years of marriage, he never has missed phoning at least once a day while he's out of town.

"How're the boys?" he asked.

"Great," Cyd said. "Little Tony had his first trip to the dentist today . . . Well, we got him into the chair, anyway . . . You're sending what?" The beautiful, leggy dancer walked the phone into the library. With one toe, she deftly shut the kitchen door behind her. The conversation with Tony, mostly love-talk, lasted half an hour.

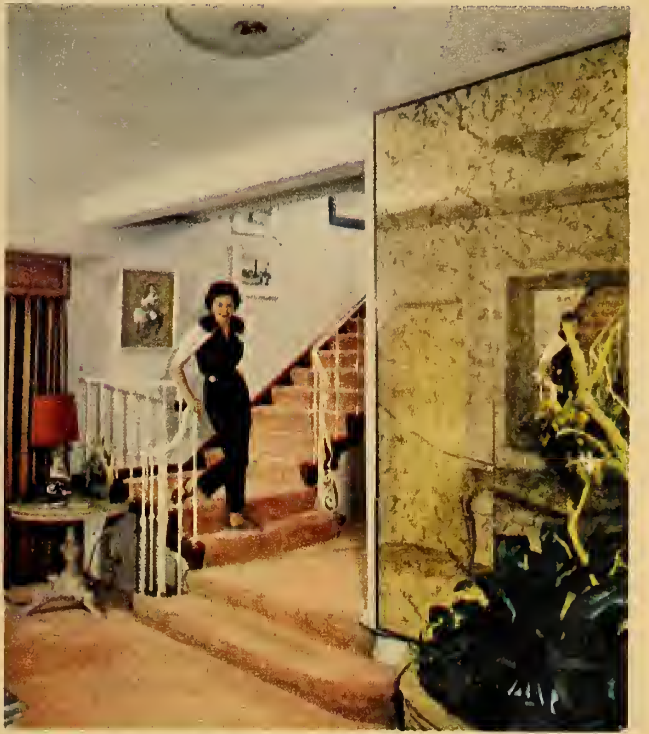
When it was over, Cyd was still smiling, inside and out. In the front hall, she met Casey, their amicable butler. "If a crate arrives with some lamps," she offered lightly, "they're from Mr. Martin."

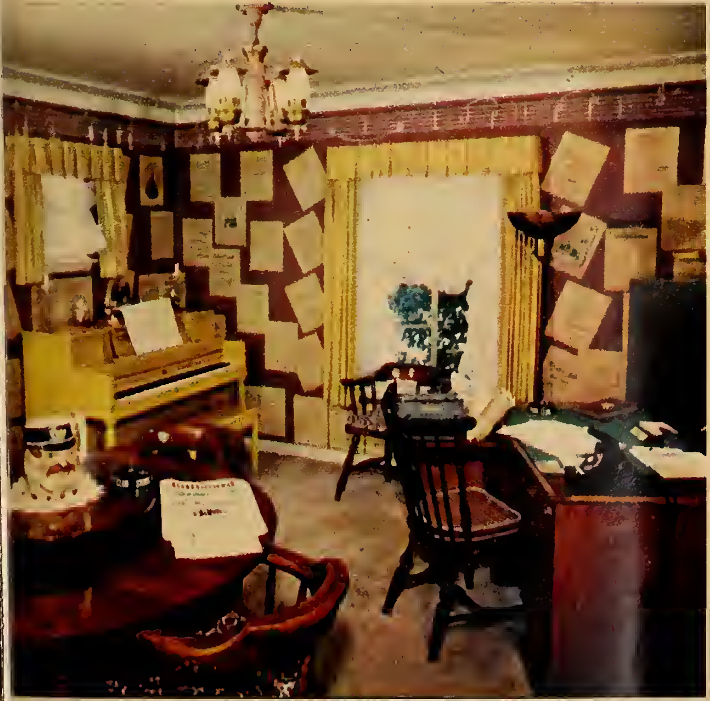
"Lamps?" Casey repeated. "Did you say lamps, m'am?"

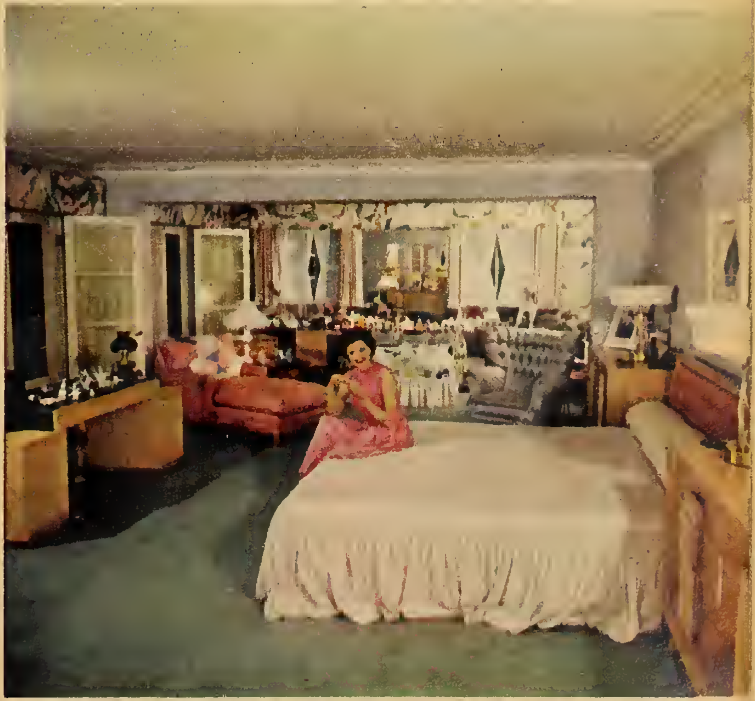
"That's right."

"Did the mister say how many we can expect?" Casey asked, with a pained expression.

"Three." (*Continued on next page*)


Foyer and stairs were originally red tile; Cyd covered them with carpet to match the rose-beige livingroom rug inherited from previous owners, lined one wall with antique mirror and indoor plants.


Cyd did Tony's study-music room in cocoa and light brown, had his theme song, "I'll See You In My Dreams," painted along top border. She papered the walls with sheet music from an antique shop.


Cyd had Spanish arches of pink and grey master bedroom squared, planned room to blend her feminine pink chaise, wall-length mirrored dressing table with Tony's tailored TV set, dark green contour chair.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

MORE▸

the Song and Dance house continued

Cyd and Tony love sunning; patio has chaises of various widths, pool-side telephone, dining tables and serving counters from bar and kitchen.

Cyd and Tony keep in shape by constant use of fenced-in pool, long walks on their acre of lawn and old trees. Four years ago house and grounds seemed too large for the newlyweds, now barely holds their growing family and staff.

Tony surprised Cyd with a Provincial dining room set. "The rest of the house is modern," commented Mrs. Martin, "but—I like a change of pace!"

Fireman-red leather chair and ottoman accent quiet tones of the library. The tailored motif shows in the leather-topped card table and chairs.

"Where the blazes can we put three more lamps?" the outspoken butler muttered. "We already got more lights than we got electric outlets. We got more pictures than we got wall space. More records than—"

"Now, Casey," Cyd placated. "You know Mr. Martin likes new things around the house. Don't let it worry you. I'll find a place for them."

By now, Cyd Charisse knows what to expect of her tall, handsome, singing husband. She knows that he's a shopping addict, that given fifteen minutes between planes, he may buy a dozen ash trays, a Mercedes-Benz, an oil painting, two platinum rings, or a whole dining room set.

She knows, too, what an incredible amount of bric-a-brac he receives from his thousands of fans. A couple of little old ladies in Michigan, for example, knit him one laprobe every two years. When he played the Palladium in 1948 he mentioned that he loved sports, especially cricket. At the next performance he was gifted with two dozen cricket bats, one of which he brought home to hang over his bar. He has framed personal letters from Eisenhower and Nixon thanking him for entertaining at the Inaugural festivities in Washington. When he sang at the American Shoe Manufacturers Convention he received a token gift of one of his own shoes—in bronze.

Tony is also one of Leo Durocher's best friends, which means he gets his share of Giant trophies. Cyd must find room in their library for autographed baseballs, autographed photos of all the leading players, and a bat used in the 1950 World Series.

The lamps, too, were a present from a grateful fan. One night, during a recent *(Continued on page* 64)

Jack Palance is Hollywood's most terrifying find. But he isn't really as tough as he looks—just almost!

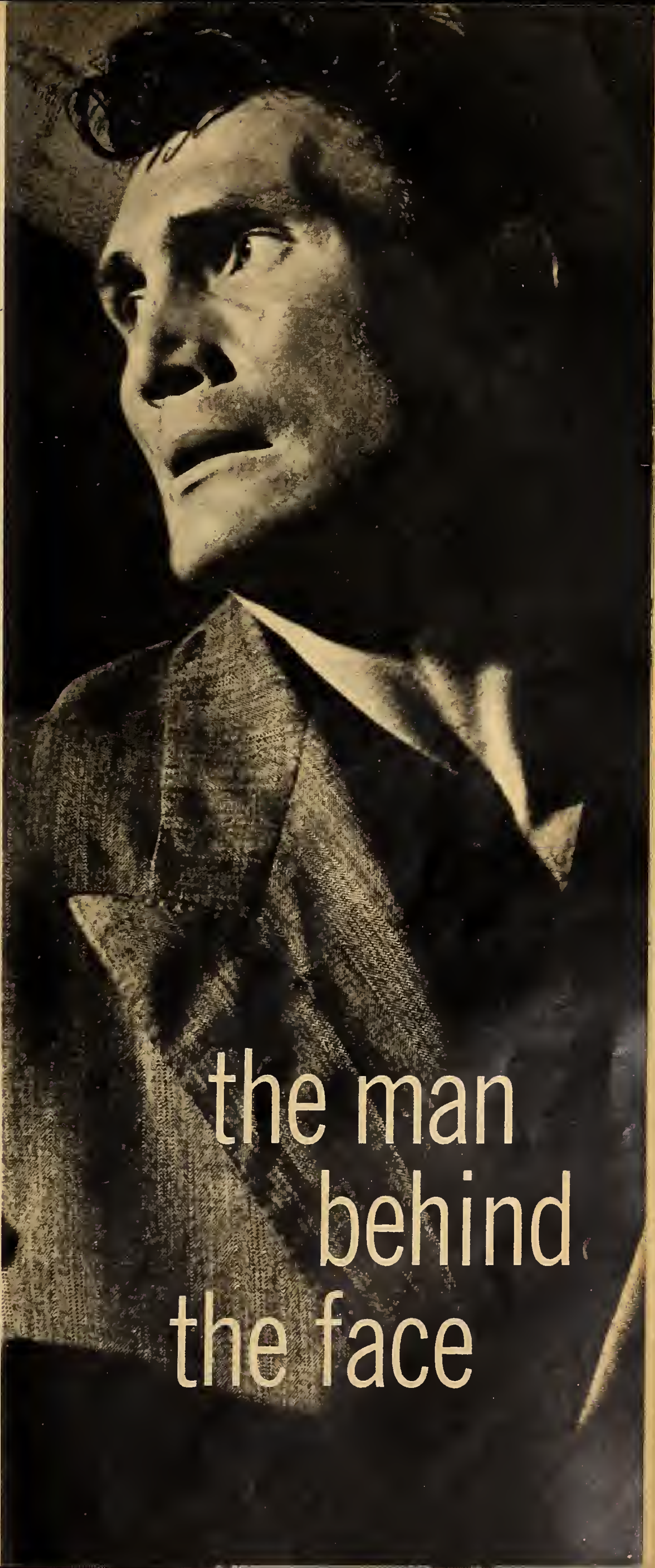
BY JACK WADE

■ There are acting discoveries by the hundreds each year, but once in a decade a man like Jack Palance shows up, shoulders his way into the spotlight, forcing the real men of Hollywood to move over. Then, because there is room for just so many important male stars, some guy whose virility and talent are optical illusions drops quietly back into oblivion.

Jack Palance jolted the public for the first time in the role of a man with murder on his mind; the sadistic husband of Joan Crawford in *Sudden Fear.* That he wasn't promptly promoted to stardom is due to the curious fact that producers constantly cry for new faces, but when they see one as compelling and different as Mr. Palance's, they are thrown for a loss.

In this quandary they have had something in common with Palance, for he didn't always have this face. He doesn't like to talk about it, but his nose has been broken more times than he can remember. And at one time he spent many months hiding away in a furnished room in New York, struggling with the fear that he would never again look human. The face, which is now so familiar and approved by the public had been (*Continued on page 88*)

Jack met wife Virginia in a theatre basement, later hocked his suits to pay for their honeymoon. Daughter Holley is named after their Greenwich Village honeymoon hotel.



the man behind the face

Friend of the Family

BY HENNY BACKUS

Keeping up with the Gages is for the

Our crowd at one of the get-togethers Esther loves. There's Renee and Bill Lundigan, me, Janet Blair, Jim, Esther. Seated: Ben, Lou Hirsch.

No matter how many chairs are available, Esther always pl
down on the floor. She didn't like the hat I was trying

HENNY AND JIM BACKUS HAVE KNOWN ESTHER SINCE THE GAGE MANSION WAS HODGE PODGE LODGE.

■ The first time Esther and Ben Gage invited my husband and me to their house, we were really impressed. To visit a movie star in her native habitat was moving a couple of New Yorkers-by-adoption into the lifted pinky set.

As we drove out to Brentwood, we actually sneered at the hapless tourists who were buying maps so they could gawk at movie stars' homes—from the outside, yet.

We parked our car at a discreet distance from the house, and approached it with no little trepidation. My husband, Jim, who has since become famous in his own right, was aghast—but aghast—at the sight of the small, white frame house.

"This is a movie star's home?" he gasped. "To me, it looks like Hodge Podge Lodge!"

And he was right. Apparently, they had thrown together everything around the place with their own little mitts. We found out that Ben had even built the pool. Pool? It was an oversize Lily cup. We had expected something that would compare favorably in size to Tahoe.

Not that it was Ben's fault, really. They didn't have as much money as Bing Crosby—then. Besides, they loved doing things for themselves. So Ben did all the carpentry, and worked so hard that the house eventually spilled over into the next lot, which they didn't own. If Esther wanted to go to the incinerator, she was off limits!

But Hodge Podge Lodge was their honeymoon cottage and they loved it. Esther made all the curtains, the slipcovers, the lampshades and the upholstery, and she had enough time left over to knit Ben a few pairs of argyle socks. It was all lovely and informal. In fact, there was a bow on the garbage can.

Well, that was a few years back, when my husband was best known as "Hubert Updyke" on the radio, which led to our meeting with Esther and Ben. We were living in an upholstered telephone booth over Schwab's drugstore. This, at a time when Jim's character, "Updyke," was billed as "the richest man in the world."

We were transplanted New Yorkers, and we disdained automobiles (let's face it, we couldn't afford one). Jim had gone into Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills to get out of the rain and wait for a taxi. He was standing there, trying to look accustomed to such places, when two tall, beautiful people approached him.

"We watched you do Updyke the other night," said Esther, while Jim tried to swallow his busy Adam's apple, "and we want you to know that we think you are the greatest!"

You tell any man he's great, and you've got a friend. So has your spouse. Then and there, we became friends of the Gages, and we've never let them go.

You ought to see how things have changed since 1946 when we first laid cynical eyes on Hodge Podge Lodge. Since then, the Gages have pioneered in a place called Mandeville Canyon, a deep gorge, previously the residence of coyotes and rattlesnakes living in little houses of beer cans left by brave picnickers. That's all changed since Esther and Ben took over. Now it's a sort of Schubert Alley (a place in New York where you see no one but famous people.) But life in Mandeville Canyon, despite the encroachment of movie millionaires, is still primitive and breath-taking.

For instance, Dick Widmark lives there in a house he made over from an old nursery, and on a clear day, you can see him with a small ax, hacking at an

(*Continued on page* 81)

ith strong constitutions. If you can ride with a practical joke, Esther's the most—and a real friend.

er and I don't like spectator sports, so when Jim
Ben go golfing we stay home and cook together.

Even when she was working on a picture herself, Esther always found time to help me in my work on the lot.

We dressed up as waiters and waitresses from The Trails for a costume ball.

HAWAII WITHOUT JANET WAS NO PARADISE FOR TONY. MINUS THE MISSUS, LIFE WASN'T CIVILIZED.

While making *Beachhead* Tony haunted his hotel mail box; hoped for at least two letters a day.

New island games served to kill time for Tony while he waited for Janet's frequent phone calls.

Tony took photos for Janet but he'd rather have painted at home.

I'd make a lousy Bachelor

by Tony Curtis

■ In the old days (three years ago), I figured myself to be a fairly happy guy. That was the era when I threw my clothes on the floor at night and didn't care whether anybody picked them up or not. I drank a dozen bottles of orange pop every day and ate what I wanted when I felt like it, even if it was peanut butter and pumpernickel at three A.M. My life was as orderly as Macy's basement after a bargain sale, and I had all the self discipline of a pampered Pekingese.

I'm a changed man. So much so that when I look back on those days I wonder that I could ever have thought myself happy. Three years with Janet have taught me how to be civilized, and most important of all, I've come to depend on someone else for happiness. I'd suspected that for some time, but last summer when I finished *All American* and left immediately for Honolulu to make *Beachhead,* I had it proved to me. Without Janet I fell apart. It meant a five-week separation, the longest we had ever had, and the longest we ever will have. It was as though I were living in a state of suspended animation. I counted the days and the hours and the minutes until I would be home, and in the interim I made a game out of getting to bed as soon as possible every night so that I'd be unconscious for a while.

Much as I love Janet, it's still hard to understand how (*Continued on page* 90)

Letters to Janet began "Hello Darling," told what a good boy he was.

Fighting mad about recent stories, Terry Moore asked MODERN SCREEN for a chance to tell her side. Here's an unusual feature: a sizzling defense by an angry star!

Sex-queen with a candy bar? Terry attends a première with British actor Lawrence Harvey.

Were Terry's many dates with Liz Taylor's wealthy ex, Nicky Hilton, "bad publicity?"

Terry, who objects to sex build-up, wore low-cut gown on big date with popular Scott Brady.

Ty Power co-starred with Terry in *King Of The Khyber Rifles,* enjoys reading articles about her.

■ I'm not at all sure I should be writing this article. In fact, friends with whom I've discussed the project have, for the most part, advised me not to. Man-bites-dog is a commonplace compared to actress-bites-magazine. In some respects—in theory, at least—you might as well put your hand in a buzz-saw as retort to a writer who has every weapon to tear you to pieces, whereas you, with no column nor other public outlet at your command, are relatively helpless. Well, maybe that's one reason I'm doing it; that "relatively helpless" business, I mean. Surely no one is so relatively helpless that she is not entitled to defend herself against distortions, false inference and simple untruths. If indeed she *is* that helpless, she goes further than imperilling her career; it seems to me she has sacrificed to ambition her right to live with dignity. And if she wants to be a star so much that she will surrender to moral cowardice, then she's in the wrong business. There's not enough fame or money in the world to compensate for living with fear.

Then there's another reason I'm willing to stick my neck out. MODERN SCREEN is willing to let me. There's a little more to that than meets the eye. Because MODERN SCREEN, you see, is the magazine I'm biting—or rather, an article that appeared in the September issue by Steve Cronin, titled: *Is Terry Moore Heading For Trouble?*—one of those affectionate variations on *Have You Stopped Beating Your Wife?* Although the story bothered me, as it would have bothered you if you had been the subject, I do honestly appreciate this magazine's courage and fairness in letting me refute their own article in my own words. There are not too many publications that would do it. Similarly, I haven't a doubt that the editors bought Mr. Cronin's essay in good faith. MODERN SCREEN's reputation in the film colony is that of a tough, but clean fighter, not always sweetness and light, but not given to low blows either. And the evidence of that is what you are now reading.

Let me say one more word for the film personality in (*Continued on page* 75)

AN OPEN LETTER TO MODERN SCREEN

Now let me tell it!

by Terry Moore

"Actors are a dime a dozen"

Don't try to tell Dale Robertson that you think he's great—or even a success! The answer is very likely to be a horse-laugh!

BY RICHARD MOORE

■ Amid the diminishing stockpile of Dale Robertson lore, there emerged the fact that as a child he had taught himself to do a good many things with his left hand, just in case his right hand should be amputated someday. It was a revelatory slant on a man who is not necessarily a pessimist but who does have a death-grip on the long view.

Robertson mentioned this casually over lunch at the RKO commissary. He had fiddled for a while with a platter of small herring lying at a sort of parade rest on a bed of lettuce, and now gave up the encounter to light a cigarette. It was strictly a portside operation: removing pack from pocket, extracting cigarette, tearing loose match, lighting match, lighting cigarette. His right arm never moved.

"The way I figured it was," Robertson said, "I'm no southpaw. So if I did lose my right arm, where would I be? I like to be ready for anything."

And "anything," it presently developed, included his own hypothetical demise as a motion picture star—presumably a long way off, but still a likelihood, sooner or later.

He had just come from downtown Los Angeles where he had conferred with associates on an independent business enterprise, and he was absorbed with its details—more so, at the moment, than he was with his better-known vocation.

"It's another left arm," he said. "If I fall, I'd rather fall in a load of hay than on a cement block. One thing I'm sure of, actors are expendable."

Between takes on an earlier picture, an actress told her friends that Robertson had turned to her and remarked with negligent grimness: "You know, they could grab any guy in off the street and teach him to do what we're doing here." The actress had been a trifle offended. "What *he's* doing, maybe," she had said. "But it's taken me years to learn my job."

Robertson hadn't meant it exactly that way. "I'm not talking about what they call a star. A star—and I'm not putting myself in that category—is another matter. He has to have something. But go down to the level just below that, and what have you got?

"This I'm willing to bet on: two groups on any picture set can be replaced, the guys who sweep out the stage—and the actors. The rest are technicians and are indispensable. But pushing a broom or sidling up to a bar and saying: 'Make mine whisky!'—these can be replaced. So can a lead. I don't want to sound too much like the worry-wart who wears both belt and suspenders, but I've got no reason yet to think I've got this thing taped. Too much can happen.

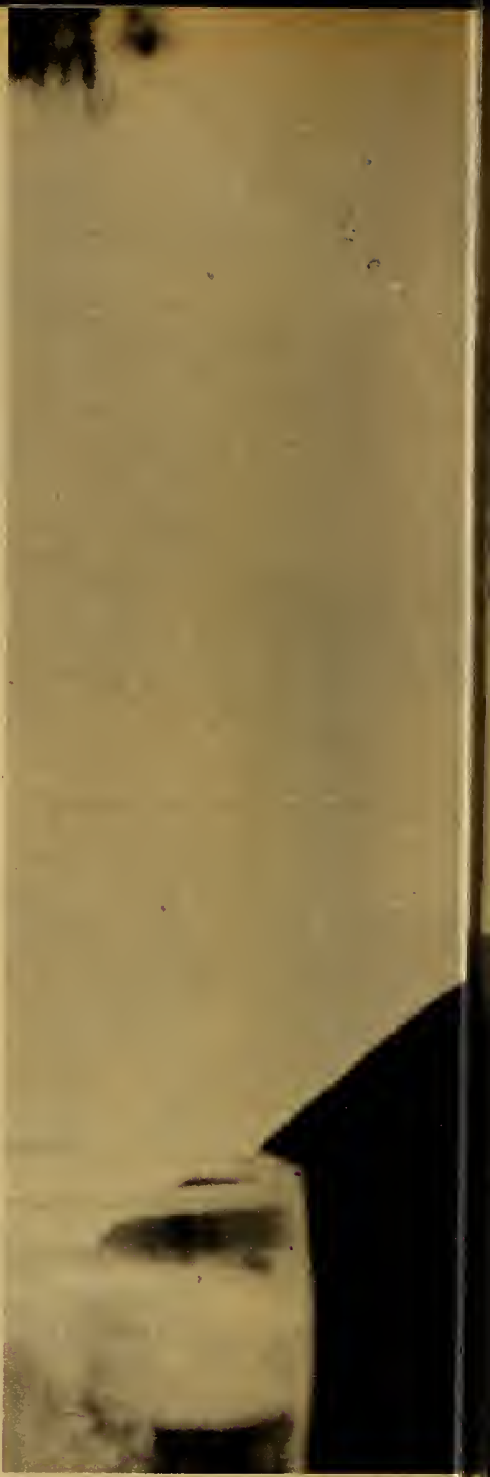
"A player can't call himself a star or think of himself as a star until he's been around between five and ten years—*and* after he's reached the low point in his career and survived it. That's the real test. Guy Madison's a good example. He's been about as far down as you can get. Now he's come back and he's going to stay. I haven't reached my low yet but I have a feeling I'm getting there. Then we'll see. It's a superstitious feeling in a way, a way things have of going. Like the other night I saw a picture I might have had. Well it was a good picture, a wonderful picture. I sat through it twice, something I haven't done since lord knows when. And it was a good part, too, which is more what I'm getting at. Maybe that's a straw in the wind. *(Continued on page* 83)

Sid Luft has brought
Judy back from
heartbreak
to happiness and health.
Nobody's calling him
a "nobody" now!

BY STEVE CRONIN

the right Mr. Wrong

Sid Luft, ex-RCAF pilot, entered Judy's life when her emotions and career were low. Despite unfriendly criticism, he planned her now-legendary Palace debut, gave her confidence and a happy home.



■ The best place to see movie stars at their worst is the tenth tee at the Bel Air Country Club. Here a deep gully with a yawning mouth 135 yards across waits to gulp down the golf balls of those who blow up when faced by a mental hazard, whether they be screen celebrities or just plain citizens.

Judy Garland, a "beginner" golfer, adjusted her little clown hat, took a practice swing, then stepped up to the ball and took an easy swing. The little white sphere started off low, gained altitude as it cleared the big ditch and came to rest thirty feet

n the green. a well-nailed shot of almost
yards.
Gee," Judy muttered, as a murmur of
azement rose from a few bystanders,
at's more gratifying than an encore at
Palace!"
he Judy Garland of today, who gets as
h thrill out of a well-played golf shot
he does from the thunderous applause
theatre jammed to standing room only,
ardly reminiscent of the girl who was
own away" by Hollywood's self-ap-
ited career experts, a few short years ago.

While many another star has twinkled on and off the Hollywood horizon, Judy Garland today stands on the threshold of an even greater career when she returns to pictures. Far behind Judy is the frenzied life in which movie executives overworked her so seriously in the mad scramble for box office dollars that she grew up a popular, well-loved performer and a tragic, lonesome girl.

Abruptly, a few years ago, Judy's inner spirit rebelled at the endless grind of overwork. There's no need to go into that now, for we all read the headlines about her breakdown, largely caused by extreme pressure from those who wanted to rush her into one hit picture after another while the "going was good." We also followed the story of her marital breakup, and here in Hollywood, we heard the frequently repeated statement, "As if Judy hasn't had enough trouble already, now she's gone and married the wrong man!"

Oddly enough, it appears that "marrying the wrong man" was the "rightest" thing she ever did. It was *(Continued on page 84)*

"I have wondered all my life . . . where shall I go to find God? Now my daughter is asking me this question. Shall I give her my faith or help her seek her own as I did?"

a Faith for my child

by Deborah Kerr

■ Melanie Jane is six and beginning to ask the questions one cannot always answer. The where and why of God, and especially the Who, are intriguing her, not too deeply yet, but again and again. When I manage to slide by the momentary emergency of inquiry without committing myself she gives evidence that she is not going to be put off for long. I sometimes want to tell her that I know exactly how she feels.

The wonder of life has touched me, but not yet the true knowledge. Though I have sought it with all my heart, in some periods of my life fiercely, at others passively, and am yet seeking it, I, too, have been put off.

But if He has not yet seen fit to give me whole and abiding belief, He has at least planted in me the yearning for it; even more, the instinct that will not permit me to admit that there is nothing left of us beyond the dust to which our corporeal bodies must return.

This much I can tell Melanie, although it is too soon yet, at the beginning of her life, to speak of the end. But when she can contemplate it, and if she has not yet found a better teacher, perhaps I shall. I do pray that in church (though I do not yet know which church because I was a seeker in more than one) she can find her (*Continued on page 72*)

my roommate, elaine

(*Continued from page 42*) could find that was big enough for the flowers was the bathtub.

The badminton game was played on a rainy, winter afternoon. Elaine just felt like playing badminton. When I stepped over our threshold that day, I stepped smack into the middle of a winning serve. The ball was made from my best cashmere yarn, and the net was yards and yards of red ribbon from candy boxes, and the livingroom furniture was piled on top of everything, including the kitchen sink. Triumphant in the midst of the debris, Elaine was beating the tar out of two very self-conscious neighbors.

Badminton in the livingroom and roses in the bathtub don't add up to peace and quiet. Nice words—"peace" and "quiet," but they don't mean much when Elaine Stewart is around. They're shoved out of the way by words like "excitement," "quicksilver," "high as a kite," "low as a snake's ear," "unpredictable," and "whirlwind." And eight hours' sleep a night is another thing that's shoved out of the way when Elaine Stewart's around.

There are some people who like to sleep and there are some people who don't. Elaine fits into the latter category. She thinks that the middle of the night is too nice to waste in sleeping. Half the time she wakes up about two A. M., pulls me out of bed. and throws my bathing suit in my general direction. If I'm awake enough to catch it, we drive down to the beach and go swimming. If I'm not, I can usually get her to settle for an hour of gin rummy.

Elaine drives like a devil, particularly in the hours before dawn, and sometimes I just close my eyes and hope that there are no other drivers on the road. When I do, she's liable to turn the car around and head for the desert. We don't do anything there; we don't even talk much. We just sit in the car and look at the stars and wonder how anything can be as beautiful as a desert sky.

Elaine was trying to describe it once, and she came close when she said, "The stars seem to topple out of the sky at you like a three-dimensional movie."

Sometimes Elaine starts to cry. Then she turns away and looks for her constellation—Gemini. When she can't find it, she says it's because this is one of the days that Castor and Pollux have to spend in Hades.

She can point out my constellation too—Sagittarius. She is fascinated and guided by the stars. We're living together because she's Gemini, and I'm Sagittarius. They are supposed to blend. They are supposed to blend so well that she is looking for someone born under the sign of Sagittarius to marry. So far she hasn't found the right Sagittarian.

Elaine has had her fortune told, her palm read, her tea leaves looked at, her handwriting analyzed, her electric impulses measured, and the bumps on her head read. The first fortuneteller she ever went to—when she was a model in New York—told her that she would get a contract and come to Hollywood. His other prediction—that she would marry three times—hasn't come true yet.

She blames her impulsiveness and unpredictability on the stars. People who are born under Gemini are supposed to be talented, restless, and mercurial. Elaine is all of these. She does everything in cycles. For weeks she'll date every night. Then she'll stay home for a month, listening to music, reading poetry, or just talking seriously.

Of course that makes life difficult for me at times. When Elaine is in a "people mood" there may be twenty-two for dinner. If she isn't, she may not even be home for dinner. And I never know.

I do all the cooking, and I just have to trust to my intuition, since Elaine hasn't brought home a crystal ball—yet. Sometimes some of the guests eat steak and the rest have hamburger, but it usually works out all right.

Elaine knows where the kitchen is. She even sits down in it and talks to me while I'm cooking. But she looks at the stove as though it were a poisonous snake.

"Cooking would be a wonderful hobby," she tells me every so often, "if I were all alone in a mountain cabin somewhere, snowed in, with nothing else to do. But I haven't got enough time now for everything."

In any case, she loves to eat. If she were left alone, she'd eat nothing but roast beef, malted milks, mashed potatoes, tomato soup—and spinach. She's wild about spinach and even wilder about tomato soup. I can never let her go shopping by herself, because she'll forget what we need and come back with one dozen cans of soup.

She doesn't dislike other foods; she just never thinks of eating them. But she's willing to eat anything that I'm willing to make. And I must admit I've tried some awful experiments on her, including grapes in chocolate syrup.

I forgot one thing she likes—ice cream. Preferably chocolate ice cream. She eats it every time she can, even uses it on her breakfast cereal in the morning.

It's the little things that pile up when you live with a movie star. And when you live with Elaine, pile up is the right word. There are dozens of cakes of soap in the bathroom, because Elaine only likes big, new cakes, and I can't use up the old soap quickly enough to keep up with her. There are dozens of light bulbs everywhere and dozens of lights on, because Elaine can't stay home without turning every light in the apartment on. The place looks like a homemade rainbow at night, because Elaine likes her electric lights to be colored—green, blue, yellow, and pink.

And I'm sure that her cavemen ancestors had more stone axes and more clay

From selling at Saks
to love scenes with Curtis—

MEET MARY MURPHY

■ Little, honey-haired, blue-eyed Mary Murphy, who bounced from the bundle-wrapping counter at Saks Fifth Avenue on fashionable Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills into a Paramount contract, says "the dream is getting wilder all the time."

She's just back on the mainland following a month spent on the "garden island" of the Hawaiian group, Kauai, playing with Tony Curtis in *Beachhead*, for United Artists.

"I'm just beginning to appreciate the breaks I've had," she said. "For the first year or so I was mentally numb. It just couldn't be that it was me, who has no great-grand-uncle or aunt who ever so much as thought of becoming an actor or an actress.

"About a year ago, though, I sort of came to and settled down. Acting can be such hard, hard work! I was scared stiff before I started *Hot Blood* with Marlon Brando. but he turned out to be 100 per cent. He helped me a lot and he really had the patience of an angel.

"*Beachhead* was the most fun and the most work I've ever done. When you see me running through the trees and falling flat on my face when Tony, thinking I'm an enemy Jap, grabs my foot—brother, that's me!

"Tony was terrific and his fans are going to love him as a tough, young Marine. This Curtis person is one of the finest citizens I've met—takes his work seriously, loves it, and feels he must do his best in order to work off a debt to his fans that he can never quite repay. The children on Kauai loved Tony and he loved them. He did magic tricks for them. And got up a baseball game between the *Beachhead* company and a local team.

"As for me, I was in heaven. I was the only girl in the cast and everybody was wonderful to me. Even now, when I look at some of the lovely things I brought back from Hawaii, I have to pinch myself to be sure I'm not day-dreaming behind that counter at Saks."

PUTTING YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

You can be more than photogenic—you can be a personality!

■ Thirty-five years with Hollywood lovelies!

"It's nice work, if you can get it," says Gene Kornman, ace still photographer at 20th Century-Fox.

With his camera Gene could detect glamour in a stone. Of course Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe have more to offer.

"No two faces are alike," says Gene, "even those of identical twins. And no one face is always the same. Take Liz Taylor. She has, perhaps, the most photogenic face in Hollywood. Anybody could take a good picture of Liz. But getting the mood behind the face is something else. That takes team work on the part of the subject and the photographer.

"I like a light street make-up if the pictures are to be black and white. Use a little mascara and a touch of eyebrow pencil, unless the brows are naturally dark. Lipstick, of course.

"Sometimes I ask a player to go over her face with a light oil before sitting for a portrait. This is a favorite trick of Gene Tierney's. It highlights her beautiful high cheek bones. Claudette Colbert likes to emphasize her facial structure, too. Patting the skin with damp tissue just before a shot gives a nice texture; and wetting the lips with the tongue adds sexiness."

Gene has no preference for blondes over brunettes or vice versa. They merely take different lighting. But he's mad about color.

"Susan Hayward is just another brunette in black and white," Gene says, "but what you can do with that red hair of hers in color! It's no wonder the girls hit the dyepots these days with so many pictures being made in color.

"I usually ask a player to sit unless the assignment calls for a standing shot. Most people are more relaxed when sitting," Gene explains. "Unless, of course, you're lucky enough to get a Loretta Young. Loretta poses easily and untiringly . . . uses her eyes and hands expressively.

"You expect a dancer to have body grace but Mitzi Gaynor has a face that says a lot, too. I never tire of trying to catch her changing expressions. Girls with long necks should wear something fluffy around the shoulders, not necessarily close to the face. Celeste Holm is an example. Round-faced girls should wear necklines that lengthen the face; thin faced girls vice versa; and Miss Fatty should never face the camera straight on. The girl with the heart-shaped face can wear anything.

"Be careful of your hairdo," Gene advises. "Nothing is more important to a good portrait than a simple, becoming hairdress. Finally, get some extra shut-eye the night before the sitting and be sure you're wide awake—with no puffiness about the eyes—before you face the camera." Gene believes that the average girl can be photogenic.

"If you'll follow these simple suggestions you'll not only get a good picture, you'll be a personality."

Gene, who was head still man on *The Robe*, had himself a field day there. The ladies in the cast are Jean Simmons, Betta St. John and Dawn Addams.

tablets and more caves than anyone else in the tribe. Because Elaine collects things. It wouldn't be so bad if she only collected poetry. (Even though that means that I'd better get to the magazines first. If I don't I'm liable to find that Elaine has clipped the last page of a mystery story because there was a poem on the other side.)

But she collects bigger things, too. Souvenirs. Records. Letters. She's got every letter anyone ever sent her, including one from her kindergarten teacher asking her to be a toadstool in the class play.

I counted her stationery once, and she has fifteen different kinds. A few are conservative white. Most of them are red; two are black; and there's even one that's red and black. As you may have guessed, red and black are her favorite colors.

"I use the stationery I'm in the mood for," explains Elaine.

That's true about nail polish too. And I can usually guess what's going to happen that night by the color of the polish she wears. If she's going to curl up on the couch and get sentimental, she'll be wearing pink; if she's going out, it can be any shade from purple to platinum; and if she's wearing green—well, I'd better get ready for a pre-dawn drive to the desert.

The funny thing is that she's conservative about clothes and jewelry. The only ring she ever wears is an heirloom that was made in Spain centuries ago and has come down from oldest daughter to oldest daughter in her mother's family. It is a strange ring of beaten silver with five diamonds in the shape of a cross. According to family legend, the diamonds are supposed to sparkle when the true owner meets the man she will marry. According to Elaine, it hasn't sparkled yet.

I'M SURPRISED at that, because our phone never stops ringing. Elaine doesn't have a steady. When she's on a "going out" spree, she'll date a different man every night for two weeks. Most of the time she and her date go dancing.

But she never can decide what she wants to do until the last possible moment. So no date is ever surprised when he arrives in a tuxedo and finds Elaine in slacks. He knows that she has decided to stay home for the evening, even if she told him on the phone half an hour before that she'd love to go to Ciro's.

And there are three boys who'll never talk to her again—at least not for a few weeks. The first one called at six o'clock one evening.

Elaine answered him with "Call me back at eight-thirty. We'll do something, but I don't know what."

Ten minutes later the phone rang again. A different boy, and Elaine told him the same thing. At six-thirty the third call came.

"I'll know what I want to do at eight-thirty," was Elaine's answer this time.

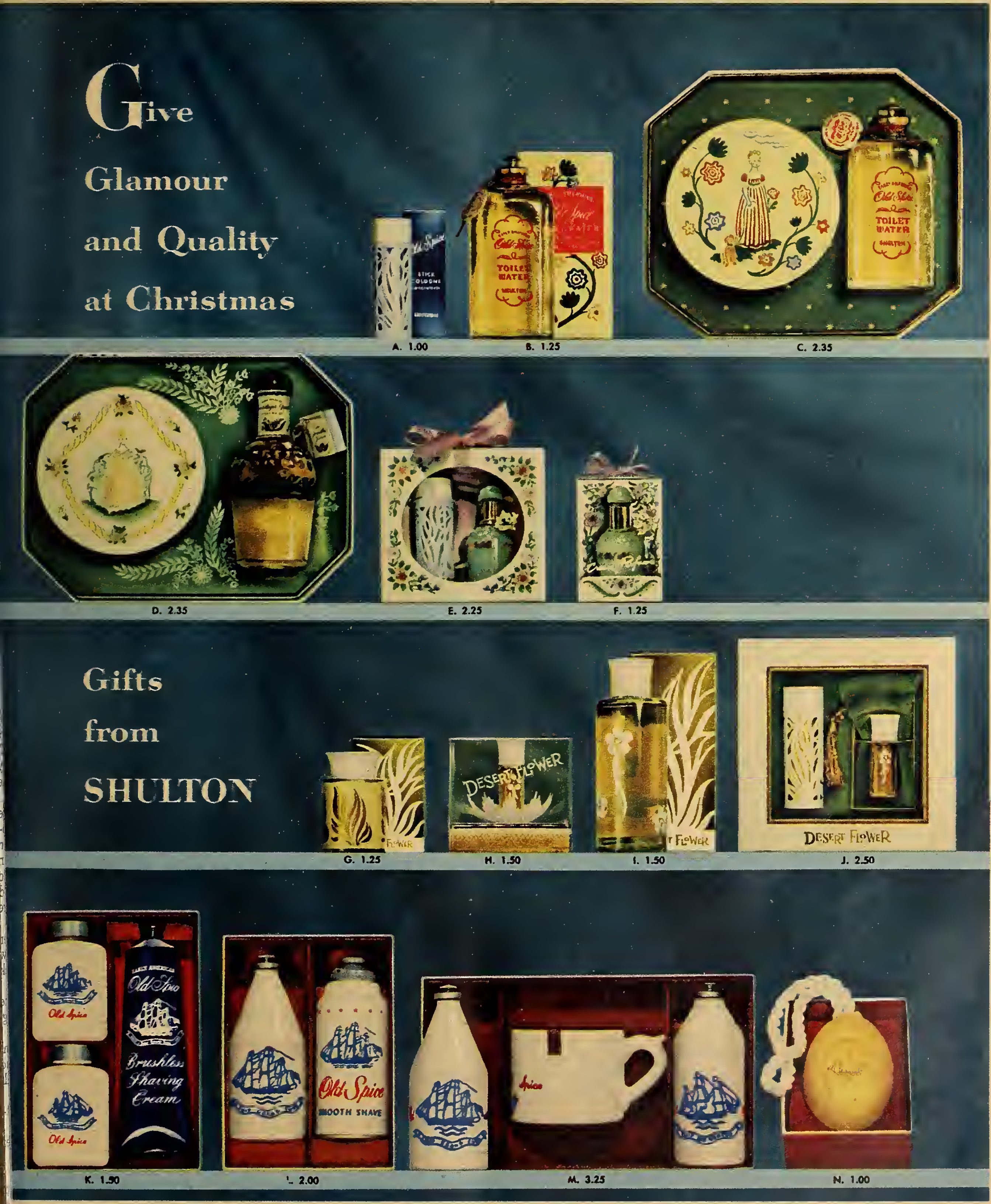
At eight-twenty-five she made up her mind.

"Come on," she said.

She threw me a coat, grabbed my arm, and pulled me out of the apartment just as the phone started ringing. We went to a third-rate neighborhood theatre, ate three bags of popcorn apiece, and saw *The Quiet Man* for the fourth time.

The occupational hazards involved in living with a movie star are many—but they are not varied. They include pre-picture blues, mid-picture blues, and after-picture blues. When Elaine is in the throes of any of them, she kicks off her shoes, hurls herself face downward onto the sofa, and looks like a cocker spaniel that has just been lost.

"Leave me alone," is all she says. Except sometimes she adds, "I was awful," or



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"I will be awful," or "I feel awful."

When this happened with her last picture, *Take The High Ground*, I knew exactly what to do. Through trial and error. Because I have tried everything.

I have played her favorite record, "Manhattan Towers"; and I have played her favorite vocalist, Frank Sinatra. They just make her sadder. I have tickled her feet with our only pet, a rubber mouse with long whiskers and red eyes. She only burrows further into the pillows. I have suggested spinach and dancing, water polo and tomato soup. But nothing cures her —nothing except a movie. It must be an old movie that she has seen before, an exciting movie with cowboys or Indians or pirates, and it must be playing in an old theatre where you can buy penny candy and licorice twists next door. In three hours she is cured.

But I don't think that anything can ever cure her of forgetting. She dreams too much in the sun. Or maybe that's what made her a star—the dreaming.

SHE DREAMS about the sea and the novel she wants to write about the sea one day, and she forgets her lunch and the shopping list. She dreams about her future as a star pinwheeling through desert skies, and she forgets to take the laundry. She dreams about the time her ring will sparkle, and she forgets her purse, or if she remembers that, she forgets her key.

It's funny sometimes, the way she forgets. There was the night I woke up to hear noises in the living room. Armed with Elaine's tennis racket, I switched on the lights and prepared to strike. But it was only Elaine, halfway through the window, one foot still on her embarrassed date's shoulders.

She steadied herself on the window sill. "I forgot my key," she said.

I couldn't think of anything to say, so I looked stern.

"I can't help it. I won't do it again."

I started to laugh. I had to. Elaine looked like she always does when she's forgotten something, like a little girl who has been caught with a hand in the cookie jar. In a minute the three of us were laughing so hard we couldn't stop.

Of course Elaine mislaid her key again —and again. Now I'm so used to her that burglars could steal anything in the apartment, and I'd just turn over and go back to sleep, thinking that Elaine had forgotten her key.

And there was the night before Christmas. Elaine was flying home to New Jersey late that night and we had prepared to celebrate by doing the town. She had shopped for weeks to get just the right presents for her family. The presents had been wrapped in the stores, but we spent the whole afternoon putting piles of red ribbon all over them. Finally, hot, tired, and aching, we stepped back to survey our handiwork. Elaine was so proud—until she started to write the cards and discovered she'd forgotten which present was which.

So the nightclubs got along without our patronage, while the four of us— Elaine and I and our two tuxedo-clad dates —sat under the Christmas tree, surrounded by tons of red ribbon, and rewrapped gifts.

Yes, it's funny, the way she forgets. But it's more than funny, too. It means that her feet may be walking along a concrete sidewalk in the city of Hollywood on the planet of earth, but her head is up in the clear, beautiful desert sky, and her hands are reaching for the stars. **END**

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song and dance house

(*Continued from page 48*) singing engagement at the *Chez Paree* in Chicago, Tony was asked to sing, "Happy Birthday" to a youngster. He obliged and the father of the teen-ager who was having the party turned out to be a lamp manufacturer. He showed his gratitude by sending Tony three of his newest products.

It's a credit to Cyd's good disposition and adroit management that she can still work Tony's acquisitions into their ten-room house. A lesser woman would have given up long ago. But Cyd hardly lifts an eyebrow any more. She simply crowds the old pictures closer together to make room for the new ones. She shifts the furniture around to allow for a few more tables and on them she sets the extra lamps or whatever Tony sends home.

CYD, of course, wasn't always this relaxed and trusting about Tony's spending and his acquisitional idiosyncrasies. Her first doubts were over the purchase of their two-story, California Colonial-style house.

They had been married only a few months in 1948 when she discovered that they were paying an astronomical rent for a modest Bel Air honeymoon home. She was horrified. Her Texas blood began to boil and she decided it was foolhardy to rent a house. She began working on Tony at once, pressing him to buy a house—just any little place with a garden and a pool. Tony was agreeable provided the place wasn't too far from town. He likes to be in the middle of things.

The Martins looked at a great number of handsome new homes with pools to match. But always, either the price was out of reach or the location was too far out. Disappointment settled over the newlyweds like a bank of smog until Tony came home one afternoon with what he called "sensational" tidings. He had found a "buy" on the corner of Beverly Glen and Sunset Boulevard, about the busiest corner west of Hollywood and Vine.

He was wildly enthusiastic. "It's just what we've been looking for! A little old, maybe, but what a location!"

Cyd's ardor was restrained. She had to admit the address was ideal but when she saw the house—well—it had the charm of a mausoleum. The foyer and stairs were paved in red tile. The livingroom was dark and heavily beamed. The whole place looked gloomy and forbidding.

"What do we want with four bedrooms and plumbing from the 1890's? I like the old trees, but honestly, this house gives me the creeps."

Tony wasn't at all subdued. "With some paint and a few kids we can liven it up in no time."

Grudgingly, Cyd yielded to her husband's enthusiasm. A mere four years later, the ten rooms are full and overflowing. With a family consisting of twelve-year-old Nicky, Cyd's son by a former marriage, husky, three-year-old Tony and his nurse, Pauline, the upstairs rooms are completely occupied. Then there are Frances and Casey Casparian to look after the house and Joan Arden, the secretary who comes by the day to work in Tony's office-in-the-home.

"Tone was right," Cyd now admits. "We filled the rooms in short order, and the truth is we could use an even bigger place."

BEFORE the Martins actually moved into this spacious, old, brick house, Cyd corralled a couple of painters and a carpenter and put them to work modernizing the place. She had them paint the exterior brick a fresh white with dark green trim. She hung new brass coachman's lamps beside the front door. Inside, she had the men slap light grey and white paint over all the somber dark beams. She instructed the carpenter to put more shelves in the library and to convert a lavatory into a formica and mirrored bar. The front hall closet became a powder room. To give it a bright finish, not reminiscent of any closet, she had the workmen paper the whole room including (home decorators, please note) the back of the door.

Upstairs in the master bedroom, the carpenters squared off the old-fashioned Spanish arches and built a mirrored dressing table for Cyd. It runs the whole width of the huge bedroom. She put all new fixtures in their Mr. and Mrs. bath. And because Tony is considered one of the best-dressed men in show business, she had to turn an upstairs linen closet into extra wardrobe space. By the time they moved into the fifteen-year-old house, it had lost its dated look, and Cyd was excited and full of ideas about how she would furnish her first real home.

"Most girls grow up with dreams of how to decorate their houses," she says. "They know the kind of bedroom they want or the type of fireplace they'll have. I never gave the matter a thought. From the time I was fourteen I was so immersed in dancing that I sort of skipped over that stage Then all of a sudden I had a home and it was up to me to make it attractive.

"Not having any pent-up desires I simply started from what seemed to be a logical place. The rose beige rug in the living room came with the sale of the house. I wouldn't consider scrapping such a bonus so I found out who had laid the carpet and ordered more of it to cover the stairs and the tile floor in the entrance hall."

The same firm that filled the carpeting order also made custom draperies, so Cyd ordered tailored pull draperies with sel valances for every window in the house.

The previous owners gave them a fireman-red leather chair and ottoman. Cyd and Tony were delighted with the hand-me-downs. They were in excellent condition and made an ideal chair combination for the library. For that reason and that reason alone, Cyd started furnishing the library first.

She did the room in grey and green employing the red as a foil for the quieter colors. She tried to keep the room underfurnished, using only a couch, a leather topped game table with matching chairs and the new bar. She knew for sure that Tony's trophies and gifts would soon crowd the furniture. She was right. Since she first decorated the house, she has had to add a glass case for his collection of miniature liqueur bottles, half a dozen more record cabinets, a built-in radio, and a TV screen.

"The room just can't take another improvement," she says, "but that won't stop Tone. Not one bit. He'll keep buying anything that catches his eye."

BEFORE decorating her livingroom, Cyd sat down and analyzed her needs. She knew that Tony would be working at home with song writers and music arrangers. Experience had taught her that these fellows get carried away in a frenzy of artistic creation and forget everything but their work. They plop their feet on the furniture, drop cigarettes on the rugs, spill drinks, and make a general mess. Of one thing she was sure. She would need a practical livingroom that could withstand

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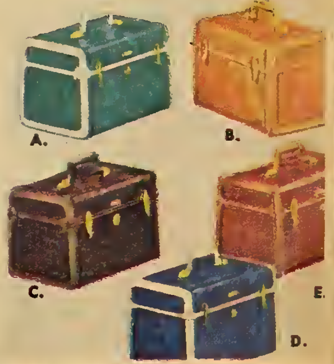

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their abuse plus the wear and tear of children.

With this end in view, she had four small couches covered in a dirt-proof, cocoa-colored fabric. She had her tables and piano done in an antique finish and then highly waxed to resist practically everything. And she chose only big, unbreakable lamps.

The task of decorating and filling a large house takes time and effort, as Cyd soon found out. She enlisted the help of her friend, Dusty Negulesco. She is a talented painter and the wife of the movie director, Jean Negulesco. Even so, the job progressed slowly. She and Dusty wanted to keep the rooms comfortable, but original. They spent weeks matching colors and choosing fabrics. They combed odd little shops for the round table that now sits in the center of the livingroom. It has removable, underneath trays that slide out and are used in buffet dinners. They also spent months finding one-of-a-kind pictures and novel accessories.

Midway in their labors Tony took an active interest in interior decorating and decided to make one of his large-scale gestures. This happened one afternoon when Cyd and Dusty had triumphantly finished papering his office and music room. They had found a book of old songs in an antique store and with that as a start, they devised the scheme of using the pages of sheet music for wallpaper. The two girls had papered the yellowed pages on the walls themselves, after which, they had adjourned wearily to the pool. They were stretched out on chaises taking a well-deserved rest when Tony walked in.

"Go take a look at your new music studio," Cyd suggested.

A few minutes later Tony returned. "Gosh, kids. It looks great! You did a terrific job." Then, "I've got a little surprise, too."

There was a pause.

"I bought the diningroom furniture, this afternoon."

"You what?" exploded Dusty.

"I saw a nice table and some chairs and a couple of other pieces in a store right on Sunset," Tony explained. "So I bought them. They'll be delivered tomorrow. Boy. That's another room finished."

Dusty made a choking, clucking sound.

"Darling," Cyd said quickly, "it sounds marvelous. I can hardly wait to see it."

When the furniture arrived the next day it proved to be of fine quality. Nevertheless, it is Provincial and the rest of the house is comfortably contemporary. "But, you know," Cyd says, "I kind of like the change of pace."

For an entertainer who spends more time away from his home than he spends in it, Tony takes an inordinate amount of pride in his residence.

Only a few months ago when he was singing in New York, he was approached by an old nightclub buddy. "Hear you've married a movie star and got a big mansion in Hollywood," the crony said. "How can a foot-loose guy like you take care of such a plushy set-up?"

Tony's mind flashed back over the years when everything he owned was in his suitcase. "It's simple," he said, "I'm married to an angel, and all we need to take care of the house is a song from me every now and then, and a dance from her every now and then."

His friend looked at Tony quizzically. "You been drinkin'?" he asked.

"Never been more sober in my life!"

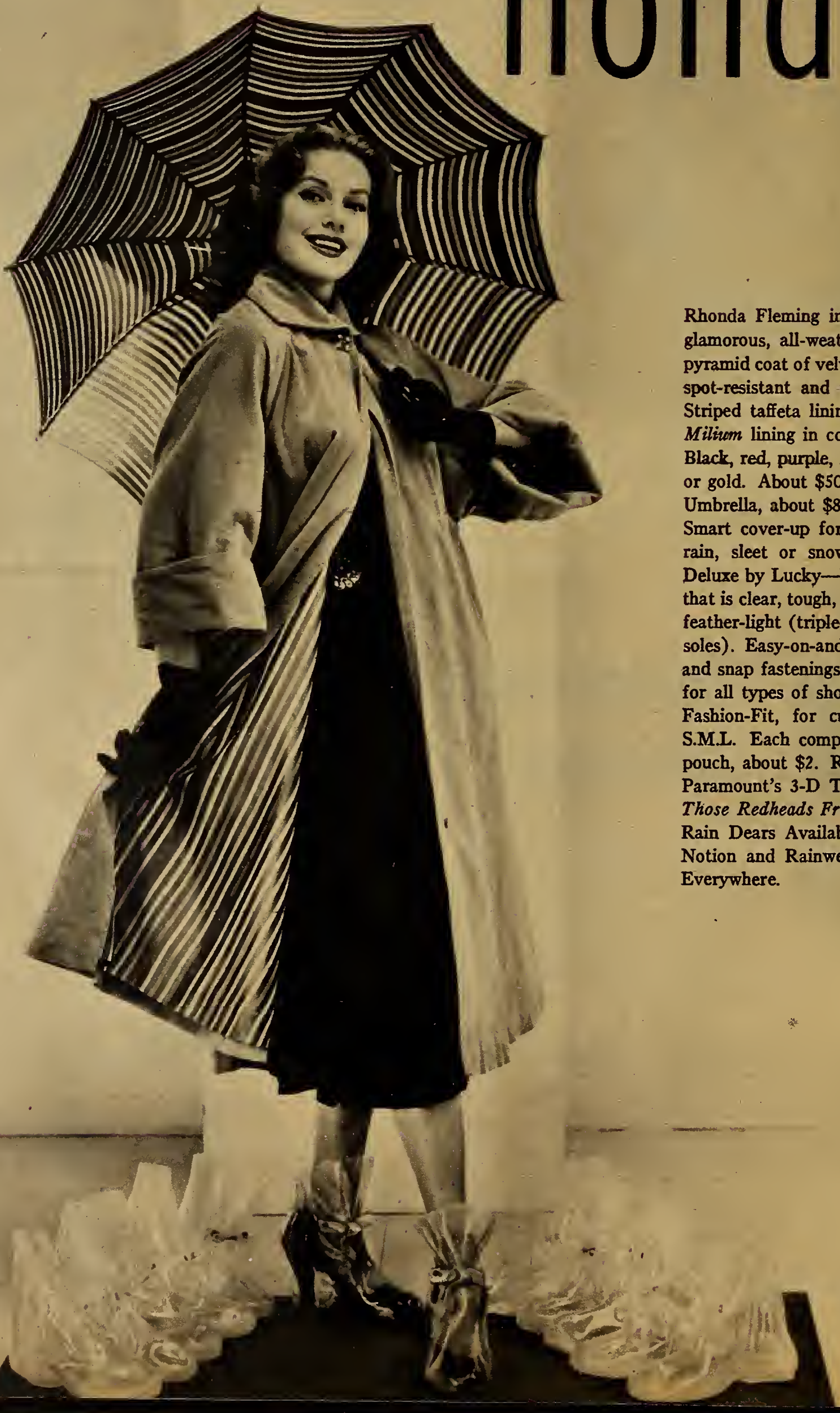
Next day, he bought three oil paintings and air mailed them to Cyd. Right now she's trying to find room for them.

(Cyd Charisse can be seen in MGM's Brigadoon.) END

modern screen fashions

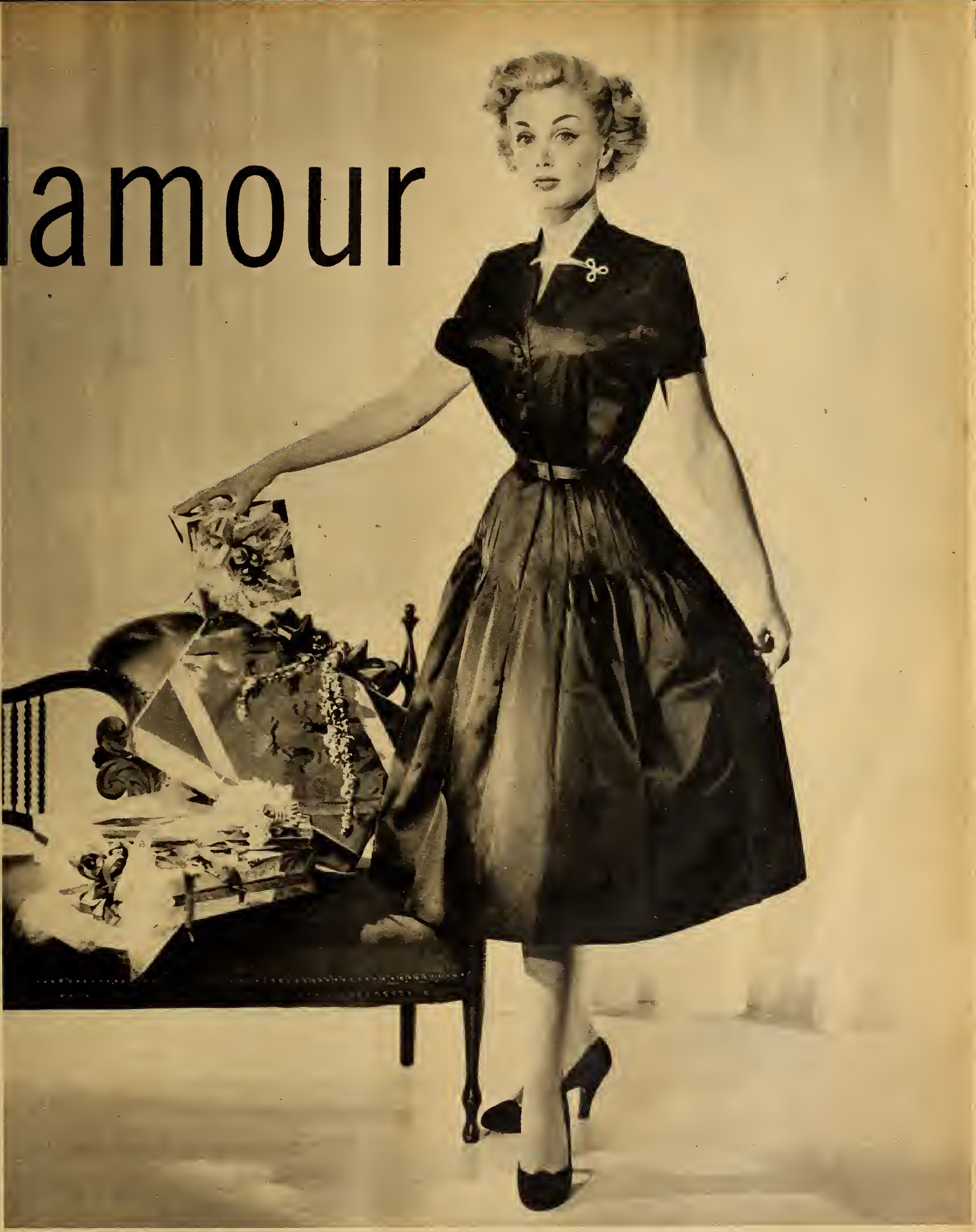
■ Lovely Maureen O'Hara acted as Chairwoman for the voting for the Modern Screen Fashion Star medal awarded to Playtex Magic-Controller girdle by unanimous decision. New and wonderful—favorite of Hollywood stars—this girdle slims you as nature intended and is as comfortable as your own skin. It features a non-roll top, that stays up without a single bone or stay, and invisible "finger" panels for firm abdominal control. It washes in seconds, dries like a miracle. Maureen wears the Magic-Controller girdle under her casual, career and formal clothes. Universal-International's Technicolor *War Arrow* is Maureen's forthcoming film.

holiday



Rhonda Fleming in Sherbrooke's glamorous, all-weather, all-purpose pyramid coat of velveteen that is spot-resistant and water-repellent. Striped taffeta lining—also with *Milium* lining in contrasting colors. Black, red, purple, turquoise, dusty pink or gold. About $50.
Umbrella, about $8.
Smart cover-up for your footwear in rain, sleet or snow—Rain Dears Deluxe by Lucky—Norlon plastic boot that is clear, tough, long-wearing and feather-light (triple-thick, non-slip soles). Easy-on-and-off bow-tie tape and snap fastenings. Universal-Fit, for all types of shoes, S.M.L. or XL. Fashion-Fit, for cuban or high heels, S.M.L. Each complete with plastic pouch, about $2. Rhonda is in Paramount's 3-D Technicolor film, *Those Redheads From Seattle.*
Rain Dears Available At Shoe, Notion and Rainwear Counters Everywhere.

glamour



In gala holiday mood—Jan Sterling, currently in Paramount's *Alaska Seas,* poses in Max Wiesen's date dress of lush rayon *peau de soie.* A full skirt flares from the flatteringly tucked and molded hipline. A glittering rhinestone shoulder pin accents the cut-out neckline. Self belt. Black only. Sizes 12½ to 22½. About $11 at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Fries & Schuele, Cleveland; Marshall Field, Chicago. Hosiery—the new 12 gauge, 66 denier nylons in the latest Cinerama date-time color, *Cine-beige* by Gotham Gold Stripe. $1.95.

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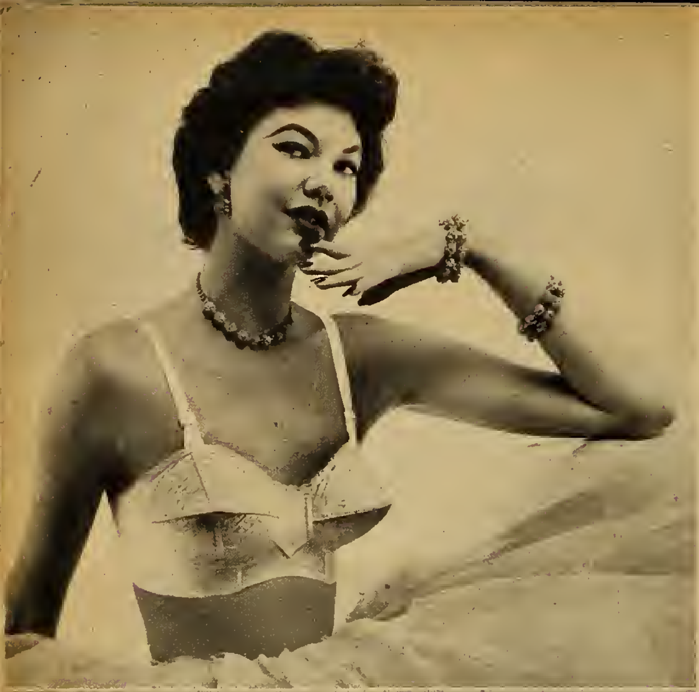

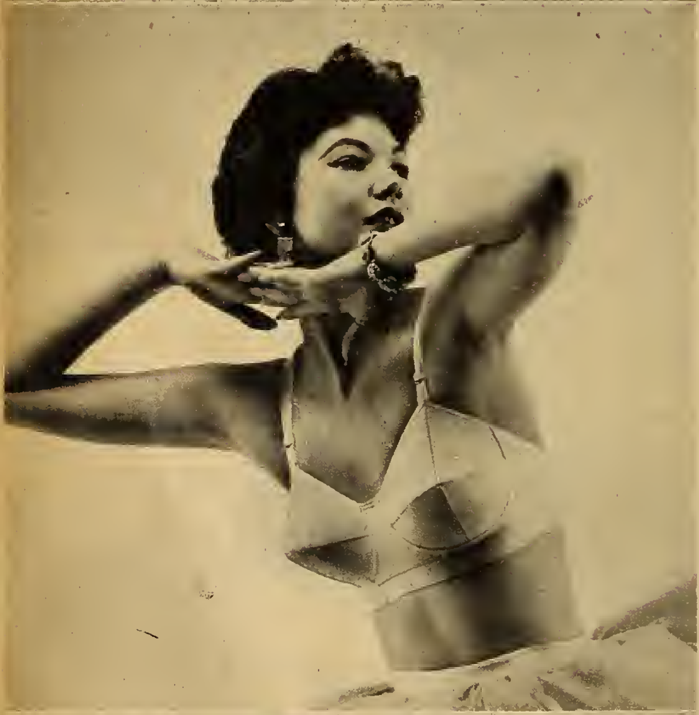

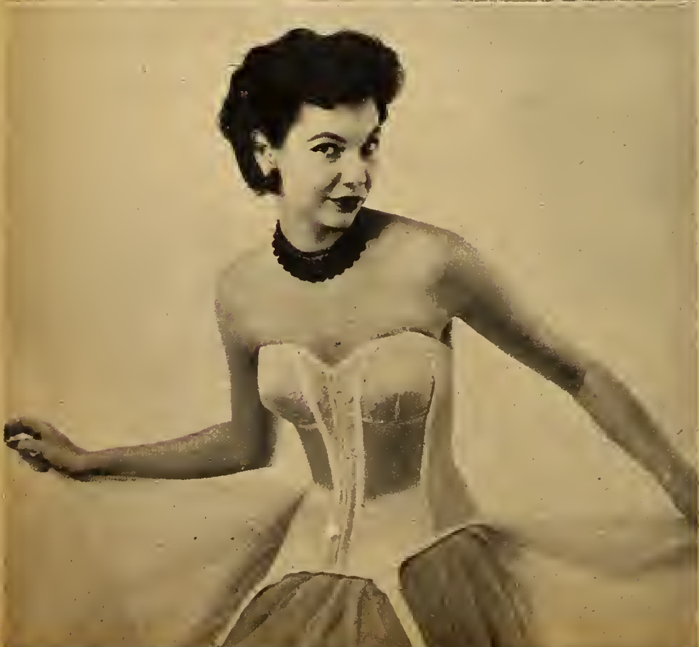

the flattering look

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Top: This bra called *Add-Vantage* features smoothly stitched cups that are invisibly lined with soft *Foamette* and backed with jersey to give a fuller bosom look. Especially designed for the in-between cup size. White embroidered broadcloth—also white or black acetate satin. Strapless, white broadcloth only. About $2. Capri's glittering rhinestone Pavé balls. Earrings, $3* and $6*. Necklace, $8*. Bracelets, $8* each.

Center: For your budget, *Budget Beauty,* a bra that features four-section cups and circular stitching. Seafoam, white, pink, blue, lilac, black or yellow-rose broadcloth. Also in white, pink or black in nylon or acetate satin. About $1. Fringed, gold-plated mesh *String Bean* earrings with pearls, $3*. Pearl and rhinestone studded bracelet on gold-plated metal, $6*. Matching necklace—not shown, $6*.

Bottom: new and exciting, *Bra-leen,* a combination bra, waist-cinch and garter belt. Lined, embroidered nylon sheer bra and front panel, power net sides and back—feather-light boning. Adjustable back closing, removable straps. White only. About $5. Capri's black jet and golden bead necklaces, $2* to $5*. Earrings, $2*. Matching bracelets—not shown, $2* each.

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a faith for my child

(*Continued from page 60*) own way. Yet I remember from my own early days that children brought into the realm of religion tend to stumble through it in beautiful innocence at first. They make their own interpretations of what they see and hear, such as are suitable to their thinking and make sense in their little worlds.

I remember this story of my husband's childhood. When he was about Melanie's age he was fascinated by the hymn singing in church. Someone, about this time, gave him a teddy bear, one of those fluffy, brown ones with button eyes set close together. A few days later his mother asked him what he had named it. He replied, "Gladly." Curious, she asked where he had gotten such an odd name.

"Why, don't you remember?" he asked. "We sing about him in church every Sunday. 'Gladly my cross-eyed bear!'"

If it hasn't struck you yet, what he referred to was the hymn line, "Gladly my cross I'd bear."

It is perhaps more than just strange that this endearing mistake, born of the love of a child for his toy, is to me as warm and encouraging a sign as any sermon I have heard that there may be a greater beneficence to life than we suspect. The inborn faith of children may yet be our strongest proof that we are not, as our intellects tend to persuade us, just hopeless nomads flickering briefly somewhere and somewhen in space-time.

It seems to me that when I was a small girl we asked fewer questions than children of today; perhaps the perplexities of life entering the home via radio and TV accounts for the greater curiosity of the current crop of youngsters. We of my day were more sheltered and consequently, I sometimes think, more secure.

Of the first church I can remember, an ancient, small edifice with beautiful Norman and Saxon arches in Sussex, England, I can recall not the sermons of the venerable preacher, but only the smells of the musty pews, the burning candle fat and our damp clothes on a rainy Sunday morning. It was not that I wasn't interested, I'm sure, but rather that the reedy voice of the pastor dealt in sentiments phrased in a manner unclear to me, and even when understood, of remote significance. His words hummed and sometimes even sang in my ears, but conveyed very little meaning. Yet out of this came a love for the thoughtful tranquillity of the church. It was nice to go. You felt goodness enter into you and you were sure as you left that you were once more a very good little girl.

I was a much more ardent churchgoer when I was fifteen, but not, I think, as good a little girl. Along with every other young miss in the boarding school I attended, I was in love with the curate, a dark young man of imposing tallness whose sonorous voice held us transfixed.

This was in Bristol and we used to march by twos (in a "croc" as we called it) a full three and a half miles to church every Sunday, but no one uttered a word of complaint. It was the curate's job to teach the classes for confirmation and it was difficult to remember what he said, because we were not listening to his words—just to him. He could have told us anything.

He must have conveyed the right intelligence because we were confirmed as members of the Church of England. Yet just a few short years later I was undertaking to study Catholicism, and just before or after this, Christian Science. This was during the war. I was tremendously moved by what was going on and impelled to find a comforting spiritual foundation for my life.

We were undergoing the bombings in England when it began to dawn on me that I had not seriously considered faith in my plans up to this time. I had gone to church, I had been a believer by rote, but I felt, with some panic, that I had been untouched inside. I think now that this attitude was a phenomenon peculiar to my generation, one brought up between two world wars and witness to a rather deplorable era in man's history. I remember at least one way this affected the young people on our level, the fading middle class gentry of England. It was traditional among us that church socials and tennis teas were the sort of activities through which you met proper young men. But somehow the proper young men were no longer turning up at these functions. You met them now in the outside world, in industry and in professions. Into the outside world we girls went.

But before this happened, and while living in London, an aunt of mine, a woman of deep Episcopalian piety, gave me a prayer book which I accepted thankfully and greedily scanned for solace. My disturbance was great and events were aggravating it constantly. One morning I would see volunteers removing bombing victims from blasted dwellings with calloused preoccupation. The next morning I would be asked in church to join the congregation in prayers for the enemy—the men who had murdered these people.

On Salisbury Plains I stood one afternoon watching our soldiers drill and train. It came over me then that when their sergeants got through teaching them how best to kill, their chaplains would instruct them in love and kindness. To consider men capable of this state of human culture as worthy of God's attention was difficult, to say the least. To rationalize the horror of what my eyes were seeing daily, with the salvation I must spell out on Sundays for those who were committing the horrors, set up a conflict of emotion that left me unhappy and shaken. In my craving for a spiritual lift I not only read my prayer book but touched on both Catholicism and Christian Science. I read what I could, I questioned friends of these beliefs. I would think for a period that I had found what I sought—and then I wouldn't be sure.

I kept asking myself questions I could neither answer, nor allow to go unanswered. Are we but envelopes carrying the seed of life and destined to be tossed aside when we have delivered our quota? Have I, with all my thoughts and inward stirrings, no more significance, universally, than a plant which turns to the sun? In my prayer book, in talking to my friends, I was trying to see past the ritual of the devotions they described to the source of it all. Would I ever?

There was much to muddle my thinking those days. In England we were eating soy bean sausage, powdered milk and eggs, and similar make-do foods on an austerity diet. But when I went to Ireland to make a picture, just across the water a few miles, I saw pictures of a dinner given by the Italian legation there in which fresh mountain trout, rich beef, butter, thick cream and fabulous desserts were among the dishes served. And this was at a time when the Italians were surrendering to us!

I didn't begrudge the Roman diplomats their heavy-laden tables. I have been to Italy and know that for millions there during the war life was just as meager, or even worse than for us in England, and that all of us would eat well if we could. It was just another puzzling aspect of human affairs. Did it make no difference to heaven that of two men who prayed to it, one feasted and the other starved?

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

4, 5, 6, 8, 13, 14—The Sands Hotel, Parry, Beerman, Snyder, Scott, Wide World; 31—Wide World; 32—The Sands Hotel; 34, 35—Wide World, Bennett; 36, 37, 38, 39—Trindl and Woodfield, FPG; 40—RKO; 43—MGM (Apger); 46, 47, 48—Beerman, Parry; 49—RKO; 50—MGM; 54, 55—Scott, Snyder, Beerman, Globe, The Ambassador Hotel; 56—Scott; 58, 59—Beerman, Parry; 60—Columbia (Lippman); 67-70—Engsted, Green, Opée.

We were living in an altogether hectic period during those days. Nobody seemed to be sticking to the old values, not even the young man I was planning to marry. He seemed to place no importance at all in using ordinary common sense to keep among the living. A pilot with the British Transport Command at the time, he would send word through from France that he was coming into London for a date. The appointed day would arrive, more often than not foggy and rainy, but in he would fly in a borrowed plane—once in an old crate that had been condemned as unairworthy. Then we would go out to a night club considered "safe" from the German buzz bombs because it had a deep subterranean entrance. We never seemed to notice that after you entered you then climbed upstairs and actually had nothing between you and the sky but a glass roof. That's the way we were. But afterwards I would think about it and tremble at our recklessness.

Despite the consideration I was giving other faiths at the time, when Tony and I were married it was in my old church. The wedding was held at St. George of Hanover in London. I think that in the moments of the ceremony, standing in the lovely old interior of this venerable place of worship, and listening to the time-hallowed service I was more spiritually sound than ever before in my life.

Perhaps I can convey the magic of this moment to Melanie, and of those other moments in our lives when hope and love surge so strongly within us that we are convinced God must be very near.

Perhaps I will tell her of a moment in Hawaii when I was there to work in *From Here To Eternity*. On the windward side of the Island of Oahu I found a lonely beach where sea and sky melted together in color and form so breathtaking that you could only marvel at it. Lying on the sand as glory streamed across the heavens was like being in church and seeing the music of an organ rather than hearing it.

Here it was soon easy to forget *who* I was and wonder *what* I was. Out of my wondering I got no sign, no proof from above. But, something within me seemed to ask, why was I permitted to see this beauty, to be so close to it, if I were not also a part of it? And could such beauty be born out of anything short of Someone's divine love for it?

I had been wondering all my life . . . where shall I go to find Him? How shall I address Him? And here He could be. He had found me out and here He could be. He was spreading the miracle of Himself from horizon to horizon.

Out of these moments, I must tell Melanie, must come the answers to her questions. Perhaps men have known about this for many thousands of years. And this may be why it was written long ago and carried down to us: "Lift up thine eyes to the hills from whence cometh all strength" END

the happiest time

(*Continued from page 38*) Without a murmur, baby Wilding, whose blue eyes are beginning to turn his mother's shade of violet, fell off to sleep.

"I'm glad there's nothing wrong with him," Liz said.

"He's just tired," Mike said. "After all, we've been flying since Wednesday."

"So am I," Liz said.

Wilding kissed her on the cheek. "Lie down. Have a bit of a rest."

A few moments later, the phone began to ring. Friends knew of the Wildings' arrival from the radio and the afternoon newspapers. Now, they were phoning to welcome them to England.

Wilding, pretty well knocked out himself, bore the brunt of this assault by telephone with his usual calm and aplomb.

The only thing that disturbed him was a phone call from his parents, Henry and Ethel Wilding. "It was supposed to be a surprise," he explained later. "Liz and I brought the baby to England to show to my parents who are really getting on in years. We were going to ring them and say, 'Well, here we are, the three of us.' But they'd heard about our plan before we ever left California."

After talking to friends and relatives, Wilding spoke to the London newspapermen. One of the reasons the actor is so well-liked by the press is that he has always been cooperative and thoughtful.

Unlike many American film stars who use studio press agents to run interference for them, Mike Wilding has never been stand-offish. To him, newspapermen have always been friends, and he's always glad to talk to them.

This time he was no different. When they rang to ask if they could drop by for a fast minute or two, he said, "We'd be delighted."

Liz, of course, loves to sleep—"I'm naturally lazy," she claims—and when the reporters got to the Wilding flat, the young wife was off somewhere in dreamland. But not Wilding.

"How long are you going to stay in London?" he was asked.

"We're over here for six weeks," Mike said. "Strictly a holiday. No pictures."

"How is Mrs. Wilding?"

Mike grinned. "Exhausted. Out cold. Fast asleep."

"Was it a rough trip?"

"Not particularly. Michael is usually so good. Hardly ever cries, but when he gets tired you can't stop him. He was very tired. I'm sure the other passengers will testify to that."

WILDING went on to explain that Liz hadn't had a vacation in six months, that after the birth of the baby she had gone directly into *Elephant Walk* as a replacement for Vivien Leigh and then she had done *Rhapsody* for MGM with Vittorio Gassman.

As for him—well, he'd just finished *Torch Song* with Joan Crawford.

"As soon as we find a nurse," Wilding said, "Elizabeth and I will probably take off for the Continent."

A few days later, Liz hired an Australian nurse for Junior, and the Wildings were ready to embark on their European holiday.

"We tried very hard," Mike says, "to get on the jet to Rome, but all the reservations were filled, so we caught an ordinary aircraft.

"We'd both been to Rome before. In fact, Liz knew the city much better than I. We checked into the Grand Hotel, saw the sights for a few days, and then flew out to Madrid."

Elizabeth Taylor is a well-traveled girl, but she'd never been to Spain before. She

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and Mike were looking forward to seeing their first bullfight.

"I thought I was going to like it," Liz says, "but I got sick."

"She just couldn't take it," Mike adds. "Too much blood, too much gore. After the first *corrida,* she left the arena. I stayed and watched. I'd read so much about bullfights. I wanted to see one."

The next morning, after a week away from little Michael, Liz said she wanted to fly back to London. She was homesick for her baby.

The birth of a son has wrought a marked change in the personality and outlook of Hollywood's most beautiful actress.

She is no longer the flighty, unpredictable girl of yesteryear. She has matured into a steady, easy-going, young woman. Much credit, of course, must go to Michael Wilding for this. In Madrid, for example, when Liz began to worry about Junior, Mike said, "Darling, we'll simply catch the plane to London tomorrow morning."

Reassured by her husband's promise and attitude, Liz stopped worrying and enjoyed a wonderful night. The following afternoon, she was back in Grosvenor Square, and little Michael lay cuddled in her arms.

WILDING is a sensitive man who understands the moods and meanderings of his wife. He never pressures her, never disturbs her with problems or crises. He takes everything in stride. At the bullfight in Madrid when Liz got upset, Wilding merely said, "You go ahead back to the hotel, dear. You'll be all right." No fuss.

Wilding never reports his working problems to Liz. He has well-balanced values and having been married to an actress once before for ten years, he knows what upsets the female histrionic temperament.

He has seen to it, for example, that Liz takes baby Wilding in her stride. There is always the tendency for a young wife to grow irritable and nervous after the birth of her first child. Unsure of herself, she worries and frets at the baby's every sniffle.

Mike has seen to it that Liz enjoys her baby. When she grew anxious about the little boy's typhoid inoculations—Junior was "shot" before he went overseas—Wilding said, "Those things don't bother babies." Apparently he was right.

When Liz expressed some fear that the child might not take to his new nurse in London, again her husband stepped in with a word of assurance. "This baby," he announced, "likes everyone."

In London when Liz expressed some doubt about leaving the child while she and her husband toured the Continent, Mike said, "The baby's much too young to miss us now."

There is never anything patronizing in Wilding's tone or manner. Although he's twenty years older than Liz, he treats her as an equal. He makes all the major decisions but that's only because he doesn't want to trouble his young bride. He was raised in the European tradition wherein the man of the house rules the roost.

When Liz and Mike were married two years ago, the consensus of European opinion was that the marriage would not last long. One writer in Stockholm, for example, told his readers: "Miss Taylor is young, spoiled and unsophisticated. Mr. Wilding is middle-aged, jaded, and continental. This combination rarely works."

Now, read what this same writer had to say after Liz and Mike visited Stockholm on their recent holiday. "Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding—she is Elizabeth Taylor, the American film star—arrived in Stockholm today. They are very much in love, and Mrs. Wilding looks more beautiful than ever. The couple do not behave like newlyweds. They seem very well adjusted to each other. In the past two years, Mrs. Wilding seems to have developed both mentally and physically. She is a little heavier than when I last saw her—not only in the body but also in the brain."

In Copenhagen where Liz came down with a supposed heart attack, a formerly critical journalist wrote, "The American film star, Elizabeth Taylor, is a most sensible young woman. When wild newspaper reports insisted that she had collapsed here because of heartstrain, she said, 'That's ridiculous. My back just hurt me a bit and some massages took care of it very nicely.'

"Miss Taylor is not at all the zany, irresponsible Hollywood actress the American journalists would have us believe. She knows every minute what she is doing.

"Miss Taylor and Mr. Wilding went to Kastrup Airport to meet their son and his nurse."

LIZ has come to a very sensible conclusion about the relative worth of her marriage and her career. To her the most important thing is the security of her marriage—which is why you will never hear about her fighting or scheming for any coveted role. Whatever the studio wants her to do is all right just so long as it presents no threat to her family life.

In London, for example, after she and Michael had visited Stockholm and Brussels, she learned that Larry Weingarten, a Metro producer was in town. Supposedly, Weingarten was bearing news about the production of *Beau Brummel,* a film in which Liz is scheduled to star opposite Stewart Granger.

"I don't know as of this minute," Liz told me, "whether the picture will be made here in London or back in Hollywood. And frankly, I don't care just so long as Michael and I aren't separated." Then she hummed four bars of an old tune, paraphrasing the lyrics into "Michael and me and baby makes three."

As of this writing MGM says that *Beau Brummel* will be shot entirely in England which means that the three Wildings will probably remain abroad until Christmas or little Mike's first birthday.

"I don't care where I work," Liz repeats, "or if I ever work. I just want to be with two guys named Mike."

Liz Taylor has come a long way since her first marriage to Nicky Hilton. Now she has the satisfaction of a mature husband and a baby, and she is contented.

"Let her have two more children," one of Wilding's London friends says, "and the chances are she'll never make another picture. This girl is beautiful but she also has brains. Compared to her family, her career means precious little to her." **END**

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Or more specifically, come into our office and help us plan MODERN SCREEN so that this can really be *your* magazine. It's easy to have your say about what you'd like to read—all you have to do is fill out the form below—carefully—after you've read all the stories in this December issue. Then clip it out and mail it to the editors at the address listed below. And by the way—a crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right away!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

☐ The Inside Story
☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
☐ TV Talk
☐ Sweet and Hot
☐ Happy The Bride . . . (Lana Turner-Lex Barker)
☐ Out Of The Frying Pan (Rita Hayworth-Dick Haymes)
☐ My Side Of The Story (Dick Haymes)
☐ The Truth About Those Continental Flings
☐ The Happiest Time (Elizabeth Taylor-Michael Wilding)
☐ This Is A Monster? (Robert Mitchum)
☐ My Roommate, Elaine (Elaine Stewart)
☐ Anybody Here Seen Mrs. Kelly? (Gene Kelly)
☐ The Song And Dance House (Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin)
☐ The Man Behind The Face (Jack Palance)
☐ Friend Of The Family (Esther Williams)
☐ I'd Make A Lousy Bachelor (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh)
☐ Now Let Me Tell It! (Terry Moore)
☐ "Actors Are A Dime A Dozen" (Dale Robertson)
☐ The Right Mr. Wrong (Judy Garland)
☐ A Faith For My Child (Deborah Kerr)
☐ Movie Reviews

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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City.................. State.........
Occupation........ I am .... yrs. old

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now let me tell it!

(*Continued from page 54*) general, before we get on to the business at hand. Some of you may not like it—it is understandably difficult to sympathize too much with the troubles of the poor, poor movie star—but under certain conditions this is the truth: we are terribly vulnerable to what is called "bad publicity." We are in no position to fight back. Our hands are tied. Our public relations people nearly always advise us to keep still and take it—it'll blow over, sweetie. And if it doesn't blow over sweetie, what then? You're in the public eye, sweetie, the public eye. It's one of the penalties.

Yes, it's one of the penalties. But it's an unjust penalty if you are the victim of false innuendo or the lie, big or little. It can really hurt. It hurts you professionally and it hurts you personally, and I am just young enough—or perhaps naive enough—not to want to take it lying down.

Most Hollywood writers are entirely ethical and conscientious, obligated by their own code to check their facts and not print what isn't so. A few are not. These writers go on the theory that people would rather believe the worst. Virtue and normality, it would appear, are dull subjects.

However, let's go back to Terry Moore, and hear what she has to say about Mr. Cronin's article. Mistaken as I may be, I have no hesitation in taking the stand.

IT BEGAN with a picture, a picture being the part of any article that hits the eye first. It was a picture of Bob Wagner and me on location in Florida for *Beneath The 12-Mile Reef*, the 20th Century-Fox film we were both working on. It is not an attractive picture but it is a rather sexy one, something I hadn't guessed when it was made. It's the sort of print the studio would destroy. But it wasn't made by the studio. It was made by some photo service or other. I don't remember which one. We'd just finished the day's shooting. I was dead tired. My mother will tell you. But the photographer begged us for just a few shots. And here it was.

. . . Here's a gal with a name that should make her a fine wife: Sayno Moore. Sayno is a parttime secretary to Janis Paige. . . .
Hy Gardner, H. Tribune

Linked to the picture was the first part of Mr. Cronin's article, tying Bob's name to mine, although it *did* explain that that was merely publicity.

I thought, at any rate, that Mr. Cronin had made that clear. The young man I was going with at the time may have thought so, too, but the consequences were not good, anyway. He is of a social, conservative Los Angeles family. He and his parents did not like either the picture or the tie-up. The result is the end of our friendship.

A little later I read, somewhere, a letter from a fan. She expressed the hope that Bob was not going to marry Terry Moore, that he would wait for someone "sweet and wholesome." Ouch! And I do mean *ouch!* Please, dear reader, don't confuse what you see on the screen or glean from irresponsible writers with what is the truth. Reading that letter, I felt like a *femme fatale*, complete with cigarette holder, slinky walk and the rest. I'm not. I'm twenty-three. I went to high school in Los Angeles and dated two nights a week. I live in Westwood, near the UCLA campus, with my mother and father and kid brother. I never do anything unusual unless being in pictures is unusual. And even if I were what this woman evidently thought I was, I'm

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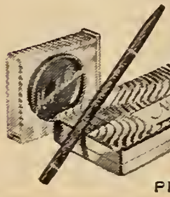

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sure Bob Wagner could take care of himself. Bob is a nice boy, certainly, but he is not—and I know he would agree—as naive as some writers have described him.

Mr. Cronin has followed with a brief review of my career to the present, with which I cannot quarrel.

Then he scores me with instigating the "sexy" phase of it, starting with the allegation that, in order to get the part of the girl in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, I walked into the offices of Hal Wallis Productions with a sheaf of juicy pictures of myself. A moment later, I am quoted as urging publicists that this be the "sexiest publicity campaign on record," then complaining because they wouldn't even let me wear sweaters.

What can I say? Mr. Cronin did not quote me. He did not even misquote me. What he wrote just never happened.

We come now to my marriage to Glenn Davis, a football great; a marriage which has ended in divorce. Here is something on which, I think, I am a greater authority than Mr. Cronin or even than Mr. Cronin's sources, whoever they may have been.

The article states that, "As everyone knows," Glenn was on the rebound from Liz Taylor, nursing a six-foot torch, and so forth. Well, not quite everyone. *I* didn't know it. Nor do I know it not to be so. But if I may be permitted a guess, if either of us was on a rebound at the time of our marriage, it was I.

In deference to taste, I can say of this only that before meeting Glenn, I had been in love with a man considerably older than myself—and may still have been in love with him. I honestly don't know. I was confused. Many girls know how it is. But if there were doubts, I think you might say the scales were tipped when my friends urged the marriage with Glenn; we were such a cute couple, all that. It didn't last, and I can see no point in dwelling on it.

But the next part of the article annoyed me so that I had an urge to flip my lid.

"Then came a new kind of legend," Mr. Cronin went on. "Once she (Terry Moore) was entertaining some family friends in her hotel suite during a personal appearance in New York. A dignified stranger appeared at the door bearing a lovely mink coat. 'Mr. So-and-So sent this,' he announced. Then he tipped his hat and left.

"A shocked silence followed. Terry hastily explained that her businessman friend had taken her to the airport in Los Angeles. She had left her mink cape in his car, and he dispatched it across the continent by messenger on the next plane.

" 'Hmm,' said the old friends politely. But it was an awkward moment."

No, Mr. Cronin. There were no awkward moments until your little account of the incident appeared. You are inferring, not reporting.

What Mr. Cronin is trying to say is that my friend bought me the mink coat and had it delivered to my hotel in New York. In fact, he might as well *have* said it. The less interesting, fuddy-duddy old facts of the matter are these: (1) it wasn't a mink coat, it was a mink cape, and it still is—the only piece of mink I own; (2) I bought it from what I made out of my first radio show—nobody else bought it; (3) everything happened exactly as I explained it—and as Mr. Cronin has explained it, only behind his hand and out of the corner of his mouth; nor was the happening so extraordinary; (4) there was no shocked silence; (5) nobody said, "Hmm"; (6) it was *not* an awkward moment.

The article resumes: "The wealthy friend didn't particularly approve of Terry's all-out sex campaign (*sic*)—though he'd never noticed her till she embarked on it. He actually put the kibosh on one press agent's stunt. Terry'd been all set to demonstrate that a girl could be dressed—more or less—in one handkerchief if that handkerchief were artfully draped, but the tycoon said it 'wasn't dignified.' Regretfully, Miss Moore declined to pose."

Again I have to fall back on numerical refutation. There is no other way. (1) My friend had, as observed, noticed me a long time before anything resembling an "all out sex campaign" had been bestowed on me; (2) He didn't "approve," but simply in the way no friend would approve of this happening to a girl he liked; (3) there was nothing "regretful" about my declining to pose; rarely, if ever, have I seen the word "regretfully" used with such license or less regard for truth. The stunt *was* suggested to me. I didn't want to do it and told my friend. "Just tell them you won't," he said. And I told them I wouldn't, and I didn't.

Mr. Cronin's next piece of fiction occurs two paragraphs later. He writes that I said to a woman columnist: "I've got a terrific body, why not promote it?" My best recollection—and a pretty good one, it is—of that incident is this: The woman did report in her column that I said it. My publicity man promptly wrote her a letter to the effect that Terry-never-said-that-why-did-you-say-she-did? The columnist replied that if I would write her a letter denying it, she would retract the item. I promptly did so. The item was never retracted. But neither did I ever make the remark.

And after that, it says here, I became "the favorite of a half-dozen young oilmen from Texas who would fly to Hollywood in their private planes just to have a long date with her." There was only *one* oilman from Texas—just one.

Later: "She posed for some of the most sizzling art to come out of the studios. She pitched in enthusiastically on the sweater layout to end all sweater layouts, illustrating degrees of sexiness that can be achieved."

The first statement was not documented. As for the second—there aren't many things you can do with a sweater beyond putting it on, are there?

There follows more talk about the sex build-up, an obsession of Mr. Cronin's, together with the observation: "But no Hollywood career has been successfully sustained by sex alone." Mr. Cronin, you force me to say this: I was nominated for an Academy Award; one of the youngest actresses, if not *the* youngest, ever to be so honored. In all honesty, is that "sex alone"?

It is difficult, it is even impossible, for me to take issue with Mr. Cronin's article in the places where it generalizes. There is nothing to meet head on. But where he has deigned to be specific, it is all very like a screen door; the appearance of solidity—and full of holes.

On a few points, I think that he is right, and here his article taught me something, for which I am grateful. He remarks that I want to be all things to all people, that I try too hard to please. It is true I don't talk football to a musician or vice versa, but still that is an evasion on my part. I know what Mr. Cronin means and maybe I do work a little too hard to keep everybody happy.

He describes the Paramount publicity office as furious at me over insisting all future press material would have to be cleared through my personal agent, then goes on to say that the same publicity office denied me use of a studio dress from Paramount for a party. "Two minutes later, Terry was in (the publicist's) office sobbing . . ."

May I say three things? Permission to wear a studio dress is obtained through an executive named Bill Meiklejohn, *not* in the publicity office. Mr. Meiklejohn granted me permission. I *did* wear the dress. Apart from that, Mr. Cronin is batting 1.000.

In Mr. Cronin's next breath, I am in San Francisco on a personal appearance. Nicky Hilton has flown up to see me. (My mother was there, too; Mr. Cronin didn't mention it.) But I have pledged the publicity man accompanying me to secrecy. "I don't want it out that he's up here," Mr. Cronin has me say.

"An hour later," writes Mr. Cronin, "the publicist overheard her (me) on the phone. She was telling Louella Parsons all abou how Hilton had come to San Francisco t see her. It was the same old story of Terry wanting to please."

It was months and months after that Sa Francisco trip that I even met Louella Parsons, let alone talked to her on the phone That is not fascinating, I know; it is merel the truth.

There are only a dozen lines left in Mr Cronin's article. They are all rathe complimentary to me, so I can't very wel

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either confirm or deny them.

But there is a little more to say. If I were you, I would be asking myself at this point: Well, what Terry Moore says here may be true, but if it is why in the world should a reputable magazine print what is not? What would be the point? And besides, where there's smoke, isn't there fire?

Nor would I blame you for asking. I don't know myself. I can only guess. One thing I am sure of is that MODERN SCREEN would not deliberately distort facts, through malice, to sell magazines, or for any other reason. I know the magazine and its editors too well for that. I think they were convinced that what they had was in essence the truth, and that they regarded it as provocative material. And I imagine it is, to speak realistically, a tribute to shrewd editorial judgment. It was something people would read. For example, I first saw it in Lone Pine in California, on location with Tyrone Power for *King Of The Khyber Rifles*. A writer showed it to Ty, who laughed at my concern, looked at the picture and the title, and said: "This is one *I'd* read. Don't feel too bad about it."

Maybe, as I said at the beginning, I should have taken this one: kept my mouth shut or my pen still and let it blow over. But just for once, I wanted one of us to talk back, to see if the consequences will be so dire after all.

So far as MODERN SCREEN is concerned, I'm not afraid of retribution. They have the power to hurt me for sticking pins in one of their own stories, but I do not think they will use it simply because they also had the honesty to let me stick away. What other repercussions may come, I do not know.

But this I do know; so many of us in Hollywood live in fear of antagonizing the press. You can't blame us, any more than you can blame the press for writing what they believe to be so. A star who enters voluntarily into stardom waives her option to a wholly private life. It *is* part of the game. If you yell every time you're hurt, you're a crybaby. To most misrepresentations and mistaken inferences, you should keep still. But some time, somewhere, the moment comes when you should fight back.

Clifton Webb's film, *Dreamboat*, is being booked all over France under the title, *Le Grand Seducteur*, the big seducer. When told of this fact recently, Webb shook his head. "My," he said, "how strenuous!"

I don't know how much Mr. Cronin's essay cost MODERN SCREEN. It cost me the friendship of a young man I liked very much. I don't know how widely believed it was. I have heard that a denial never catches up with an allegation. If that is so, this article of mine won't be very effective.

But there are one or two things, I think, to be said for *my* side of the Terry Moore legend. Mine is a first-hand account, not a second-hand.

I don't mean to sound holier-than-thou. Mr. Cronin's suppositions about my attitude toward the so-called "sex build-up" (I much prefer to think of it as glamour) are not entirely in error. To be perfectly honest, when I was typed as a 100 per cent Campfire Girl, I looked with envy on this sort of thing. And if I am again fitted for a blue jean bit, I may envy this and want it again. (I am, of course, speaking professionally, as an actress, not as a person; that should go without saying, although it doesn't always.)

No, I am hurt only secondarily by what was incorrect or twisted in this "report." My basic sense of outrage—and believe me, I say this not from personal rancor but from a grievance of principle—is that I was hit from the dark, where I could not dodge or strike back END

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(*Continued from page 31*) "She was furious. She said she had heard nothing about a scandal. No magazine was going to run her life. If she wanted to kiss Lex Barker off, she'd do it. If she wanted to marry him, she'd do that, too. Who was MODERN SCREEN to tell her what to do?

"Immediately, I bought a copy and read the article. It seemed fair enough to me, because it is true that when Lex and Lana arrived in Europe, many people thought they must be married. When they learned that they weren't, there was a great deal of talk. That's what the article said, and it was correct.

"Lana knew before she left the States that if she wandered all over Europe with Lex there would be plenty of gossip. Her studio warned her against it. Her agent warned her against it. Publicity men told her it wouldn't look good. Schemes were worked out. Maybe Lex should travel under an assumed name. Maybe it should be said that he was going to Europe to organize an independent film company.

"Responsible executives knew that Lana and Lex could not travel together with impunity. But Lana has defied advice all her life. Characteristically, she insisted upon touring Europe with Lex.

"When MODERN SCREEN broke the story of their journey and its effect on movie fans overseas, Lana must have known in her heart that she shouldn't have scoffed at her advisers.

"In the meantime, she started work on *The Flame And The Flesh* in London, while Lex went to work on a picture in Italy. Now, make no mistake about Lex. He always wanted to marry Lana, and he always said so. I guess he called long distance every day from Italy. Certainly he must have investigated all the legal angles concerning marriage there.

"A funny thing. While Lex was pressuring for marriage, Lana kept telling newspapermen in London that she and Lex were just good friends, that she did not contemplate marriage in the near future. Now, I honestly think she meant that. I don't think she intended to marry Lex. I think the one thing that crystallized her plans was that article in MODERN SCREEN.

"She would marry Lex, and then where would MODERN SCREEN be? I think the magazine helped her resolve the decision. Of course, Lex flew in one weekend and met her in Maidenhead, and I guess that's when they really decided. But I honestly feel that if she hadn't read that story, these two would not be married.

"Maybe I'm crazy but I know Lana fairly well. She's a creature of moods and quick decisions."

HOW much or how little MODERN SCREEN had to do with Lana Turner's decision to marry Lex Barker in Turin, Italy, on September 7, no one will ever know. But after denying for months that she planned to get married, Lana went ahead and did it for the fifth time. She certainly didn't do it to spite this magazine. She did it for love and because she is afraid of loneliness and always has been.

Like her fourth wedding ceremony to Henry "Bob" Topping in 1948, this one was distinguished by confusion. It was supposed to be a secret. It turned out to be as secret as the Alps.

On a Friday, Lex and Lana visited the State Attorney's office in Turin and applied for a marriage license. This move was tantamount to buying spot announcements on every radio network in the world.

It gave the clerks the entire weekend in which to tell their friends that the American film stars planned to get married.

As soon as that license was filed, the news was flashed everywhere. News associations wired their offices in Italy to send reporters and photographers to the City Hall in Turin. They knew the lovers would have a civil ceremony, since Italy is a Catholic country, and the Catholic Church does not recognize divorce.

Incredible as it may sound, Lana and Lex imagined that when they slipped into the City Hall on Monday, the only witnesses to their wedding would be their two lawyers, Luciano Salza and Guido Abrasino, and the man who was performing the ceremony, Municipal Assessor Emilio Bachi.

In fact, they had left their three children (by previous marriages) at the *Villa Prima Sole,* in order not to attract too much attention.

Lana even covered her face with a handkerchief as she slipped into the City Hall with Lex not far behind. Surprise of surprises! The City Hall was jammed with eager, waiting, clamoring photographers.

Lex raged at the photographers. Lana screamed, "Get out. We don't want any photographers. All of you get out." The photographers merely grinned and began shooting. "If the photographers don't get out of here," she threatened, "I just won't get married." The men bore down on Lana. They ganged up so close to her that she flung herself at an open window to get a breath of fresh air. The Italian lensmen refused to be denied. They began to wave copies of the Italian legal code which permits them "picture rights."

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FINALLY Lana agreed to pose for pictures, and the brief ceremony got under way. Emilio Bachi, who officiated, wore a green, white, and red sash—the colors of Italy—and translated the proceedings into English.

Showing very little emotion, Lex and Lana exchanged shield-shaped gold rings. Instead of placing them on the third finger of the left hand, they slipped the rings on the little fingers. They seemed anxious to get the whole thing done.

Lana, who has dyed her hair back to its original brunette, wore a pearl grey dress, a ribbon of the same color tied around her hair, a long, orange topcoat, black, lacquered sandals, and a double strand of pearls.

Lex wore a blue summer suit and a black tie. At one point in the ceremony when Lana said, "I will," she grasped Lex by the wrist and pressed her handkerchief to her mouth. That was the only unusual bit of action in the proceedings.

Lana gave her age as thirty-two and Lex gave his as thirty-four.

After the ceremony, the couple kissed, then hurried into their car, and were driven to the *Villa Prima Sole* (First Daylight) some fifteen miles outside Turin where Lana's ten-year-old daughter, Cheryl, was playing around a fishpond with Barker's two children, Lynn, also ten, and Alexander, six. The villa is owned by a wealthy Italian textile manufacturer who turned it over to the newlyweds.

They spent their wedding night there, but they were disturbed by telephoning newspapermen. Lex answered the phone.

The following day the United States Consulate in Turin absolved itself of all legal responsibility for the Barker-Turner marriage. It is customary for United States citizens abroad to inform the consulate when they decide to take such a step as marriage. But Lex and Lana, of course, are not customary people.

In fact, several Italian officials are still wondering how Lex got anyone to marry him and Lana in Turin. According to article 89 of the Italian Civil Code, 300 days must elapse before a woman's divorce becomes final and she is entitled to marry again. Lana received her Nevada divorce on December 15, 1952. She was married to Barker on September 7, 1953, two months earlier than Italian law permits.

One Italian lawyer explains that "the law in Italy, particularly as interpreted by the courts in Turin, is extremely elastic. Don't forget that it was in Turin that Roberto Rossellini cleared his way to marry Ingrid Bergman. Besides, Mr. and Mrs. Barker are American citizens, and their lawyers requested an exemption from the statute in question, and it was granted. There is no doubt about it. For better or for worse, these two people are legally married."

All of Lana's fans, and she has millions, certainly hope that the legality of her fifth marriage is never questioned. The legality of her second marriage was. Lawyers discovered that she was married to a man who already had a wife. Steve Crane had told Lana that he was divorced. He wasn't. After legally ridding herself of Steve, Lana married him again in Tijuana.

LANA has been impetuous all her life. This readiness to obey impulse, this constant putting of heart before mind, is the reason for so much marital disaster. But perhaps with Lex, her luck has turned.

Certainly, they enjoyed a good honeymoon. After one night at *Villa Prima Sole* they put their children on the train to Paris while they drove.

It is rather difficult to have a honeymoon and look after your children properly at the same time. In Paris, Lana had a talk with her mother, Mildred Turner.

Mildred had brought Cheryl over to London and had stayed at the Dorchester with the child. When Lana went off to Turin for her marriage, Mildred had remained behind in Lana's Paris apartment.

"I had a very bad cold," she explained, "and my doctor wouldn't let me go to the wedding. But when Lex and Lana got to Paris, we talked things over, and we decided that it would be best if I flew home with the children. For a while, Lana had thought she would put Cheryl in school in Switzerland, but you know how plans change.

"I took the three children and we lef Paris one Saturday. Sunday, we were back in Beverly Hills. I turned the two Barke children over to their mother, and Cheryl had dinner with her father in his new Luau restaurant. By Monday all three kids were in school.

"Lex and Lana were very happy when I left them in Paris. I don't know how long their honeymoon was, because there were conferences about her new picture, the one she's making with Gable, *Th True And The Brave.*

"Anyway, she has a lovely apartment. It's a new one, and new apartments are rare in Paris. I certainly hope they're going to be happy. All brides should be happy."

In Hollywood, as usual, everyone is asking how long Lana's fifth marriage will last. One columnist says that disenchantment has set in, already. This particular newspaperwoman believes that Lana married Lex because she couldn't get out of it. She, too, believes that the aforementioned MODERN SCREEN story, plus several others, made Lana realize that she could not flout public opinion. She attributes the marriage to expediency, not to love.

This, of course, is the pessimistic view. Some observers believe that the marriage will last as long as three or four years.

No one—and this is a sorry observation—expects that this will be Lana's last marriage. In fact, one week after the lovers arrived in Paris, Sheilah Graham said in her column: "Lex Barker hired a press agent in Paris to keep his marriage on an even keel. Because, believe it or not, there are rumors already."

At Lana's studio, the official reaction to her marriage was, "No comment."

Arlene Dahl, Lex's second wife, was a bit more talkative. She said, "I'm sure they're going to be very happy. They are exactly right for each other."

When a girl's toes stick out of the shoes, she's in style. When mine stick out I'm a bum.

Arthur Godfrey

One of the basic truths about Lex and Lana is that they are faithful, constant lovers. In each of her marriages, Lana has played fair. She has never flirted, never suffered from a marital disease, known as "the roving eye." The same is true of Barker. With his first wife, Connie Thurlow, he was the epitome of fidelity. Ditto with Arlene Dahl.

WHY then, do these two people count five divorces and one annulment between them?

The sad answer is that Lana never tired of her husbands. With the exception of Steve Crane, they tired of her.

Lex's two wives felt much the same way about him. Arlene Dahl, in fact, claims that she never wanted to marry Lex in the first place, but that she finally and regretfully succumbed to external pressures.

Since Lex and Lana are extremely well attuned to each other, and since they have learned a great deal from experience, it may well be that their marriage will last much longer than anyone expects.

"The key," according to one of Hollywood's leading agents, "may lie in the success or failure of Barker's acting career. Lana, of course, is a big success and has been for years. It is almost impossible for two acting careers to thrive, side by side, in the same household. The rate of progress varies with individuals. And after twenty-five years in Hollywood, I've come to one conclusion; the most dangerous occupation known to man is marrying a successful motion picture star. Look at the men who have tried it. These guys couldn't make a go of it. Is Lex Barker better than any of these, more tolerant, more understanding, more knowing?

"With all my heart, I hope he is. In my mind, however, I know he ain't."

In short, everyone in Hollywood wishes Lex and Lana loads of good luck, and this is not an idle platitude. If ever two people deserved and needed luck, these are the handsome, charming, wonderful two. **END**

(*Lex Barker can now be seen in Warners'* Thunder Over The Plains.)

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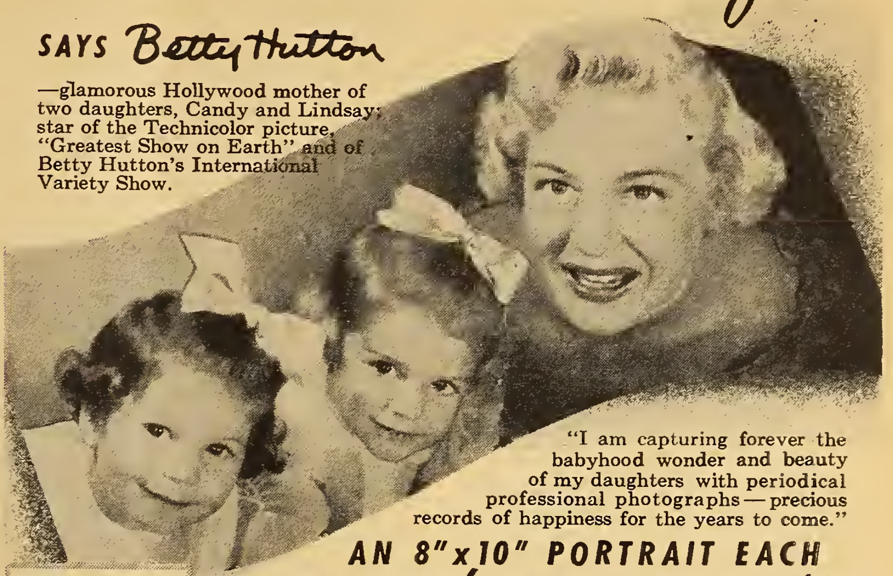

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this is a monster?

(*Continued from page 41*) believable. Late in the summer, for example, he was seated in the 20th Century-Fox commissary denying to a reporter that his responsibilities as a husband and father rested heavily on him. He intimated pretty strongly that he went his own sweet way avoiding completely the cares and troubles of domesticity. Just then his wife, Dorothy, phoned.

Like millions of American mothers with frayed nerves, praying for strength to hold out until mischief-laden children were back in their classrooms, Dorothy thought she wasn't going to make it. Their two sons, Jim, twelve, and Chris, ten, had been in her hair ever since they got up. "And I can't stand it any more!" she ended.

Now Bob was in the middle of shooting *River Of No Return*, with Marilyn Monroe and Rory Calhoun. Because of injuries to both Marilyn and Rory the picture was behind schedule and the whole company was working hard to catch up. Besides, Bob was Bob. Was he going to let Dorothy dump two rambunctious boys on him?

Naturally not. Naturally he would shrug off his wife's plea and say, "Too bad. We all have our troubles. Right now I'm busy and the kids are yours." You leaned back and waited for him to say it.

But he didn't. Dutifully and considerately, he talked to his wife. "All right," he said. "Throw the boys into the car and send them to the studio. I'll take care of them for the rest of the day."

What's this, a new angle on Bob? You ask him and he dismisses your query with a wave of his hand. "Ah, they won't bother me. I won't even know they're here."

But it isn't a new angle. It's an old angle and it's becoming obvious. It's repeated too often. When Bob went to Canada, to Banff and Jasper National Park for the outdoor scenes in *River Of No Return*, he took Dorothy and their baby daughter, eighteen-month-old Petrene. A Hollywood resident on the same train said he saw Bob many times, holding the baby on his shoulder and lulling her to sleep, seating her on his lap in the dining car and carefully feeding her, and shepherding Dorothy and the baby every time they walked through the train.

"It's a brand new life with every breath I draw," Bob is fond of saying. "Who can worry about things?" This is the popular conception of him—a fellow who lives for himself, who doesn't know what's going on around him, and doesn't care. There was a director on one of Bob's pictures who believed this. When an electrician up on a catwalk accidentally shifted a floodlight noisily during the filming of a scene, the director furiously ordered that he be fired on the spot. No one suspected that Bob, languidly breaking out of his role, was paying the slightest attention to what was going on. But when the electrician walked off the set Bob reached for his coat and lazily strolled away, too.

The director chased after him. "Where are you going?" he demanded. "I haven't called a break yet. We're not through with the scene!"

Bob kept on walking. "You haven't got a crew," he said, without even turning his head. "Can't make a picture without a crew."

"We've got a crew!" the director ranted. "There! Look back."

"Not a *com*plete crew," said Bob. "Can't make a picture without a *com*plete *crew*."

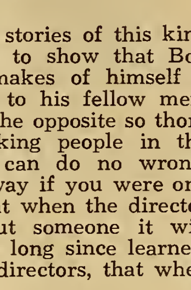
The director wasn't stupid. He didn't have to mull over Bob's words to get the idea, but he was an egotist (which he isn't any more, by the way) and no actor was going to get the best of him. He reported Bob to the studio heads. The studio heads held a meeting and made a decision. Late that afternoon the director's assistant knocked on Bob's door. The crew, a "complete" crew was waiting to go ahead. But Bob hadn't finished yet. The assistant director relayed Bob's question to the director.

"Mr. Mitchum wants to know if it is a happy crew," he said. "Mr. Mitchum thinks it's unwise to work with a crew unless every member of it is happy."

The director threw up his hands and that was the beginning of his reformation. He apologized to the electrician whom he had already restored to his job. Word was sent to Bob who returned without the slightest hint in his expression that anything unusual had happened.

There are dozens of stories of this kind that could be told to show that Bob fabricates when he makes of himself a hard case, insensitive to his fellow men. He has demonstrated the opposite so thoroughly that the working people in the studios feel that he can do no wrong. You'd feel the same way if you were one of them and knew that when the director feels like bawling out someone it will never be you. He has long since learned, as have all Mitchum directors, that when he loses his temper the safest fellow to yell at is Bob himself. All that happens then is that Bob yells back. But if the director turns on someone he doesn't consider important enough to defend himself, and especially when his wrath takes an unreasonable direction, he may have to close up shop. His star may take a walk.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was having dinner at my aunt's home in Westport, Connecticut, when my cousin, who is a policeman there, came into the house and shouted, "Ma, put on some more macaroni. We have company."

My aunt was delighted to welcome Tyrone Power and Linda Christian. They were playing at a Westport theatre, and had asked my cousin where to find a good place to eat. Naturally, he took them home!

Joseph Assante
Bronx, New York

This is not the complete story of Bob in his relationship to those with whom he lives and works. This would class him as just another of those stars who defend the small fry because they like to be known as "very democratic." With Bob this sort of pose is unnecessary. Without trying, he is as democratic as an old pair of socks. By instinct, he is for the little guy, but he is not unaware that the big guy has a job to do, too. He has been steadily gaining stature in the eyes of his directors because when the moment comes for the cameras to roll—he delivers.

To say that his acting is good is to enter the realm of opinion. To reveal that he spends from two to four weeks with every script, studying it until he knows not only every word, but all the flavors they could possibly come in, is just repeating somebody's claim. To add that a lot of people think he should have his name on some of his scripts as a writer because he has contributed so much to the dialogue and plot, is quoting opinion again. But there are some facts about his value as an actor which can be given in the form of cold figures.

He practically never misses a line. In *River Of No Return* he had 184 speeches and delivered every one without a flub. A more exciting demonstration of his amazing memory took place during the filming of *White Witch Doctor* in which he starred opposite Susan Hayward. The script required that he speak a whole page of dialogue in Bakuba, an African dialect. His speech was typed out phonetically in English and handed to him at nine o'clock in the morning. To one unfamiliar with Bakuba, as Bob was, it meant nothing but a couple of hundred odd, guttural sounds. A half hour later he was in front of the camera, tearing off his speech without a mistake, and without any idea of what any sound meant.

There is no use in trying to get Bob to admit that he is a pretty good fellow, hard working, and with decent instincts in his possession. You can't even trap him into it. "Say, I heard that you had a good record when you worked at Lockheed before you got into pictures," a cameraman once told him—almost accusingly. "You were there more than a year. You couldn't have been as breezy and unconcerned as you keep pretending."

"Aw, they only kept me on because I was frozen on the job by war regulations," Bob replied. "I was horrible."

Yet, some of the fellows who worked with Bob at Lockheed remember that after starting as an unskilled hand he was soon in charge of fifteen men. You don't get supervisory jobs like that lounging around and ducking your responsibilities.

Bob's wild and incriminatory stories about himself give interviewers a weird time. Last winter, a reporter spent two hours with him over a luncheon table and failed to get one statement from Bob that wouldn't be practically libelous if it were printed. He finally put away his pencil and pad with the weary remark that he hadn't a thing to write—the interview was a failure. For the first time since they had sat down, Bob grew serious.

"You're stuck, huh?" he asked.

"Sure," the reporter replied. "There's nothing here I can use."

"Tell you what," offered Bob. "Come to dinner at my home. Sit down with the family. Talk to anyone. Look at anything you want to. Ask anything you like. If I don't make sense ask my wife, the boys, the maid. Somebody ought to give you a straight answer."

Sometime later a friend asked the reporter if he had had the dinner with Bob.

"I did," the reporter said. "I got a good story of Bob as he is with his family, when he is relaxed and at home. And when it was time to go he realized it was cold outside and I had come without a topcoat. He insisted on lending me one of his. But I had to promise not to put *that* in the story."

All over Hollywood, you run across fellows with little tales like that. There is the publicity man at RKO who was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. He knew Bob but didn't hear from him until the day he was getting ready to leave the hospital. Then the telephone rang.

"What do you plan to do now?" Bob wanted to know.

"Oh, go home and recuperate for a week or so before I go back to work," was the reply.

"How are you going to recuperate?" Bob asked. "You're a bachelor and you live alone. You'll probably bust your stitches trying to wait on yourself. What you'd better do is come to my place till you're on your feet. I've got a wife and a maid. They'll take care of you."

It's a typical Mitchum gesture, but typically, nobody knew about it till the publicity man let it slip in an unguarded moment. Anyone who works with Bob knows that these are things he doesn't want spread about. If you ask his secretary, Reva Fredericks, she'll tell you, laughingly, that he is a monster. But Reva is one of the best-informed and most capable secretaries in Hollywood and she doesn't have to stay with Bob Mitchum. Everyone knows she has been called by every agent in town to come to work for one of their stars at twice the salary Bob can afford to pay her. Why doesn't she leave "the monster"? Her answer is "No comment." But other people have already commented. They say her employer is soft and easy-going whereas the average star reacts to professional worries by turning into a nervous, carping taskmaker. No one has ever seen Bob nervous or in a tantrum.

Little by little, Hollywood is catching on to the well known Mitchum and the little known Mitchum. And Bob is becoming aware of it, too. His attitude that nothing is important, much less himself, earns the skeptical stare more often than not. But he still keeps on. A man who has known him ever since he came to Hollywood pointed out that he must keep on.

"Bob, in a sense, is the victim of his intelligence," said this friend. "If he were a less intelligent man he could accept his fabulous rise as a natural consequence of superior artistry and talent. But Bob can't fool himself that way. He remembers exactly how much luck had to do with it and he knows that if it were not for a few fortunate twists of fate he still might be living in the chicken coop he had to clean and cover with tar paper for his bride when they first came to California. When Bob waxes cynical he is hooting at his own success. Bob, the man, loves to rib Bob, the star, maybe to make sure they both keep their feet on the ground." **END**

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friend of the family

(*Continued from page* 51) encroaching jungle of wild orchids and gardenias. Up the street, you must drive carefully or risk getting hit by Bob Mitchum as he backs out the trailer he keeps in front of his $75,000 hut. The next hazard is a pair of oversize dogs, a boxer and a police dog, who roam the area, looking for people who do not belong there. They belong to Vic Mature, who also makes life dangerous for trespassers by pitching practice golf balls up the canyon. Relatively few people are hardy enough to reach the top by the ancient road that leads to the many-acred estate of June Allyson and Dick Powell.

Esther and Ben have the best, the most authentic Early American farmhouse we've ever seen (and we've seen enough to start a new New England.) They don't have a bed George Washington slept in, but they have everything else. They have a pool so big the tides come and go in it. It's a far cry from the one in which Esther broke cement every time she took two strokes.

You've heard about the homes of movie stars? Well, let me tell *you!*

This one has a television set in every room, a projection room built in for home movies. It has two nurseries for the children. And yet, it's a home where an embroidered sampler would not be amiss.

There's no butler who precedes Esther as she comes into the room, to announce: "Miss Esther Williams, MGM star of *Easy To Love* and other extravaganzas." No, Esther and Ben are, despite the million-dollar atmosphere, plain "folks."

One time Jim had a golf date with Ben, and he brought along his father, who is a retired businessman from Cleveland. Jim's dad didn't care much for traipsing around a golf course, so he readily accepted Esther's invitation to hang around the pool, while the boys played golf. She entertained him all afternoon, chatting and swimming and diving.

Later, as Jim and his dad were driving home, the elder Backus exclaimed, "Say, that girl who's married to the tall feller with the cigar—she can really swim. Now, if she'd like to come on back to Cleveland for a spell, we might fix it so she could give an exhibition at the Athletic Club. I'd buy her a dinner and maybe she could do herself some good."

ESTHER and Ben are constant party-givers and will use any excuse to invite over eight or ten people. Esther will go out and buy a beautiful housecoat, say, and next thing you know, she's on the phone inviting us over for a costume party: "Everybody come over and wear housecoats and pajamas!"

Then, out of the deep freeze comes a beautiful buffet supper. She's an excellent cook, specializing in American and Americanized dishes. A typical buffet might be ham and turkey, strawberries Romanoff, a salad (we've kidded her by calling it "salad with chlorine roquefort dressing right out of the pool") and later, coffee and a great pie, homemade *à la* E. Williams.

You can get waffles all day long at the Gages, but one thing you'll never get is seafood. They don't dig it. Once, they found us sitting over a seafood dinner and Esther asked, in awe: "What are you eating? Live bait?"

At a typical party, you may find Janet Blair (whom we all call "Poo") and her new husband, Nick Mayo, Virginia Bruce and Ali Ipar, Donna Reed and Tony Owen, David and Jane Wayne, Dick and Winnie Wesson, the Backuses (who else?) and Dr. Raymond La Scola, the babies' pediatrician. At one party in the backyard, the good doctor and Esther roasted individual squabs for each of us. We had wild rice, garlic toast, *that* salad and Cherries Jubilee.

The men wore blue jeans and the gals, pinafores. Ben showed up in a white suit. Jim took one look at the long man in white and dubbed him "The Good Humor Man." I noticed his vanilla was dragging. Esther wondered, "Where are your chimes?"

Then we saw some color movies of their trip to Hawaii, and behind-the-scenes film of Esther's two films, *Pagan Love Song* and *Fiesta.*

For one Photographers' Ball in Hollywood, Esther and Ben had our whole gang dress up as waitresses and waiters from their restaurant, The Trails. There were eight men and eight girls. We used dark make-up from head to toe, and the girls wore pretty, dainty, revealing costumes. We may not have been the most elegant gals there, but we certainly overpowered the rest of Hollywood's great names by sheer numbers.

Incidentally, Keenan Wynn was in our group. He had worked all day, and then it took him five hours to get his make-up on. He wore white eyebrows and a white mustache over jet black make-up. Jim took a look at him and screamed: "Man, you look like a negative!" A photographer came and snapped our pictures, and then poor Keenan collapsed from sheer fatigue. We dragged him home and off to bed. After five hours of arduous make-up application, he never did get to the party. Esther

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never runs out of ideas for costume parties. Once, when she appeared to be stumped, Jim laughed her out of it by suggesting she marinate herself and come as a herring.

PARTIES for sheer fun aren't Esther's only hobby. Each year she is hostess for fund-raising affairs for babies blind from birth. All the stars help her, but she is the sparkplug. Moreover, she devotes many hours a week teaching these children to swim, and she donated a pool. Jim does lots of charity work during the year, and when they are needed, Esther and Ben always rally around.

Esther loves to laugh, even at her own expense. Jim once said: "She's the only hostess I'm afraid of. I saw her hug Ben and break three of his ribs!"

And when Jim called her "the world's wealthiest barracuda," her laughter was the loudest.

There's a running gag about Esther's housekeeping instincts. She never comes to our house when she doesn't hang up her coat, roll up her sleeves and start emptying ashtrays, carrying trash to the incinerator and tidying up even where everything has just been tidied. At such times, Jim will say: "Esther, why don't you go down to the garage and bring up two cases of soft drinks? Oh, and on your way back, don't forget to mow the lawn!"

She'll be on her way before she lets out a roar of laughter and cries: "Hey, what am I doing?" Anent the same trait, Jim says, "After Esther started coming to our home, I laid off the gardener!"

She's always lecturing me on what she calls my "silly, New York extravagances." She tells me ways to save money and urges me to be thrifty. For instance, I never have learned to drive a car, so I spend a fortune on cabs when Jim isn't around to chauffeur me. Once, exasperated with me, she said, "Henny is the only person in the world who takes cabs to a drive-in!"

Esther is a great floor sitter, and an articulate gesticulator, waving her arms, jumping up, striding and plopping down again during the narration of an anecdote. She also takes off her glasses when she swings into action. While she is "back-stroking" a story, she has broken a pair of glasses a day.

But neither that, nor anything else, ever makes her lose her temper. She's generally as sunny as a wheatfield in the noonday sun. When she's really annoyed, she may cluck her tongue and say: "Oh, honestly!" She prides herself (and who wouldn't?) on her self-control.

SHE loves to play tricks, but we've never known a practical joke by Esther to hurt anyone. When Jim first became the judge on the *I Married Joan* TV show, the shooting schedule was rugged. In one episode, I played Jim's secretary while Joan Davis played his wife.

When Esther heard this arrangement, she quipped: "Why don't you announce yourself as Jim's Other Wife from now on?"

During that tough schedule, we usually got home after midnight pretty tired. One night, we shuffled into our enlarged cracker box (really, it's lovely) and found it shipshape. Candlelight softened our dining room. The table was set, and the aroma of good cooking emanated from the kitchen.

Ben and Esther had stopped by, found us not at home, broken into our house, cleaned it, cooked the meal and set the table for our arrival. Now that's a trick we'd like to have played on us every day. If she had the time, don't think Esther wouldn't do it.

When Jim and I returned from summer stock in August, Esther had taken a photo still of a scene from *Julius Caesar* in which I played the Citizeness, had it blown up to mural size and papered one wall of my studio with it.

Summer stock, too, was Esther's idea.

At the end of last season, Jim broke his toe in a nosedive into our sunken living room. He broke more than that; he broke both our hearts. Jim was to have taken advantage of the summer hiatus of *I Married Joan*, to appear opposite Judy Holliday in *A Name For Herself*. The accident killed that golden opportunity and about three other good roles.

We were mooning over our fate in Esther's house, and it was getting late. The later it got, the more morose Jim got. Esther wouldn't let us feel low, but at the same time, this could have been an all-night crying session.

"All right, Buster," said Esther to Jim, "what are you playing now? *The Man Who Came To Dinner?*" Without a second's hesitation, she continued: "And say, that's a great idea!"

It was. The wheelchair role of Sheridan Whiteside was tailored for Jim, and I went along to co-star as Maggie Cutler in the Rabbit Run Theatre's production of the great George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play. We broke all records, but we'd have just been sitting and squawking if it hadn't been for Esther.

Esther is very un-movie star with her friends. It's heartwarming. We've never seen Esther "pull her rank" on anybody. Once in a while, she puts on her schoolteacher face, especially when she sees youngsters out very late, hunting autographs. She admonishes them for not being home in bed. Even then, she's more solicitous than stern.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

When I was three years old, I was on a train with my parents. My mother took me into the dining car and ordered our breakfast. Then she had to leave me at the table for a few minutes and go back to our car. While she was away, I started to cry.

When she returned to the table, Robert Taylor was holding me on his lap, feeding me my breakfast.

Patricia McMahon
Washington, D. C.

Once she got solicitous and schoolteacherish about Jim. It was Jim's first day at Metro, where he was making a picture.

Jim was still at the make-up table at eight in the morning, when Esther bounced onto the set and buttonholed the director.

"Now, I want you to let me know how Jim is doing. It's his first day and I want everything to go right. If there's anything he doesn't do right, let me know. If there's anything—" and so on. Jim slipped off the years and felt like a kid on his first day at school.

IF ESTHER is a devoted friend, she is a more devoted wife and mother. You must have read reams about her in this respect. We can only add, "Amen." To us, Esther is a Brahms lullaby played by Stan Kenton.

Esther's children round out the happiest, best-adjusted woman we know. She loves every minute of every day. She loves acting, swimming, her husband, her children, her home life, her social life, doing things with her hands, knitting, sewing, cooking, reading—but most of all, she loves to laugh.

She gets a big boot out of Jim's characterization of "Mr. McGoo" which won two Academy Award nominations for cartoons for Jim. The nearsighted old dodger peers into a washing machine (GE, says Jim), looks at the thrashing water and says: "Oh, that Esther Williams, what a sleek tuna—puts on a fine show." Esther throws back her head and roars.

And we've laughed over "girly" stuff. We discovered that the Gages and the Backuses own the same silver pattern, the same glassware, the same china. Since then, we pool our stuff whenever either tosses a big party. It takes us hours after a party to sort the "B" monograms from the "G". Last Christmas, we received three dozen demitasse cups from Esther and Ben. Jim says it's only because Esther could then borrow them for a big wingding.

Esther is very generous. Every time a new swimsuit comes on the market, she gets one for me. I now have the best swimming wardrobe in the country. For a girl who can't swim a stroke, that's pretty good. (Says Jim: "In fact, I think she sinks.")

When I worked at Metro in *Caesar*, Esther was on location and she turned over her sumptuous dressing room to me. She'd arrive at five, go into the dressing room and leave notes of instruction (how to behave on the lot, how to turn on the shower, etc.) all over the place. It was an eye-opener each day, to arrive at seven, to find that Esther had been in, and had gone to location two hours before I arrived.

She is always tipping me to rare bargains, for which she has an uncanny nose, has Esther. Her home is filled with good buys in rare antiques, pressed glass and other articles. She does her own marketing when she can, buys her own clothes and every second best-selling book. I buy the other best-sellers, so we can swap. It's a good thing, for neither of us ever gives anything back.

She's the only athlete I know who doesn't particularly care for spectator sports. So, when the men are off golfing, Esther and I are home knitting, chattering or cooking.

EFFICIENCY is another trait of Esther's. She and Ben love to travel, and can be ready to go anywhere in five minutes.

It seems that everything they own zips up and has a handle. She has every conceivable traveling gadget including a lightweight picnic basket, so they can eat on the run. We were at their home once when she received a phone call to fill in at a benefit for someone who just couldn't make it. Within minutes, it seemed, they were on the plane for San Francisco.

Esther can take spoofing; her sense of humor about herself is legend. Yet, she can give as well as take. She doesn't wisecrack at the expense of others. She's too kind to capitalize on another's misfortunes for the sake of a yock. But she can ad lib an unforgettable line.

Once, she was called to do a benefit at which every show business personality was present. There were Berle, Benny, Thomas, Kaye and many another comedy "great" preceding her on the bill. Stars, who just came on to take a bow and flit, were making the audience hostile when there were so many good "entertainers" waiting. It was a tough spot for Esther. She walked out to face the waiting audience. It was awfully quiet out.

"Now," she said, calmly, "if you'll just flood the joint, I'll go into my act!"

She waltzed off to a thunderous ovation.

That's our Esther Williams, the greatest gal in town. And we love her. Why shouldn't we? We're ahead three "G"-monogrammed forks, two glasses, a best-seller . . . and our ashtrays are the cleanest in Hollywood! END

actors are a dime a dozen

(*Continued from page 56*) Then I might have had *High Noon*. I don't know. They looked around for years for a young Gary Cooper, then settled on Gary Cooper. But who can tell?"

As for the anyone-can-act proposition, Robertson hadn't meant that anyone can be a star. "What I do say is that workaday acting, journeyman acting, is one of the four or five easiest things in the world, and the people who make a good living from it should say a hundred thank-you's every night before they go to bed. Instead, some of them actually go temperamental and kick up a ruckus, never remembering they won't be missed around here. Now, if you're a cameraman or a make-up artist or an effects man, you might get away with it. Those people are specialists and they *would* be missed. But actors, generally speaking—except the genius and the established boxoffice draw—are a dime a dozen. So a guy has talent? So has another guy, waiting just outside the door. Besides, what's talent? There are players around this town with exactly one-and-a-half expressions that draw $150,000 a picture, or a hundred thousand per expression, and you know who they are. Me, I'm going to go right on practicing with my left arm."

Robertson apparently was not being self-deprecatory. A man with a rather heavy, masculine face, he has several more than one-and-a-half expressions plus a wide and unquestioned appeal for at least two audiences: the young and the admirers of virile, outdoor fare. They should serve him for a good many years to come.

"I'd play drawing-room stuff if they asked me. They dish it out, I take it. But I wouldn't like it."

Nor is it probable he will be asked to take it or to like it. The present formula is keeping the stockholders happy, both at RKO and at 20th Century-Fox, Robertson's home lot.

"You know something?" Robertson resumed after a moment's thought. "If you see a guy display temperament, you're looking at a stupid guy. And an insecure guy, too. They're like barking dogs. A dog that'll bark at you isn't going to bite you. That's the oldest saw in the world, I know, but what I'm trying to say, is the dog's trying to tell you not to call his bluff because that's all he's got—a bluff. He doesn't want a showdown and that's his way of trying to prevent it. Keep coming at him and he'll beat it. I've worked with a director like that, and there was only one thing in the world wrong with him. He didn't know his business. So he had to keep that showdown at arm's length. The dog to look out for is the baby that just peels back his upper lip and looks at you."

Robertson, as most of his friends know, possesses a cracker-barrel wit, abetted by an adenoidal Oklahoma delivery, not unlike that of a friend and sponsor of his youth, Will Rogers.

He launched into a disquisition on sidearms that for a moment, gave a passing impression that Robertson had got himself mixed up with one of his film portrayals. But his knowledge of pistols and firing techniques is authentic, the product of long study and practice. He said he could beat to the draw a man who had him covered, not because of any special manual fleetness but because his reflex in the matter would be aggressive, whereas the other's would be static. He derided the film gunman who fires like a man hammering nails. Seems you can't hit anything that way.

Robertson may have forebodings of career mortality, but he'll be around for a spell, anyway. Should his business venture set him up comfortably for life, he would not check out of pictures. "Out of *acting*, maybe. But I'm crazy about this business. I went to enough trouble getting into it so why get out till I have to? There's writing, directing, producing, a lot of other angles. But *acting*—" He shrugged as his old nemesis rose to confront him again.

On the whole, this represents a change of thinking on Robertson's part. As recently as a few months ago, his intimates believed that pictures to him were strictly a means to an end, the end being to return to Oklahoma and pick up the breeding of horses where he left off. He has not forsaken horses, but the horses will have to come to Hollywood, now. As of the last available returns, he was maintaining only four in California while fifty-odd cavorted on a friend's ranch back home, waiting for him to send them their train fare.

Perhaps the best male authority on Robertson away from the screen is actor Kit Carson, his best friend in Hollywood. The Robertsons—Mrs. Robertson was Jacqueline Wilson—spend a lot of evenings at the Carsons' home, playing canasta or chess or charades, and Carson has deposed at various times that Robertson is pretty fair at the first two and a brilliant livingroom mime—"the only evidence that he is an actor by profession." Despite his light lunches, Robertson eats like a rhino when the mood is on him, having tucked away on a recent evening *chez* Carson half a chicken, a fried steak, cream gravy, mashed potatoes and two quarts of milk. "He wasn't breathing very hard when he finished," Carson recalled. On the beverage detail, Robertson's a no-liquor-no-coffee man but will belt down a Coke if the party is on the unrestrained side. His golf, which he has been working on for only a couple of years, is good and getting better. Carson believes that Robertson may give his business manager severe headaches. In theory, he lives on a modest allowance his manager doles out to him, but in practice he is chronically overdrawn, due to a weakness for certain charities. He is bitterly opposed to neckties, which he claims shut off his windpipe, but Mrs. Robertson is breaking him to that saddle by stages. The Robertsons have a little daughter, Rochelle, closing in on twenty months. The other day, she said "Howdy," just as Robertson has been drilling it into her.

Today's best laugh: On Bob Hope's show Zsa Zsa ("Moulin Rouge") Gabor mentioned she was wearing a new gown because she might be stepping out. "You," said the wide-eyed Hope, "haven't far to step."
Earl Wilson
N. Y. Post

"It used to be," Robertson said over his third flagon of milk, "I'd say 'Howdy' and she'd say 'Daddy.' Now I say 'Daddy' and she says 'Howdy.' We'll get together yet." He had a few seconds of normal parental worry. "You know, you should have seen her at our party the other night. For the first time, I thought she looked beautiful. I've always thought she was a *cute* baby but never beautiful until then. You know, another thing, I hope she'll grow up to be tall. I mean, five-five, five-six, even five-seven, something like that. Small girls, small women, are cute but the real beauties—" he made an all-encompassing gesture, "—have that *height*."

Robertson was born with quite a flossy handle—Dayle LyMoine Robertson—which he curtailed and edited "as soon as I was old enough to read."

He went to school in Oklahoma City, graduated from Oklahoma Military College in Claremore, and met Will Rogers, a friend of his parents. Something almost

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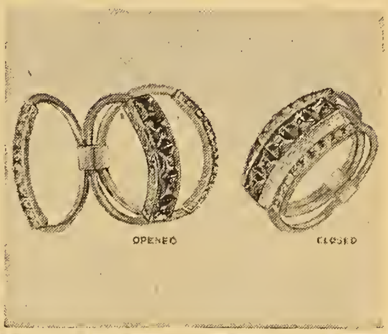

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came of that. Rogers wanted to take the young Dale to Hollywood at a time when he, Robertson, was just learning to rope and bulldog on the family ranch. The upshot was that the Robertsons decided he wasn't quite ready for it but they did mention dramatics school to Rogers, who vetoed the notion so promptly and emphatically that Robertson has shied from the idea ever since.

"They want you natural in Hollywood," Rogers said in part. "The drama coaches will put your voice in a dinner jacket and most people like their grits and hominy in everyday clothes."

At Oklahoma Military, Robertson was a really nervous athlete, racking up twenty-eight varsity letters, all told, at such assorted pastimes as football, basketball, baseball, boxing, tennis, golf, swimming and polo. He even had a little time left over. This was devoted to the study of law. Summers, he was variously a shipping clerk, a jackhammer operator, a cowboy and a trainer of polo ponies.

Most of this came to an end in September, 1942, when Robertson became a unit of the United States Army. Starting as a private, he moved up to first looey with the 332nd Combat Engineers battalion attached to General Patton's Third Army, and by and by took a dose of enemy mortar fire in one knee. That sent him back to Fort Bragg and nine months of treatment, including an excruciating period when doctors thought the leg would have to come off. But two operations fixed it—there is not even a suggestion of a limp today—and in February, 1946, he was back in civilian life, more or less ready to begin beating his head on Hollywood's disinterested portals.

The portals should have been easier to open. In the early stage of his Army career, Robertson was stationed in San Luis Obispo, not far north of Los Angeles, and came down to Hollywood one day to have his picture taken to send to his mother. Well, the photographer, a woman prophetically named Parsons, thought so much of her effort that she stuck it in the window, and right away all these agents began dropping Robertson notes having to do with motion picture employment.

So when Robertson got his separation papers, he immediately wrote the same agents, who couldn't have cared less, now that the first team was back in the lineup.

Robertson had an optional career, but with infinite wisdom he declined it. He might have been a fighter. He was a good amateur boxer in the Army and a fairly good pro later on, and he looks it, but that way of making a living shouldn't happen to a werewolf.

So Robertson went around to the end of the Hollywood line and started all over again.

In all, Robertson made the trip from Oklahoma to Hollywood ten times. The first nine times, he struck out or fouled out or scratched an inconsequental hit down the third-base line, represented by modeling jobs at a cool $40 a week.

But he had been creating a foundation in the event lightning was really looking for him hard. He had made tests at Fox and Metro and Warners, without setting any executives on fire, but not calling for defumigation measures either. In night classes at UCLA he was learning the business—all but acting.

One fine day a producer named Lee Brooks, who had considerable confidence in Robertson but was not making a film at the time, introduced him to agents Ned Marin and Charles Feldman, who signed him, took him over to Fox for a test.

That story has the soggiest payoff of the season. The test was terrible and Robertson wasn't hired.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I was selling papers at Sky Harbor Airport when a tall man stepped off a plane and paused for a moment while a photographer took his picture. He noticed me standing there, I guess, and said to the man with the camera, "Say, fellow, destroy that picture and get one with this boy and me instead."

He's a great guy, as well as a great actor, that Jimmy Stewart.

Russell McKnight
Phoenix, Arizona

After that, for no very clear reason, Agent Marin brought him around to see his brother, Producer Ed Marin, and Ed Marin, still for no very clear reason, hired him to play Jesse James in an item called *Fighting Man Of The Plains.*

It was a small part—nearly as small, for instance, as that of Guy Madison in *Since You Went Away*—but it attracted the same kind of attention.

Well, you can't let a thing like that pass, not if you're head of a studio, and before you could say Find-me-the-chowderhead-who-let-this-kid-go, Zanuck had signed him. Nice seven-year deal, sealed on November 9, four years ago.

Zanuck saw Robertson, correctly, as a star of rugged stripe, nursed him along slowly, and wound up with a straight flush. But he never did instill in him any great reverence for the art of acting—or rather, for acting as an art.

"The man in the street is going to get wise some day," Robertson is reported to have said, "and storm the gates. We'll have to defend our jobs with pikestaffs and grape. It's a wonder it hasn't happened yet."

He has added: "And it's so true that goo looks or great ability haven't much to d with it. It's something no one can define and Joe Blow is just as apt to have it a Ty Power or Bob Mitchum. The lucky thin for us is that this seldom occurs to Jo Blow. If it did, it'd get mighty crowded o this here now island."

Robertson met the present Mrs. Robertson on a picture set. They lobbed how-do you-do's at each other and then forgot a about it. Literally. At their next meetin neither had the faintest recollection of th incident. But that oversight was cancelle in a hurry.

Today they live in Reseda (a part of th San Fernando Valley uncomfortably fa away from anything but Van Nuys) in three-bedroom GI house that Robertso furnished in modern.

There are the German shepher and, within striking distance, the horses Thunder, a Morgan; Tightwad and Do quarter horses; and Jim Dandy, describe by a scholarly breeder as half thoroughbred, half saddle-bag colt.

In the classic tradition, Robertson like to hunt and fish, to ride, of course. The there's this golf deal. That leaves Mr Robertson at separate times a golf wido and a studio widow but never a hunt-anc fish widow because she does those thing with him. And—Robertson's a handy ma with a rope. Authentic *ranchero.*

He's a big, heavy-set citizen, around s feet, up and down, and very wide in th shoulders. RKO reports that he weighs at 190 but looks heavier than that. He h black hair, a gentle, drawling voice, a yet a certain intimation in his bearing th a man would be ill-advised to fool wi him or get his back up unnecessarily. Th Podnuh-when-you-say-that-smile quali comes through very clearly.

This may be reenforced by the know edge that his pro ring record is twenty eight to two, with the win column on th left.

He has an engaging personality tra rare in Hollywood. To one outside the bus ness, it would appear to be a minor thin but actually it is effective. He does n drop names. That is to say, if he is speakin of Betty Grable, he refers to her as Bet Grable, not simply as Betty. In the sar way, Darryl Zanuck is Darryl Zanuck, Power, Ty Power and Richard Widmar Richard Widmark—not even "Dick." Fi names are not left dangling in the air live or die alone, a shoddy Hollywood ma nerism designed to give the speaker badge of vicarious importance. It is pr sumed from this that Robertson, notwit standing his protestations to the contrar must feel quietly sure of himself.

Besides, you must remember that can light a cigarette with his left ha alone, purely in the event he ever has And most people can't.

There must be a place for such resourc ful planning, particularly among acto who, like Dale Robertson, do not think ac ing is such a much. E

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the right mr. wrong

(*Continued from page 59*) right because for the first time in her life Judy used her own judgment, free from the advice of all those friends and relatives who wouldn't let her grow up. And it was this man, producer Sid Luft, who helped Judy renew her courage and her faith in her fellow men, bringing her back to her stature as one of the greatest stars of all time.

Three years ago, Judy Garland's fourteen-year contract with Metro had been abrogated upon her refusal to do the lead, later taken over by Betty Hutton, in *Annie Get Your Gun.* She and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, were being divorced. Judy was caught up in a whirlwind of doubt, fear and insecurity. From childhood, disciplined in the ways of show business, she had allowed her "elders" to guide her every move. Now they could not realize that she was a mature woman. They couldn't stop meddling in decisions that should have been strictly her own.

Judy turned her back on Hollywood, determined to cut these ties forever. In New York she met Sid Luft, a man who had been somewhat battered, too, thou not defeated, by Hollywood career pro lems. He, too, was divorced.

At the time, their romance broke records for unpopularity. In the eyes self-styled important people in Holl wood, his great sin was that he was alm "nobody." It didn't matter that he and Ju were deeply in love. A not-too-subtle ca paign to break them up began immediate

Looking back at that time, Judy reme bers, "We were even criticized for spen ing so much time in night clubs. Sid h to court me somewhere!"

From Sid's point of view, the mount

opposition to his love for Judy was equally puzzling. He may have been unknown, but he did have integrity, a word that is foreign to many a Hollywood big shot.

In many ways, Hollywood is a cruel city, for the most "important" of its inhabitants have ways of "crushing" little people who get in the way of their plans. One way is to feed columnists and reporters a series of slanderous rumors about an offender. For instance, the report was circulated that Sid Luft had enlisted in the Canadian Air Force to "dodge" military service in this country—a ridiculous story. To set the record straight, Sid Luft has an enviable war record.

He enlisted in the Canadian Air Force on October 18, 1940, more than a year before Pearl Harbor. With the rank of Pilot Officer, he flew for two years with the R.C.A.F. prior to the entry of the United States in the war. On his release, he joined he Ferrying Command, and flew ships all over the western hemisphere. There was a udden urgent demand for veteran fliers who could take over a necessary and daring assignment—that of test pilot.

Sid Luft qualified. He went to work for Douglas Aircraft Corporation, performing nvaluable service in "finding the bugs" in all sorts of aircraft. It was while pursuing his dangerous job that he test-dived a plane which came screaming out of the kies and crashed. Sid crawled out, critically injured. For several months he was hospitalized, and by the time he had recovered, the war was over. It was only then hat he went back into civilian life. He ook a position with the Marx agency and hen went on to become a movie producer.

This, then, is the "wrong man" who, fter they fell in love, took charge of Judy's problems. His prime concern was not her career, but her happiness. Judy, however, was determined to continue to work—to wipe out the unhappy memories caused by he mounting maladjustments of her long years of doing what other people wanted her to do. So, with criticism from the press ringing in his ears, Sid mapped out a proram for Judy. He convinced her that doing vaudeville would not only revitalize her career, but doing live shows before the public would give her the confidence she o sorely needed. "Forget everything else," Sid told her, "and concentrate on the truth —that millions of people love you."

Plans for the appearance at the New York Palace Theatre were mapped out by Sid and Judy's agent, Abe Lastfogel, with pecial material by the talented Roger Edens and dances by Chuck Walters, who had worked with Judy in several of her est Metro pictures. After ten days of Hollywood rehearsals, the entire group eaded for New York on the big gamble. Hollywood skeptics predicted Judy would op. She was well aware of the attitude of her former friends.

THE DAY of the Palace opening, Judy was so nervous she couldn't eat for the entire day. Despite Sid's assurances, she had o idea how the public would receive her efforts. She needn't have worried. After the first curtain, people stood in the aisles and cheered her through thirteen encores. With tears in her eyes, Judy thanked the eople. That night, for the first time in months, she slept like a baby.

A few weeks later, while sophisticated New Yorkers stood in line every day to hear Judy's songs, she was struck suddenly by an excruciating pain in her chest. The doctor diagnosed the pain as a slight heart attack, called his office and had an electrocardiograph machine rushed to the theatre. When an attendant plugged the AC machine into the DC electrical outlet, it flew up and Judy's nerves went sky high. Dazed and woozy, she insisted on going on with the show.

"I barely remember getting on the stage," Judy recalls. "Then the sea of faces before me began to revolve like a nightmare. I hardly remember singing. Backstage, they saw what was happening, and after the second number they practically yanked me into the wings with a butterfly net. Vivian Blaine, bless her generous heart, was in the audience. She hurried onstage to finish the show, and I was rushed to the hospital."

Sadly, no one really close to Judy was there. Sid was out of town on business. Her manager and her agent were away for the weekend.

"I never needed just one familiar friend as badly as I did then," Judy remembers, "but when I recovered enough to go back to the Palace my wonderful audiences gave me a roaring reception. I felt so completely at home that never again can anything frighten me so badly."

When the Broadway adventure ended, Judy returned to Hollywood. Sid, meantime, had a firm hold on a dream of his he'd never expected could come true—he wanted to film a story about the greatest race horse of all time, Man O' War. The horse had belonged to Samuel Riddle, a successful breeder with a reputation for being extremely difficult in business deals. Everyone told Sid he would never get what he wanted, but Sid went to Riddle's home and persuaded him to sell Man O' War's story rights. About six months later, Mr. Riddle died.

"He was a wonderful guy," Sid recalls, "and I was a little dazed by his sudden passing. I knew that if I had not seen him when I did it would have been almost impossible to buy movie rights from the estate. And it seemed as though, in a way, I had been chosen to do this story. I feel very humble about it."

Tony Curtis is wondering whatever happened to an expensive pair of alligator shoes he ordered. Meanwhile his manager had returned same to the bootery, advising they didn't fit. What the money-watcher meant was they didn't fit into Tony's January budget.

Frank Farrell
World-Telegram & Sun

So, each on a high note of personal triumph, Judy and Sid took their vows in a simple ceremony at Hollister, California, over a year ago. Now they were ready for the next step in their plans, a production company of their own, which Sid set up with the financial and production backing of Warner Brothers. They began plans for remaking *A Star Is Born*, which won several Academy Awards when it was made originally with Fredric March and Janet Gaynor. The new version was planned as a musical, with Judy and James Mason, the screen play by Moss Hart and music by Harold Arlen and Ira Gershwin.

AT LAST Judy's life has begun to approach fulfillment and she happily has dropped out of the headlines. Judy now begins her mornings as she surveys her domestic domain propped up in the center of her king-sized bed with Sam, her "mixed" German shepherd sprawled full-length at her feet. Liza, Judy's seven-year-old daughter, usually is curled up beside Sam, affectionately scratching his big ears. And from her nearby crib, eight-month-old Lorna pulls the morning bottle from her rosebud mouth long enough to utter occasional delicate and contented burps.

When she's working, however, Judy and Sam rouse the whole family at six A.M., although the dog simply can't understand the sudden frenzy. "I named him Sam," Judy says, "for no particular reason, and I wouldn't part with him for a cool mil-

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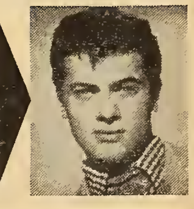

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lion. I've always been a light sleeper, and during my pregnancy I had a terrible time resting. That was all right with Sam, who is part night-hound. He took me for long walks and let me talk to him by the hour. When we were both nearly exhausted he brought me home. He is one of the finest fellows I ever knew, but I wish he wouldn't be so much of a one-man dog. When I go shopping, he goes shopping, or you can hear his howls for blocks. Sometimes I even take him to parties. The only time he ever leaves my side is when we all go to the beach, early in the morning. Sam roars off, up and down at the water's edge, snarling and biting at the waves."

While it was easy for Judy to name her dog, she couldn't think of a name for her second little girl. "We went through all the girls' names ever dreamed of," she says, "and for four days the poor darling was nameless. Then Sid came up with 'Lorna.' *Lorna Doone* happens to be one of our favorite novels, and somehow it seemed just right."

According to legend, movie children arrive with as much fanfare as a première and then retire to a close circle of nurses and governesses, seeing their career-crazy parents by appointment only. Mother Garland is a different type. In one of their few arguments, Judy told Sid that she wanted to let both the nurse and housekeeper go, take care of the baby and run their Beverly Hills home herself. She had nothing against their employees; she simply wanted to be normal. Unfortunately, with so much of her time scheduled for recording, picture and television plans, she simply didn't have the time. Even so, her intense preoccupation with family life caused a columnist or two to break out in a small rash of irritation. One of them complained petulantly in print: "I wish Judy Garland would learn how to arrive on time for dinner parties!" Judy didn't bother to explain that she gives two "lullaby performances" nightly, one for Liza and one for Lorna, before she and Sid can go out.

No offense intended, but the children of Hollywood stars seldom show as much indication of talent as the milkman's or policeman's kids. Born to luxury, they never learn how to work. Judy's little girl, Liza, is a delightful contradiction. Extremely popular with her classmates at the Buckley School, she shows early promise of a tremendous gift for dance. Currently, she is taking lessons from Gene Loring at the American Academy of Ballet. She writes little songs and has already produced a kiddy show with the help of her friends, personally writing the plot, in addition to handling the choreography and working on the costumes.

"On top of that," Judy explains with pride, "she is a second mother to her baby sister. She insists on racing home from school to feed her, and is disappointed if she can't stay up late and baby-sit. The other day, this busy tyke of mine came running into the house to tell me she'd worked out a dance routine for my next picture!"

But Liza isn't one to grab all the family attention. "Lorna is really the general manager of the household," Judy declares. "She gets the admiration of all the guests when she looks at them with her calm, almond, blue-eyed stare. They call Liza 'little old lady,' and I think Lorna should be nicknamed 'belle of the ball'."

Still another member of the Sid Luft household is John Luft, Sid's four-and-a-half-year-old son by a former marriage. John and Liza are the best of friends, discounting the latter's normal urge to boss him by reason of her "advanced" age. For a time, John raised quite a squawk because he wasn't allowed to hold the baby. Judy compromised by announcing he could pick her up when he was five. Net result: for two weeks, Sid received a telephone call every afternoon from his son, wanting to know whether he was five years old yet.

Despite these homey touches, Judy and Sid aren't just another couple like your neighbors down the block. They live in a glamorous, sophisticated world. The pressure of their mutual enterprise, however, keeps them away from Hollywood's more elegant social affairs. They usually have dinners with intimate friends, such as the Cary Grants, Ann Sothern and Peter Lawford.

They have spent a great deal of time with Moss Hart, Ira Gershwin, Harold Arlen, George Cukor and Jack Warner in evening conferences for *A Star Is Born*. Unlike her earlier years at the studio, when Judy simply did what she was called upon to do, she has had a voice in production planning. Her wisdom acquired in years of show business is so considerable that Warner himself said, "You really don't need me, Judy. You could produce this picture yourself." It wasn't idle flattery. Although most women have been singularly unsuccessful at this sort of thing, Judy may devote herself to it completely as she regains her strength.

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Many nervous breakdowns occur because people fail to recognize their limitations. They constantly strive for goals they are incapable of achieving. Judy's trouble a few years ago stemmed from exactly the reverse situation. Circumstances had contrived to hem in her talents and prevent her from attaining her natural high level in the entertainment business.

This is all changed now. In addition to the level thinking of her husband, Sid Luft, the confidence that Bing Crosby had in Judy at a time when she was considered a poor performance risk, is something she will never forget. And she had occasion, last year, to partially repay Bing's loyalty. The night before Dixie Crosby died, Bing's brother, Larry, called Judy and told her that Bing was in no condition to do his radio show. Although Judy was seven months pregnant at the time and in about as good a condition to step into a top radio effort as she was to go mountain climbing, she insisted that she be allowed to take over. She did, with only thirty minutes of band rehearsal. Bill Morrow, Bing's close friend and head writer exclaimed, "It was the most remarkable performance I've ever seen."

In a way, this incident is indicative of the one great danger that lies ahead for Judy Garland. In order to achieve a high standard for herself and for her friends, she spends her energy with reckless abandon. Here, however, Sid Luft provides the safety valve, encouraging Judy to slow down and take things easy.

For instance, when they were invited to attend the debut of Jack Warner's daughter last Christmas time in New York, Sid ruled out flying. Instead, they boarded the Super Chief out of Los Angeles on Christmas Eve, carrying with them a small Christmas tree, their presents and two bottles of champagne.

"We had a wonderful Christmas," Judy says. "There were exactly nine people on that whole train, so it was as close to traveling on a Presidential Special as I'll ever get. On top of that, ever since doing *The Harvey Girls* on the screen, the diners have given me super-de-luxe service. The waiters are always superb, but on this occasion I had a battalion of them and I felt like a queen."

Most feminine stars, having "arrived," turn lazy. After a "difficult" picture, normal physical relaxation is too much effort for them. Instead, their exercise consists mainly of massages by a small army of physical therapists who daily make the rounds of Beverly Hills and Bel Air.

This is not for Judy Garland. When she is not working she can usually be found playing golf at the Bel Air Country Club, or taking tennis lessons at Hillcrest, with Lorna in her carriage, looking on.

Judy first took up golf in Tarberry, Scotland, where she and Sid spent a five-day vacation after her appearance at the London Palladium. Here they played twenty-two holes a day, stopping at the eleventh, which brought them back to the clubhouse for lunch. "Sid brags that I shot a forty-nine for nine holes the first time out," Judy explains, "but I think he must have given me an encouraging audit; I was too busy whacking at the ball to count."

If Judy stays with the game, she has a chance to play in the same league with her husband. Sid plays to a six handicap. Judy is a natural left-hander, but has switched to playing golf and tennis from the right side, a maneuver which usually results in making better players of southpaws.

Recently, on the sixth hole, Judy hit her tee shot, walked to the spot where the ball should be and couldn't find it. She finally located it in a drain pipe, and announced, "A hole in one! Wait till I tell Sid!"

On the next hole, faced with a difficult shot out of a sandtrap, Judy studied the situation carefully, took a wedge iron out of the bag, swung smoothly, hitting an inch behind the ball. For a second, she was lost in a cloud of sand, from which the ball sailed in a high arch, landing two feet from the cup.

Judy grinned with satisfaction. "There's nothing to this game. All you have to remember on each shot is to do all forty-seven things right."

If Judy Garland has one handicap still to overcome, it is the fact that she tries too hard on everything at which she takes a swing. She ought to know by this time that to 99% of the public it is not at all necessary that she do "all forty-seven things right" every time out.

If Judy should ever step up, take a swing and fall flat on her face (which isn't likely) we hope she'll remember this: that she has banked so much entertainment happiness for all of us that from here on in she can do no wrong.

END

(*Continued from page 35*) the handsome daughters of the French middle class. They do not marry Frenchmen above their station, but they may marry foreigners or rich Frenchmen who have no social pretensions. Parisian models are seen everywhere but primarily as walking ads for the high fashion dressmakers.

Both Bing and Ghislaine understand this, and neither is trying to buck local custom. They have a good time together, but nobody imagines that she would be tickled to death to live on a Nevada ranch, nor that she will be invited to do so.

Ghislaine enjoys some distinction among the *mannequins* because she is used to show off the creations for Princess Margaret of England. She has the same measurements as the Princess, but Ghislaine is darker and has a round, vivacious face.

Crosby met her in Paris and saw her occasionally, but sidestepping the social errors of his compatriots, he never gave the impression that he was taking this seriously. He was vacationing with his son, Lindsay, and he devoted most of his time to showing the boy Europe. The gossip was that Bing saw a great deal of Ghislaine while Lindsay was in England to see the coronation of Queen Elizabeth.

Bing has loved Paris a long time. "It's one of the few places where I have a little privacy," he says, and it would surprise no one if he returned next summer and took an apartment or a house.

The French, particularly the Parisians, hold Bing on a slightly higher social plane than the other American actors. Crosby, of course, is better educated than some of them, has a larger intellectual horizon, and understands French. He has sparkling wit and *joie de vivre*. Having made *Little Boy Lost* in Paris, he knows many of the citizens—Nicole Maurey, Claude Dauphin, Eduard de Segonzac. He has participated in several charity affairs and he has been fought over by social leaders. One of his good friends is Paul Barrelet de Ricou, well-recognized in French society, and through him, Bing has made many friends.

In Paris, they say that Bing loves continental living and that he is sure to return. They say, too, that he is a man of tact, diplomacy, and intelligence, that he never wears his heart on his sleeve, and that he chooses his women with care and discrimination.

"If I did not know that he comes from Spokane," a Frenchman told me, "I would bet that *Monsieur* Bing could easily settle down into the life of the respectable, middle-aged Frenchman, with good food, good wine, and of course, a good mistress."

From a Parisian, this is high praise.

ALTHOUGH he does not approach Crosby as a social success, Gary Cooper has achieved another kind of distinction. On the basis of his performance with Gisèle Pascal, the French are convinced that he is one of the world's great lovers.

Coop arrived in Cannes last April to attend the Film Festival, and a day after he checked in at the Carlton Hotel, Gisèle, tall, brunette, and thirty-one, was on hand to take care of his social life. These two went everywhere together, and soon the French were curious about Prince Ranier of Monaco, to whom Gisèle supposedly has been engaged for the last three years.

One story was that Gisèle, the tall beautiful actress, daughter of a grocery importer, had given her Prince a wedding deadline. When Ranier stalled, she quickly moved into Cannes, set her sights for Gary Cooper, and took him in a matter of hours.

Another story: Gisèle used Cooper to arouse the envy of her royal lover.

In any event, once the Festival was over, Coop went up to Paris. There he drawled a characteristic denial, "Heck, I hardly know the gal. She was just one of the many I met down there." The denial fooled no one, for Gisèle had gone to Paris, too.

Prince Ranier followed, and there was a big scene with the Prince, also thirty-one, departing in a huff and leaving Paris to Coop and Pascal.

They say Coop had to work fast because his wife and daughter were coming over to Paris. Apparently he did his work well, because to date, Gisèle and her Prince are estranged and it looks as though Gisèle will never become the Princess of Monaco.

Whether she will try to become Mrs. Gary Cooper, no one knows. When Rocky and Maria, Coop's daughter, pulled into Paris last summer, Gary saw to it that they had a wonderful time. He did soft-pedal his relationship with Gisèle, but he had already accepted an invitation to appear at *Kermesse des Etoiles*, a huge fair where the movie stars sign photographs. The romantic French, not knowing that Mrs. Cooper was arriving, had assigned adjoining booths to Gary and Gisèle. This was titillating until Coop arrived with his daughter, Maria, on his arm!

After Rocky and Maria sailed for the States in September, Coop met Gisèle again, and they did Paris together. Then he checked into the American Hospital, supposedly for another hernia operation, a result of his trying to fight a bull in Spain.

There are three things any woman will make an excuse to get out of: a rainstorm, a tight girdle, and a diet.
Ronald Colman on NBC

Of Gisèle and Gary you can, of course, hear anything: that they are passionately in love, that Coop wants this beautiful woman for his wife, that Gisèle is using Coop to get into American films, that this is just a ninety-day romance, that Coop will never re-marry because Rocky will never give him a divorce.

The truth is that Coop doesn't want to re-marry. He just wants to have a fling. If he wanted to marry someone else, Rocky would have given him his freedom long ago to marry Pat Neal. She has said so.

Gisèle Pascal is lucky enough to have plenty of money. Her family is wealthy, and her Prince reputedly gave her handsome gifts. She may have no intention of marrying Cooper, for she is said to prefer younger men.

AN ENTIRELY different kind of girl is Suzanne Dadolle. Of all of these girls, she seems to be the one most in love and most interested in marriage. She has devoted her time to Clark Gable for over a year, and although he was reserved about her at first, they were later seen together constantly. Toward the end of last summer, you could find them practically any evening, dining out at any of the cafés in Paris along the Champs Elysées.

There are friends who say that Clark intends to make his Suzanne the fifth Mrs. Gable, that as recently as September he was introducing her to friends in Paris as "my future wife." Others insist it's just a fling. "I'll give you even money," a friend of his says, "that when Gable shows up in South America for his next picture—that is, if he does show up—he will be still single. I know the guy and I'm telling you that he was burned in his last marriage and he doesn't want to try it again."

When Gable was in London, however,

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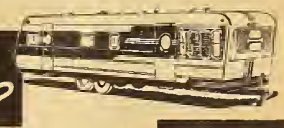

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he said he had absolutely nothing against marriage and that if the right girl came along—"someone sophisticated, attractive, and of course, someone with whom I was in love, I wouldn't mind getting married one bit."

It is difficult to tell whether or not Suzanne Dadolle fills his requirements. Gable has appeared to be a bit of a social climber, and three of his four marriages were to socially prominent women. Perhaps he no longer cares, for Suzanne is a *mannequin* (although she hasn't turned up at Schiaparelli's even during the busiest season of *haute couture*) and as such does not occupy an especially favorable position on the Paris social ladder.

Gable, whose sense of humor is limited, seemed more cheerful than ever, last summer. He greeted everyone with a smile, signed autographs left and right, and appared to be completely in love, not only with Suzanne, but with France.

Suzanne, who worked for the Free French in London during World War II, speaks excellent English—a great help to Gable, since he speaks nothing else. She is thirtyish, a tall, handsome red-blonde. One acquaintance said, "She is shy and amazingly naive for a French girl her age. She is placid and utterly without malice. She thinks Clark is the greatest guy in the world and personally, I hope she marries him."

On the other hand, one French social leader explained that she had known several women who had met Gable. "I hear that he is really a frightful bore and quite inhibited. Personally, I believe this Dadolle girl is just perfect for him. I understand he hopes to take her home for Christmas."

Suzanne does not offer alertness or vivacity, but she does offer slavish devotion; she has risked the repeated censure of her family to be with him. Certainly, she is no sophisticate, but neither is Gable, although he has tried to be one sometimes. His marriages to fashionable women have failed. Perhaps this time he will be willing to risk marriage with a woman of average background, average accomplishments, and average tastes. Certainly, in Paris he did not seem to mind being left out of the top-drawer social classification. In Hollywood, as Gable's wife, Suzanne Dadolle would be accorded all the recognition and courtesy owing to her position. But the cynics say that his is just another Paris fling, soon to fade into memory. Possibly that is Gable's point of view. It is not Suzanne's.

WHILE Gable, Crosby and Cooper operated smoothly enough in Paris, some of their younger fellow-citizens from Hollywood were having more dazzle—and more trouble from home.

Gregory Peck has a taste for youth, as evidenced by his friendship with Veronica Pasanie, a half Russian, half French *journaliste* of twenty-one. She is a part time reporter for the Paris *Presse*, and she inveigled the Paramount press representative into getting her an interview with Greg. As a result of that interview, Veronica was asked to follow up the story. When Greg took off for Rome, she was not far behind.

Greg says, "She's just a girl I met in Paris." Veronica claims, "I am a professional *journaliste*. All my contacts with Mr. Peck have been in the line of duty."

Peck has taken out Veronica on several occasions. They have been seen dining in Paris, and while that may be attributed to assiduous journalism, you can't tell it to the French. They don't know whether Greg is separated from his wife, Greta, or not, but they do know that in France he does not lead a monastic life. Even Greta never expected that.

For a time, Veronica hoped that Greg might get a divorce and marry her, but this no longer seems likely. It has been hushed all over Europe that Greg has really been smitten by Audrey Hepburn, his co-star in *Roman Holiday*. If it's true, Greg is in a difficult spot because Audrey's mother watches her very carefully.

Audrey is scheduled to start *Sabrina Fair* at Paramount's Hollywood studio. Maybe that's one reason Greg plans to come home by Christmas. Or he may wish to settle his marital problems once and for all.

As a breeding ground of European flings, Paris has one rival. Rome. Only recently Zsa Zsa Gabor said that George Sanders shouldn't be angry about her friendship with Porfirio Rubirosa because, "After all, George had a wonderful time with a girl in Rome."

Kirk Douglas is another star who has been living it up in Italy. Probably, he has dated more foreign beauties than any other American actor. He was seen with a new girl each night at the Cannes and Venice Film Festivals. His reputation in Rome accords him the record, quantitatively speaking.

Errol Flynn is another who is constantly being paired with Italian beauties in the gossip columns. Only a few weeks ago there was a terrific slugfest in his apartment, supposedly caused by a woman. Robert Taylor, you'll recall, got into big trouble with Barbara Stanwyck during the filming of *Quo Vadis* when it was said that he had become enamored of an Italian bit player, Lia de Leo. A picture of Taylor and de Leo is rumored to have caused Stanwyck's flight to Italy to rescue her mate. It didn't work out that way. Taylor wanted his freedom, and Stanwyck gave it to him, albeit at a stiff price. Now that she is free, Ursula Thiess, the German actress, will be the next Mrs. Robert Taylor.

Because so many motion pictures with American stars are being filmed overseas these days, it follows that these celebrities will seek romance wherever they are. In fact, it is safe to surmise that for Hollywood's stars the days of the Paris fling have just begun. **END**

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the man behind the face

(*Continued from page 49*) burned beyond recognition, even by his mother.

"I don't see much in my life to dramatize," Jack Palance will tell you after the manner of most men chosen by fate to face brutal experiences few of us ever suffer. "It's true that I was the son of a coal miner in Lattimer, Pennsylvania, and that my family was what might be called 'desperate poor,' but we didn't know it. If you grow up in a town which is almost treeless and emphatically black and grey, it never occurs to you that life has played a dirty trick on you. Yes, compared to a town in which there are trees, flowers and lakes, Lattimer could be called a grim place. But the good Lord has a way of balancing the books in favor of people like us. Among the citizens of Lattimer there is probably more of honesty, loyalty, love and pure decency than almost anywhere else on earth."

You could expect a boy like Jack Palance to grow up into a street corner rabble-rouser, or worse, living as he did in a "company" town. His mother had to pay $1.10 a pound for butter. She could buy the same butter in a town just a few miles away for eighty-seven cents, but resisted the temptation to economize for fear her husband would be fired from his mining job.

"We were poor," Jack Palance remembers, "but we were never hungry. When the miners went on strike for months at a time, we didn't have meat on the table. We had all the vegetables we could eat, though. I weigh about 200 pounds now, which ought to be proof enough that I didn't starve to death as a kid."

WITH all his acceptance of a bleak childhood, Jack Palance was not a happy boy. From the time he learned to read, he had an insatiable appetite for books and felt it made him "different" from other kids. To compensate for this, he turned to fighting, climbing into a ring for the first time at the age of thirteen and turning in a creditable performance against a twenty-one-year-old pug. The prize money was $1.50, winner take a buck. They fought to a draw for a split purse—seventy-five cents each.

"That's where I got my nose broken the first time," Jack says. "I did fair as a fighter, but I was scared as hell a lot of the time. The worst night I ever spent was in a ring with a guy by the name of Rough House Williams. I was fully grown before I was out of my teens. Stood six, four, and weighed over 200 pounds. But when I looked across the ring at Rough House I felt like crying. I had watched him work out in the little town near Louisville, Kentucky, where we were fighting, and I'd have preferred to trade left hooks with a gorilla."

As the bell sounded, Palance moved to the center of the ring. Rough House did likewise. Then Palance moved back, but fast. He kept on back-pedaling. The crowd booed. Palance clinched and Rough House tore a hard right through his midsection. Palance broke loose, backing into the ropes. Rough House picked up a left hand from somewhere near the floor.

"When he caught me on the side of the chin, I went three feet up in the air. The bell rang before I could get up. I wished it hadn't. While my handlers were slapping me sensible, the referee came over with a few words of encouragement. He said I'd either have to start fighting or he'd give the decision to Rough House.

"I went out for the second round. Rough House looked even tougher. I told myself to make a fight of it, but all the while I was running around the ring like a monkey looking for an opening in his cage. When Rough House caught up with me, he tore me apart. My eyes popped out like Eddie Cantor's. My hands swung like a couple of windmills. Then everything went blank. I felt somebody holding me up with my right hand ridiculously up in the air, and because I couldn't hold my head up, I stared down at the canvas. There was Rough House, stretched colder than a mackerel in a deep freeze. He didn't know what had hit him. To be frank, neither did I. I'd knocked him out by accident, and if the referee had told me that he'd done me a favor by hitting Rough House with a baseball bat, I would have believed him."

This confession is not to be taken as an invitation for anyone to step up and try his luck with Jack Palance. He's not quite as tough as he looks on the screen, but almost.

As is usually the case with capable men, he doesn't make speeches about his physical prowess and he goes to considerable lengths to picture himself as just an average guy.

Fighting, Palance believes, can be fun.

Not, however, if you have a nose that needs a remodeling job every time it is touched by a soft jab. As for fighting for profit, Palance was never knocked out during his ring career; still, the most he ever earned for one fight was $400. Now he earns more than five times that in a week.

It is necessary now to pry more deeply into the life of this remarkable actor to understand what there is about him, inwardly, that causes his personality to project so powerfully on the screen. To put it more precisely, Jack Palance is a man who has been "to hell and back," within himself. He can't be blamed if he doesn't want to talk about it.

"The little accident" Lieutenant Jack Palance had when his B-24 crashed on takeoff during the war near Tucson, Arizona, was no minor experience. The plane burst into flame. Palance dragged himself out alive and in flames. In the months that followed he wished himself dead. His whole face was a mass of scar tissue. Delicate operations followed, one after another.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The day was a hot one, and all the pedestrians on Hollywood's main streets were trying to beat the heat by wearing as little excess clothing as possible. Imagine my family's surprise when we saw a cowboy approaching decked out in full western regalia—and a long red beard. At first I thought, "That poor man must be suffering terribly from the heat," but as he came nearer I saw that the beard was a fake and realized that he had inflicted it upon himself. At this moment, my little brother, Buster, looking awestruck, said humbly, "How do you do, Mr. Rogers?" To everyone's amazement the man stopped, removed his fake red beard and said, "For goodness' sake, how did you know who I am?" Sure enough, there was Roy Rogers smiling down at my little brother. For a moment Buster was too overwhelmed to speak, but he finally came out with it. He had seen the initials "R. R." on Roy's boot, and made his own deductions.

Betsy Barron
Yoakum, Texas

Those who see his face now for the first time on the screen are slightly taken aback. The expression is one of gaunt strength and contained fury, which thousands of women moviegoers find highly exciting. If the phrase "contained fury" is inadequate, there are no words that come anywhere near what Palance thought of his face for months after the accident. He avoided looking at himself in the mirror. Despite the fact that those who knew him could notice miraculous improvement, he couldn't. The entire experience was one long nightmare in which he had lost his original face and was being given a new one.

Courage is also an insufficient word to describe the strength with which he emerged from the fear of being seen in public and went again about the business of living, enrolling at Stanford University under the GI bill as a student in radio acting and short story writing. Somewhere along the line, he whipped the complexes about his facial appearance. He went on to New York, by way of such jobs as short order cook, life guard and ice cream salesman, at last landing an important role in the Broadway show, *The Big Two*, directed by Bob Montgomery. Everybody loved the play but the critics and the audience. It folded in three weeks.

Jack had just enough money left to pay his room rent and get on to Chicago. Here his budding career sank to another depth. He understudied Anthony Quinn in the Windy City company of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, a job in which he was as important to show business as last week's issue of *Variety*. Every night he sat in his basement dressing room reading a heavy book called *The Anatomy Of Melancholy*.

But he was not alone in his misery. In the dressing room next door sat a girl named Virginia Baker, who understudied the Vivien Leigh role. Although Helen Hayes has pronounced her the most capable young dramatic aspirant in New York, then she was as much a "nothing" as the moody Mr. Palance.

One evening, when she no longer could stand being buried beneath the street while audiences cheered the powerful play going on above her head, Virginia went to Jack and said, "Let's go to a movie."

The picture had a title appropriate for the two of them—*Sorry, Wrong Number*. They felt like a couple of wrong numbers and Jack had the same opinion of the picture. Somewhere along in the middle, he left the theatre. At the final fadeout he came back to his seat. Virginia said, "You're a charming escort. Where've you been?"

"I didn't like it so I went out for a beer."

Virginia made a mental note that Mr. Palance was strictly a foul ball, square type. But a few nights later leading man Tony Quinn was attacked by a strep throat. Now, understudy Palance had his big chance to rise from the dressing room graveyard and face an audience in a hit play.

"I was curious to see if Jack was a more inspired actor than he was a date," Virginia admits, "so I sat out front that night. It was the surprise of my life. He was not just good. He was great. When he walked out from the wings, sparks flew. To my dismay, I fell in love with him."

For Jack, the triumph was short lived. He had the part for two performances, then had to go back to his basement dressing room. Virginia loyally explained, "Maybe Tony heard how sensational Jack was. Anyhow, he got well overnight. As for me, I woke up in a hurry. First, I realized that Mary Welsh was far too healthy for me to hope to step out of the understudy role. Second, and a lot more important, I had to get out of Chicago. I was an actress trying to get started. I had fallen in love with a guy who had shown me that he preferred a bottle of beer to my company. It didn't make sense."

Virginia went back to New York and Jack went on the road with *Streetcar*. But he suddenly missed the girl who had shared his misery in the Chicago theatre basement, and he followed her with a series of letters climaxed by a Christmas Eve proposal. Virginia was touched and a little frightened. She flew to Detroit to tell Jack why she couldn't become Mrs. Palance.

Then, less than a month later, Marlon Brando, who was playing the role in New York unconsciously took an important part in their romance by breaking his nose. The producers needed Jack Palance immediately. He had quit the road show and nobody knew where to find him. They checked with Virginia, who called all the relatives she knew, finally locating him at

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a cocktail party in Greenwich Village. Jack climbed aboard *Streetcar* again, grateful for Virginia's detective work.

"I don't know exactly when we decided to marry," Virginia went on, "but I think I must have started the proposal. At least I know that I cued him. At any rate, we were married in New York's Little Church Around the Corner on April 12, 1949. By this time we were both out of jobs. Even so, Jack insisted that we have a honeymoon, so we checked in at the Hotel Holley on Washington Square. I didn't realize that we were dead broke until I noticed that Jack began to take his suits to the cleaners and they never came back. He was hocking them to keep us going."

Then the gods of the theatre apparently went into executive session to see what they could do about these two. Immediately they came up with a couple of small parts, then the Hollywood call to play the role of the heroic Marine in *Halls Of Montezuma*. This, of course, was followed by *Panic In The Streets*.

During *Halls Of Montezuma* Virginia was concentrating on motherhood. For weeks Jack had been coming home to say, "Don't you think it's about time you went to the hospital?" One evening, Virginia talked him into going to see the play, *Death Of A Salesman*, to ease his nerves. When he arrived home at midnight she said, "Jack, the baby's on the way."

"Oh, no," he moaned. "Not tonight!"

Obediently, he backed out the car again and they started for the Good Samaritan Hospital, which isn't easy to find even when you know where it is. He made the wrong turn off the freeway, and after checking with three gas stations finally found the place. "Poor guy," Virginia remembers. "I insisted on a natural birth so he stayed with me almost all night while I tried to prove that it didn't hurt. We decided to name the baby Holley after our honeymoon hotel. I don't know how Jack stayed awake on the set the next day, but the ordeal must have helped because the director told him his work was particularly good."

Father Palance was not too happy about his career, however. It seemed that all the good parts at 20th Century were going to handsome guys. So he chose to make an issue of his being cast in *Viva Zapata!* to break his contract.

"Probably that was stupid on my part, because Tony Quinn, whose understudy I had been for so many months, took it and played it into an Academy Award. For my part, however, I was lucky. I went back to New York and into *Darkness At Noon*, which seemed to more or less establish me as an acting commodity."

That's putting it modestly. Audiences shook the rafters with their applause. Television and movie offers, specifically for *Sudden Fear* and *Shane*, snowed him under. Jack left Virginia and the baby in their apartment on Central Park in New York and began to commute.

"He was in Hollywood when Brook was born," said Virginia, "and I was glad. Fathers have such a terrible emotional struggle at a time like this. As for me, I simply took a taxi to the hospital. The cab driver was very helpful. He never asked where my husband might be."

Even if movies don't wake up to the fact that Jack Palance is considerably more than the most terrifying "heavy" Hollywood has ever seen, TV certainly has, as evidenced by the fact that *Suspense* for the first time is splitting itself into two half-hour shows in order to allow Jack to star in *Othello*. If that doesn't do the trick, persuasive movie fans may help to show producers the way. They certainly haven't been asleep at the post, as witness the letter written by one Modern Screen reader to a movie boss: "Why do you insist on casting Jack Palance as such ugly characters? Sooner or later you'll discover that the public has already marked him as a star. It isn't necessary for him to frighten the first five rows of customers stiff to prove himself a fine actor. It's not the face, but the man behind the face that counts!"

The young lady never said it better. Her letter and hundreds of others may have already turned the trick, for although Jack Palance has been killed in five of his six pictures, a bulletin on his future has just come through as follows: "In his next picture, *Flight To Tangier*, Mr. Palance plays the hero and wins not one but two heroines."

That you've got to see! **END**

I'd make a lousy bachelor

(*Continued from page 53*) one woman could change a man's whole attitude toward life. Take, for instance, my life back in New York. In high school a lot of guys collected girls like trophies. "Look at me," they'd say. "Five dates this week —all with different dames." I never went that route. I had a lot of insecurities, but this wasn't one of them.

I called girls "dames" because that's what all the fellows called them. I knew from nothing about women. With the exception of Mom, my family was made up of males, and if I thought at all about women I regarded them as a sort of foreign race of people without whom I could get along just dandy. No female, I decided, was ever going to drag me to the altar. Marriage was strictly for the birds, and I pictured for myself a long and happy life eating out of tin cans and taking off for South Africa if and when I felt like it. Girls, schmirls, who needs 'em?

By that time I figured I was really living. I never hung up my clothes and I made the bed only when I changed the sheets—or maybe sometimes when it got so rumpled it was uncomfortable. If I forgot to take my clothes to the laundry and was minus a clean pair of shorts or a shirt, I'd go out and buy some clean ones. I hated restaurants, so I'd go to the corner delicatessen and buy a roast squab chicken, a loaf of French bread, a dill pickle and a bottle of Chianti wine, and I'd take the stuff up to my room and eat it sitting on the floor and reading a book. Mom had always harped at me to do better than this, but I regarded such things as the inconsequential stuff of life and couldn't be bothered about it. My socks were the only thing that puzzled me. I'd buy a new pair and wear them and then after I washed them they'd be too small. So I'd send them home to my brother, Bobby. He was always appreciative, thinking they were new, but I guess Mom knew they were shrunk, all right. Anyway, I worried briefly about those socks, wondering what I was doing wrong, and then decided this was the way it was supposed to be—that all guys buy socks, wear them once, wash them and then send them to their little brothers.

After Mom and Pop and Bobby came out and got settled in a house, I moved in to share a place with Marlon Brando, Jay Kantor and Irving Paley. This was even better. Marlon and I used to get up at four in the morning and play records and beat his drums. This was living it up, I thought. I didn't need or want anybody else.

And then I met Janet. I was scared for a long time, scared that I'd be hurt again. She was different, and I didn't want this to end. But I distrusted her just as much as I had every other girl I'd known. When I asked for a date and she said she had another date, I'd spend that evening in the bushes opposite her house. First I'd put a note under the door for her. "What's with this guy?" And when she'd come out of the house with this other joker, she'd be laughing softly to herself. I'd wait there for hours, counting stars and playing she-loves-me, she-loves-me-not with assorted daisies, and when Janet came home with her date she'd find another note. "Don't stay too long with him." The other guy never could figure, I guess, what Janet found so amusing in her mail. And then he'd come out ten minutes later and when I'd notice he didn't wipe his mouth with his handkerchief to take off the lipstick, I'd write Janet another note. "Good girl." She'd find that one when she left the house in the morning. She used to ask me when I ever slept.

She must have had an awful time with me when we got married. I forgot appointments as fast as I made them and I was never on time. My eating habits were nonexistent, and Janet stood over me every morning until I'd stuff down my eggs and bacon and milk. She hid the orange pop. When I painted during the evening and left everything in a mess, I'd hear her tiptoe around after I was in bed, and the next morning I'd find clean rags and clean brushes waiting for me. She was forever picking up my clothes. Once she asked for a lump of stuff on a chair so that she could put it in the laundry and I handed the whole mess to her, whereupon she promptly went down on her knees. Included in the pile of clothing had been some weights I use for lifting exercises, so now I put those away myself.

By this time I'd probably be doing it all myself, but I've learned that Janet isn't happy unless she can be waiting on me all the time. People say she spoils me and I guess she does, but she likes doing it. In any case, Hawaii proved to me that whatever she does, I like it. By this time, I'd make a lousy bachelor.

There I was, on the island of Kauai, bivouacked in a plush hotel, with a room and lanai of my own. If anybody had told me ten years ago that one day I'd be in the Hawaiian Islands, living in such style and being paid for it to boot, I'd have put him in a strait-jacket. If I'd never met Janet, such a trip would have been a highlight of my life. As it was, I spent my free time there mooning around like a Gloomy Gus. I might as well have been quartered in a medieval garret for all the joy I got out of it.

I lived out of my trunk, figuring it made the time go faster. Sort of an illusion that I'd be moving out any minute. Once when I came back from work my pajamas and things had been hung up and put away. It was the maid who did it, of course, but for a fleeting moment I had the strange sensation that Janet had been there.

It was always awful when I got back to the hotel after a day's work. I'd gotten so used to married life that the days seemed empty without the welcome I always get at home. The mail addressed to me is put in a neat little pile. Janet has my folding chair in front of the TV set, and nearby is a plate of caviar and bread and onions, and a big jug of cold root beer. People might say that caviar and root beer is a weird combination, but it's all right with Janet because she knows I like them together. The caviar is expensive, but she's so intent on getting me to eat that she says I should have anything I like, as long as I stuff myself with it. The root beer bit is for two reasons. I think it tastes good with caviar, and besides, it's an equalizer. The caviar might float my head into the clouds but the root beer keeps my feet on the ground.

That's the homecoming I was used to, the kind I loved. But on Kauai, I rushed into the room to get showered and put on fresh clothes, and then into the restaurant to eat and then back to the room to go to sleep as fast as I could. Janet always puts some kind of goop on her face and hands at night—cold cream or something, I guess you call it—and it was amazing how much I missed the odor of that stuff every night. In the morning when I piled out of bed at five o'clock there was always something missing that I couldn't quite place until I realized it was the aroma of Janet's cologne. It was these little things that made me feel I wasn't really alive.

At first I'd had the sneaking thought for five whole weeks I'd be able to eat what I pleased. Janet wouldn't be standing over me and my eggs, and if I wanted to, I could starve myself with complete abandon. The funny thing was that I ate the biggest breakfast of anybody in the company—eggs and milk and flapjacks. I ate well and regularly, and I remembered every appointment. I was even on time. I'd figured, too, that I could blow the budget a little, but it turned out that the only thing I spent money for was a pair of levis. And a Chinese dinner one night when I went out with the gang. The rest of the time I ate at the hotel because I never knew when Janet might telephone. It was almost as though I was behaving myself because if I didn't, God might put the picture behind two or three days. Or maybe it was simpler than that. Maybe it was because I knew it would make Janet happy.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

When my husband was stationed in Wyoming, several movie stars came to the base to entertain the men. Unfortunately, I couldn't go to see them, as I had just come home from the hospital after our first baby was born. The baby was crying and I was feeling terribly depressed. Suddenly, I heard a soothing voice singing a beautiful lullaby. The baby stopped crying and went to sleep. I was cheered and grateful, but I was too sick to get out of bed and meet my husband's guest, Gene Autry.

Mrs. J. A. Moore
La Mesa, California

They kidded me a lot on the set. There were a lot of married men there who were lonely, but I don't think any of them were in such a turmoil as I was. Part of it, of course, was because of the baby we lost. It happened less than a week after Janet had got back home after our ten days in Hawaii together, and being away from her then was more than I could bear. We had put ourselves on a budget by agreeing that I would call every other day, and I remember that Sunday well. I had phoned the night before and was to call again on Monday, but I sensed something was wrong. I phoned our apartment, but no one answered. Then I phoned Mom and Pop's place because I remembered Janet was to go there for dinner that night. Mom told me Janet wasn't feeling well and that her parents had taken her to the doctor. I knew then why I'd had the urge to call. It hit me like a ton of bricks, and even the phone calls to Janet in the next few days didn't help much. I felt I should be there with her at such a time, and I'd have taken the next plane home, job or no job, except that I knew that would have upset Janet even more.

I took to talking with the kids on the island, and somehow that helped me more than talking with adults. Kids seem to understand so much better than grownups. There was a gang that used to hang around the hotel, all of them about six or seven years old, and I used to snitch rolls and cookies for them from the restaurant table and then we would have a long talk before I went to bed.

There were four more weeks to go, and I did everything I could to make the time fly. I'd purposely neglect sending out laundry, thinking maybe by some miracle I'd be ordered to go home. When I did send it out I always asked that it be brought back the next day. "But Mr. Curtis," they'd say, "you'll be here another three weeks."

"I'd better have it tomorrow," I said. "You never know what might happen."

I missed Janet most of all, of course, but it got so I was missing everything and everybody. I missed the fruit bowl we always attack just before bedtime, and I missed our maid Ida May's cooking. I missed sharing with Janet the funny things that happened and the crazy comedy routines we do together. Five weeks without a schticklok is a long time. It got so that when I'd been reading, I even missed Janet's interrupting me.

Coming home on the boat took four days (I sailed because of that crazy feeling I've got about flying), but it wasn't so bad because every hour brought me closer. I spent the days in my cabin, taking my meals there, and at night I would go up on the bridge and chin with the watch officer. Janet couldn't meet me at the dock because she was working, and as soon as we got in I went straight to the studio. Just seeing her, in that brief first instant, took all the misery away.

In no time at all we were back to normal. She finished her picture in time to go to Detroit with me when I began work in *Johnny Dark*, and before the trip started I got my fill of caviar and root beer, and Janet's cologne, and Ida May's cooking. Nothing had changed except me, and I knew by then that I could no longer exist in a bachelor's life.

Last night is a good example of what I mean. I was sprawled out on the couch and Janet came over and asked if I wanted anything. She always does that and I've learned she's unhappy if there isn't anything she can get for me. So I never have the heart to say no. Last night, though, I shook my head.

"You don't want a peach?" she said. "Or maybe a pear? I'll peel it for you."

"Uh-uh," I said.

Her eyes grew a little wider. "Would you like a glass of water?"

"Nope."

Then it dawned on her that this was a schticklok. She made a slight curtsey. "There must be something? Sire?"

So I waved my hand at the coffee table, ten inches away. "Give me a cigarette, woman," I said. And then we both broke up, laughing, the way we do so often. This is the life for me. **END**

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out of the frying pan

(Continued from page 33) He was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1916. As a boy Dick was sent to school in Switzerland. He was admitted to the United States as a permanent resident in May, 1937, when he entered the country at New York City under his mother's passport. At that time he made application for his first citizenship papers.

In 1939, when he was twenty-one and was singing with an orchestra, he fell in love with a girl who was singing in a Chicago hotel. They were married, and a few weeks after the marriage, Haymes requested a divorce.

Strangely enough, Haymes never told his third wife, Nora Eddington Flynn, about this first marriage. A few months ago, a reporter commented to her, "If Dick marries Hayworth, it will be his fourth marriage. That's pretty good for a guy of thirty-seven."

Politely Nora turned and said, "Dick has only been married twice, once to Joanne Dru and once to me."

When the truth finally emerged at Haymes' immigration hearing, Nora was shocked. "He never told me!" she exclaimed. "He never told me. I get more surprises every day."

"Perhaps it slipped his mind."

"Slipped his mind, my foot," Nora said. "I'll tell you this. He is not going to get a divorce in Las Vegas before I file for a divorce in California. He's not going to do that to me. I've been pretty darn cooperative with him and Rita. If Dick tries to marry without my okay, he and Hayworth will be involved in bigamy."

Nora meant exactly what she said. She wanted $8,000 in a cash settlement and alimony of $100 a week until she remarries, or she'd never even file for divorce. Haymes gave her what she asked for, anything to be free to marry Rita.

After his first divorce, an event which he blocked out of his memory, Haymes fell in love with an attractive young actress named Lacock, who later changed her name to Joanne Dru. She is the mother of his three children, currently aged eleven, eight and a half, and five and a half. And it was while he was married to Joanne Dru that he hit his stride as an entertainer, earning more than a million dollars a year for at least three years. During his career as a singer, Dick has grossed about $6,000,000 and spent every cent of it in taxes, expenses, alimony, and living.

DURING World War II, Joanne Dru gave birth to a child. Haymes, who had been classified 1-A by his draft board, asked for a deferment. When it wasn't granted, he filed an application on January 25, 1944, for relief from military service as an alien.

The following sentence is on that application: "I understand that in making this application for relief from military service as an alien that I will be barred from ever becoming a citizen of the United States."

Haymes' attorneys claim that the application which Dick signed was an incomplete document and was never acted upon by Dick's draft board in New York.

The irony of it all is that after Haymes applied for exemption from military service he was notified to report for a physical examination by Draft Board 251 in Los Angeles. He was given a thorough going over and classified as 4-F, physically unfit. High blood pressure.

When that news was sent back to Dick's original Draft Board 31 in New York City, the members couldn't believe it. So Haymes was ordered to appear for another physical, this time in New York. He was shipped to Governor's Island and held there for three days from August 13 to August 16, 1945 (the war was pretty nearly over by then) and again he was rejected for military service.

If Dick had never applied for a service exemption on the grounds that he was a citizen of a neutral nation, Argentina, or if he had waited until he had taken his physical, he would have been classified 4-F and exempted, anyway.

He doesn't think matters through. Take this deportation mess. He didn't even bother to tell his own lawyer about it until he was arrested. Then he called Bob Eaton one morning, and said, "Bob, they've got me here in the pokey. Come on down and get me out."

The lawyer signed a bailbond for $500 and Haymes was released.

DICK Haymes first met Rita Hayworth in an Italian restaurant called The Naples. It is located a few doors up the street from Columbia Studios. Dick was working on *Cruising Down The River*. One noon he went to lunch at The Naples. So did Rita, who was also working at Columbia. When Rita's companions saw Haymes lunching alone, they asked him to join their table. The crooner took one look at Rita, and wham!

From that minute on he began an ardent, tempestuous courtship. This was permissible since he was separated from his wife who was dating other gentlemen.

All of Haymes' former wives agree on one thing, that Haymes is a good and golden and honorable lover. He is a man of loyalty and fidelity.

Rita liked that. Lonely, unhappy, depressed, suspicious, and doubtful, she suddenly found herself pursued by a tall, young, handsome crooner who wanted only to be with her, to love her, to marry her to make her his own.

Even more than most women, Rita needs love. She appeared to receive little from husband number one, Ed Judson, who was twenty-five years older than she. From husband number two, Orson Welles, she got a daughter, Rebecca, whom she now supports, and a liberal education in fine arts, but again, little or no love. From husband number three, Aly Khan, she got a title, a daughter, Yasmin, whom she also supports, and here again, little or no love

All three of these husbands attempted to improve Rita, to make her over, to play Pygmalion to her Liza. They thought she had potential but no polish. Haymes is the first of her four husbands to love her just as she is.

This unasking devotion is what won him Rita's heart. It is also what lies behind his deportation trouble.

Earlier this year, when Rita flew to Hawaii for location work on *Miss Sadie Thompson,* Dick simply could not stand being away from his love. He had his agent arrange a concert for him on Oahu.

In fairness to Dick, this must be said: Before he left for Hawaii, he went to the office of the Immigration Department in Los Angeles. He said that he was an alien resident, that he had been born in Argentina, that he was not a United States citizen, and he asked if it was all right for him to make the trip.

He was given permission.

When he returned to Los Angeles, he told one of the Immigration men that he had lost his alien registration card.

The Immigration man was amazed. "How did you get out of the country in the first place?" he asked. He told Dick that under the terms of the McCarran Act, no man avoiding military service by claiming alien citizenship, could legally re-enter the United States once he had left the continental limits of the country. Hawaii was outside the continental limits, and Haymes was liable to deportation. Haymes had sixty days to prepare his defense.

INSTEAD of taking up this matter at once with his attorney in Los Angeles Haymes secretly took off for New York with Rita. There he went to a legal firm which specializes in matters of immigration. These lawyers are said to have made an attempt to have Congress pass a private bill, granting him United States citizenship

The Immigration Department in Washington keeps abreast of all private bills of this nature. When they learned of this there was more trouble. By then, Dick and Rita were back in Hollywood.

One morning, early in August, Haymes was driving along Sunset Boulevard when the Federal boys pulled up alongside his Ford. "Pull over," they said. Haymes was taken downtown and arrested.

Through all this, Rita Hayworth said absolutely nothing, but she went to work behind the scenes. She had her lawyer Bartley Crum, fly out from New York Ostensibly, Crum's trip was in connection with the financial settlement Aly Khan was offering to make on his daughter.

Crum had a conference with Haymes attorney, Bob Eaton, and later told Rita that Dick was in good legal hands. Eaton moved to have the deportation proceedings dismissed on the grounds of an old reciprocal treaty between Argentina and the United States. The judge said the matter merited further study.

ONCE Dick began to make the headlines he suddenly became a valuable box office attraction. For years he had been sliding steadily. Overnight he became, a the agents say, "red hot—a curiosity attraction."

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1953.

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He was booked by the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas for $7,500 a week. His lawyer began to receive offers from London, Paris, New York, Philadelphia, and they went as high as $15,000 per week.

Things were picking up for Dick who currently is reported to be in debt to the extent of some $200,000.

Simultaneously, Rita Hayworth decided to bare her feelings. "I love Dick Haymes," she announced. "I'm leaving for Las Vegas to marry him. I am behind him 100%."

At the time, Dick still had plenty of problems. His second wife was suing him for back support, an agent was suing him, the Bureau of Internal Revenue was prepared to attach his salary, and his wife, Nora, wanted cash on the line before she would consent to a divorce.

After she filed for divorce, Nora suddenly decided not to sign the waiver granting Haymes permission to marry Rita Hayworth in Nevada.

The next day, she changed her mind. "I just wanted time to read the paper. I wish Rita and Dick every happiness."

Two days later, Haymes, in Las Vegas with his bride-to-be, filed for divorce. The trial took about seven minutes.

"It was just general incompatability," Dick told the judge. "My work takes me out of town a lot, and she didn't want to come with me. We grew further and further apart."

"You mean," interjected Dick's lawyer, "that she actually refused to make a home for you on the road and live with you as your wife?"

"That's right," Dick said.

"And what effect did that have on your health?"

Haymes mopped his brow. "I couldn't tackle my work with a clear head. I lost weight."

The judge nodded. "Judgment granted the plaintiff." And that was that.

An hour later, Dick returned to the courthouse with Rita. Two dozen photographers and reporters followed them into the marriage license bureau. Rita was exceedingly nervous and unusually cooperative with the press. Beads of perspiration broke out on Haymes' face, but he remained calm.

Half an hour later, the couple sat for an interview. "Do you plan a honeymoon?" they were asked.

"No," Haymes said. "I've got to go out and earn some money."

"If you're deported, will Rita go with you?"

"I'm not going to be deported," Dick said flatly. "I'm going to beat this case."

At eleven-fifty A.M. on Thursday, September 24, they were married. After Dick kissed his bride, someone whispered, "He's too nice to be deported."

So far, no disposition has been made of the deportation case against Haymes. Some lawyers say that eventually he will be deported, that it may take years, but in the end, Dick will have no official residence in the United States. Others point out that even if Haymes should be deported, he could enter the country on a visitor's visa and as the husband of Rita Hayworth, who was born in New York.

Dick, before his marriage to Rita, signed an agreement which prohibits his possible inheritance of her money, property, or worldly belongings. He also stipulated that she is in no way to be held liable for any debts previously incurred by him.

The future looks good to Dick and in a short time, he hopes to be free of his debts. All Rita Hayworth wants from him is his undying love.

Right now, that's all Dick Haymes has to offer. Tomorrow, however—well, in Rita and Dick's philosophy, tomorrow never comes. It is always today. They live each day as if it were their last. **END**

my side of the story

by Dick Haymes

Editor's Note: MODERN SCREEN presents Dick Haymes' side of the controversy. Here is his comment on the reputed attempt by the Immigration Department to deport him from the United States.

August 25, 1953

I was arrested three weeks ago for deportation, and since then I have been torn apart by headlines and political statements about my case that have all but prejudiced me as guilty as a murderer.

Since then, I have been pounded by legal and political angles that make me look like a traitor to America on one hand, and like a football being kicked around to prove or disprove political points, on the other.

In a time like this, when a man feels distrustful of factions and legal technicalities, I feel I must make certain facts known to the American public—not as a defense, for I feel no guilt—but rather to get certain things off my chest; to get the strength to fight for the right to remain in America, and to fight for the chance to become an American citizen.

I am not guilty of trying to evade military service for the United States. I was actually notified to report for my draft physical on June 20, 1945, by order number 2136 issued by draft board 251 in Los Angeles.

I reported, the same as many millions of other men, and I was examined at the Armed Forces Induction Station in the Pacific Electric Building, Sixth and Main Streets in Los Angeles.

Shortly afterwards, I received a notice from Induction Station Commander 1st Lt. J. M. Connors, stating that I was "rejected physically unfit."

The reason was high blood pressure or hypertension, the same disqualification which marked several million other men as 4-F.

I was called again in New York and examined at Governor's Island on August 13, 1945, and again rejected for high blood pressure. I still have the original notice of my rejection by Captain Edgar Montville, the induction station commander of New York.

So you see I did not try to evade military service. I wanted to pass my physical because I knew it automatically meant citizenship in ninety days. But I was rejected—just like several million other men.

The fact that I did sign a paper stating I was an Argentina national, previous to that, did not stop me from reporting for my draft notice. I was not rejected for military service and a chance for American citizenship because I was an Argentina national, but because the American Government didn't think I was physically fit for service.

I trust that the public will understand that better than all the legal arguments I can muster to explain my case. I trust the public will also understand that I was given permission to leave the country for Hawaii by the same Immigration Department which today claims I violated the laws by doing that.

The same Immigration Department knew my file, knew my case, and gave me a temporary alien registration card to go to Hawaii, because I had lost my original.

If perhaps I don't make it clear in any future defense in the confusion of a hearing room when the shadow of strict law hangs over the individual, I want to make it clear now to the press and to the public. I was given permission to go to Hawaii by Richard Cody of the Immigration Department and when I got back I was told I had violated the McCarran Act by leaving the country.

I was called an "excludable" although the department knew of my draft rejection. I was called an "excludable" after having been given permission to leave the country, and when I asked why I was given permission in the first place I was told, "Well, the officials can't know everything."

I was then told to prepare my defense or "get the Congress to pass a law that would give me citizenship within sixty days." I was given that word by the Immigration Department.

On the twenty-ninth day, I was called and told to call the Department the next day.

The very next day I was on my way to see a lawyer—a sacred privilege in America—when I was arrested. I did not get the sixty days I was promised by the Department to make legal arrangements. I got no explanation for their actions since then—only tight-lipped silence that keeps burrowing into my peace of mind with suspense and anxiety.

In a short time, I am to appear for a hearing on my case. But politicians' statements have deluded the public into pre-judging me as a criminal, a deliberate betrayer of the wonderful privilege of living in the U. S.

If, in the confusion of official hearings and through the screen of authority, these facts are not properly presented to the press and public or are distorted by the shadows of inference of deliberate violation of the laws of this great country, I will at least rest in the peace of having given my side of the story.

I think the American public, judging from the few letters and handclasps given me so far, will believe that I am right in the conviction to fight this case and that I have not done wrong nor have I betrayed the right to live in America. **END**

anybody here seen mrs. kelly?

(*Continued from page 45*) lies!"

In the midst of all this hullabaloo, Eugene Curran Kelly was his usual, calm, assured, astute self.

Sitting in the living room of Gene Tierney's home—he had rented it until the lessees who had sublet his own were ready to go—he grinned his broad Irish grin.

"I don't know what the fuss is all about," he said. "Honestly! I took a plane from England and landed at Idlewild in New York. I traveled under my own name. I went through Customs and Immigration just like everyone else. It was a Sunday. Maybe that's why the reporters missed me.

"Then I caught a plane to Pittsburgh. After all, I hadn't seen my folks in over a year. I spent a couple of days with them and, incidentally, had a lot of fun with reporters from the Pittsburgh papers.

"After that, I came out here. Suddenly, there's a lot of fuss. I'm not hiding from anyone. What have I got to hide? It's no crime to take advantage of a favorable tax law. Besides, who cares? I've always paid my taxes. If the Government says I owe them money, I'll pay. If they say I don't, then I won't.

"It's as simple as that. Right now, I'm working hard on *Invitation* (*Invitation To The Dance* is one of the three films Kelly made while abroad) and we're trying to work in some cartoon transitions. Betsy and Kerry will be home in a couple of weeks and they can tell you anything you want to know about Europe."

That conversation should give you some small clue to the Gene Kelly personality. Here is a man who has no time for gossip, trivia, or inconsequential small talk. Let others rage at slandering columnists. Let others threaten to file their lawsuits. Gene has no time for legal battles, rumor denials, studio politics, feuds of any sort, or any such manifestations of the Hollywood social game. He and his wife, Betsy, stay out of night clubs, and he is probably the only Hollywood star earning $5,000 a week who doesn't drive a Cadillac.

Most of Kelly's life revolves around his work. Ray Boulting, the talented Englishman who directed Gene in *Crest Of The Wave*, says, "Kelly is probably the most accomplished player I've worked with. He's absolutely sure of what he's doing. And it isn't just Hollywood slickness. He is a man of profound intelligence who is terribly well-grounded in all the fundamentals. Also, and this is very important, he loves to work."

Friends of the Kellys predict that Gene's obsession with work may yet lose him his domestic happiness, but his wife says, "That's just nonsense. Kerry and I—well, we're part of Gene's work. Gene isn't the kind of husband who divides his life into two segments: on the job at the studio and off the job at home. He spends many hours of the day and night working at home. Our house is filled with all sorts of studio workers. Dancing and directing and choreography aren't something apart from us that Gene reserves for himself. All of us in the family are an integral part of his work. And he wants us to be. Some men shut their families out from their profession. Gene always includes us."

DESPITE this, those who know the Kellys well are of the opinion that Gene should devote some of his time to his wife's career.

"Gene and Betsy have been married for twelve years," one friend explains, "and they've been very happy, but there is one obstacle which may throw them if it isn't overcome, and that's Betsy's frustration.

"This girl has great talent. There's no doubt about it. Ask anyone who has seen her perform. People still talk about her acting in *The Snake Pit*. When she and Kerry went over to Europe to join Gene, we hoped she might get a break overseas.

"She was offered a good role in England but she couldn't get a labor permit, so she went to work for Anatole Litvak in France and in Italy as a combination coach and script girl.

"Betsy is crazy to have a career. After all, what can she do with her time? Kerry is nine and goes off to school each day. Gene goes off to the studio. Lois is a marvelous secretary and takes care of the mail and the bills. Servants look after the house.

"Betsy Kelly wants an acting job, but it's the same old story. She is handicapped by being married to Gene. Why should any casting director hire her when there are hundreds of other young actresses who really need the money?

"This was the situation when Gene and Betsy left Hollywood almost two years ago. Gene has a great, constantly expanding career while Betsy, loaded with talent, drive, youth, and ambition, has none. We thought the situation would change in Europe, but no luck. Career-wise, Gene gets bigger, she gets smaller."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was at a wedding shower in the banquet room of Lucey's in Los Angeles. One girl came in and reported excitedly that Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were having lunch in the main dining room. We all wanted to see them, but we didn't think it was right for thirty girls to gang up on them. Someone suggested that we ask them to come and see us, and we all agreed but none of us thought they would. To our surprise, they not only came in, but they gave us all autographs, told jokes, and to top it off, they both wished the bride-to-be luck and happiness with a great big hug and kiss!

Anita Bockman
Inglewood, California

Like her husband, Betsy Blair is frank, honest, down-to-earth, and unassuming. Ask her if she's frustrated, and she tells you the truth. "Of course I'm frustrated," she says, "but so are a lot of other actresses. I want to work but I can't find the jobs. Certainly, it isn't Gene's fault. Anything I want to do in the way of a career is all right with him. He never has objected to that."

Kelly knows that his young wife is a fine actress, but he dislikes nepotism, and he would never use his own power or prestige to advance his wife's career. He feels that if Betsy is going to make it to the top, she's going to make it through her own efforts. And he has a deep, abiding faith in her eventual success.

One of Betsy's friends says, "I can't figure Betsy, at all. Why doesn't she give up all this career pretension? Why doesn't she have four or five more kids and raise a big family? Now that Gene has a new contract and all that tax-free money, she isn't going to have any financial worries. Besides, the Kellys have always lived modestly. To my way of thinking, this girl has everything: a successful husband, a beautiful daughter, a nice home, money in the bank. Why does she want to knock herself out?"

The Kellys would like to enlarge their family, but even if they should, Betsy Blair would yearn for a career. She is one girl who has always wanted to entertain. She went to work as a dancer when she was only fourteen. Show business is in her blood, and she cannot drive it out.

She wasn't yet eighteen when she was married to Gene in 1941, and in the ensuing decade she succeeded in sublimating her ambition. As she approaches thirty, however, she feels that her acting career will have to start now or never.

Kelly who doesn't like to discuss his private life, says anything that will make Betsy happy is fine with him. He understands and appreciates her frustration, but he is sure it offers no threat to their marriage.

"Essentially," he says, "Betsy is a very sensible girl with very sound values. She knows that it is virtually impossible for two careers in one family to be equal."

AS FOR his concentration on his work, Gene says, "They'll have to carry me, feet-first, off the dance floor before I retire. Right now, I'm as strong as a horse. I want to act and dance and direct, and I don't ever want to stop.

"*Invitation To The Dance* was my first straight directing job, but we didn't shoot it for a wide screen, and if they show it on one, they'll ruin it. But I think that from the point of view of the dancer and the choreographer, these new dimensional techniques—3-D, CinemaScope, and the others—are great, because they give the screen what it's always lacked, depth and the illusion of dancing on the stage."

When Kelly started out to make *Invitation To The Dance*, a full-length feature told only in mime and ballet, several studio executives called him in and said, "Why do you want to make a dance film without words? You must be nuts."

Gene explained what he had in mind, and the studio had such great faith in him that he was given the go-ahead. Two Decembers ago, he flew overseas, made a quickie in Munich, and then began to hire ballet dancers for *Invitation*. Now finished, the film has several non-dialogue ballets strung together. Theoretically, this picture will raise the aesthetic level of the film musical to an all-time high.

Of all his musicals, Kelly claims, "*On The Town* is my favorite, although I've danced better in other films than I did in that. I think I did my best dancing in *Anchors Aweigh* but *On The Town* was important, a different kind of a musical."

OF THE three Kellys who went abroad, Gene was the first to return. He has been in Hollywood since August. Betsy, Kerry, and Lois McLelland, Gene's secretary, stayed behind in Paris, and a few weeks later, Lois and Kerry flew back to the States. Kerry spent some time with her grandma and grandpa Boger in New Jersey and arrived in Beverly Hills early in September, in time for school-opening. She was elected president of her class.

Betsy closed the picturesque apartment the Kellys had rented in Paris and was the last of the wandering tribe to pull into Hollywood. The family lived in Gene Tierney's home in September and finally got back into their own home in October.

Now that Gene is hard at work, Kerry is going to school, and Betsy is looking for an acting job, it seems to the Kelly trio that they've never left home.

They are still one of Hollywood's truly happy families, and should Betsy get one good break, they will be the happiest. Until then, and this is one of the French sayings the Kellys learned in France, "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" The more things change, the more they are the same.

END

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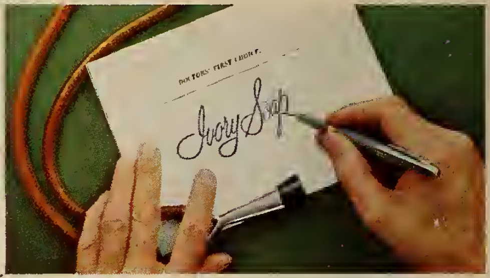

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AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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what really happened to DORIS DAY

JUNE HAVER COMES HOME

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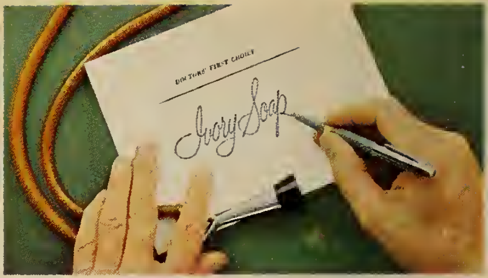
Janet Leigh

DEC - 4 1953

Pure Mild IVORY SOAP Doctors' First Choice For Complexion Care



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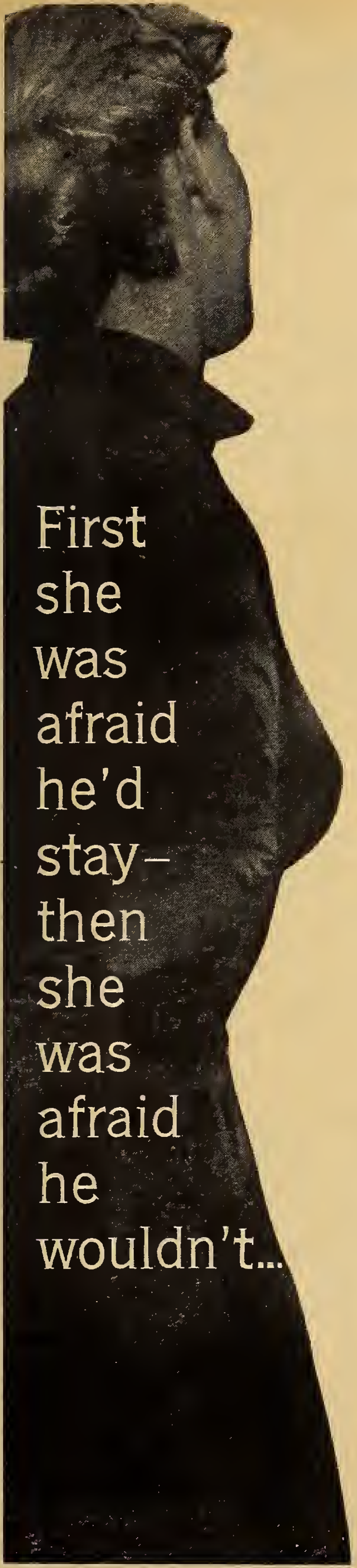

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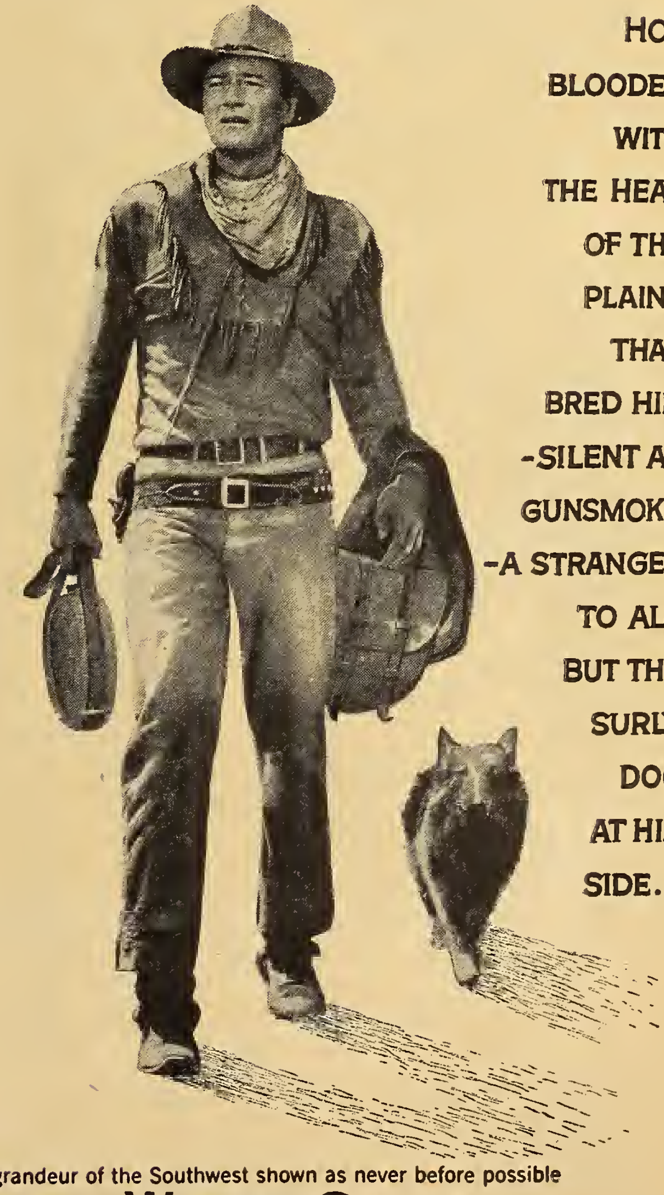
she
was
afraid
he'd
stay–
then
she
was
afraid
he
wouldn't...

JOHN WAYNE

...They called him

"Hondo"



HOT
BLOODED
WITH
THE HEAT
OF THE
PLAINS
THAT
BRED HIM
-SILENT AS
GUNSMOKE
-A STRANGER
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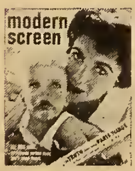

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modern screen

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*On the Cover: John Engstead's Color Portrait of MGM's Janet Leigh, currently appearing in *Prince Valiant*. See page 54 for picture credits

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PAIGE LOHR, story editor
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. What happened to the hot television show Ginger Rogers was supposed to have? —V.L., Dallas, Tex.

A. *Miss Rogers does not want to play the same character on* TV *each week, so a new type of stock company program is being prepared for her.*

Q. How come Bob Hope's wife never travels with him on any of his personal appearance tours? —R.U., Cleveland, Ohio

A. *Dolores Hope has four children to look after.*

Q. Wasn't there a bang-up fight between Dick Powell and Henry Fonda at *The Caine Mutiny* rehearsals? —T.O., Rochester, N.Y.

A. *Powell was signed to direct the stage version. Fonda did not see eye to eye with Powell on his interpretation of the scene, whereupon Powell returned to RKO. There was no fight.*

Q. I read in your magazine that Rita Hayworth does not let Orson Welles see their daughter, Rebecca. After the story was published, didn't Welles spend time with Rebecca in Connecticut? —L.T., Darien, Conn.

A. *Yes.*

Q. What is Bob Wagner's draft classification? —R.E., Tulsa, Okla.

A. *4-F.*

Q. What connection does Boris Melonovitch have with Peggy Lee? —W.N., Macon, Ga.

A. *He was her second husband under the name Brad Dexter.*

Q. I heard over the radio that more motion pictures are currently being produced in Italy than in Hollywood. Is this true? —E.E., Hartford, Conn.

A. *True for the month of October, 1953.*

Q. Wasn't Van Johnson's marriage to Evie Wynn responsible for his loss of popularity with the fans? —V.E., Des Moines, Iowa.

A. *It may have cost some popularity among his bobby-sox following.*

Q. I've heard tell that Marilyn Monroe uses a special bust exerciser. Where can I buy such a machine? —T.R., Great Neck, N.Y.

A. *Rumor is false.*

Q. I've been told that Gene Kelly once got engaged to a Honduran girl in the Bradford Hotel in Boston. Is that story true? —E.R., Swampscott, Mass.

A. *No.*

Q. In *Mogambo*, there is a gorilla-killing sequence. Isn't there a law in Kenya and other African territory forbidding the killing of gorillas? —E.R., Darby, Pa.

A. *There is such a law.*

Q. What ever happened to Howard Duff? —V.L., Portland, Ore.

A. *Happily reconciled with wife Ida Lupino, he has signed a new contract with Universal Studios.*

Q. Does Jean Simmons really receive $10,000 a week from RKO for doing nothing? —W.G., London, Eng.

A. *For paying her that sum, RKO has the use of Miss Simmons as an actress.*

Q. Isn't it true that the Nevada State Gambling Commission has refused to okay Frank Sinatra as a 2% owner of the gambling casino at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas? —G.Y., Reno Nev.

A. *Sinatra's application is being studied. No decision has been made at this writing.*

Q. I've read that Dick Haymes owes the Government anywhere from $100,000 to $250,000 in back taxes. Exactly how much does he owe? —H.T., New York, N.Y.

A. *Haymes owes $49,600 in back taxes for the years 1951 and 1952.*

Q. Under what name does Terry Moore attend classes at the University of California. Is she really a Mormon? —G.D., Richfield, Utah.

A. *Mormon Terry Moore is registered at the university under her maiden name, Helen Koford.*

sweet and hot

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*Recommended
No Stars: Average

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RECORD OF THE MONTH

JO STAFFORD & FRANKIE LAINE—A Musical Portrait Of New Orleans** (Columbia). Here's a recently-released LP that may have escaped your attention, although it contains some of the best work of two top singers. Jo does *Jambalaya, Raminay* and *Shrimp Boats,* Frankie handles that fine tune *Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans* on his own, and they team up for *Floating Down To Cotton Town, Way Down Yonder In New Orleans* and a rousing *Basin Street Blues.* For a pair of outlanders, they do a heck of a job!

FROM THE MOVIES

CALAMITY JANE—*The Deadwood Stage* and *Secret Love* by Doris Day* (Columbia).

BAND WAGON—songs of Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, by Leroy Holmes* (MGM). This LP contains four songs from *The Band Wagon* and four other hits from Broadway musicals by the famous team.

BLOWING WILD—title song by Frankie Laine* (Columbia). This minor-key moan, subtitled *The Ballad Of Black Gold,* was expected to make as big a hit for Frankie as that other Dimitri Tiomkin composition, *High Noon,* but it didn't turn out quite that great.

THE CADDY—*You're The Right One* by Bob Santa Maria (MGM); Dean Martin* (Capitol); Paul Weston (Columbia). *That's Amore* by Dean Martin* (Capitol); Blue Barron (MGM).

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—*Re-enlistment Blues* by Merle Travis** (Capitol).

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—*When Love Goes Wrong* by Hoagy Carmichael* (Capitol).

LITTLE FUGITIVE—*Joey's Theme* by Richard Hayman (Mercury).

MELBA—*The Melba Waltz* by Mantovani* (London).

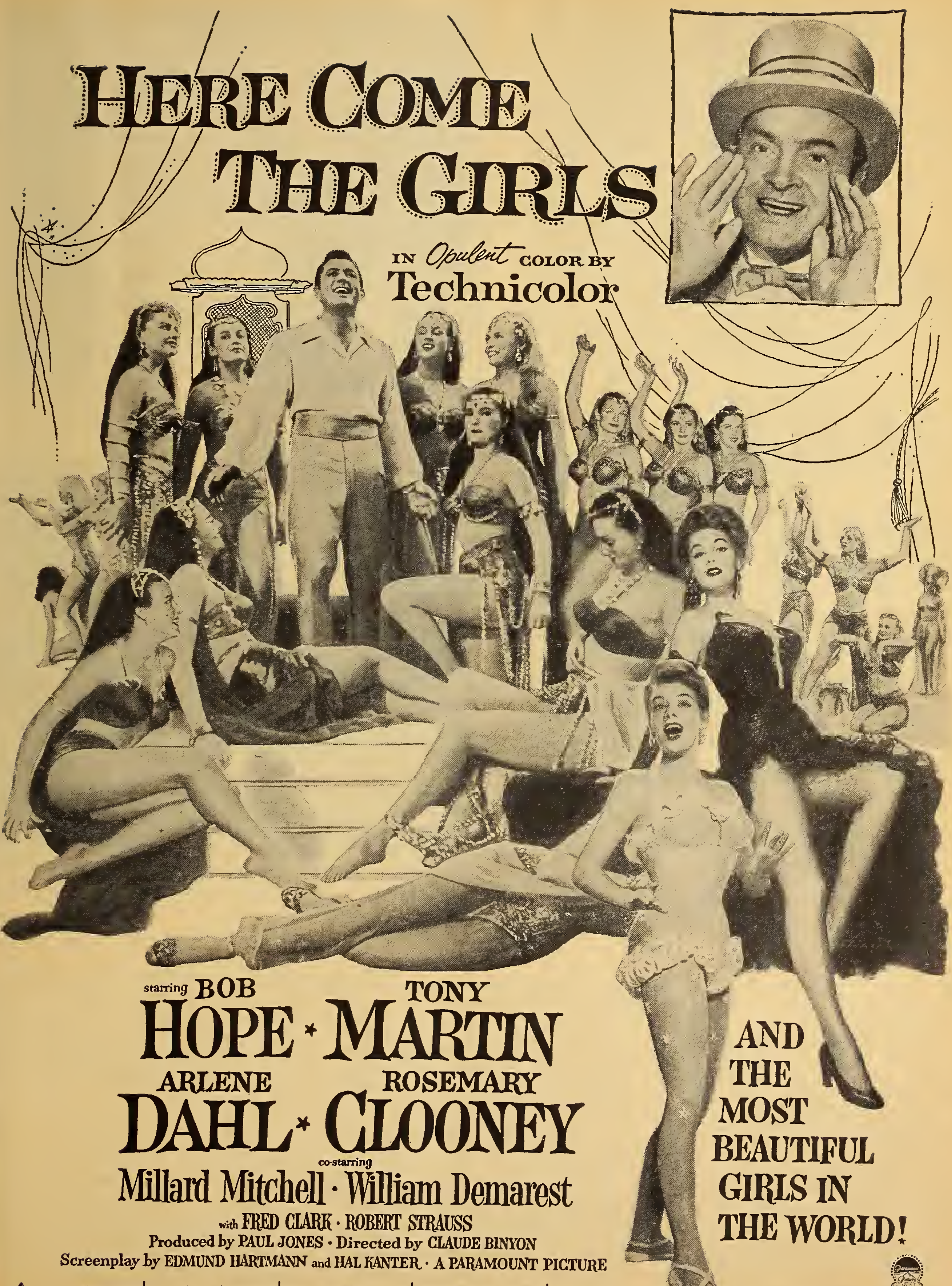
THE ROBE—*Love Theme* by Les Baxter* (Capitol).

STORY OF THREE LOVES—Eighteenth Variation from Rhapsody (Rachmaninoff) by Jack Pleis* (Decca).

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—*Julie* by Les Baxter (Capitol).

TORCH SONG—LP by Walter Gross* (MGM). This isn't a sound-track album, but it's an effective reconstruction of some musical high points from the film, featuring Walter Gross, who dubbed the piano passages for Michael Wilding. On *Follow Me, When A Fool Falls In Love* and *You Won't Forget Me* there are vocals by India Adams, who was Joan Crawford's singing voice in the picture. Also included is Gross' famous *Tenderly.*

UNDER PARIS SKIES—title theme by Mitch Miller* (Columbia).



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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Ginger Rogers attended *The Robe* première with husband, Jacques Bergerac. Ginger's latest is a Paramount comedy, *Forever Female,* in which she co-stars with Paul Douglas, William Holden and new star Pat Crawley.

AVA COOLS OFF IN THE SUN . . . DADOLLE WANTS THE KING TO COME BACK . . . THE PARTING OF THE WAYNES . . . LARRY PARKS MAKES A COME-BACK BID . . .

Anne Francis, starring in *A Lion Is In The Streets,* came with husband Bam Price. This pair, who met at an incinerator and spent their first months of marriage in *two* apartments, are among Hollywood's happiest.

When I was in Las Vegas, Frank Sinatra called and asked, "Louella, may I have a moment of your time?"

I had a hunch he wanted to talk about his trouble with Ava—and that is exactly what he did.

Getting back to the start of this feud in New York, he said, "How could I meet her plane when she didn't tell me she was coming in? I didn't even know she was in New York until a friend told me.

"Our whole trouble started because I couldn't stay with her in Europe until she flew home. I had a show to do and I had to rehearse."

These are the first and only words Frankie has had to say since the start of the longest feud the Sinatras have ever had.

The beginning of the near end for the Sinatras came, not with one of the violent battles splashed all over the gossip columns; not with jealous recriminations; not with the typical shenanigans that usually mark their domestic explosions.

It came with deadly calm and coldness.

Ava and Frankie had driven in from Palm Springs where they had been in the process of making up their New York spat at the home of a friend.

They stopped by a cafe operated by Patsy, a very popular Italian restaurateur and a close friend of Frank's.

Right in the middle of a spaghetti dinner, Ava made an amusing, but derogatory remark about a friend of Frank's.

His face turned white. Pushing back the table, he put down the money to cover the bill, and said with deadly coldness, "That does it."

Ava's mouth flew open. Her jaw dropped. She couldn't have registered a greater expression of "surprise" to win an Academy Award.

From Patsy's, Frank went to a hotel. The next morning he left for Las Vegas for his nightclub opening at the Sands Hotel.

Ava wasn't there, although her own Mogambo première didn't take place until the following night.

The eyes of the gossip hounds watched avidly to see if Ava would fly to Las Vegas. She didn't.

"Why should I?" she shrugged to a friend, "I've heard nothing from him since he left."

With her sister Bea, Ava went back to Palm Springs to cool off in the sun. And yet, I hear the things she had to say about a certain "he" were clearly audible over the little stone wall surrounding her hideaway.

Ava's not a girl to suffer in silence.

Louella took time out from her chores as Hollywood's most famous reporter, confidante of stars and daily columnist for the Hearst papers, to say hello to old friends Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bergen at *The Robe.*

Tab Hunter and Debbie Reynolds are seen around town together these days, but not to the exclusion of other dates. Among those in Tab's dating book are Lori Nelson and Pat Crowley—Debbie's is too long to list!

Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin discussed fashion with Olivia de Havilland. Cyd was impressed with the charcoal grey tuxedo Tony introduced to night life; may have a cocktail suit ordered to match it.

Audrey Hepburn, who spent evening with Phil Silvers, is becoming one of Hollywood's most popular young stars. Columnists who have referred to lovely Audrey as "no roving beauty" are now taking a second look.

What does all this add up to? My private opinion is that no matter if the Sinatras do stage a temporary kiss-and-make-up act, as they have many times in the past, this passionate romance is in the ice box.

And the lovers whose torrid highjinks before and after marriage made headlines—have had it.

THERE'S no more flattering background for lovely women in lovely gowns than Edie (Mrs. William) Goetz's confectioner's-blue-and-ivory drawing room in her Bel Air home.

Of course, the fortune in magnificent oil paintings owned by the Goetzes and adorning the walls doesn't hurt anything, either.

The party they gave welcoming Claudette Colbert back to Hollywood after twenty months in Europe was itself a picture of beautiful women in gorgeous gowns.

Imagine this for "entertainment" following the cocktail and dinner hours: Judy Garland and Bing Crosby singing duet after duet!

Bing (this was before the accident in the wee small hours of the morning which wrecked his $12,000 Mercedes-Benz) brought—surprise, surprise—Mona Freeman. As far as I know, this was the first time they had seen each other since Bing's return from Europe.

I'd like to go on record right here as saying that Bing drank little, or nothing, during the evening. He never does when he is working—and he was in the middle of *White Christmas.* I am sure his subsequent accident after taking Mona home had nothing to do with drinking.

To get back to the party—Danny Kaye was very proud of Sylvia who was wearing a gown many people voted the loveliest in the room, white with the bouffant skirt of many tiers piped in vivid red.

It was a nostalgic moment when Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger and I stopped to remember another occasion when I had been a guest of the Goetzes. I was at the dinner table when Janie telephoned me the "scoop" that she and Freddie had eloped to Santa Barbara.

Everyone seemed especially glad to see Fred MacMurray at a party, his first since the death of his beloved Lily. Fred came with Rocky Cooper, so there's no romance angle here. Gary Cooper is an old friend of his.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, dancing cheek-to-cheek with George Sanders (whom she's constantly on the verge of divorcing) put on her usual act trying to attract attention—and she did!

June Allyson, who can't seem to tear herself away from Dick Powell's side, held his hand all evening, or sat on the arm of his chair. If there ever was a time when the

The Ice Follies brought out a huge crowd of celebrities, among them Donald O'Connor and Marilyn Erskine. Now that Donald is well again, he has resumed TV work and gone into rehearsal for a new movie to make up for losing the role in *White Christmas.*

June Allyson and Dick Powell took part in Charity Day celebration at Hollywood Park. June's flowers come from her own garden. (Read their Christmas story on page 40.)

Rock Hudson brought his favorite script girl, Betty Abbott, to the Ice Follies. There's no ring now on the hand Rock is holding, but friends predict thot there moy be one soon.

Ann Blyth and her husband Dr. James McNulty saw the Ice Follies with old friends Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. Photographers complied with Ann's request for a let-up on the publicity that ottended her marriage, but got this shot of the happy couple.

Powells were having problems, it is long since past. I don't believe they have ever been so close.

The two "refugees", Claudette Colbert and Gene Kelly (he was abroad even longer than she), had a lot to talk about regarding Paris, London, Rome—and picture making abroad vs. picture making in Hollywood.

Come to think of it, there's not a producer rich enough to hire all the talent under this roof this night—among others, Ricardo Montalbon, Mary and Jack Benny, Gracie Allen and George Burns, Frances and Edgar Bergen.

THE MOST "hated" (so they say) performer ever to play Las Vegas is our gal, Shelley Winters, who got off to a great start with her nightclub act—and then turned temperamental.

What goes with Shell? Is she doomed to be a girl who just can't take advantage of her good breaks—and will she always be her own worst enemy?

When Shelley said she was going to whip up a nightclub act a lot of people, including her friends, thought she was making a mistake.

But she has a lot of determination and when she tried out the act in San Diego the reviews were wonderful. The girl who almost won an Oscar for her dramatics in *A Place In The Sun* was hailed as a "sock" singer, clever comedienne, and a real star of the swank saloons.

When Shelley moved to the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas the critics were equally enthusiastic if not more so.

Then all brimstone broke loose! Whether the reviews went to her head or whether she was cross because Vittorio Gassman flew out for Italy right after her opening night, no one knows.

But Shelley really started exploding right and left. She demanded that a comedian on the same bill cut his time down to fifteen minutes. (The management said he'd play his full time.)

She started complaining about the lights and that customers talked and drank while she was on.

One of the executives of the hotel was quoted as saying: "We've had a lot of temperament thrown around here. We've put up with hot-headed and disagreeable stars. But the worst is Shelley Winters.

"She threatened to walk out. If she does—that's all right. It's for sure she'll never walk back in."

Darn it, I like Shelley. I wish she'd get hold of herself. She has as much talent as any young actress in Hollywood if she just won't insist on ruining her career with these senseless nipups.

FROM FAR OFF Paris comes the wail of Suzanne Dadolle, for many months Clark Gable's favorite doll, "I am heartbroken that Mr. Gable left Paris without calling me.

"I was dreaming of living on his ranch in California and being happily married and

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

having children."

I'm afraid Suzanne is dreaming about the wrong ranch. My bet is you can't get Clark to another marriage license bureau as long as he lives.

It's been a rocky month for marriages with many of the most circumspect being highly suspect!

The break between the Ray Millands, twenty-two years wed, shocked even the Hollywood cynics and shocked their closest friends.

It seems hard to believe that Ray, who has tried for twelve years to make up to Mal the hurt of a former parting, could again stub his toe over the same problem. The problem? A blonde who need not be identified.

I have no sympathy for her, but I am hoping that before this is printed Ray will have come to his senses and returned to his beautiful, silver-haired Mal and their two children.

Apparently, "the dangerous age" for men applies to actors as well as to other males.

And, speaking of gossip about the married—Deborah Kerr has practically been drowned in rumors since her sexy success in *From Here To Eternity* and on Broadway in *Tea And Sympathy*.

Poor Deborah is touted as having had wild flings with a happily married actor, an unhappily married actor, a New York millionaire, a successful agent—and hold on—even *Frank Sinatra!*

This last is nothing short of ludicrous. But it all goes to show you what can happen to a thoroughly proper British lady when she reverses her field (as they say in football) and bursts forth on the screen as a siren.

Tony Bartley, the "legal" man in Deborah's life, is fit to blow his top. Deborah, on the other hand, dismisses it with a shrug of the shoulder.

Perhaps she realizes that spice mixes well with success.

The most violent marriage eruption, of course, was the mudslinging, front-paged divorce of the John Waynes.

I'm on the Duke's side and I don't care who knows it. I've known him for years, and I've never known him to be other than a gentleman and a kind man even under intolerable conditions.

Wayne offered his wife an enormous financial settlement hoping to save the whole industry from this mess. It's deplorable and shameful.

If there could possibly be any kind of amusing angle in the whole thing, it's this: the most unhappy girl in town when Gail Russell's name was dragged into the Waynes' slugfest was *Jane* Russell!

Because of the similarity of names (they sound a great deal alike over the radio) poor Jane was a nervous wreck, as was her ever-lovin' husband, Bob Waterfield.

In desperation, Jane's press agent finally called the news broadcasters and asked, in the name of innocence, if they would *spell* out which Miss Russell was involved!

My story that Larry Parks was coming back to work with the full approval of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, plus a commendation from them for his cooperation, had hardly hit the streets when

Gale Storm attended *The Robe* première with her husband. Gale, whose TV show, *My Little Margie,* is a hit, looked happy, but not even the success of her film, *Lili,* New York's longest-running movie, could make Leslie Caron or husband Geordie Hormel smile, though they denied separation.

Jack Palance, who has slid easily from his roles as gangsters and villains into romantic leads, attended with his wife, actress Virginia Baker.

Shelley and her Vittorio are denying talk of a rift, say they want another baby. But friends say Shelley is only grinning on the outside.

Bob Mitchum, who claims to be a big bully around the house, brought Dorothy to the première; proceeded to bully an usher into tears.

Terry Moore and host Mike Romanoff exchanged quips. Terry's necklines may be low, but instructors predict her UCLA grades will be high.

See MAUREEN O'HARA
in "WAR ARROW"
Universal-International's
technicolor picture

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ontinued

nd Jack Warner chatted at Romanoff's. Despite trouble
onges in the staff (even the new, happy Judy gets mad!)
's still underway and may be a great come-back for her.

Jerry Lewis flatly refused to comment on his much-publicized, much-criticized English tour, cheerfully agreed to kiss Patti for commentator George Fisher, covering Hollywood première of 20th Century-Fox' *The Robe.*

Susan Hayward was unusually gay at Romanoff's with agent Ned Marin, but seems to have accepted fellow-Brooklynite Jeff Chandler's long-standing offer of a convenient shoulder to cry on, should blues return.

my telephone rang.

A soft voice from the other end said, "This is Larry Parks, Miss Parsons. I want to say thank you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Although it has been two years since Larry worked, and nearly three since his testimony that he had at one time been a Communist card holder "through a misdirected sense of pity for the underdog," many of you fans have continued to write letters about him.

For the most part, the writers have been willing to give Larry another chance. I would say the "friendly" letters outnumbered the others by about 70%.

Larry's comeback in a film for television is being sponsored by the Ford Theatre of Television.

It will be made at Columbia, the studio where he made his biggest hit in *The Jolson Story* and where he lost his last contract.

These two highly reputable companies are willing to gamble on Parks.

What is your verdict?

IF I DID Joan Crawford wrong when I printed in this column that she and Michael Wilding feuded throughout *Torch Song*, the only right thing to do is to let you look over my shoulder and read excerpts from Joan's letter:

Dear Louella:

I have never had any trouble with Michael Wilding and I think if you'd question him, you'd find he didn't have any trouble with me. I never mumbled anything under my breath during *Torch Song*—or any other picture—unless I was chiding myself for one of my own mistakes.

Joan Crawford is the only one I'm concerned about when I do a picture.

Now, as far as Mrs. Michael Wilding goes, she was on the set time and time again—we took many pictures—I had her in for tea and cocktails and she was charming and delightful and of course, as you know, beautiful beyond belief.

I don't know who gave you this story, but it is as inaccurate as snow in June in California.

I just thought I'd bring you up to date, Louella. God bless you, and, incidentally, it was good to talk to you the other day. I do hope you are happy.

'Bye now,
Joan

THE FIRST person I ran into entering the Coconut Grove for Tony Martin's opening was Jerry Lewis.

"Now don't bother asking me anything about England," chirped irrepressible Jerry. "Not a word. Not a word!" I didn't.

Tony's first night at the Grove was more than just another popular singing star playing for the homefolks and fellow stars gathered ringside.

It was a big charity night with the Denver Hospital and Sanitarium the beneficiary and Tony was delighted that over $30,000 was raised.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

They say women never notice what a man wears but, believe me, all the girls were taking note of Tony's tuxedo, something new for men—a charcoal grey nylon silk with satin lapels.

"I think I should copy it for a cocktail suit," said lovely Cyd Charisse as I passed her table. As usual, Cyd was beaming with pride over the large turnout for Tony and because of the beautiful way he sang—mostly just to her.

I can't for the life of me imagine why Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess don't get married. They sat shoulder to shoulder all during dinner. Yet, Bob plans to return to Europe soon and Ursula remains in Hollywood.

Redheaded Greer Garson wore a bright red dress! *There's* an unusual fashion tip for redheads.

Donna Reed, basking in the glory of *From Here To Eternity*, looked very happy with hubby Tony Owen—which should stop those rumors.

THE LETTER BOX: Francesca Franklyn, San Francisco, asks: "Did Jeff Chandler break up the marriage of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker? If not, how come she started dating him so soon after her marriage broke up?"

I can assure you, Francesca, that Jeff had nothing to do with Susan's break with Jess. They have known one another since they were struggling young actors in Brooklyn.

They started dating *after* Jeff broke with his wife and Susan divorced Jess.

At first, they both said there was nothing to it—that they were both lonely and were just "friends."

But, do you know something, Francesca, from where I sit, these two begin to look very romantic.

What may have started out as mere "consolation" dates may very well develop into something exciting between Susan and Jeff.

We shall see what we shall see.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Jane Powell attended the Charity Day festivities at Harness Racing Park with Gene Nelson.

HE'S THE KIND OF MAN WHO'S OUT OF BOUNDS FOR ANY KIND OF WOMAN!
The story of Eddie Darrow, the forbidden woman he wanted and the dangerous bargain he dared to make!
Forbidden
Starring
TONY CURTIS
JOANNE DRU
LYLE BETTGER with MARVIN MILLER
DIRECTED BY RUDOLPH MATÉ · SCREENPLAY BY WILLIAM SACKHEIM AND GIL DOUD
PRODUCED BY TED RICHMOND · A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

movie reviews

by florence epstein

KISS ME KATE Here is a real movie jackpot—a musical based on a hit Broadway show that actually follows the original plot and score! It's understandable, considering that Cole Porter is responsible for the music and Sam and Bella Spewack for the book. Kathryn Grayson, who always looks good in Technicolor, is a Broadway star who can't decide whether to play Kate in a musical version of Shakespeare's *The Taming Of The Shrew.* Trouble is, she'd have to co-star with her ex-husband, Howard Keel, whose new girl friend Ann Miller, is playing Bianca. Kathryn doesn't know whether it will aggravate Ann more if she plays the part or leaves the show flat—but she wants to make sure she gets her, but good. Underneath all that sarcasm, you see, Kathryn is still in love with Howard. Furthermore, under all that muscle, Howard doesn't really care if Ann is playing around with a dancing gambler, Tommy Rall, 'cause he really wants Kathryn back. In the middle of all this intrigue, a couple of talented gunmen, Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, show up backstage. It's opening night, and they're perfectly willing to open up on Howard unless he pays a gambling debt. So anyhow, everyone, including the gunmen, winds up onstage in a brawling, ad-libbed *Shrew* that would have Shakespeare rolling, not in his grave, but in the aisles. You, too. (*MGM*)

PARATROOPER Alan Ladd's training to be a paratrooper in England, but you half expect him to leap out of a plane with no chute on, the way he's acting. Tense, I mean. Sullen. He'd rather knock you silly than bother to say hello. What's eating him, you may well ask. Some old sickness from another country. America, to be exact. He was a pilot there and still feels responsible for a pal's death. Now they want to make Ladd an officer but the thought turns his stomach. He's a leader, sure enough. If you can't see it in his stiff upper lip you can tell halfway through every battle when he starts shouting orders. There's an exciting commando raid on German-occupied Algiers, and stirring scenes of chutes floating down a Technicolored sky. The lavish cast includes Leo Genn and Henry Andrews. Susan Stephen makes her debut as Ladd's patient sweetheart.—Columbia.

TORCH SONG This movie's too slick to believe, but Joan Crawford's too glamorous to deny, which about neutralizes the problem. She plays one of those gorgeous *prima donnas* dipped in acid and swathed in mink who can tolerate almost anything but people. During rehearsals for her new Broadway musical Crawford shrieks all day and sobs all night in her swank penthouse. The reason is: nobody loves her. Michael Wilding, her arranger, can see why, even though he's totally blind. His blindness may be an asset because Crawford's looks can't dazzle or intimidate him. He only knows what he hears and what he hears is a woman too frightened to set her feelings free. It will be a new experience for Crawford fans who've never seen that lady in black silk stockings. Others in the Technicolored cast are Gig Young, Marjorie Rambeau, Henry Morgan.—MGM.

THE JOE LOUIS STORY It started in Detroit where a big, taciturn teen-ager is on his way to a violin lesson. A friend laughs at him, tells him he ought to learn how to fight instead. Five years later, Joe Louis becomes heavyweight champion of the world. This movie carries Louis over twenty years, shows him on the glory road and on that last lonely walk out of Madison Square Garden after his defeat by Rocky Marciano. The people who were important to him—his mother, his wife, his trainer Chappie Blackburn, are sensitively played. And Coley Wallace, as Joe, bears a remarkable resemblance to the champ. More than a record of an incredible career, this movie reveals Louis as few could have known him. "Joe lost his wife, lost his title, lost his money, lost his beloved Chappie." Cast includes James Edwards, Hilda Simms, Mannie Seamon, Evelyn Ellis.—U.A.

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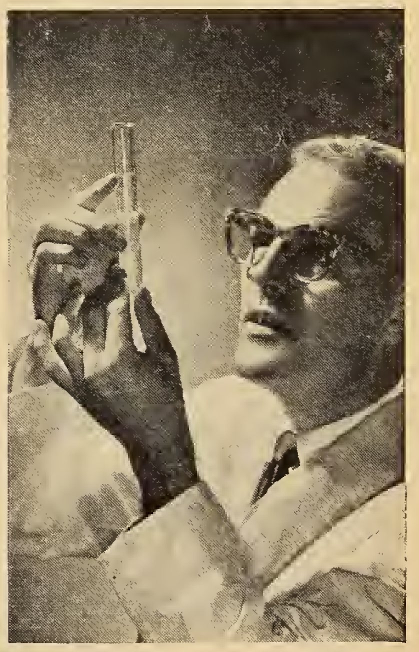

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CLINICAL TESTS on hundreds of people were conducted for a full year under the supervision of some of the country's leading dental authorities. Results showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before! And similar clinical tests are continuing —to *further* verify these amazing results!

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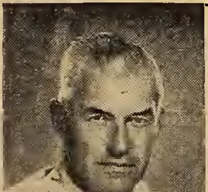

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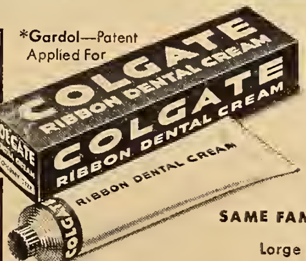

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SO BIG—a sentimental journey into the recent past—is a moving film based on Edna Ferber's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel. It is a portrait of a woman, Selina DeJong, and a plea for true values. Selina (Jane Wyman) believes that only two kinds of people count—the creative ("emeralds") and the productive ("wheats"). She herself is orphaned in childhood and leaves an exclusive boarding school to teach in a rugged farm community and to marry Sterling Hayden who loses his fight with the land. Their son, So Big, and the barren fields are Selina's legacy. Both bloom despite tremendous odds, because Selina's faith in life and its essential beauty is unwavering. A neighbor's boy, Roelf Pool, is inspired by her to become a musician. So Big, however, grows to reject his mother's philosophy, preferring quick success, luxury, and so estranges the one girl he really loves, artist Nancy Olson. Old fashioned, perhaps extreme in its message, *So Big* is nevertheless an inspired production. Prominent in the cast are Steve Forrest, Martha Hyer, Walter Coy, Richard Beymer, Tommy Rettig.—Warners.

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN This is the true story of an American boy who was fired by a typically boyish dream—to become a great athlete. For Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch, the star of this movie, the dream came true. Elroy was a quiet, not very assertive kid whose parents worked hard to send him through school. Part of Elroy's plan was to fix it so his Mom and Dad (Louise Lorimer, Norman Field) could have an easier time. But the big plan was football. It filled his life from high school where his coach (Lloyd Nolan) was, in a way, his sponsor till the afternoon he helped the Los Angeles Rams become world champions. Between times there were major crises in his life. Once, doctors told him he'd never play football again. Crazylegs came back to set new records. On several occasions his wife (Joan Vohs) wanted to give him up completely to the sport. She didn't, though. Probably the qualities that come so strikingly across the screen were the ones that held her, too. For football lovers there are authentic scenes from major games, thrilling as the day they happened.—Hall Bartlett.

CALAMITY JANE Here's Doris Day looking like last week's laundry, riding, shooting and talking like a tomboy. And here's Howard Keel, the legendary Wild Bill Hickok, quick on the trigger but awful slow on romance. Together they make this musical a joy to see. Calamity (that's Doris) is teller of the tallest tales in Deadwood, South Dakota. One day she outdoes herself, promises to bring Chicago's famous star, Adelaide Adams, to Deadwood. Through a small error she returns with the star's maid (Allyn McLerie). The Deadwoodians threaten to shoot her off the stage but Doris browbeats them into listening and Allyn becomes the local siren. Too bad she falls for Lieutenant Gilmartin (Philip Carey). Calamity had him staked out for herself. That's the triangle, but there's more. There's a lot of singing, a kind of happy glow, and Calam turns out to be the prettiest girl in all the Black Hills. The entire film shows the fine hand of director Jack Donahue, veteran director of such New York stage hits as *Top Banana, A Night In Venice*, and the revival of *Of Thee I Sing*. Technicolor.—Warners.

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY Rock Hudson and his wife, Marcia Henderson, have a schooner full of fur they'd like to sail back to God's country (that's Seattle). But the devil (that's Steve Cochran) won't let them leave Canada. He gets lonely in the winter. Has nothing to do but bully the hapless Eskimos, beat Great Danes into submission and covet other men's brides. The trouble he goes to coveting Miss Henderson is ridiculous, considering how she loathes him. Anyway, he kidnaps Hudson's crew, has them dumped in the great wastes. While Hudson is mushing to the rescue, Cochran is marching on Marcia. Hudson returns to have his leg broken by Cochran's buddy (Hugh O'Brian) and winds up in a dogsled behind which stands Marcia, prepared to push 150 miles to a doctor. This is where Wapi, a Great Dane on whom Cochran has laid an iron hand, and Marcia hit the trail together and when Cochran catches up Wapi strikes—not with snowballs, either. Technicolor.—U.I.

THE STEEL LADY You'll think there's sand in your eyes when you see *The Steel Lady*. It's photographed in tan, presumably the answer to every other process. The color is appropriate, however. Rod Cameron and his three wild-catters (Tab Hunter, Richard Erdman and John Dehner, acting alcoholic of the group) make a forced landing in the Sahara. They've been looking for oil; now they'll settle for an olive pit if only they survive. That looks doubtful, until Rod stumbles on an old German army tank. It won't work, but Ali Baba! it just *has* to! Old alcoholic there finds some jewels in a secret compartment. Keeps mum, though—his pals'd think he has D.T.'s. Boy, those jewels get 'em in trouble with John Abbott all wrapped up in a burnoose. Abbott wants those jewels, stolen gems, they are. The wildcatters, crippled, hungry and powerful tired, lock themselves in the tank and spray the area with machine gun fire. Help arrives, but I wouldn't want to hang that long.—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

MOGAMBO *(MGM)*: Ava Gardner switches from chasing maharajahs to hunting hunters when she bumps into safari-leader Gable in Africa. Gorgeous scenery, wild animals, and Gable's love for Grace Kelly can't compete with Ava's Technicolored talents.

A LION IS IN THE STREETS *(Warners)*: Technicolor film stars James Cagney as the lion with corrupt political ambitions plus a wife (Barbara Hale) and a blonde (Anne Francis) to help him attain them. By playing on the needs and emotions of the southern swampland voters, Cagney comes dangerously and excitingly close to the governorship.

TANGA TIKA: Another independently produced gem, this one is a warm and simple love story set in romantic Tahiti, where the island chief's son must earn enough money to wed his girl by capturing the prize in the South Pacific Olympics. Beautifully photographed and acted.

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE *(Para)*: 3-D, Technicolor and music! This one is just good fun, as could be expected when singing sister Teresa Brewer, writing sister Rhonda Fleming and loving sister Cynthia Bell arrive in a wild Alaska frontier town.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY *(Col)*: A brilliant portrait of Army lives and loves adapted from James Jones' best seller. Excellent performances by Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed.

THE ROBE *(20th-Fox)*: This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new CinemaScope (realism without goggles) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel. Heading the huge cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Technicolor.

LITTLE FUGITIVE. Wonderful newcomer Richie Andrusco as a seven-year-old who thinks he has killed his brother and runs away to Coney Island for a mixed-up, riotous day. Independently produced, this picture took top honors at the Venice Festival.

THE ALL-AMERICAN *(U.I.)*: Tony Curtis as an athlete who shows a snobbish Ivy League College what football and democracy are all about. Also attending: Richard Long, Lori Nelson.

BOB HOPE stars in Paramount Pictures' "HERE COME THE GIRLS"

BOB (Upside Down) HOPE ***presents the most adorable, practical holiday gift:—***

A GAY NEW *Playtex* HAPPY *Pants Wardrobe!*

NEWS! Non-Allergenic!
New Texture! Charming Pattern!
5 Irresistible Colors!

From every angle, you see extraordinary Hope—for baby's most novel, beautiful, useful gift: A PLAYTEX HAPPY PANTS wardrobe*!*

For the first time since babies were invented—there's actual texture, color and dainty pattern right in the miracle s-t-r-e-t-c-h latex itself.

Five lollypop colors make a "fashion show" of baby's every outfit. From the bottom up*!*

Now you can keep your baby "*Socially Acceptable*"* ...and Socially Adorable, too*!*

PLAYTEX HAPPY PANTS stretch to over 4 times their size. That means they won't bind, chafe or irritate. They're so tissue-like, they're transparent. Yet they'll wear and wear and wear. And PLAYTEX HAPPY PANTS won't fade, flake, crack or peel. Best of all, Happy Pants are off, rinsed, patted dry with a towel and on again, *in seconds!*

For sheer beauty and durability... give the new PLAYTEX HAPPY PANTS wardrobe*!*

98¢ each. Save time, buy 3 for $2.94. At your favorite department store or wherever Baby Needs are sold.

"Prove to yourself," says Bob Hope, "that latex *can't cut circulation.* Just stretch Happy Pants with *your* hand, as I'm doing." (Top of picture)

Happy Holiday Package for *your* Young Hope-ful. 5 luscious lollypop colors mix and match with all baby's outfits—make a complete panty-wardrobe.

More mothers buy **PLAYTEX**® than any other make!

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ANNE BAXTER
starring in
"CARNIVAL STORY"
A KING BROTHERS'
PRODUCTION
An RKO RADIO release

The most **eye-catching** complexions in Hollywood
are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap

Isn't **Anne Baxter's** skin wonderful to look at? Anne takes care of her complexion with one soap and only one—Lux Toilet Soap. 9 out of 10 Hollywood screen stars believe in Lux like Anne does— and such popularity must be deserved.

If you don't agree with the screen stars about Lux, Lever Brothers will give you back the money you paid for it. But we think once you use Lux, you'll love it.

(Remember—you can *see* the Hollywood stars every Thursday evening on Lux Video Theatre.)

There are no
tears today for June
and her mother.
They have faith
that she will find
another way
to do God's work.

BY JACK WADE

JUNE HAVER COMES HOME

■ "Hello," said the girl's voice. "Yes, this is June."

It was a friendly voice, warm, strong and confident—and I was glad to hear it. Frankly, I hadn't expected to, not for a while. Because, the word had been passed around Hollywood press circles: June Haver will neither see nor talk to anyone. Since her sudden, startling return to Hollywood from the convent where she had spent seven and a half months as a novitiate hoping to become a nun, and after her unpreventable greeting by reporters and photographers at the Los Angeles airport, June had vanished into seclusion almost as rigid as that which cloaked her at St. Mary's Academy in Xavier, Kansas. This was understandable. She was emotionally confused and physically tired. She was in an extremely delicate position concerning publicity, because of the holy life she had essayed and abandoned and the unpredictable public which faced her again.

She had no precedent. June Haver was the first Hollywood star ever to quit her career at its zenith and retire to a convent. And of course she is the first ever to return to the spotlight, a celebrity again.

This very fact made June news. I had called her mother, Mrs. Andrew Ottestad, to find out, if possible, when MODERN SCREEN readers (*Continued on page 49*)

BY JIM NEWTON

As families go, the Ben Gages are real gone! They consist of one movie star, one successful business man, two bright boys and a brand-new baby girl—all achieved with

NO TROUBLE AT ALL

■ This time there was no mad, frantic scrambling for the nightbag. No wild, harrowing race to the hospital. No nail-biting impatience for Dr. Bradbury's arrival.

This time, according to Esther Williams, "It was as easy as pie."

A little after ten A.M. on October 1, Esther waddled over to husband Big Ben and said matter-of-factly, "I think I'd better go on in."

Ben nodded, took the little suitcase and dropped it into the car. Dr. Bradbury's office was called and the hospital was notified.

The doctor had predicted that the baby would arrive around October 1. Everything was on schedule.

Ben drove the four miles to Santa Monica Hospital with great care. Esther was admitted at ten-thirty that morning and taken to her room in the obstetrics section.

The nurse who prepared her asked her how she felt. Brown-eyed Esther was bubbling. "Just fine," she kept repeating. "Just fine."

In the afternoon the birth pains began, and they wheeled the long-legged swimming star into the delivery room. The anesthetist gave her an analgesic.

"I hope she gets what she wants," one of the nurses said.

"They want a girl," Dr. Bradbury said.

In the waiting room, Ben Gage, father-to-be for the third time, plopped his six-foot, four-inch frame into an easy chair. He began to perspire like a first-time father.

In the delivery room it was three-forty. Dr. Bradbury was working with his usual competence. At three-forty-three the baby arrived.

A girl! (*Continued on page 62*)

Gable's gone and Suzy's lost him.
The French say he done her dirt—
but forty million Frenchmen could be wrong!

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

Please don't talk about

"I'm his life's companion!" Suzanne told reporters, but Gable says they're just good friends. Who's mis-translating what?

■ Authorities on the love-life of Clark Gable—and who in Hollywood is not?—insist that the tall, temple-greyed Casanova will return to the United States this month with his fifth bride.

Purportedly, she will be Suzanne Dadolle d'Abadie, the statuesque, green-eyed Schiaparelli model with whom he journeyed all over Europe last summer.

In Paris this has been a foregone conclusion for many weeks. French magazines have been running pictures of the couple with such captions as *ILS VONT SE MARRIER* (They're going to get married) and *LES FUTURES MONSIEUR ET MADAME CLARK GABLE* and *C'EST UNE QUESTION DE TEMPS* (It's a question of time.)

A month or so ago, when he was in London with Gary Cooper (their films, *Mogambo* and *Return To Paradise* were opening in England) Gable picked up the phone one afternoon and put in a transatlantic call to his private secretary, Jean Garceau, in Encino, California.

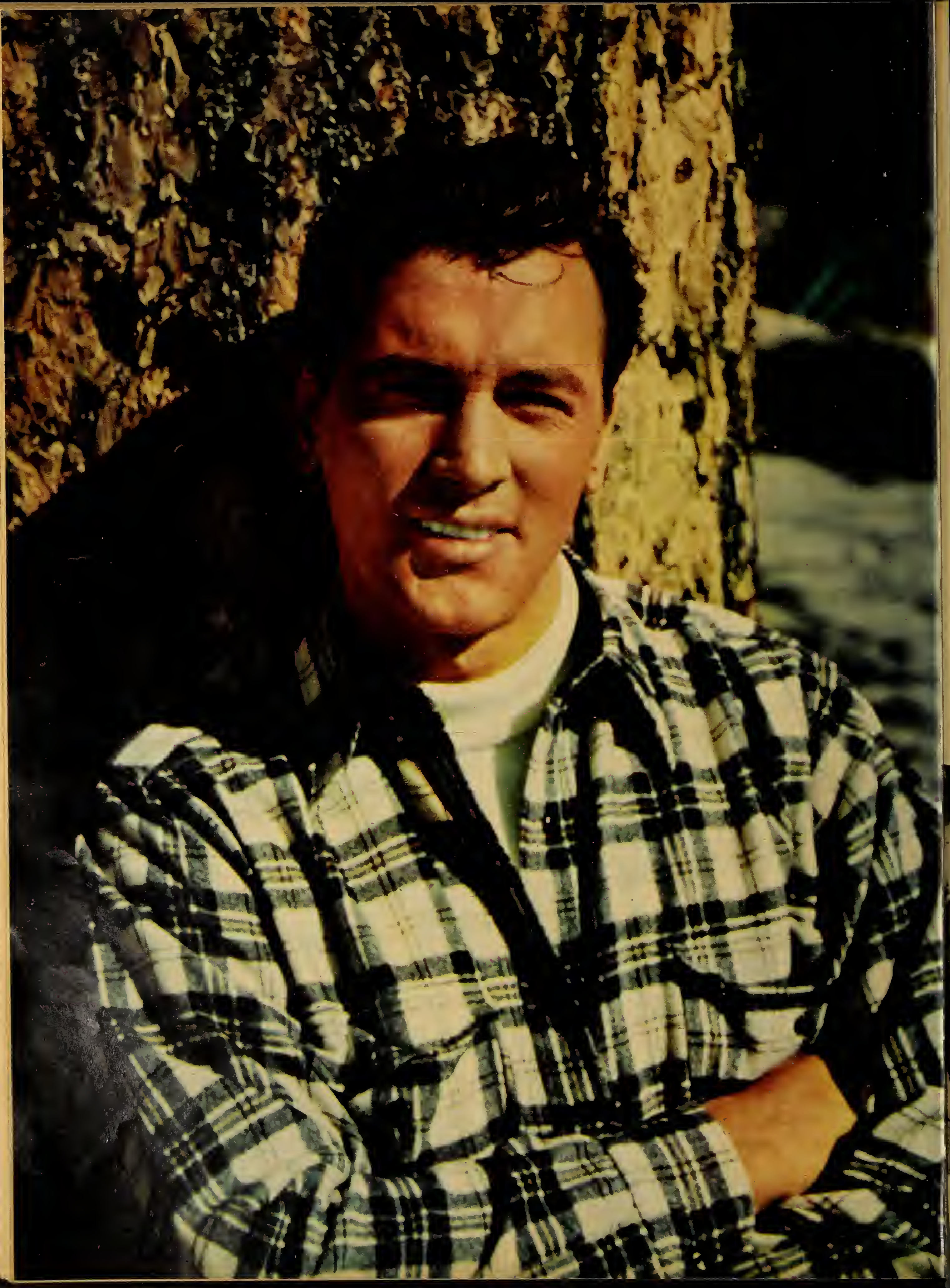
"Get the house ready," he said. "I'll be home for Christmas."

Gable has spent the last three Christmases abroad. But the last time he asked that his ranch house be gotten in shape, he brought home a bride—she was Lady Sylvia Ashley, the ex-chorus girl and former wife of Douglas Fairbanks—and everyone in Hollywood was wondering whether Clark would do the same thing this Christmas.

In Paris, on October 12, Suzanne, after returning to work at Schiaparelli's, announced that she and Gable had been engaged, "but informally," for several months, the implication being that never in a million years would she have traveled with him all over the Continent unless they'd had some understanding.

She was also quoted as saying that, "Even a year ago, he asked me to be his companion all over the world (*Continued on page* 81)

me...



Posing for beefcake embarrasses Rock, but he takes his physique seriously, knowing it gave him his start in movies.

THAT HOLLYWOOD BUILDUP TURNED HUDSON INTO THE BEST-BUILT STAR AROUND!

SOLID AS A ROCK

by Susan Trent

With Jane Wyman in *Magnificent Obsession* he proves to be an actor as well as a muscle-man. Rock isn't quite ready for marriage.

■ Five years ago, when Universal-International studio put Rock Hudson under contract, they signed him with crossed fingers. The shaggy young man had little to recommend himself to the movie business besides basic good looks. His physique was good but he was a little clumsy in the manner of a man taller than other men. At twenty-three, he had shown little sign of becoming a world beater. Research into his background revealed that when in school he had had little affinity to books. In the Navy during the war he had attained the rank of laundryman, third class. Following that, he had spent two years earning his bread as a truck driver, hauling tomatoes and lettuce the length and breadth of Los Angeles. His acting talent was an unknown quantity; his experience in movies had been limited to a handful of bit parts with a minimum of dialogue.

The studio signed him because it was following a policy of building movie stars, signing unknowns and putting them through rigorous training designed to manufacture cinema celebrities. The basic requirement for such a production is a pleasing appearance and Rock had that. He seemed to have little else, but he was signed because at least one studio executive felt that Rock had the potentialities for success as an actor.

Today, Rock Hudson stars opposite Jane Wyman in the remake of *Magnificent Obsession*. His salary is more than $1000 a week, he has been presented to the Queen of England, he receives 3000 fan letters a month, and is considered one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, as well as *(Continued on page 52)*

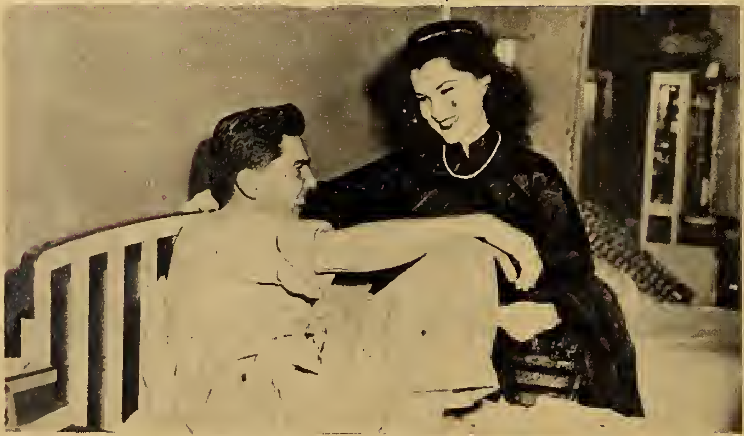
RUNNING

The strange case of Debra Paget is driving Hollywood crazy. Maybe she never leaves Mama's side—but certain rumors are getting around. After all, how shy can a gal in an orchid Cadillac be?

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

Looking at the family album is considered standard dating procedure for cosy twosomes—but Debra does it solo!

Her gowns cling to Debra wherever she goes—but so do sister Lisa Gaye (now a starlet) and brother Frank Griffin.



Debra, who meets lots of fellows on personal appearance tours such as this one in Portsmouth Naval Hospital at Norfolk, Va., claims she dates none of them, would rather stay home with Mom. But who put the ring on *that* finger?

■ Dan Dailey once pulled to a stop for a traffic light on Sunset Boulevard and found his car next to the pale orchid Cadillac driven by Debra Paget. Girls in orchid Cadillacs can expect whistles from strangers, even if they don't look like Debra Paget, but Dan was no stranger. He was a co-worker on the 20th Century-Fox lot, and in the manner of confreres, he yelled across the intervening space, "Hiya, little one!"

Miss Paget's nose lifted perceptibly as she stared rigidly ahead.

"What's the matter?" inquired Dan. "Aren't you speaking to anybody today?"

Debra's nose went a little higher and her chin jutted with determined hauteur.

"Well, don't sit there and turn blue!" yelled Dailey. "It's only me—old Dan!"

When she turned ever so slightly and recognized him, of course she relaxed to a smile and waved a friendly hand. Dan's story proves that Debra Paget is one girl who drives an orchid Cadillac and does not respond to wolf whistles.

It also paints a rather accurate picture of Debra. She looks like a movie star. She does not leave her home, or even answer the door, unless she is wearing a complete make-up job. She loathes the mere idea of women in slacks. Debra is never seen in public without every accoutrement of glamour, including long earrings. While her clothes are not frilly, they are tailored always with an eye to sex appeal.

It is hard to guess whether Debra actually enjoys such trappings. Only a year ago she was content to whisk through life in peasant blouses and full skirts and simple jewelry, but now that she is twenty, she has blossomed into a full-blown product of Hollywood. Debra claims she loves to be glamorous, that she always dressed up when she was a child, and then in the next breath admits she was a tomboy. "Anything the boys could do I could do better. And I'd still be a tomboy if it weren't for my career." And then, while staunchly maintaining that such frou-frou is second nature to her, she states that movie stars should look like movie stars. "The public builds you up in its imagination. Why

WILD

let it down?" And Debra's appearance is never a disappointment to her fans.

Whether or not Debra is happy behind her pancake make-up, her attention to theatrical grooming has accomplished one difficult feat. Having grown up on the 20th Century-Fox lot, she has been wide open to the danger of being considered a child, professionally, long after she outgrew such roles. The majority of stars who began careers in their early teens have had to resort to violent methods to prove to their studio bosses that they have grown up and are able to grace the screen without pigtails. Jane Powell bleached her hair and went into the nightclub circuit with a sexy repertoire. Jeanne Crain, despite her four children, had to dye her hair red and pour herself into decolleté gowns to convince the brass. Debra Paget has managed to escape the teen-age type-casting by attacking the problem in time. At an age when she can very well portray a siren role, she has appeared to everyone outside her family as a sultry and sexy young lady.

This is a noteworthy accomplishment in Hollywood, yet no one knows if the sophisticated appearance comes naturally to Debbie. Those who know her say it is the result of ambition, with which Debra is generously endowed. She has said: "I will do anything for my career. Anything they ask me." She proves it by being prompt, polite, and productive. She goes even farther by contributing her share of glamour to an industry which is tardily realizing that it must have glamour, and not gas stoves, in the public lives of its players. The Cadillac is difficult to top, and for this creation Debbie went to a lot of trouble. In the wardrobe department of the studio she thumbed through fabric swatches until she found the color that pleased her most—a pale, pale orchid, almost white. Paint of this hue was sprayed on her car, which had been an ordinary shade of green, and Debbie was complete—a flawless example of a Hollywood star.

There she draws the line. She feels, and justifiably so, that her cooperation with her job ends with her job. Probes into the more personal aspects of (*Continued on page 72*)

JANET RULES THE ROOST

When Mrs. Curtis makes up her mind,
it's no use putting up any opposition.
Even Tony beats a retreat
when "General Leigh" is on the march!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Hollywood taught Jeanette Morrison to dress and act—and to get the names of cities right on publicity tours. But not even casual Tony can teach her to slow down when Janet Leigh spots a job to be done.

Tony's zany crowd (including Jerry Lewis) brought out Janet's sense of humor, taught her to take kidding.

Tony and Janet adjusted to marriage. She no longer winces at his rootbeer and caviar diet; he has learned not to grind cigarette butts into the rug.

■ The brass of the Sciots' Convention in San Jose, California, was dumbfounded. Before them, on the flag-draped reviewing stand, stood the pretty blonde majorette from Stockton who had just sashayed, strutted, whirled and swirled to win first prize over thirty other band belles in the grand parade. They'd told her to name whatever she wanted as her prize: A gold watch, perhaps? A sterling toilet set? A nice piece of handmade luggage?

And she had told them, "I want a raincoat."

Her friends, her parents and the officials tried to talk her out of it. "Don't be silly, Jeanette. You won it. Take something precious that you can keep." But she only shook her head stubbornly.

"Uh-uh. I need a raincoat. That's what I want." She got the raincoat.

The prize has (*Continued on page 66*)

Gordon's plans always include Meredith, 9; Heather, 6; and Gar, 5—and of course, Sheila. They also include opera and a Broadway musical.

Energetic and restless, Gordon enjoys his pool with his family but believes vacations are meant to be short. He got an early break by refusing to sit out a CBS contract and be paid for doing nothing.

"I've known for a long time what I wanted to be," Gordon says. "Wouldn't I be a fake looking and talking humble as if I actually felt I didn't deserve it all? That kind of self-deprecation is unhealthy."

"CALL ME PINHEAD"

It's hate at first
sight when some people
meet MacRae. But
those who take a second
look find a nice guy
who knows where
he's going—even if he has
to push to get there!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

■ Last June, when Palm Springs was baking in 117 degrees of desert heat, the members of the Racquet Club there turned unbelieving eyes to the actions of a muscular young man in shorts. First, he pulled a deck chair out into the full sun. Then he carefully focused a wide reflector on it. After which he lay down in the intensified glare. Gordon MacRae was after a sun tan. Since it was Gordon MacRae, it was going to be a fast tan.

Nearly seven years ago when Gordon started his movie career, an early story about him reported that he was a young man in a hurry, and that what he wanted out of Hollywood was a big house, a swimming pool and a Cadillac. The first part of this was truly descriptive. He is a man who showers, shaves and dresses in well under ten minutes. He is a luncher who puts away his meal with a half dozen impatient movements of his fork, and spends the rest of the hour talking business. He is a golfer who is always asking permission to play through. He makes punctual arrivals at appointments and early departures. Before he came to pictures he had refused a radio contract settlement permitting him to loaf for a year, because to mark time for such a long period was unthinkable.

The second part of the story, about wanting only a house, pool and car out of Hollywood represented an unkind twist put on his answers by the interviewers, who thereby missed the urgency of Gordon's ambition. Ask anyone if he likes a Cadillac and he will reply, "Sure." Who wouldn't? And who would say no to a house with a swimming pool? Gordon has possessed these symbols of affluence for years, but the dirtiest trick you could play on him, his friends

(*Continued on page 78*)

ordon met Sheila in summer stock. For six weeks she told her ommate Gordon was a most obnoxious boy, then switched to lling her parents he was great and she wanted to get married!

story of the year:

what really happened to DORIS DAY

Behind the illness of this beloved star is a story that has never before been told—a tragic history of struggle and heartache for a career she never wanted!

BY JANE S. CARLETON

■ For weeks now, the welter of rumor about Doris Day has been rising and spreading.

Gossip, innuendo, exaggeration—everything but truth—has been advanced to explain her illness, and even her illness has been denied.

When *Lucky Me*, a Doris Day vehicle scheduled to start at Warner Brothers last October was suddenly canceled, one studio spokesman offered this alibi: "The script isn't ready yet. A few more weeks and we'll roll."

Simultaneously, a Los Angeles columnist wrote, "Doris Day has had what practically amounts to a nervous breakdown and chums claim that difficulties with husband Marty Melcher are a big part of her trouble."

Said husband Melcher when a newspaperman urged him "to level with me, Marty," "Nervous breakdown? That's a lotta bunk. Doris is just tired. She'll be okay. There's nothing wrong with her. Just had a cyst or something removed from her back. Minor surgery. What are they making such a fuss about?"

"I read in the papers that she's going to a psychiatrist," the newspaperman continued. "Supposedly she won't be okay for months. Any truth to that?"

"Of course not," said Marty Melcher. "She's just tired. She's done picture after picture—fourteen pictures in a row. She's beat. Wouldn't you be?"

"That's on the level now?"

"On the level," Melcher said.

Marty Melcher is Doris Day's husband and agent and business manager, and as president of Martin Melcher Productions, her new producer. He loves her very much. In her hour of need, he wants only to help and protect her and if this seems to call for more tact than truth—well then, it's understandable. But the truth has a purifying and clarifying effect, and throughout the world, there are thousands of Doris Day fans who are worried about this tall, talented, freckle-faced blonde who has given them so much joy and warmth and entertainment.

The truth is that Doris Day is emotionally upset and that her neurosis may in part be attributed to what physicians refer to as cancerphobia.

For some time now, Doris has been afraid that she has cancer.

She belongs to a religious faith that holds that disease may be cured by treatment which consists basically of enlightened prayer.

In her own family and in her business circles, she has encountered some disagreement with this belief.

Several weeks before *Lucky Me* was scheduled to get underway, Warner Brothers insisted that Doris submit to a complete physical checkup. For a while, Doris refused. The studio pressed its point. The executives were (*Continued on page 80*)

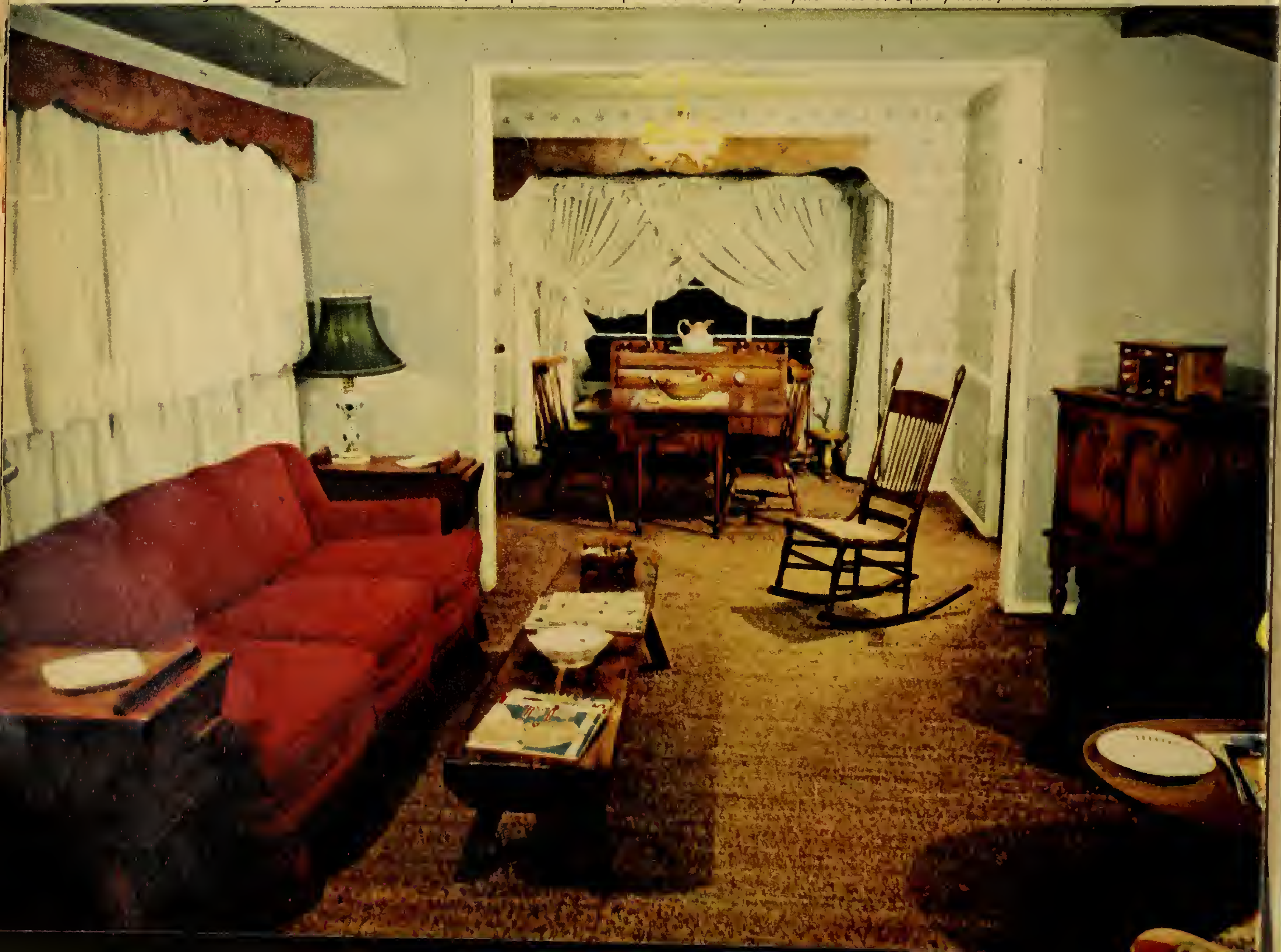
by Marva Peterson

Antiques on a Budget

Keefe turned authentic farmhouse-type dry sink into phonograph cabinet for den—scraped and refinished another, larger one as diningroom buffet. Normie made traditional rag rug herself, hopes to make more.

"Nothing's better for a budget than Early American," claims Keefe Brasselle. And he should

Cheerful "bargain livingroom" is almost entirely composed of antiques restored by handyman Keefe; equally handy Norma cleans furniture herself.



Attractive four-poster was reconstructed from dilapidated antique bed. Night-table is old-fashioned sewing machine, and lamp bases cost Keefe $17.50 as crockery set. Normie washes cotton drapes and spreads herself.

The Early American kitchen is located between the diningroom and patio for outdoor eating, has modern freezer and washer. Natural wood cabinets carry out old-fashioned motif besides being hard to soil.

know. It took saving and hard work for Keefe and Normie to make their antique dream come true.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

■ Out in the San Fernando Valley, the night was clear and crisp with the smell of California winter in the air. A dog's bark cut sharply across the stillness, and the stars looked new and close.

On a corner lot, snug inside a small, unobtrusive house, Keefe Brasselle, star of *The Eddie Cantor Story,* and his wife Norma, were enjoying the after-Junior's-bedtime peace that only parents can appreciate.

Keefe broke the silence by getting up from the sofa and edging another log into the fireplace.

"Good night for a fire," he muttered. Then he let loose an uninhibited yawn and threw his six-foot frame the length of the livingroom couch. He closed his eyes.

Norma looked up from her needlework and smiled at her boyish husband. "You know what I'm thinking?" she asked.

Keefe opened one eye. "That the firelight makes your hair look like polished brass."

Norma made a funny face. "I've been thinking about this living room," she said. "I'd like to get an antique coffee table in front of that couch. You think our budget might stand that and Christmas, too?"

Keefe Brasselle happens to be one actor who knows a thing or two about antiques. He used to sell them. "Just how much of an antique did you have in mind?" he asked.

Deftly Norma side-stepped the issue. "That's just the (*Continued on next page*)

Keefe turned a battered workbench into a sturdy coffee table for the livingroom. Opening at one end into the diningroom and at the other into the bedroom hall, the livingroom is an ideal length for his home movie showings.

MORE ➤

Small enough for Normie to manage, Keefe to buy without mortgage, house stands on corner in middle-class area. Oldsmobile convertible was only big purchase when income began to rise.

Keefe spent weekends building the brick barbecue and the cushioned bench. Behind the brick wall he has a badminton court and a basketball ring. Building their home cost the Brasselles $20,000.

Keefe installed movie screen behind wooden valance in diningroom, projects pictures across intervening livingroom from projector installed behind window he cut in sliding door of bedroom hall.

Antiques on a Budget continued

trouble," she answered. "I can't decide *what* kind of table it should be. We could use a cobbler's bench, but the good ones cost a fortune."

"Normie," her husband chided: "Don't screw up your forehead that way. I'll turn out an early Brasselle for you."

Next evening Keefe drove into the garage and Normie caught sight of an old workbench jutting out the rear window of his convertible. "The antique" looked so old and broken that it might have been one of the rails Abraham Lincoln split. It was dirty and cracked and battered.

Normie stalked out to the garage. "Keefe Brasselle," she said flatly. "Don't you dare bring that dirty thing into my clean house."

"But, darling," Keefe protested, "don't you believe in me?"

"Just don't bring it into the house. It should be fumigated."

The more Norma slandered his prize, the more the young actor was pleased. Once he had a chance to work on his bargain buy, he was sure Normie would melt. For when it comes to repairing and remodeling wooden pieces. Keefe Brasselle is an experienced craftsman. The more hopeless a job looks, the more he enjoys salvaging it.

When he spotted this disreputable-looking bench hiding under a pile of furniture in a junk store, he knew at once that it had possibilities. He cut off the legs to reduce it to coffee-table height. Then he sealed the major cracks with plastic wood. He spent nights sanding the rough edges. Then he stained and waxed until the old wood took on the patina of a well-shined shoe. Only then would he let his wife inspect her new coffee table.

"I give up," she said. "You're a genius." And she flattered him with a kiss and helped him carry it into the livingroom.

That long, narrow (*Continued on page 55*)

Keefe did early renovating in friend's workshop with borrowed equipment; now owns power tools but hangs curtains without them.

A man and a baby
and a young Mexican nurse—
these people
brought Shelley
from pain into maturity—
and a fuller understanding
of those around her.

the turning point

by Shelley Winters

■ I do not think that any individual can make a bilateral pact with God, an agreement between just himself and God, leaving his fellow men out of consideration. The man's part of the bargain could only be that he would not sin any more. But for some time I have felt that there can be no heaven in the mere avoidance of evil; that this is just a negative approach; that I have not done or will not do any bad does not mean I am good.

Today I have come to believe that faith is positive and that the whole basis of religion is the interlocking of man's responsibility to man. Until this conviction forced itself into my consciousness (and it had to fight its way to recognition) I had lots more trouble accepting myself as a mature person than I have today. When I was in the early stages of childbirth and a young nurse stretched herself far beyond her duties to buoy me up with hope and comfort, I sensed that this extra giving of one's self and time was the only really good work. In that moment, I tried to recall when I had done as much for another human being. When I couldn't, I had time in all my pain to feel the sadness of this realization. And that is how I learned to grow up.

I was in labor three days. There were periods of doubt when I didn't know whether the doctors would proceed or try to wait. The birth itself was of a difficult type. I remember two nurses, I remember them mainly by the phrasing of their words to me. The older one was competent and did what had to be done with brisk efficiency. The other was far less professional in bearing, a young Mexican girl, about twenty, and not very prepossessing in either looks or manner.

The first nurse impressed me (*Continued on page 47*)

THE MAN FOR MITZI

Jack didn't know who Mitzi was when they met; now she accepts his authority on her clothes and career.

Remember Miss Gaynor's advice on love? "Stay aloof." But Mitzi has become a clinging vine—wrapped around a Bean(pole) named Jack!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ At a Beverly Hills party ten months ago you might have heard the proposal of marriage made to Mitzi Gaynor by a square-shouldered, blue-eyed citizen named Jack Bean. He has reddish-brown hair, a crew-cut, and clothes that are on the conservative side for California. The Beverly Hills host approached Mitzi who was standing with Jack.

"Would you like a drink?" he asked Mitzi.

"No, thank you," she replied politely.

"Would you like a bite to eat?" the host offered.

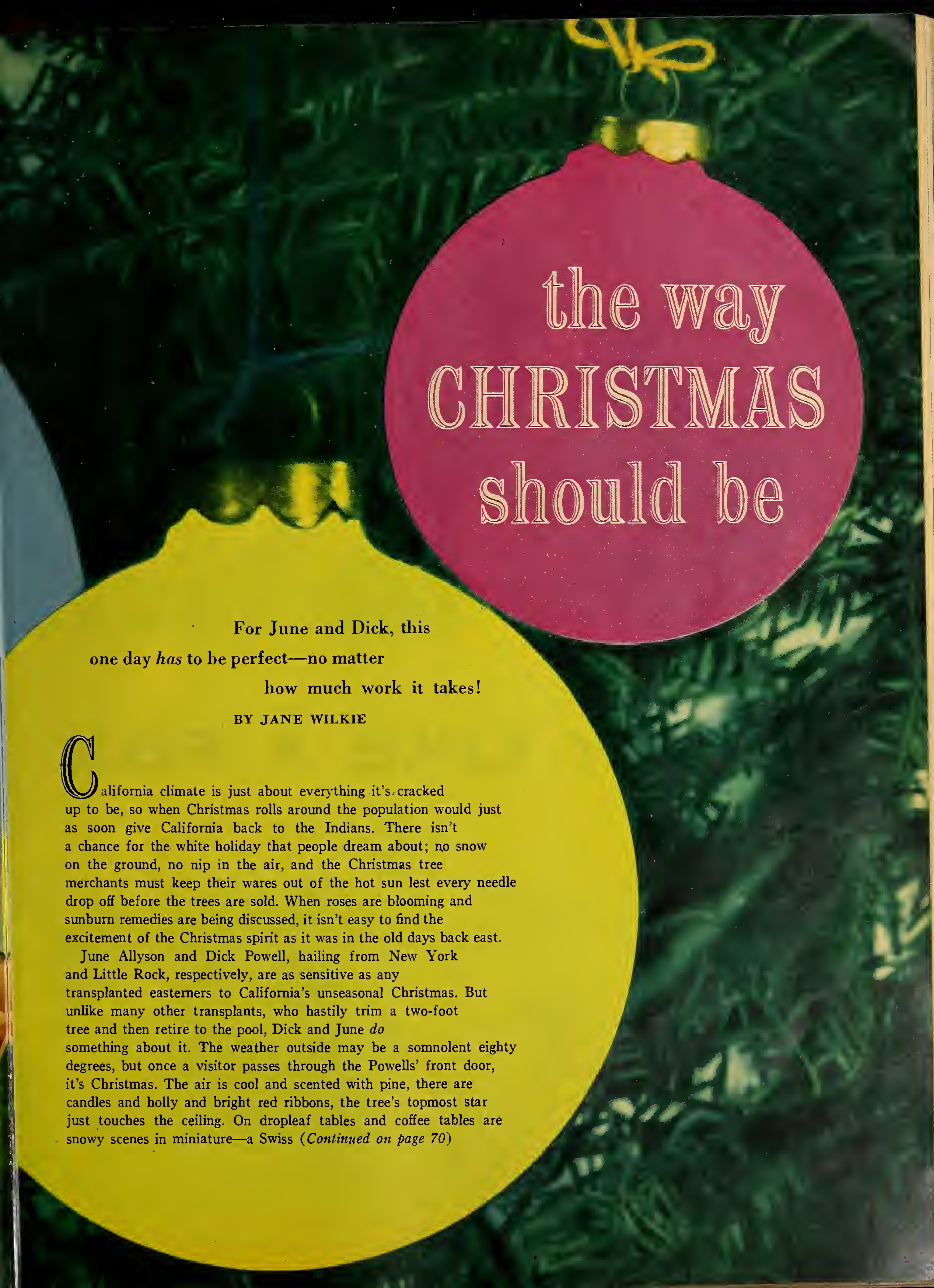
"No, thank you," said Mitzi.

The host departed and Jack turned to Mitzi.

"Would you like to get married?" he asked.

Mitzi looked at him and her eyes widened. "Yes," she said. "I mean . . . yes, thank you."

That was last March. The two had known each other for little more than a month. They know each other a lot better now, but the proposal and the acceptance, and all the longing for each other (*Continued on page 54*)



the way CHRISTMAS should be

For June and Dick, this one day *has* to be perfect—no matter how much work it takes!

BY JANE WILKIE

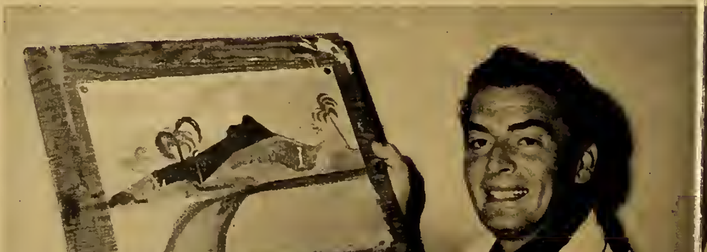
California climate is just about everything it's cracked up to be, so when Christmas rolls around the population would just as soon give California back to the Indians. There isn't a chance for the white holiday that people dream about; no snow on the ground, no nip in the air, and the Christmas tree merchants must keep their wares out of the hot sun lest every needle drop off before the trees are sold. When roses are blooming and sunburn remedies are being discussed, it isn't easy to find the excitement of the Christmas spirit as it was in the old days back east.

June Allyson and Dick Powell, hailing from New York and Little Rock, respectively, are as sensitive as any transplanted easterners to California's unseasonal Christmas. But unlike many other transplants, who hastily trim a two-foot tree and then retire to the pool, Dick and June *do* something about it. The weather outside may be a somnolent eighty degrees, but once a visitor passes through the Powells' front door, it's Christmas. The air is cool and scented with pine, there are candles and holly and bright red ribbons, the tree's topmost star just touches the ceiling. On dropleaf tables and coffee tables are snowy scenes in miniature—a Swiss (*Continued on page 70*)

Vic and Dorothy's five-year-old marriage is as secure as his better-than-ever film career and booming commercial enterprises.

CRAZY LIKE A FOX

Famous appellation, "that beautiful hunk of man," was coined by anonymous debutante for early article on Mature. He thought it great publicity—which he would now like everybody to forget.



Like many other stars, such as Tony Curtis and Mona Freeman, Mature' hobby is painting. To foil any possible criticism, he prints "Not Complete' under all his works before showing them off. This landscape is his first tr

Fifteen years ago Mature went shopping in swim trunks, false beard and toga. You say you think he's changed since then?

BY JOHN MAYNARD

■ One summer day, fifteen years ago, Victor Mature ran out of razor blades. At the time, he was scarcely dabbling a toe in the fractious waters of film acting.

It was a warm afternoon and Mature was entertaining at his town residence, a tidy pup-tent in the backyard of a friend. Perhaps it is better to say that he was entertaining on his modest grounds. At any rate, he ran out of razor blades, an emergency to be coped with immediately.

He was wearing swim trunks and sandals; not, even in Hollywood, suitable regalia for a shopping center. Mature, although a certain nervousness over his own lack of social inhibition constitutes his only social inhibition, understood this. It was an easy matter to rectify. With spirit gum, he applied to his face a modest beard that happened to be lying around. About his semi-naked person he wrapped a bedsheet in lieu of a toga. Attired *(Continued on page 74)*

elmer Daves directs Vic in *Demetrius And The Gladiators,* equel to *The Robe.* Since *Samson And Delilah,* Biblical ovies have been his forte, may bring Oscar nomination.

Hollywood Hot Rods

By Tom Carlile

■ It wasn't spicy enough to be mentioned in the gossip columns. And it probably won't even come out in the divorce testimony. But several of Donald O'Connor's close friends think that one factor which was overlooked in the newspaper reports of his marital difficulties with Gwen was the sleek little Bugatti roadster which he used to wheel around Hollywood at high blood-pressure speeds. Before the Bugatti, there had been a low-slung Jaguar with leopard-skin upholstery and a supercharged engine which emitted a throaty roar every night as Donald wheeled it into the driveway. Before that, there was an older Jaguar which threw a wheel while Donald was barreling it along at sixty miles an hour one fine afternoon.

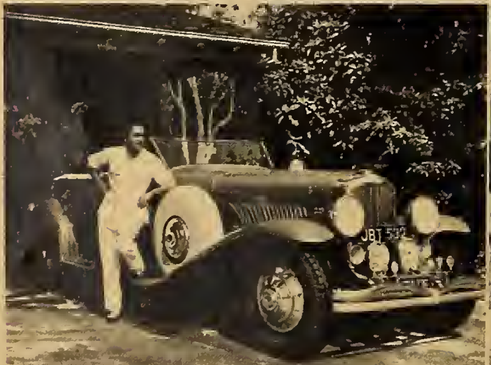
Donald has always loved (*Continued on page 63*)

GOING ON A SUNDAY PICNIC WITH A STARLET?

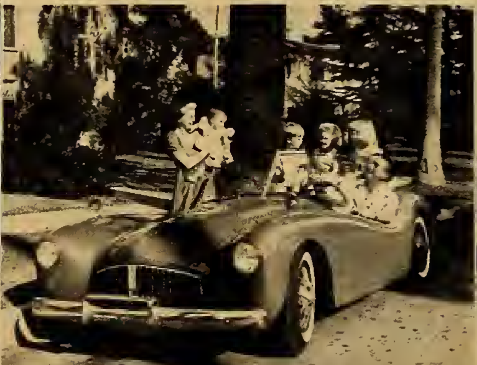
Lance Fuller brought Universal's Kathleen Hughes and Barbara Rush to rally, Hollywood's term for Sunday driving and comparing get-togethers held by most avid sports car enthusiasts.

Pale blue Jaguar XK120 caught the attention of Tab Hunter, Lori Nelson, Barbara Rush, Jeff Hunter, Kathleen Hughes, Lance Fuller and Marcia Henderson. Popular, it costs $3600.

"Buy your sweetie a Jaguar for Christmas," a car dealer advertised—and everybody did! As a resul



Ty Power owns a Mark 7 Jaguar and a 1900 cc Alpha Romeo as well as the pictured (and expensive) Duesenberg.



Macdonald Carey's red Sober has Ford-Mercury engine, is impractical for large family who love it anyway.

Jan Sterling drives an inexpensive Simca, Most popular car in Hollywood is $2400 Mark IV MG.

PUT THAT BICYCLE BACK IN THE GARAGE, KIDDIES— IN HOLLYWOOD, THEY TAKE THE JAGUAR!

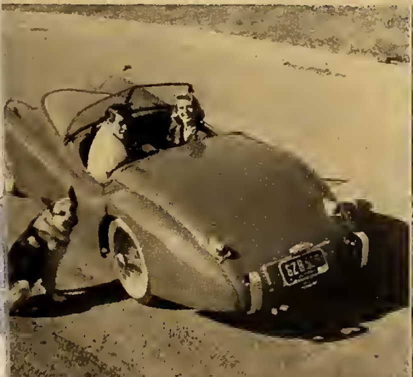
Seriously interested in autos, Lance bought his white Morris Minor for practical reasons. The English-made car hugs the road, reducing tip-over chances; motor, smaller than a battery, gets 35 miles per gallon.

If it were legal in California, Jeff Hunter could take wife Barbara Rush for a 110 mph drive in this German-made Porsche. A close relative of the popular Volkswagon, the Porsche has a 4-cylinder rear engine.

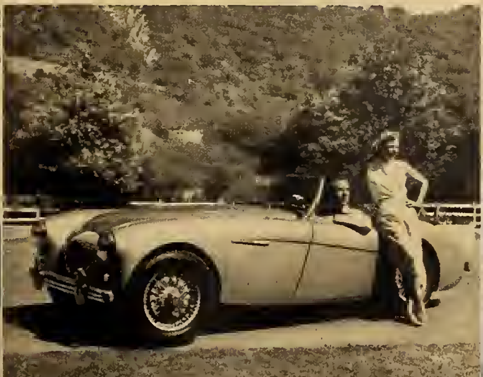
"You can get more than 135 mph out of that Jag," Lance Fuller said to Tab Hunter, was interrupted by screams from Marcia Henderson and Lori Nelson who discovered both had brought chocolate cookies.

Rallies usually end with enthusiasts prying under the hoods of each other's cars, fighting gallantly over the relative merits of various models. With the girls along this time, the rally turned into a picnic.

Hollywood's famed Sunset Boulevard looks like the Champs Elysees during an international convention.



arbara Ruick and Bob Horton
cluded a blue Jaguar in their
ll-important marriage plans.



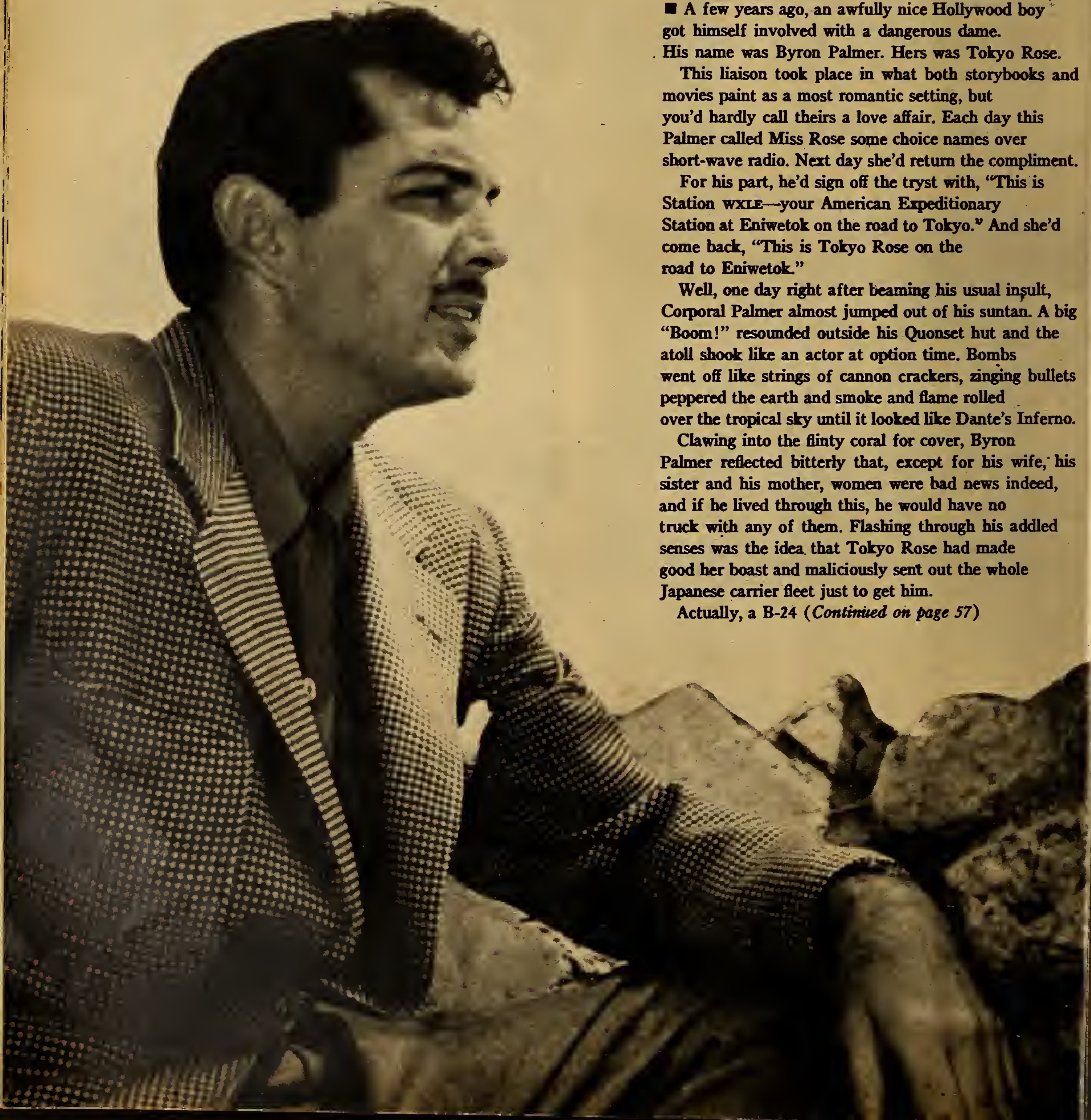
Dick and June Powell's Jaguar XK120 can do 145 mph, Dick claims—but has nowhere to do it!

Gary Cooper, like Frank Sinatra, bought a Mercedes-Benz Model 300SL in Europe, paid $13,000 for it.

By Steve Cronin

the ham got results

ALSO A CONTRACT, STAR BILLING AND A TON OF FAN MAIL MARKED "THAT *WONDERFUL* BYRON PALMER!"



■ A few years ago, an awfully nice Hollywood boy got himself involved with a dangerous dame. His name was Byron Palmer. Hers was Tokyo Rose.

This liaison took place in what both storybooks and movies paint as a most romantic setting, but you'd hardly call theirs a love affair. Each day this Palmer called Miss Rose some choice names over short-wave radio. Next day she'd return the compliment.

For his part, he'd sign off the tryst with, "This is Station WXLE—your American Expeditionary Station at Eniwetok on the road to Tokyo." And she'd come back, "This is Tokyo Rose on the road to Eniwetok."

Well, one day right after beaming his usual insult, Corporal Palmer almost jumped out of his suntan. A big "Boom!" resounded outside his Quonset hut and the atoll shook like an actor at option time. Bombs went off like strings of cannon crackers, zinging bullets peppered the earth and smoke and flame rolled over the tropical sky until it looked like Dante's Inferno.

Clawing into the flinty coral for cover, Byron Palmer reflected bitterly that, except for his wife, his sister and his mother, women were bad news indeed, and if he lived through this, he would have no truck with any of them. Flashing through his addled senses was the idea that Tokyo Rose had made good her boast and maliciously sent out the whole Japanese carrier fleet just to get him.

Actually, a B-24 (*Continued on page 57*)

the turning point

(*Continued from page 37*) with her experience. She said it was too bad the baby was arriving early. She thought it would be best to wait two more weeks. She hoped that it would be a girl because in such cases girls have a better chance than boys. She said more but by this time I was listening to myself worry. Suppose it was a boy?

The Mexican girl talked in another vein altogether. In between pains I might say, "I wonder what the baby will look like." She would reply, "Don't think about that. Think about what it will think and feel, and that it *will* think and feel, like you think and feel. The wonder of life is happening to you now. Life is coming, this very second, and coming to extend itself into the forever, through you."

When I would cry out sometimes the other nurse would say. "Oh, it isn't so bad. . . . After all, what is happening to you has happened to thousands of others. . . . You're not the only one, you know, to go through this. . . ."

The Mexican girl never dismissed me so lightly. She sympathized and helped me; she lived and thought on a much higher plane and she took me up there with her.

I can hear her now.

"This is not a bad time in your life," she is saying. "These are the finest hours, the deepest feelings, the most touching moments you will ever have. Don't miss them because the pain is big or the pain is small, or because now it is here and now it is there. This is greater, so much greater than all that."

WHAT luck to meet such a girl! What a human being! She clothed me with such a wonderful aura of sublime function that I didn't want to take the pain pills the doctor had left. I didn't need them with her inspiring presence. Even when my pains were finally just minutes apart and I would sleep through the short snatches between them, the lull of her words that would sound when she saw my eyes open, the beat of her warm heart coming to me through her hand which held mine, bathed me in wonderful calmness. I knew I would rather be there, experiencing the birth of my child's life, than anywhere else in the world.

No, I am sure, there will be no heaven except when we are our brother's and our sister's keepers. And there is no greater heaven than that.

These evenings when I see Vittorio sit down with the baby I think of the Mexican girl and her words. Vittorio looks at the baby. She looks at him. They are both so solemn. Then he turns and says, "The baby looks like me, she acts like me!" And what I see in his face is the wonder the Mexican girl spoke about. She never once mentioned God, yet God was in all she said.

HAS all this changed me? Not completely. I fall now and then from the new grace in which I would like to live. Yet I cannot help but try to be more considerate of others. I find no further pleasure, or at least not so much as before, in the displays of sarcastic and cutting wit that are so common in our day. I have a much stronger awareness that all persons are beings of hope and fear and sensitivity, born of mothers who gloried in their births, who have been given love and have love to give.

I always knew this, strangely enough, and yet I didn't. I think that the preaching one hears from another's lips has little effect until, and unless, it is confirmed in one's own experience. All that I know I

Rita Hayworth starring in "MISS SADIE THOMPSON"
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Color by Technicolor

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LOVE STORY

Hollywood Has None Sweeter Than Eve Arden's

■ It's surprising that any actress would have so little time that she'd turn down six lucrative picture offers in less than a year. But that's what happened to Eve (Our Miss Brooks) Arden. The filming of her TV show consumes five days a week. On top of that, although she could have done a film during her two-month summer vacation, she turned down offers that would excite a Lana Turner because she and her husband had planned for two years to take a vacation trip to Europe.

This is the key to one of Hollywood's genuinely honest love stories. Although Eve Arden as Miss Brooks is constantly frustrated in her pursuit of Mr. Boynton on TV, her private life isn't like that. Once married and divorced, Eve before TV was lonesome for a husband and a man around the house to be father to her two wonderful children, Connie, eight, and Liza, six. Three years ago, she planned a summer stock tour, asked Barry Sullivan to be her leading man. His Metro contract forbade his taking the job, but he recommended a man he termed, "one hell of an actor." So, sight unseen, Eve had Brooks West of New York signed for her tour. They returned to Hollywood and Mr. West met Eve's children. Little Liza came to a fast conclusion: "I think Brooksie is a fine man. Why don't you marry him?" Eve, who is famous for her snappy comebacks, merely blushed to the roots of her hair and urged Liza not to say the same thing to Mr. West. Liza didn't have to, for he proposed to Eve a few weeks later.

Theirs is a wonderful marriage. They have attended art school together so that they could plan their Early American home together. Altogether a he-man, West does such things as design hooked rugs which Eve finishes. Oddly enough, while Eve still pursues Mr. Boynton on TV, West has the role of Jane's boy friend on the *My Friend Irma* show, playing a young man as successful with his attractive steady as he is in his business career.

Asked to comment on the current status of her life, Eve answered with a question: "Would it be naive of me to suggest that a woman can find the great love of her life after she's thirty?"

---

have always known, but haven't always believed. When someone told me once that I should have more faith in all things, I listened, but the words failed to register any particular significance. But these words were there, waiting somewhere in my subconscious, and when something happened to prove them true, they came to life in me.

When my baby was born I was happy as a mother, but miserable as an actress. I thought that the important part of my career was over. I could not visualize myself, physically or mentally, as the young woman I had been before. And if I were not she, who and what would I be? I couldn't answer this. I was outwardly myself when I started to work in *Tennessee Champ*, my first picture after Vittoria's birth, but inside I was uneasy, unsure. Little things gave me more bother than they were worth. Large problems I shrank from facing.

One late afternoon I saw the first rushes of the picture and I became terribly upset. In the first developing, color film generally comes out too dark, and later it is corrected by technical means. But I didn't know this. I just saw a Shelley Winters whom I could hardly recognize and my worst fears were confirmed.

But I wasn't satisfied with just one worry. On my way home I took on others, and none were too small. The baby, who was on an eight-to-eight schedule, had been asleep when I left the house in the morning. I was sure she would be asleep for the night when I got in and I wouldn't be able to hold and fondle her. Vittorio and I had a dinner date at Ginger Rogers' home and I had arranged for my mother to come and stay with the baby after the nurse left so that we could go. Mother would be late, I told myself, and Vittorio and I would not be able to leave on time. Ginger would be offended. I kept nagging at myself in this way until by the time I entered the house I was actually in tears.

But there was mother. The baby was still up and smiling. We had time to get to Ginger's. And then Sol Fielding, the producer of the picture, called to explain about the film and how easily it could be corrected. He said I had photographed better than in the tests and that he was well satisfied with the results. Metro even called and gave me a role in *Executive Suite*. All my desperation, I realized, had been born of surmises, of lack of faith in myself and in others. I was like a person walking around with her stare fixed permanently on the ground.

I try now to keep my eyes raised. I see more of what is happening to others and less of what is happening to me. This is the "seeing" that counts.

It is odd how this has benefited me as an actress. If you ask anyone in Hollywood about the one thing I have always been most concerned with in my profession they will be able to give you the answer in a word—scripts. There is no picture, no opportunity to act, until it is written. And the way it is written, the quality of the insight into character and human emotion used, is the keystone of any film's success.

Ever since the baby's birth it seems to me that the scripts I am given to read are getting better. How could this be? Are the scripts actually better or am I now able to see more things in them? I can only explain it by saying that formerly I had eyes only for the part I would do. Now I look for the picture of life it paints generally, and not necessarily for the dramatic force I would contribute myself. I am more content to be part of something very good than that the best of it should come only from me.

I feel this about my marriage and my home life. This did not come about as I planned it, nor will it necessarily go on according to any blueprints that might have been in my mind as a girl. My husband, my baby and I all have, or will have, individual desires and somehow these must all be accounted for and allowed for if we are to live within the framework of one continuing home. It is lucky for me that I have come to this realization. Perhaps the old Shelley would not have been able to bend and fit as she must to keep her own together. The old Shelley wished for many things; now these things have become fewer, but just as important.

When Vittorio and I met in Rome, we got to know each other and knew that we wanted each other, but there were problems. We were both actors. Many people do not think this is a good thing. A great many of his interests would always lie in Italy and mine in the United States. Certainly this was not a promising background for marriage. Neither of us were passive personalities and this presaged stormy times.

When we had rationalized about all this and told ourselves we had worked out all the complications, there still remained another—our difference in religion. We didn't dismiss this lightly. We gave it deep consideration and, in effect, this is what we told each other:

If we eliminate the names by which we are known, Protestant, Jew, Catholic, Buddhist, and come down to the actual power we have, we are all the same. We can all do unto others as we'd have them do unto us. We can give even more than we seek for ourselves—unless we will not try. This is the turning point of humanity. We all know this in our hearts. It reads the same in all prayer books.

Vittorio and I were married in Mexico in a civil ceremony. When we were flying back I got a sudden urge that I am sure any girl will understand. I turned to him and told him I wanted to stand in a church with him before we got to Los Angeles.

"What church?" he asked.

"Any church," I replied.

We got off the plane in El Paso and went walking down the street. We saw a church and entered and we stood there together. I felt a blessing on our marriage. I don't know what kind of church it was. END

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MODERN SCRE
FASHION STA

june haver comes home

(*Continued from page 19*) could learn about what was happening to the girl who had always been high in their favor, and still is. But June herself had answered the telephone. She understood right away what was up. "You have an assignment, don't you?" June asked, with the hint of a chuckle in her voice. I said I certainly had.

"I wish I could give you a story," sighed June. "You know I would, if I could. Maybe I can one of these days soon. I don't know. But right now, you can understand why I can't talk. There has been too much publicity about me already."

I said I did understand. So we made simple pleasantries. I said I was glad she was back and hoped she was feeling well. She said she was responding beautifully to rest, good food, and the warmth of her family around her. In fact, she had just got back from a trip to San Francisco, up on a train, back on a plane, with two wonderful days in that wonderful town with her sister, Evvie, and Evvie's son, Brian. "We took in all the sights, like any tourist," continued June. "Fisherman's Wharf, Golden Gate Park and a little boat trip under the bridges out in the bay, past Alcatraz, and everything." She laughed. It was good to hear that laughter.

"And then we went to Chinatown," coninued June, forgetting that she was talkng, because we've been friends for some ime, and I think maybe she enjoyed it as much as I did. "Had a marvelous time, beause it was Ten-Ten festival—that's like our Fourth of July—the day the Chinese Republic was founded. So Grant Avenue was gay with lanterns, perfumed with incense. We ate chow-mein and shopped for silly little things. And then we dropped in to see Anne Baxter—you know she's there in *John Brown's Body*—look, I'm talking too much . . ."

Very pleasant talk, I thought. "Yes," agreed June. "But," and an anxious tone crept into her voice, "I must stop now. I've already talked to you longer than I have to anyone else . . . no, I have no personal plans at all now, except catching up with myself, building my health and gathering my family around me. Mother's had some family dinners and everybody's been so sweet to me. No, I haven't been out in Hollywood—nowhere. I'm staying between here and my sister Dorothy's. No, I don't know where I'll live. No, I haven't any picture plans. I don't know yet if I am interested. I don't know what I'll do. If," said June, "I should want to go back, I want to act now with dignity and good taste. You see, there's really nothing whatever that I can tell you now and I shouldn't be talking to you at all. In fact, my agent called from Italy and told me not to talk to the press, and Harry Brand at the studio advised the same thing. So—I'll have to say goodbye. But it was nice . . ."

"Goodbye," I told her. "Good luck—and God bless you." And I received a benediction, too.

That was my interview. Not anything to stop the presses or win a Pulitzer Prize—but still—it told me a lot about the present state of the girl I've come to know so well and admire so much.

It told me, first of all, that she was the same sweet, friendly girl I had always known. It told me her outlook was sunny, not defeated, depressed or sad. It told me she was gaining strength, and was physically and emotionally under control. It told me she was interested again in the world around her, able to go on a pleasure excursion and enjoy every minute of it. It told me she still held a deep reverence and respect for the path she had tried to take. But it told me something else, too: She is looking forward, not backward. Right now, what is really happening to June Haver is a profound struggle with herself to determine her future.

There is no one in Hollywood or elsewhere who can make her decision for her. The problem is as personal and private as her decision to desert her career and enter the convent. But this decision is more complex and more pressing than the other, arrived at over a period of years. It is complicated by typical Hollywood rumor and speculation, wild offers and proposals bombarding her. In her position, she cannot reply.

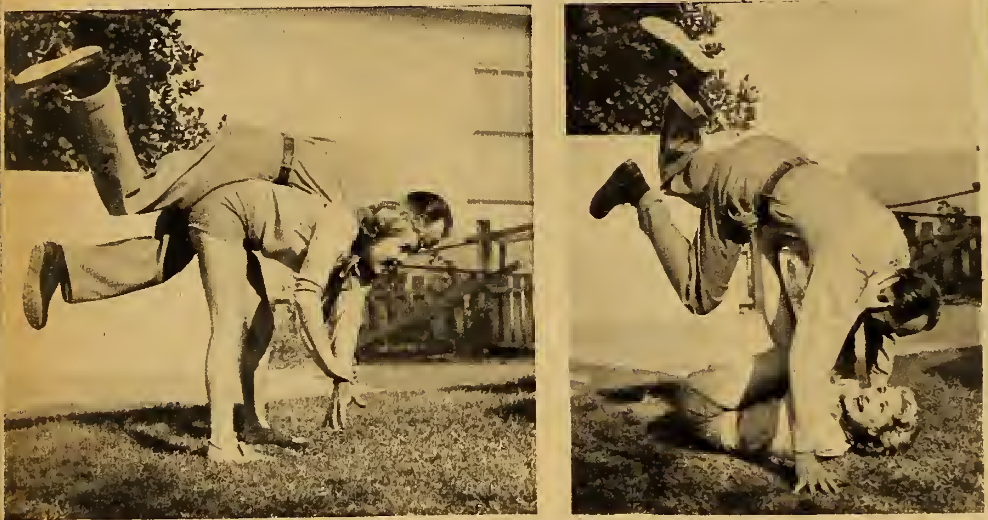
Only a few days after she returned, for instance, a producer who owns the screen rights to the late Jean Harlow's life story, announced that he would try to persuade June to play the part of the platinum blonde bombshell of the Thirties. He explained that he was not attempting to capitalize on June Haver's news value; he had long thought of her in the role. In fact, his lawyers had tried to contact her about it at the convent. If they did, the producer was very much out of line. Even though he declared any profits of such a film would be given to charity, it is an ill-advised, ill-timed suggestion.

Besides the fact that both were blondes and both experienced tragedy, the characters of Jean Harlow and June Haver do not match. The themes of their lives and the auras surrounding them, are completely different. When I asked June if she was considering such a thing, she replied, "Of course not. Someone is apparently trying to exploit the publicity." She said it sadly.

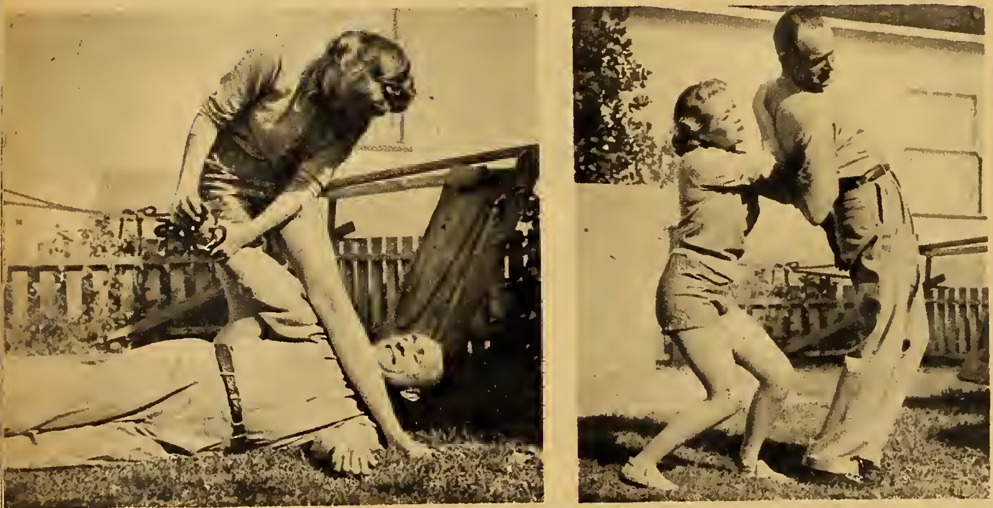
That is only a sample of what June

THE POWER OF A WOMAN

Lori Nelson can hold a man or toss him over with no effort at all!



Lori's motto is "Be Prepared!" Not even judo expert Dad can take her by surprise.



Daughter Nelson gives Papa Nelson a Full Nelson as they practice quick defense.

■ Lori Nelson looks young and pretty and blonde and as helpless as a kitten. Of course this always brings out the chivalry in the opposite sex, as you know if you've seen her two new pictures, *All-American* and *Walking My Baby Back Home*. But she knows a few tricks that would be a surprise to a burglar, a purse-snatcher or just a plain wolf.

She's a jiu jitsu expert.

Five feet, three, in her stocking feet and tipping the scales at 103, Lori can throw a 160-pound man over her shoulder and have him helpless and handcuffed quicker than you can say Mr. Moto.

She learned this ancient art of self-defense from her father, Robert Nelson, a civic-minded citizen who is an Auxiliary Deputy Sheriff in addition to being employed as a studio technician. All deputy sheriffs in Los Angeles County are required to know something of judo. Mr. Nelson has taught Lori all he knows about judo and how to handle firearms. She's an excellent shot, right handed or left handed.

"They get up in the middle of the night to go deer hunting," Lori's mother complains.

"I've never had occasion to use judo in either my personal or professional life," says Lori. "But it's fun practicing with Dad. And it *might* come in handy."

Haver faces in her struggle to return gracefully and discreetly to Hollywood and to plot the course of her future. When she had her close-cropped hair done, the word was out: June Haver is getting herself ready for screen tests. When she buys a few new clothes, which she obviously needs after half a year in a convent, she's re-entering the glamour lists. When she lunches with her former agent, Ned Marin, they are talking picture parts. June's dilemma—how to keep out of the news, comport herself with dignity and fight out her vital decisions alone—looms large and almost impossible to resolve. That's natural and inevitable.

If there are no facts available, reporters must survey the scene and draw conclusions from whatever they see, especially on a subject of such interest and importance to Hollywood and June's devoted fans. What they see, in her case, may be colored by wishful thinking. Everyone who knows June Haver wants her to return to a full, happy and useful life. It may be a wish, but I believe that June Haver will soon come back to the screen, to the career she renounced in good faith, but the one in which I believe she rightfully belongs.

At this writing, June Haver has signed no contracts, talked no picture deals, read no scripts. Yet, already there are straws in the wind indicating that—whether she knows it or not—June Haver is reaching for the threads that lead back to the life she had led and loved since she was eight years old.

The people who have advised June so far—and whose advice she admitted she is heeding—are all picture people. Some qualify as old friends as well. Many former colleagues from Fox have talked to June and, in her mother's words, "offered to help June if she wished to resume picture work." They are friends—June made friends with everyone she worked with—but the advice and assistance which all these friends have to offer June Haver is really valuable only if she is considering going back into the movie business.

Of course, when June alighted from a TWA plane at the Los Angeles International Airport last September 29, she expressed a different intention and desire. "I want to go back," she said then. "I am on temporary leave. I am home to rest and to do God's will." At the same time, she stated flatly, when asked if she'd take up the career she had abandoned, "I gave all that up."

At that time, June was surprised and confused by the swarm of reporters and photographers who surrounded her. A TWA ticket clerk had recognized her and tipped off the press. She was registered on the plane as Junie Flynn (her sister Dorothy's married name) and had planned to slip back home unheralded. "I'm not a celebrity any more," she protested, and after her happy laughter when she greeted her family, she burst into tears when she was asked to pose again and again.

She must have known, even then, that for her the attempt at holy life was ended, and could not be tried again with hope of success. This was strongly hinted by church officials whom newsmen asked to clarify June's status. One, Archbishop Edward J. Hunkeler of Kansas City, said, "I have never heard of such leave being granted novitiates." Another stated, "If she plans to return, she will have to apply through the regular channels. No such action has been initiated." Another pointed out that, except for a death in the family, no "temporary leave" is ever granted from the Sisters of Charity Convent. And as June's own mother pointed out, "The fact that June left in street clothing is proof that her training to become a nun is over."

The reason June gave for her return to secular life was poor health. That was undoubtedly the immediate cause. She suffered severe migraine headaches, and had undergone hospitalization in Kansas. Exhaustive physical tests revealed an enervating low metabolism rate. This was another in the chain of sicknesses and accidents which had dogged June before she left California. She had, for instance, entered St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica four separate times, for an appendectomy, an ulcer, a sprained back and a ruptured abdominal organ. It was the Sisters there, incidentally, who inspired June's own desire to lead a life of service in the Catholic Church. *The Girl Next Door* took almost two years to film, largely because of June's illnesses.

But one of the requirements for admittance to St. Mary's Academy was a certificate of sound health. June had been in what amounted to physical training for her convent life long before she made it. She never looked better than she did in *The Girl Next Door.* At the convent she worked hard; all novices do. But even though her chores were in the kitchen and in the laundry, they were not back breaking. June described the way she felt as, "I was just dragging all of the time." But even as she said that, reporters who greeted her were unanimous that despite her plain brown suit, cropped, untinted hair and absence of make-up she looked in better shape physically than when she left. She was heavier, had better color and, even under the tension of that meeting, seemed to be in good spirits.

This is not to cast any doubt on June Haver's reasons for abandoning the personal crusade which she had entered with such hope, zeal and confidence. But it is proper to point out that poor health is not the only reason June Haver missed her goal. Other more complex factors evidently helped frustrate that ambition, too.

It was not disillusionment on June Haver's part. "I found the religious life everything I hoped it would be," were among the first words she uttered back in Hollywood. "It was beautiful. I was very happy there and all the other nuns were wonderful to me." But there is evidence that the psychological and emotional adjustments to her religious life were not entirely successful. "Dragging all the time," is a complaint familiar to psychiatrists.

I remember talking to a close friend of June's when she announced her startling decision. This man is active and experienced in the work of the Catholic Church. He had acted often as a go-between, when June first voiced her yearnings to become a nun. He told me then, "June's frail—but that isn't what worries me about this step of hers. The work won't be too hard for her. She's also very devout; I am not worrying about her sincerity or faith. But you must remember that a girl who enters a convent must change completely, not only in her daily life but in the very workings of her mind. It is hard when you are June's age. I'm hoping and praying for the best, but I don't know. I have seen other inspired girls try for the sisterhood and find themselves utterly unable to handle the emotional transition. I've seen them tragically mixed-up and helpless to understand why they cannot bring this about. . . ."

Archbishop Hunkeler said, "I think the real reason, in fairness to June, was that it wasn't the life for her . . ." Another high Catholic church official agreed, "I'm not surprised she returned. She's a convert and it is difficult to adjust in any way to the Catholic life, especially if the individual is not accustomed to it very early . . ."

June joined the Catholic Church in Hollywood when she was sixteen and already in pictures. According to her mother, June herself soon sensed this insurmountable psychological barrier at the convent. "I believe," she has said, "that June realized almost from the start that she had made a mistake. All her life she has been devoted to her family—a real home girl. You can see how homesick this would make her, and how difficult to adjust to the secluded religious life . . ." June's mother was the most broken up member of the family when her daughter left for the convent.

Whatever the reasons why June Haver abandoned her quest after seven and a half months instead of staying seven and a half years to take her final vows, no shame, disgrace or even embarrassment reflects or should reflect from her action. June certainly doesn't feel that it should. That sensible state of mind is important to her present decision. "Many people seek to do God's will as they understand it," she has said. "That is all I did. I don't think I failed." Nor does anyone else who knows the facts.

June was merely what her rank in the religious order was termed—a novice. She was an apprentice on trial. She had achieved no religious ordainment of any kind from which she defected in returning to Hollywood. Mother Mary Ancilla, Superior of St. Mary's Academy, stated June's position very clearly: "All young women who come here on trial until the time when they take their final vows, are privileged to change their minds from day to day . . ." The Kansas Archbishop cleared her even more officially, "June left in a candid and proper manner," he stated. "She leaves with the good will of everyone."

As far as her church is concerned—a church whose dictates and preferences June, being devout, would always heed—she bears no stigma whatever. Which brings up the strongest argument of all why June Haver will take up where she left off in Hollywood: There is no earthly—or spiritual—reason why she should not. On the contrary, there are many earthly—and spiritual—reasons why she should.

Danny Kaye at Palace opening was cute when he said, "I'll tell you a little secret. There is nobody in the world who likes to hear me entertain better than me."

Earl Wilson
Post

For years in Hollywood before she tried to become a nun June devoted far more of her time, talents and energies to religious and charitable endeavors than she did to her career. Her date book was chronically filled weeks ahead—not with pleasure appointments—but dates for church benefits, hospital visits, appearances to aid charity or church projects. Whether the requests came from an obscure *padre* with a tiny church that needed help, the football team at Loyola University, whose mascot she was, the Newman Club at UCLA which she sponsored, St. John's Hospital, the Stella Maris Girls' Home, or just a friend who needed comfort—I never heard her say "No." She can serve that way again, if and when she gets back in harness.

Actually, she was more valuable to her church and in a position to do greater good as a screen star than as a sequestered nun. I think she realizes this now and I am sure she will make use of that power again. Certainly, she knows the Biblical parable of the talents, whose moral is: Use them. June Haver has been blessed with great talent since the days when she used to sing, dance and spread sunshine around Rock Island, Illinois.

There are practical reasons, too, why June must do what she can do best. She is not wealthy; she must make her living. In fact, when June entered her novitiate she signed, along with the vows of chastity and obedience, the vow of poverty. Before she left, her furniture was auctioned off, her clothes, jewelry and personal effects distributed among her family and close friends. The apartment house she had built and furnished in West Los Angeles was deeded to her mother. Her savings went into funds for family financial security. They can be returned to June, of course, and undoubtedly will be if she needs them. But June was never rich. Although she made $3500 a week at the tag end of her Fox contract, she had heavy family responsibilities. June, who lived modestly, did not need much money for herself and there is no reason to believe that she will now. But there are others she loves for whom she would like to do things.

What else could she do to support herself? Well, it is possible that she could earn a living with interior decoration. June took that up as a hobby several years ago, decorating apartment buildings and homes, but always as a dilettante. For a while, she thought of studying for a teacher's certificate, but it seems impractical, as she would have to start as a college freshman.

It might be folly for June to attempt a new vocation—after her hard-won, established success as a screen star. She started at fifteen; at twenty-seven it's hard to change your stripes. It is conceivable, of course, that by some special concession coupled with a miraculous gift of new physical strength, and a clear mandate from her spirit and conscience, June could try again the path she traveled so briefly.

What chance has June Haver for second-round success in Hollywood? I asked a prominent agent that question, also a producer. They agreed: June Haver could go to work next week if she said the word. "After all," said the agent, "there's been no time break worth mentioning in June's career. Her last picture is still playing. For months after she left for Kansas her face was in the magazines and on billboards. Seven months is only a tick of the clock, careerwise. A lot of stars take that much time for vacations and nobody knows they've been gone. I wish she were my client. I could sell her tomorrow and she'd be worth as much as ever—maybe more."

The producer said, "Of course, right now the whole thing is a delicate matter. Anyone who puts June Haver into a picture quickly—if he could—would risk being accused of trying to capitalize on the publicity. June's comeback role would have to be selected carefully. Not necessarily a religious role but certainly a wholesome part. June, of course, knows that—that's why she won't say or do anything right now—and maybe not for quite a while. But if and when she comes back, she is sure to succeed."

You can be sure that by now June herself has considered everything from all points of view. Probably she has made her decision, already, or at least, is close to reaching it. In time she will tell it and time is what is necessary to work the unique transition smoothly and tastefully. Undoubtedly the church of her faith feels exactly as June does—that now is the time for her to keep her plans and her thoughts about them to herself. But sooner or later she will have to act.

There are many gifts to offer if they come from the heart, and those that do are peculiarly blessed.

Although the special capacities for Catholic sisterhood seem to be beyond June Haver's present powers, she still has such an offering to make in her young life. There is no reason why she cannot make it right here in Hollywood. **END**

solid as a rock

(*Continued from page 25*) one of its best-liked stars.

In a way, the transition is a product of the studio's manufacturing program, but it never could have happened if Rock were not the man he is. About one out of every thirty players who are signed are able to make the grade. The studio gambles on raw material and backs the youngsters to the limit of its wealth and power, but in the long run it is up to the player himself. In Rock Hudson, U-I had a diamond in the rough.

He was told to stand straight and once he had improved his posture, his appearance was perfect. But this was the easy part. The rest is an endurance contest, and Rock had the stamina of a Hercules. He worked every day for two years with the dramatic coach, the late Sophie Rosenstein who kept assuring worried producers that the boy did have talent, but needed work to bring it out. Rock studied diction and drama, doing pantomime and improvisation. Everybody else under contract did the same thing, but Rock went at it harder, perhaps realizing that he had to. He exposed a seriousness and an ambition that nobody was sure he had. He learned fencing, archery, riding, singing, sailing, card tricks, football and "gun work." For his role as a boxer in *The Iron Man* he trained three months in exactly the same way a professional fighter trains. He submitted to having his chest shaved for Indian roles and to wearing his hair long for frontier parts. He seemed tireless, and he was willing. In 1951 he worked five months without a day off and never once complained. "I asked for work when I signed up," he said. "And I got it."

They put him in one picture after another, with personal appearance tours sandwiched between. A shy young man, he found meeting the public a torturous ordeal, but he persevered and followed instructions. He made friends. He began to acquire poise.

AMERICA's teen-agers discovered him and flooded him with adulation. He took the barrage standing up and without turning his head. One adolescent wrote him of her bitter loneliness without him, and added, "My dearest, darling Rock, I shall die with a kiss on my lips for you." When a sensitive and impressionable young man like Rock gets tons of letters like this, he does well to be able to accept the fact with bewilderment and gratitude, yet continue to wear the same size hat.

He viewed his publicity chores with a similarly sane attitude. He answered the same questions a hundred times over with remarkable politeness and patience, and when asked to pose for beefcake pictures, grumbled only to his co-workers. He knew that such shenanigans were necessary to his career and that his cooperation would, in part, repay the studio for its tremendous investment in him. He has been acutely embarrassed every time he has been asked to remove his shirt for a photographer, yet he has done it with a minimum of complaint. With interviewers, he shows irresistible charm. When asked to talk about women or give advice on the problems of life, he has flinched as politely as possible, declared his lack of authority on the subject and has done his level best to steer it into oblivion.

That Rock had been a solid bet is more and more obvious each day. As for his health, he has cooperated beyond the line of duty. His appendix had been a worry for several years. During his training period there had been no time for an operation, and now came a string of pictures, one after the other. The appendix didn't bother him much of the time, but as Rock said, "Every time I go down in an elevator, my appendix goes up." His doctor warned him that it should come out immediately, but the schedule planned for him by the studio allowed no time. While on location for *Gun Fury* in a fairly wild spot of Arizona, he had another attack. It was bad enough to make him pause and consider. His next picture was to be *Taza, Son Of Cochise,* and five weeks of the shooting were to be spent near Moab, Utah, a desolate stretch of country with the nearest settlement more than two hours from the location site. Rock finally submitted to the operation and soon after he was galloping over the plains of Utah.

Home from Moab, he was rushed into rehearsals, fittings and tests for his role in *Magnificent Obsession.* During his two days off in the midst of the chaos, he went to Laguna Beach and was dashed into the hard sand by a wave. That broke his collarbone. Proper treatment would have included traction or an operation, but *Magnificent Obsession* was set to roll, and Rock Hudson isn't one to hold up production. He went to work with an improperly set collarbone and a good sized bump on his shoulder.

february's exciting issue

of **modern screen**

takes you through the closed

doors of the **john wayne**

divorce—for the truth

behind the mudslinging!

At your newsstand

january 8

By now, executives knew that Rock was serious about his career and anxious to make a success of it. This, in addition to good looks, was good news. They had yet to find out about his acting ability. The films to which he had been assigned had not given him much opportunity for acting. They had been blood and thunder concoctions, not depending on dialogue for their success, and Rock's lines had required little in the way of talent. And so, when the first rushes of *Magnificent Obsession* came through, the studio brass hurried to see them. They were more than surprised at the results. Rock showed up, in his first difficult dramatic role, as a seasoned actor. In previous pictures his love scenes had left a lot to be desired. He had made love like a truck driver or, as he put it, "I just go in and mash the make-up." Now he was different, different in many ways. It was almost as though they were watching a stranger up there on the screen. His delineation was sensitive, beautifully timed, his heavier scenes were professionally underplayed. The brass whooped with joy. Their gamble had paid off.

ROCK had the looks, the ambition and the talent. They couldn't want more. But they got more. They found that Mr. Hudson, who had slipped through his formal schooling with the least possible interest in study, reads incessantly. Their new star is a student in many fields. It is hard to draw him out, but when pressed Rock will admit his deep interest in the ancient philosophers. This is the boy who flunked history in school. It just goes to show that you never can tell about boys who don't study when they're told.

More important than his book learning was his level head. A sought-after bachelor in Hollywood, he had kept out of trouble—a neat trick in the tinsel town. He had reached the age of twenty-eight without marrying; another major feat. Rock anticipates with pleasure having a wife and children and a home of his own, but because he does take it so seriously, he has been cautious. Even girls who would like him for their own have admitted, "Rock is wise not to marry yet. He knows he isn't ready yet and he must establish his career first. He's so serious about marriage that he is marking time. He doesn't want to make a mistake." People who don't know him well have surmised that he stays single because of studio pressure. Bachelor stars are considered more valuable than married stars. The assumption is unlikely because, while Rock cooperates in other respects, he can't stand regimentation and is not a man to brook interference in his private life. When he decides to marry, it is a good bet he will marry despite any objections anybody might have.

It turned out that all in all, the ex-laundryman third class had brains. And he had something else—something perhaps more important than all the other things put together. He had appeal. He made friends both on and off screen, because he is a likable guy.

His generosity covers both the concrete and the abstract. He not only reaches for the check, but likes to take others to lunch. When he goes on location he invites friends to live in his house and enjoy it while he's gone. "And bring the dogs," he says. Thoughtful and considerate, if he likes you, everything he has is yours. He is one of the rare people who inquires "How are you?" and really wants to know. He listens to others' confidences and troubles and plain conversation—really listens. Rock is such a good listener, as a matter of fact, that it contributed to his reputation for shyness. It isn't that. Rock listens and learns instead of talking to make an impression.

These things make other men like him and for a studio it is a happy thing to have on its roster a man's man. Even more important, from a career standpoint, is his appeal for the opposite sex, and in this respect Rock has exceeded expectations.

Why does he have sex appeal? For a woman who is insecure and likes dominant, protective men, the ruggedly masculine Rock fills the bill. He weighs more than 200 pounds, towers six feet, four inches, and gives the impression of suppressed power. A woman whose maternal instincts work overtime, would find Rock's boyish charm all she could wish for. He appeals to both types because he has great pride, and at the same time, considerable humility.

He is innately kind. He loves kids and animals and is soft-hearted. He frets about other people's problems. He lives outside of himself, and except for worrying about his work, he seldom thinks about himself.

He is impressed by those he admires. When he met Jeanette MacDonald for the first time, he recalled how he had adored her on the screen. He impulsively bowed and kissed her hand.

HE HAS been serious only in unguarded moments, seemingly hiding the fact that he *can* be serious, and for a long time nobody suspected he was more than a big lovable clown. He was so much fun on a date—"so crazy you never knew what he was going to do"—that girls got happy about seeing him hours before he showed up at the front door.

Not only extremely handsome, he is elusive, intentionally or otherwise. He has dated many girls in Hollywood but few have felt they really know him, and the tall, dark and mysterious man has always been a magnet to women. He is forever on the move and hard to find. In five years he has lived in nine houses and is currently looking for another. The result is that his phone number is constantly changing, and even if a girl wants to sink her pride and phone him, the number she has is usually outmoded. More often than not, he is on location. In the past few years he has made pictures in France, in Portland, the Channel Islands, Tucson, Arrowhead and Gallup. If he is in town and working, he's likely to be playing football in the Rose Bowl or a love scene in the zoo. He leads a typical bachelor life in that he spends his days impulsively when not working. A man like this is hard to pin down.

And to add to his appeal, there is always competition. Even during his sojourn at the hospital, Rock gained new fans. According to reports, a good part of the nursing staff was smitten in one degree or another, and when Rock asked for a private room (so that he could study surgery for his doctor's role in *Magnificent Obsession*), the staff split into two factions. Half the nurses arranged a private room for him and the other half managed to keep him where he was, under their own loving care. The fact that this attention from women of all ages (they write they would like him for a husband, brother, lover, son, and even grandson) doesn't affect Rock's opinion of himself, makes him an even better catch. And all the more exasperating to those who would like to become Mrs. Hudson.

IN THE past six months Rock has settled noticeably. He is not as gay as he was. He has traded in his fire engine red convertible for a more conservative yellow one. His role in *Magnificent Obsession* has at last allowed him a normal haircut, and the new Rock emerges as a well groomed, mature man with considerably more dignity than anyone suspected. He is looking for a house again, but this time he is searching for a house to buy, rather than rent. For the first time in his life Rock is living alone, and hating it. All signs point to the fact that Rock has grown up and wants to settle into a routine home life. With each passing week, he seems riper for matrimony. He hasn't announced any intentions, and no one knows who the girl will be, perhaps not even Rock himself, but those who know him can see marriage in the offing.

Rock's career seems to be as solid as his name. "This picture will establish him as a star in his own right," says a man who has carefully watched the rushes of *Magnificent Obsession*. "He's no flash in the pan, and deserves only the best roles from now on." The studio can well claim that they found him and trained him, but it is Rock himself who has assured them a fat dividend on their investment. As the local wags say, he is the best built actor in Hollywood. END

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SWEETHEART *The Soap That AGREES with Your Skin*

the man for mitzi

(*Continued from page 38*) that inspired the first and assured the second, is stronger than ever.

Mitzi and Jack Bean will be married. It will be a church wedding. It will take place soon. The couple will make their home in Hollywood. They expect to live there happily ever after. All these things Mitzi has been heard to say; all these things she is looking forward to.

Mitzi isn't wearing a ring yet (or wasn't up to a few weeks ago) but that isn't of any concern to her.

Jack, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, where he majored in psychology, made the varsity basketball team and just missed making the varsity football team. He is with an advertising agency in Hollywood. Six years ago, he was employed as a psychologist in a Brentwood hospital. Then he got interested in the advertising business and then found a niche where a knowledge of psychology can be usefully applied. While he has no desire to get into show business he is a talented pianist. When Mitzi wants to go over a song she doesn't have to send for an accompanist. He's right there—probably holding her hand, in fact.

Mitzi's musical taste has always run to the classical but since she has been with Jack there has been a strong strain of jazz. He is the kind of bug who needs only to listen to a jazz or Dixieland group to tell you who is playing the piano or strumming the guitar strings. He has no aversion to formal concerts but more likely than not when they go out for a musical evening they will wind up in a place like the Lighthouse on the beach where the "blue note" is the good note.

Jack proved to be provocative from the first moment Mitzi met him on the evening of February 9 of last year. He was the "other fellow" on a foursome date, brought in for Mitzi's friend by Mitzi's date. But the friend phoned that she was sick and Mitzi went out with both boys. Somehow, Jack didn't know who she was. "What do you do?" he asked.

"I'm in show business," was Mitzi's answer.

Jack let it go at that, the first man she had ever met who didn't press for details, so that they remained sort of bottled up for the rest of the evening. He seemed content with the fact that she was just a girl he had met and that they got along nicely. And for Mitzi, too, after a while, just being a girl and not being a celebrity along with it, was strangely new and pleasant.

They went to the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador hotel that first night. Since Mitzi's official date was an agent who had a client on the show, he spent a lot of time away from the table on business and Mitzi and Jack were left together. The romance went into high from that moment.

There are any number of incidents and stories revealing how important Jack has become to Mitzi—in fact, there are facts and figures that show it. Down in the wardrobe department at 20th Century-Fox Studios, where they keep dummies in the form of every star, there have been some changes made on Mitzi's. Her figure, according to the wardrobe dummy, used to measure thirty-five inches around the bust, twenty-three at the waist and thirty-six and a half inches at the hips. The new measurements are thirty-six, twenty-one and thirty-five. The reasons for this can be traced to several conversations Mitzi had with Jack.

One evening they were looking at a fashion magazine and Jack pointed out a gown he liked. He said he thought he'd like to see Mitzi in it.

"Don't you think I'm a little too round for it?" she wanted to know, and leaned back, waiting to hear him protest that this wasn't the case at all. But when he answered she sat straight up.

"Well, you don't have to be," is what he said.

"Oh?" came from Mitzi, in a small voice.

The subject of bathing suits came up when they were looking at another magazine and he told her the kind he thought she should wear. She tried the same answer—wasn't she too round for that?

"Well, yeah," he said.

Fade out, and fade in on Mitzi doing a lot of thinking. And she has put the resolutions that have come out of her thinking to work. As a result, the wardrobe people had to do some modifying of her dummy so that the gowns selected for her pictures would fit. Mitzi intends to fit nicely into any sort of gown or swim suit Jack fancies for her.

When Mitzi recently went to Durango, Colorado, on location for her newest picture, *Three Young Texans,* an assignment that was to last two weeks, Jack gave her to understand that he was going to miss her. Mitzi did what she could. Every night for fourteen nights she phoned him and talked forty-five minutes at each session. Cost (even if she did reverse the charges) was $15 a night at the rate of a dollar for each three minutes.

There was a moment in the filming of *Three Young Texans* when Mitzi thought it would be the last picture she would ever make. She had never done any serious riding before, and her role called for a bit of horsemanship. She had to take lessons, and along with her, as pupils, rode her two co-stars, Keefe Brasselle and Jeffrey Hunter. They, too, were new to western stuff.

In one scene the script called for Mitzi to kick at the sheriff and gallop away. Mitzi kicked—and found herself under the horse's hooves.

"What did you do?" asked Jack, hanging on to the phone in Hollywood when she reported this.

"Nothing," Mitzi told him. "The horse blew his lips at me and danced away as daintily as a ballet queen. It's a little terpsichorean routine I'll never forget!"

Readers of Modern Screen will remember perhaps, that not long ago Mitzi wrote a column in which she gave advice about new boy friends. Somehow, Mitzi isn't following her own counsel in her relationship to Jack. She said that a girl should be very independent and never call up the boy. But when there's been a spat about anything and Mitzi reflects later that she might have been wrong, to the phone she goes, to call up Jack.

Mitzi meant what she wrote in Modern Screen but, as she puts it, "New conditions call for new strategy." She has always held that the best way for a girl to introduce her beau to her friends is to have them all meet him at a party at which he is a sort of co-host. That party to introduce Jack Bean has yet to be thrown. She has been with Jack so steadily, and has made known her thoughts about him so plainly, that an affair to "introduce" him now would be anti-climactic.

She also wrote in her column that she would have a few things to say about the way he dressed—if she thought his taste could be improved. Jack, who runs to the Brooks Brothers type of clothes, quiet, restrained, and who says his hair is getting "shaggy" when the crew-cut gets to be more than three quarters of an inch long, must look perfect to Mitzi. She admits that there are only approving glances from her when he shows up. Maybe that's the way it is when you're in love. Maybe that's why Mitzi didn't root for the University of Southern California at the Minnesota game last fall. Jack took her to see the game; he yelled for his alma mater and so did Mitzi—all the way. It didn't keep Minnesota from being beaten but it made Jack feel better.

Jack had a chance to root for Mitzi when she had her appendix removed some months ago. Friends of Mitzi's at 20th recall that every time they visited her at the hospital there were so many flowers in the room the only place to sit was on the floor—and there Jack was, every day. He kept up her spirits before and after the operation, he took her home from the hospital, and he was in attendance all through her convalescence. "What an operation!" Mitzi sighs fondly when she talks about it.

His inspirational effect on her is something that Mitzi has come to depend on. Like all performers, she is nervous about an impending personal appearance. When the day of her performance at the Hollywood Bowl rolled around last summer, Jack seemed to step right in between her butterflies and herself. They never got to her. With his knowledge of psychology he seems to know just what to say and do—and when.

He has given Mitzi a new attitude toward her work. When she used to complain about being terribly tired after a strenuous dance rehearsal he withheld his sympathy. "Dancing is your business," he told her. "You are trained for it and you should know your capabilities in terms of time you spend in each session and the effort you put into it. Guide yourself accordingly and don't overdo."

This makes sense to Mitzi. She knows she will last longer and do better with such a formula than if she continues to throw herself into her dance until completely exhausted.

Mitzi and Jack are close enough to marriage to have discussed the bad influence Hollywood is credited with having on marital happiness. Jack is not affected. "A place is what you make it," he has told her. "Hollywood has been good to both of us. It's up to us."

The way Mitzi feels about it is that what's okay with Jack is okay with her. She just wants to be with him, she says, from now on. When she is with other people she talks about him. When she is alone she thinks about him. She even likes to drive his car instead of her own better one, because his, she insists, drives just like Jack.

"Everything about it is like him," she says. "It starts, stops, turns, decisively, as if it knows just what it's doing. Just like Jack. It's the next best thing to actually being at his side!" END

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antiques on a budget

(*Continued from page 36*) table is still crude, design-wise, but it's perfect for the Brasselles' informal room. Sturdy and practical, it holds a raft of magazines, ashtrays and bric-a-brac, and guests put their feet on it all the time without Norma's ever turning a hair.

ALTHOUGH the Brasselles can now afford to pay for genuine antiques (like their cherry-colored secretary and beautiful mantel clock) most of their Early American furniture was collected in the same way Keefe acquired the coffee table. The furniture was bought secondhand and renovated.

Keefe and Normie would poke around antique shops, secondhand stores, and junk yards until they found a good but dilapidated piece of furniture. Keefe would size up the state of collapse. If he felt it was capable of redemption, he'd go up to the dealer and say "You want two bucks for that worthless, rotten, old rocker over there?"

More times than not, the dealers would say yes. Most of the early furniture repair work was done with borrowed tools in a friend's workshop. Finally, Keefe picked up a set of power tools, secondhand, of course, and set up a workroom in his two-car garage.

Two years after moving into their own six-room house, the Brasselles can truthfully boast that not a single one of their antiques is a reproduction. Among antique collectors this is considered a rather hefty claim. The Brasselles regard it as a major accomplishment.

Back in 1946 when they left Elyria, Ohio, to crash Hollywood, they were a young married couple, struggling to get along. Keefe was an ex-G.I., and they had an infant daughter, Erin, whom everyone calls Mickey, and their only stake was Keefe's Army severance pay and a few hand-me-downs from Norma's family such as a patchwork quilt, a brass teakettle, and some little old kerosene lamps which Norma's mother had used as a child to light her way to bed. Their car was also an antique and they had a budget.

This budget changed every day. By the time they reached Hollywood, the Brasselles discovered that their budget had reached the disappearing stage. Impressed with the need for getting work, Keefe hurriedly installed his wife and baby in the only kind of home he could manage at the time. "We used to say in letters home," Norma recalls, "that we were living out of the high-rent district. This is the same pitch you hear nowadays by used-car salesmen on the radio. Actually, we lived in a one-room apartment on North Hoover Street. The rent was $39.50 a month."

While trying to land a movie role, Keefe ranged from job to job, from Christmas card salesman to bartender. Nights, he auditioned for radio roles. Lunch times, he hounded the casting offices. He managed to get one small part in a film called *River Gang* with Gloria Jean, nothing afterwards for a long time, and then a lucky break. Ida Lupino cast him in her independent production, *Not Wanted,* and paid him $3,000 for his work.

"Most actors," Norma says, "would have taken this first piece of good luck as an omen. The tendency is to tell yourself that prosperity has arrived, and the temptation to buy all the things you've stinted on is almost overpowering."

"The show business tradition," Keefe points out, "is to live up to your biggest salary. And I must admit Normie and I were tempted to do something extravagant. We'd been poor so long that we deserved

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Introduction by MARGARET MEAD

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"Through the ages, women's lives have centered about their sex role. . . . Where for men actual sex activity, however insistently it may intrude upon attention, is a matter of few minutes, for women each of these few minutes is laden with commitment before and commitment afterwards. Where men have to learn to want to be fathers, girls are committed by every cell in their bodies to a more engrossing and time-consuming role. . . . This situation produces a pattern of opposites: women have to learn to say 'no' not only to their would-be lovers, but also to their desires, before they are finally allowed to say 'yes' to a husband who ideally is both desired and desiring, while men have to say 'yes' to their own impulses towards women before they laboriously learn to say 'no' to most of those impulses towards women in general in order to be faithful to their wives."

From the introduction by MARGARET MEAD

NOW ON SALE WHEREVER POCKETSIZE BOOKS ARE SOLD

to have things a little easier. Before we splurged, however, we sat down and talked things over. We both agreed that what I was working for and working toward, was a home of our own. We wanted a house large enough so Mickey might have a room of her own, and we wanted the house to be small and compact so that Norma could take care of it alone. And we wanted it outright so that no matter how our luck changed, a bank or a mortgage company couldn't foreclose."

They talked the subject out from every angle. Normie, who's particularly clear-sighted about this sort of thing, pointed out that they could afford a larger apartment with a "better address" but the accompanying rent would only postpone the day when they'd have enough money for the down payment on a house. There was no avenue for disagreement. They both chose to stay in the one-room apartment with Murphy bed on North Hoover.

They lived there for a year and a half even after Keefe, with fair regularity, began to get some good motion picture parts.

But they did buy a new car, an Oldsmobile convertible.

During those lean years, the Brasselles used to look for inexpensive ways to have fun. One of the ways was to rummage through antique shops and buy nothing that cost more than twenty-five cents. They bought fruit dishes and odd bottles.

When they got their Oldsmobile, they began visiting the model homes that operative builders construct, furnish, and open to the buying public around Los Angeles. It was fun day-dreaming in a glamorously furnished bedroom or trying out the latest kitchen appliances. "We visited every open house," Keefe says, "from Pasadena to Malibu."

On one particularly lovely Sunday they tossed Mickey in the back seat and began the twisting, turning drive through Laurel Canyon to the San Fernando Valley. They told Mickey to keep a sharp lookout for the advertising signs that real estate men put out to attract customers. Halfway through Laurel Canyon they spotted the offices of a builder and land developer named William Mellenthin. On an impulse Keefe stopped the car. He went in and asked if any new houses were available for inspection. Mr. Mellenthin himself happened to be working behind the desk and offered to drive the whole Brasselle family to a couple of new homes.

Keefe and Normie liked what they saw—the modified farmhouse style of architecture, the careful detailing, the outsize patio. In fact, they liked everything but the price—$40,000.

"We think your homes are great," Keefe said. "But honestly, we can't afford them. What we're looking for is a two-bedroom house in a good middle income neighborhood."

"Tell you what," Mr. Mellenthin suggested. "Why don't you look at my model home in the Valley?"

The smaller Mellenthin house located in a beautiful walnut grove the company had subdivided, was priced at $20,000.

"We walked through the model," Norma says, "and we knew our free game of just looking at homes was over. We were sold. The house was the size we needed. It was near a school, a shopping district, and a church, and the neighborhood had children to keep Mickey company. We were so completely sold on the model that we picked out a lot that very afternoon and asked Mr. Mellenthin to duplicate his model for us."

The Brasselle house features many of the good floor-plan details adopted from the larger Mellenthin homes. For example, a long living room with an open dining alcove at one end runs across the front of the house. This one large living area makes the small house seem more spacious than it really is. The two corner bedrooms are square and loaded with built-in closet space. A restful, pine-paneled den with its own fireplace is built at the back of the house leading on to the patio. The practical but picturesque Early American kitchen is sensibly placed between the dining area and the patio for outdoor eating.

While the house was under construction, Keefe and Norma worked hard at getting their furnishings. Norma began to take lessons in rug-making and produced a braided wool rug for the den. Eventually, she hopes to complete two more for the bedrooms.

Keefe located practical pieces like two ancient dough bases on which he put legs so that they could be used as lamp tables. He also found two authentic farmhouse-type dry sinks. He scraped the larger one clean of its blue enamel coating and refinished it as a buffet for the dining room. He outfitted the smaller one with a turntable, transforming it into a cabinet for the record player.

He made the plate rail in the kitchen and wooden curtain valances over all the windows. He also worked out an ingenious way to show home movies. He hung the movie screen behind the valance above the dining room bay window. Then he cut a small projection window in an ordinary sliding door that leads to the bedrooms. By placing his projector in the hall and projecting his movies through the window in the sliding door he achieves the quiet effect of a professional movie theatre.

In the woman's department Norma was equally practical. Wherever she could, she used cotton fabrics—in the curtains, upholstery, and bedspreads. "This makes the upkeep very simple," she explains. "I wash the curtains and spreads at home. When the upholstered pieces get dirty I clean them myself, too. I just take some detergent, a vegetable brush, and warm water. I scrub the soap suds over a small area. As one spot gets clean I blot up the suds with a turkish towel, then move to another area. The whole job dries overnight. You'd be surprised how well it turns out."

A few months after the Brasselles moved into their new home, Keefe got the good luck bonus of his career. He won the coveted role of Eddie Cantor in the screen biography of the famous banjo-eyed comedian.

"Normie and I," he says, "were bursting with pure, unadulterated pride, but about all we could think of doing with the extra money was to budget some for savings and some for wiring and mounting a couple of lamps we've never gotten around to. When you've been poor as long as we have, it takes time to get used to spending money, even a little of it." END

DO YOU FEEL NEGLECTED?

Do you have a favorite star whose picture hasn't appeared in MODERN SCREEN lately? Or are you interested in an off-screen romance that hasn't been getting enough attention? Well, here's your opportunity to change all that. Just let us know who you want to read about in *your* magazine by filling in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because (just to make it more interesting) a crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first hundred people we hear from.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

☐ June Haver Comes Home
☐ No Trouble At All (Esther Williams)
☐ Please Don't Talk About Me (Gable)
☐ Solid As A Rock (Rock Hudson)
☐ Running Wild (Debra Paget)
☐ Janet Rules The Roost (Janet Leigh)
☐ "Call Me Pinhead" (Gordon MacRae)
☐ What Really Happened To Doris Day
☐ Antiques On A Budget (Brasselle)
☐ The Turning Point (Shelley Winters)
☐ The Man For Mitzi (Mitzi Gaynor)
☐ The Way Christmas Should Be (June Allyson-Dick Powell)
☐ Crazy Like A Fox (Victor Mature)
☐ Hollywood Hot Rods
☐ The Ham Got Results (Byron Palmer)
☐ The Inside Story
☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
☐ Hollywood Abroad
☐ TV Talk
☐ Love Story (Eve Arden)
☐ The Power Of A Woman (Lori Nelson)
☐ Get-Rich-Quick Robertson
☐ Discovery Corner (Lance Fuller)
☐ They Threw Away A Million For Love (Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell)
☐ Why Do Frank And Ava Fight?
☐ How Did He Propose? (Joan Caulfield)
☐ Something to Groan About (Crosby)
☐ Doing A Split (Leslie Caron)
☐ Stork Over Lanza-land

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

the ham got results

(*Continued from page 46*) with a bum landing gear had ploughed into Navy replacement planes loaded with ammo and bombs. It was like tossing a torch into a fireworks factory and seventy-eight planes were destroyed, some G.I. lives, too. That night Corporal Byron Palmer turned on the heat more fiercely than ever. Of course he forgot those irate resolves about the feminine sex. It's a good thing he did.

Because as things have turned out, it was girls who made Byron Palmer what he is today—one of Hollywood's top romantic male hopes. Ladies have been delightfully decisive in his past, as they are in his present and obviously will continue to be in his future.

Curiously, even that Tokyo traitress boosted his ambitions by proving he could fascinate an audience with words and music. Later he got his first show business breaks charming the matinee set all over the U.S.A. in dashing roles in romantic operettas. Slightly over a year ago, Byron sneaked into a preview at Inglewood, California, where he wasn't supposed to be, sat long enough to hear girlish squeals and sighs as his first picture, *Tonight We Sing*, unreeled. Then he eased out, red-faced but happy. That feminine reaction brought him his contract and his buildup at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Any way you look at it, the girls have something for Byron Palmer and Byron has something for the girls. It's pretty simple to see why.

He has a face as clean-cut as Greek sculpture, eyes as blue as the South Pacific and a smile that makes dentists want to toss away their tools. He's got a six, two, 180-pound body with a forty-five-inch chest and a thirty-one-inch waist. His build looks like Johnny Weissmuller's twenty years ago. He's gentle, courtly, gay, engaging—and he sings easily and beautifully. One mesmerized girl wrote to him rhapsodically: "If you put Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and Cary Grant in a bag, shook it well and dumped out the result—that would be you, Byron!"

All this, while reassuring, is a little embarrassing to Byron Palmer. Extravagant word pictures are strictly taboo in his family. When you mention the name "Palmer" around Hollywood, people think right away of the leading town gazette, the Hollywood *Citizen-News*. By's Dad, Harlan J. Palmer, publishes the paper. His big brother, Harlan, Junior, is assistant publisher and his younger one, Ralph, is the San Fernando Valley editor. His aunt, Zuma Palmer, runs the radio page.

By tradition, Byron Palmer ought to be interviewing Hollywood stars instead of being interviewed. The *Citizen-News* doesn't write about him. There's a copy desk rule there: No stories about Byron Palmer—at his own request. He's touchy about the home folks' getting any idea that he could or would use the family rag as a puff sheet. He's independent. A boy who calls Hollywood his home town has to be independent to get anywhere in show business. Nobody knows that better than Byron Palmer, who was born there July 21, 1923, in what was really an earth-shaking event.

He arrived at seven o'clock in the morning and that afternoon the California *terra* was not so *firma*. It heaved, quaked and rolled; and the more sinful Hollywoodites dashed out of their stucco palaces in repentant terror. It was the worst shake the place had suffered since Gilda Gray hit town.

Of course Byron Palmer doesn't remember anything about this. All that geological upheaval did was rock the tiny guy to sleep. But they've told him about it since. And they passed on a more shattering bit of information: He was supposed to be a girl named Dora. The switch to Byron has turned out to be a pretty happy idea. He has something in common with the great Lord Byron—noble profile, wavy pompadour and all. He's romantic and dramatic, too, and he has even scribbled some poetry, although the less said about that the better. By is a brunette with blue-black hair, inky whiskers, tan skin and flashing teeth.

Byron Hunkins Palmer, as the Presbyterian minister christened him, couldn't have landed in a more solid, respectable and secure setup if he had been born in Minnesota, where his parents came from, instead of Hollywood. His father was a judge before he entered newspaper publishing. Everyone in the whole Palmer clan (eighty-five of them showed up at a recent Fourth of July gathering) were and still are super conservative. The only one in the family who had ever dabbled in the arts was his mother, Ethelyn Hunkins, who once studied operatic singing for her own enjoyment. "We're all just nice middle class people," By sums it up, "all of us, that is, except me. I'm the freak. But I must have been born with this streak of ham. As a kid, Hollywood never gave me any glamour ideas. It was just my home town."

One reason was that while he lived in the heart of Hollywood and used to lose baseballs over the walls of nearby RKO or Paramount Studios, the family sent him to the University Elementary School way out in Westwood Village. University is a pioneer in progressive education and the Palmers were firm believers in giving all their kids a chance to develop any skills they liked. Although he might have been tabbed a maverick (as By says, "a kind of a black sheep and a moron") by some of his relatives when he went in for show business instead of the family newspaper, none of his own tribe ever gave him lectures or tried to tout him off of whatever he chose to do.

"Fuzz" Palmer (he got that still-clinging family tag from an early butch haircut) first reacted to scholastic freedom by falling desperately in love with his pretty blonde teacher. At the same time he fell in love with a curly top his own age and he remembers scribbling passionate *billets doux* to her when they were only six. He still has a scar on his right eye, collected when he tried to impress her by jumping over five concrete steps, only to crack up on the third. Romance and recklessness were coupled throughout Fuzz Palmer's boyhood.

Once, he slashed his finger half off whittling a doll for a lady fair, and another time, absorbed in making a model boat to sail for another cutie got run over by a two-ton truck, miraculously without being squashed. Doing flips to fascinate a third, he broke his arm.

His ma called him "the middle-sized bear." Between his two brothers, Byron was perpetually embroiled in slugging matches when one or the other muscled in on a romance. Neighboring housewives used to call up his mother hysterically and report that Cain and Abel were at it again in her front yard. The first money By ever earned—three bucks—he socked grandly into a box of Valentine candy for another doll, who most ungratefully carried it home without giving him a piece. That ill-spent stake, by the way, Byron earned acting in his first movie—not in Hollywood, but out at Malibu Lake.

The Palmers kept a summer cabin there—the Hunky-Dory—and By's brightest kid memories center around that shack. Malibu is a lovely lake set in the heart of the coast range and yet only thirty-five

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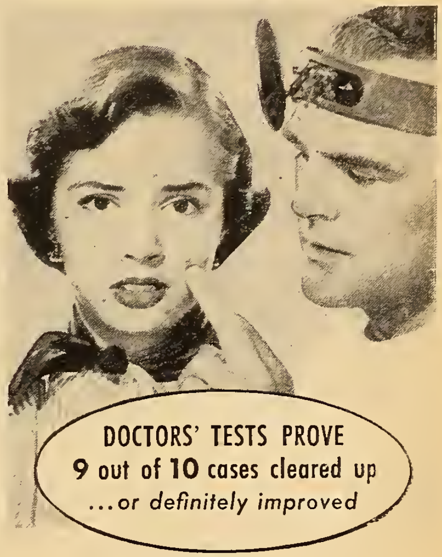

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miles from the *Citizen-News.* The family moved there *en masse* every June and stayed until Labor Day while the Judge commuted. Picture companies went out there on location. By earned his three bills for waving from a flimsy dock as Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler pretended to be on San Francisco Bay in *Tugboat Annie.* It wasn't any special honor that he got in the extra line. All the vacation kids got rounded up and pressed into service, if they were old enough to lift their arms.

While these studio visits were pleasant vacation diversions, they weren't By Palmer's big charges. Those were swimming, riding, fishing and climbing the rocky knobs—with a female audience if possible—and if the easy movie money came along that was swell. What started him off on theatricals were family projects, right in his own conservative, middle-class home. His big brother got a home movie camera for Christmas, and his mother took Byron to see *The Desert Song.* That did it. Byron asked Santa for a scarlet hood, cape and mask so he could be *The Red Shadow* from that operetta—all over the place. "I ran around looking like Flash Gordon for weeks," he recalls fondly. "I was a sensation until the thing wore out."

A record of this glory still exists in the Palmer family archives in the form of a home-made film thriller, *The Noose Hangs High.* Harlan, Jr., wrote and directed it and the whole family emoted. "Dad was the villain. I? Oh, the hero, of course," grins By. That's how Byron Palmer's folks stamped an affirmative seal on any kid project. "They always went along with any crazy notions we had," he says gratefully. "They even bought—and what's more drank—the lemonade we kids squeezed with our dirty mitts and tried to sell. I really can't remember a crackdown in all my life."

With such a free-wheeling homelife it was only natural that skinny, gangling, handsome Byron Palmer should pack few inhibitions once he put on long pants and got out in the world. He immediately became a big operator in school politics, a leading light in shows and a juvenile Don Juan on the side. There wasn't much on either campus that Byron Palmer wasn't in, and looking back, By is pretty sure his successes there are what originally planted the performing bug deep in his noggin. "I was a show-off," he cheerfully admits. "I hammed up everything, but the ham got results." They elected him vice-president of the student body, then prexy, director of talent and head cheer leader, too. A big bloc of his constituents wore skirts—also red roses which Byron thoughtfully took to his favorites each morning. When the outcome of an election looked at all shaky, he instinctively turned on the heat with a fast bit of show business.

Sometimes his gags backfired, like the time he dressed as a nurse in a burlesque male fashion show he staged, tripped over his skirts and slammed down on a big glass bottle he carried. That cut an artery, and they sewed him up with twenty-two stitches. But usually Byron Palmer found that projecting his attractive personality paid off, and too, that he was happiest when he did it. A boy has to shine at something, and usually he likes what he's good at. As By admits, "I wasn't any shakes at sports—just a second string basketball forward and a so-so swimmer. I wasn't any young Einstein either. My kick was performing. I liked the excitement. I liked the applause. I still do."

By graduation time he knew what he wanted. It wasn't the newspaper business. Like all the Palmers, he had already been exposed to printer's ink just to see if it took. Two summers his dad gave him a job on the *Citizen-News.* The first time he was a copy boy. By the second season he had progressed to cub reporter. Unfortunately, most gems of prose By was assigned to write were in the obituary column. Once, he did break loose on an interview with Sonja Henie and actually saw his byline on the scoop. But none of this excited Byron enough to wink out the stars in his blue eyes.

As usual, his folks backed him up and sent him to Occidental College, which has a top drama and speech course. Byron lasted almost a year, and a pretty good year it was. He turned in fine grades, acted in college radio skits, got a part time job at Station KFAC in Hollywood and made the frosh swimming and basketball teams to boot. All the time something else was crowding his mind and his heart. One of those girls he used to give red roses.

Her name was Joann Ransom, a tall, striking brunette beauty who looked enough like By to be his sister. She had been in his class all the way through high school. There had been others but no one like Joann. He kept his blue Model-A roadster hot, racing back and forth to Los Angeles. When spring filled the air, Byron couldn't wait any longer. One balmy March day he quit school, drove Joann up to Santa Barbara and married the girl. He was nineteen and so was she. All he had to support a wife was his salary of $18 a week as a CBS page boy.

But of course that minor matter didn't bother a pair of nineteen-year-old newlyweds—or the groom's parents either. As always, they were with him. A little family financial help and an extra job at the studio tapping out time signals and station breaks on the graveyard shift took care of the tiny Hollywood apartment where Mr. and Mrs. Byron Palmer started housekeeping. As for entertainment, well, they were in love. The biggest hardship, as By remembers, was leaving his happy home at midnight to sit in a six-by-six booth and drone out endlessly—"Station KNX, Columbia Broadcasting System. It is now two A.M., Bulova Watch time."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A friend of mine who has a house at the shore lived next door to a young fellow who wanted very much to be a great tenor. Every night after dinner he would exercise his vocal cords on the back porch, and because it was summer, and all the windows were open, the whole neighborhood could hear him. One evening, when I was visiting my friend, she decided she couldn't stand the disturbance any more, so as soon as the young tenor started singing on the back porch, my friend began pounding on the piano as loud as she could. What a good job she did of drowning out the tenor! A little later that evening, the young hopeful came over to the house and inquired about the piano playing. When he was told it was my friend, he replied, "That's the best I've ever heard you play." The young man's name was Mario Lanza.

Dolores Jones
Philadelphia, Pa.

Then Byron had a better idea than sitting up all night telling people the time. He signed up with the Air Corps, and in no time at all he was on the Arizona desert near Tucson at the Marana Air Base, a barren spot which later moved Red Skelton to observe feelingly, "The Army can find places that God forgot!" The Byron Palmers sweated out fourteen months there until Byron was "transferred immediately to Los Angeles for training preparatory to shipment overseas." That's what he got for telling everyone he was a radio announcer.

He learned his stuff at the Armed Forces Radio Service right back in Hollywood where he started, under Colonel Tom Lewis, who is Mister Loretta Young these days. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dinah Shore, Johnny Mercer and about every important Hollywood star who could carry a tune strolled in and out those days for *Command Performance* and various G.I. transcription shows, but By Palmer had little contact with them. He was in the lower echelons at AFRS and in the end was shipped out ignominiously from Seattle crammed in the steamy bow of a liberty ship. He came up for air in Hawaii, but before he could buy a grass skirt for Joann he was whisked off to Eniwetok.

Neither sheltering palms nor dusky *vahinis* with hibiscus in their hair swayed on that South Sea isle. Naval shells had thoroughly scalped the place when the Marines landed, and only two palm trunks stuck up like drunken telephone poles. As for women—there wasn't anything in skirts on the whole atoll.

Still, By Palmer looks back on Eniwetok with a special fondness. Not only because it was there he realized what he wanted to do—sing and act—but because he put over his first real man-sized job. Bucking Tokyo Rose wasn't easy. GI's laughed at her insidious guff but they liked to listen; she had a typical American co-ed voice that made pleasant music to girl-starved ears, also a stack of the solid Stateside recordings. When Byron and his buddies set up their transmitter under one of those crazy palm trunks straight news was all they had to compete with T.R. A morale job needed more than that, Byron reasoned. He dug up a Seabee who could pat a piano, a couple of sailors who could sing, and with his own baritone "The Music Mates" went on the air. They clicked. Byron Palmer's trio got more G.I. fan mail than Betty Grable. And that's when he started thinking seriously about his post-war plans.

Byron wrote, produced, acted and sang on his WXLE program in Eniwetok for eight months, cutting Rosie down to size. The mission broke up when an inspection officer took one look at his cadaverous figure—shriveled from 180 to 130 pounds—and hustled him back to Hawaii for recuperation. The climate, canned rations and hard work had riddled his health. He spent six months knocking around Honolulu beaming OWI news broadcasts, announcing G.I. boxing contests and restoring his tissues. Then they shipped him home for a look in at AFRS, where he took over a Bob Crosby show for a while. Next came a reward for pitching in the South Pacific—Officers' Training School at Camp Lee, Virginia. He was almost through the course when V-J Day came and as By says, "I sure wanted those bars, but I wanted a chalk-striped suit a lot more." He came out a staff sergeant.

Young gentlemen in new chalk-striped suits were a penny a pound back in 1946. And Byron Palmer found himself with a wife to support and a baby on the way. He didn't let go his dreams but he took what he could to earn a buck. For a while, that was announcing girlie-girlie shows at Earl Carroll's. Then understudy and bit jobs in operettas like *New Moon, The Firefly* and *Rosalie* at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles, playing things like cadets, soldiers, waiters, and gentlemen of the ensemble. Sometimes he got a chance to sing but not often. All the time though, Byron was polishing his voice with lessons, and it finally paid off.

He hooked on to a touring skate show, *Hollywood On Ice* as a between-the-acts singer and emcee. In the midwest one of his Hollywood pals sent him a wire, collect. "Hurry back—they're casting *Magdalena* for Broadway. You'll be a cinch." By quit his job that night and hopped home. But that evening's Hollywood *Citizen-News* had news for Byron: The show was already cast and gone to New York! "Sorry," said his pal, "guess I gave you a bum steer."

What keeps a guy gambling for a break however, is exactly the kind of crazy reverse that happened to Byron Palmer next. He hadn't been kicking jobless around Hollywood a week until a new agent he hired took him to see tunesmith Frank Loesser and producer George Abbott, cooking up another musical for Broadway, with Ray Bolger.

He sang his medley from *Oklahoma* that he'd used on the ice show tour and they all said "Fine, fine—we like you very much." Well, Byron had heard that plenty of times before. His blood pressure remained down where it had sunk for the past week. "Just another audition," he told Joann that night and grinned a little wryly, "They said they'd call me." He had no hope that they would.

He didn't know of course that after he'd left, there was a huddle and a quick verdict: "He's our boy." He certainly didn't know that the new agent, who had neglected to get his home address and phone number, was frantically trying to track him down over the weekend without success. It was Monday before he connected—and that was no blue Monday for Byron Palmer.

The show was *Where's Charley,* which was a hit on the big street for two very good seasons while Byron Palmer fattened up on $300 a week, brought his wife and daughter to New York and lived like a respectable citizen for a change. Studio nibbles arrived but to those Byron Palmer had to say "No" because his contract was for the run of the show. It's one of the ironies of Byron Palmer's saga that he'd never been on a sound stage in his life until he went to work. And another that—up to this writing—the guy hasn't sung a recorded note for the movies, although singing has been his big pitch ever since the Battle of Tokyo Rose.

AFTER *Where's Charley?* finally bowed out, Byron Palmer spent the next season or so racketing around the country in this musical and that—at Dallas' Starlight Operetta, the Pittsburgh Stadium, St. Louis' Municipal Opera, The Greek Theatre again—San Francisco to New York and way stops. He sang for radio and he sang for TV. He tuned up his lungs on *Roberta, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, Showboat, Girl Crazy,* and another Broadway revue, *Bless You All,* which the customers blessed only two short months. When things slowed and he came back to Hollywood, the only job he could find was selling Christmas cards in the family stationery store next to the *Citizen-News* at $50 a week! It was the old roller coaster routine—up and then down—with a sinking sensation at every dip.

Now, a stop-and-go budget is not what most marriage counselors recommend, nor is the kind of hello-and-goodbye life that Byron and Joann Palmer led. By was in the service almost four years and most of his post-war years were spent skipping around wherever the chance of a job led him—and usually by himself. Under those strains his marriage broke up—and mended again—three separate times. But it fin-

GET-RICH-QUICK ROBERTSON

Meet a man with one simple goal and a dozen ways to attain it!

■ Dale Robertson wants to be a millionaire. Right away.

This ambition is not unusual in Hollywood, but Dale is giving it all he's got.

From the moment Dale persuaded a couple of aunts to stake him to a start in Hollywood, he has had but one thought in mind—*money!* Now he's paying the loan back, bit by bit, working hard at his career and figuring up schemes on the side for increasing his income. Scuttlebut around Hollywood is that he devotes so much time to these extra-curricular affairs that the Robertsons have little if any social life. And, whenever you hear a hint about rifts in their household, don't figure it's another man or woman. It's just plain *work.*

In the first place, there's Dale's career. And he'll be the first to tell you he isn't too keen about romance and musicals, even when he gets a co-star like Betty Grable. He prefers to do Westerns.

"I'm in this picture game for the money that's in it," he'll tell anyone who will listen. "Cowboys are the fellows who cash in, but big. Not only do people like Roy Rogers, Gene Autry and Hopalong Cassidy pull down a big box office and a hefty pay check but look at the fortune they reap from by-products."

Practical Dale figures his horses and dogs might as well add their bit to the family bankroll and he's disappointed when he can't ring them in on a picture he's doing. He managed to get his favorite horse into *The Farmer Takes A Wife* but lost out when the animal followed him about like a dog from one end of the set to the other and refused to take orders from anyone else. And the wonderful big German shepherd who's Dale's shadow raised such a rumpus during Dale's love scenes with Betty Grable that the dog had to be locked away.

On the extra curricular side, Dale has a tire deal on that should hit the jackpot for him—if it works out! Then there's the waterless hand-cleanser. And there are his horses.

All of these interests take time and thought and investigation. And they take money. Dale isn't a man to gamble away his hard won cash.

To add to his other talents, Dale writes red-hot Westerns for himself to star in. Recently he sold one of his stories to 20th and he hopes to play the leading role.

All of this adds up to *what,* people ask. Those who know him best suspect that these activities are not only an outlet for his tireless energy but that Dale has a dream.

He wants security for himself and his family. He wants a ranch—a big, big ranch. And he wants both while he's still young.

ally hit the divorce court a year ago last April Fool's Day.

Byron doesn't like to talk about that, because he feels the failure deeply. He'll explain it briefly with, "We were awfully young when we married, me especially. I think Joann tried to mother me too much, but after all, a girl's a lot older than a boy at nineteen—and maybe I needed it. Anyway, all the odds were against us." The ironic part is that just when his home was breaking up, Byron Palmer's best career breaks arrived all in a bunch. In three days he had three studio offers.

The triple play started when a friend took him to Louis B. Mayer's house one evening to sing. Mayer liked what he heard and promised a test at MGM. The next morning producer Leonard Goldstein asked Byron to Universal to look him over for the romantic lead with Lori Nelson in a *Ma And Pa Kettle* picture—and he liked what he saw. The next afternoon Billy Gordon, Fox's casting director, called By into his office, handed him a record and said, "I know this will be rough—but take this home and make every note on it your own. Come back Monday and George Jessel will listen."

That, Byron knew, was the big payoff —if he could swing it. Jessel was producing *Tonight We Sing*, based on the life of impresario Sol Hurok. The record was operatic star Jan Peerce going through a tricky aria from *La Traviata*—slightly out of By's league. The try was for a romantic young concert singer's part with Peerce's voice dubbed in. Not entirely the way he'd have liked it—but when it's strictly from hunger and there's a new movie career at stake—well, By wasn't proud.

That was on a Friday and the weekend which followed is one to remember for Byron Palmer. He had no place to master the operatics except his one-room apartment. He locked himself in, spun the turntable and cut loose with the platter. He kept it up days and most of the nights Friday, Saturday and Sunday. "People pounded on the floors and the ceiling," grins Byron. "I didn't stop. They banged on my door and yelled, 'Turn it off! Turn it off!' but I didn't hear what they said. Luckily, nobody called the cops. By Monday I could sing that thing backwards."

He didn't have to do that. He sang it only once, forward. Jessel nodded, and By knew he was in. The funniest thing about it all was that Mitch Leisen, the director, exclaimed after Palmer had let loose his baritone, "My God—you actually *can* sing, can't you?" That's how far Byron Palmer's vocal fame had penetrated his home town.

By now the homefolks know it a little better. While he was making *Tonight We Sing*, Leisen sang his praises so loudly to Mocambo's Charlie Morrison that they canceled Peggy King and told By, "You open in five days." The Mo attracts probably the toughest audience in the world. Though he'd never sung in a night club before, Palmer walked right in and fractured the place. *Variety* raved, "This is local-boy-make-good week at Mocambo." New York's St. Regis hotel wired him an offer for the Maisonette Room, but he couldn't accept with things popping right at home. One was a chance to show he could act with the title role of *Mister Roberts* at Hollywood's Las Palmas Theatre. He did that so enthusiastically that he busted his nose in the big fight scene one night.

All this comes under the head of pitching in the clutch, which is what Byron Palmer is dedicated to right now. He is doubling his voice lessons and dramatic lessons. At thirty, Byron Palmer figures he can't coast. He knows he's getting a late start in pictures—and that even the contract Fox handed him after *Tonight We Sing* is not career insurance these days when studios are dropping contract stars like hot grounders. After all, he's had only that one picture—the Ma and Pa Kettle thing he made first is still unreleased—but *Man In The Attic* is about finished and *The Girl In The Dark Glasses* is on deck.

But nobody who knows Byron Palmer expects any of this to send his handsome head spinning off into solar space. Like all the Palmers' heads, his is screwed pretty level to his shoulders. While he made *Tonight We Sing*, By helped pump gas at a station in Westwood which he owned with his father, and only recently sold. All last year he hustled over to UCLA nights for a course in accounting and business investment, just in case he ever gets his hands on important money. He drives a three-year-old Pontiac, has a rack of carefully mothproofed suits that date way back, cooks his own meals and washes his socks in the two-room furnished apartment where he presently rests atop Laurel Canyon. "I have learned by necessity," he'll tell you, "to be a tight man with a buck."

He isn't kidding there. Right now, although he makes a good three-figure salary a week, Byron has to scratch to put away a bond now and then or collect a few more shares of the family newspaper. His alimony is heavy and his daughter's expenses are growing. Maybe that's why he's such a quiet operator that his landlord next door recently popped his head in and explained, "Just wanted to know if you still lived here." He found Byron deeply absorbed in Rev. Norman Vincent Peale's book, *The Power Of Positive Thinking*. A night owl by nature, Palmer often stays up all night with a book or a script. Sometimes, too, he'll roll off in his car in the middle of the night for Santa Barbara or south to Mexico, all alone and just for the ride.

I DIDN'T SEE IT HAPPEN

I don't know if it's because I'm near-sighted or just dense, but I'm constantly rubbing elbows with movie stars and not realizing it till hours later. But then, who'd expect stars like Susan Hayward or Mona Freeman to ride a bus like ordinary mortals.

However, you'd think anyone would recognize Eve Arden getting on the crowded Hollywood bus at Warners' main gate especially when she had to stand in the aisle. I stared fascinated at this girl with the flexible features whose face muscles were never still a minute and didn't recognize her till I was thumbing through Modern Screen days later.

While dining at the Smoke House across the road from Warners', I peered earnestly around looking for stars and then became more interested in a familiar-looking family at the next table. Mama and daddy were absorbed in feeding the three well-behaved children. For hours I racked my brain to place them among my neighbors before I realized I'd been staring at Mrs. MacRae, the children, and the back of Gordon's neck.

Next week I'm getting new glasses.
Mrs. Patricia L. Pfau
Burbank, California

That doesn't mean he's a hermit or any kind of a male Garbo. Byron likes all sports—swimming, skiing, tennis and golf particularly. He likes to dress up in tails and dance the *mamba* too. He's a hot record fan, a devotee of good food and drink. He likes people, parties and fun as much as the next guy. He's as friendly as a pup, has a hard time saying "no" to anyone and is almost impossible to rile.

Success has caught up with Byron as a bachelor, but he's frank in saying he doesn't like it. Once you've been married, you miss it, even if it hasn't worked out the first time. "I want to get married again some day," he admits, "but I'm in no hurry and for heaven's sake don't say I have any plans because I haven't. Of course, the right girl might change my mind fast." There have been lots of girls lately. By's current date list does include names like Denise Darcel, Kathryn Grayson, Joan Weldon, Merry Anders and Wanda Hendrix. How much is for romance and how much for sweet publicity now that he's on the hot list, is hard to say. But when he took Wanda to the *Island In The Sky* première this fall, By had to have a map drawn to find her place in the Valley. At the same time, Columbia called that a "romance"—but how can you romance with a girl when you don't even know where she lives?

It wouldn't surprise Byron Palmer's close friends if he and Joann got back together one day for another try. Under pressure, even he'll admit they just might. That's happened three times before and there's a deep feeling there, going back to school sweetheart days. There's another tugging attraction in the girl who is Byron Palmer's most regular and adorable date—his daughter, Linda Lou.

This dainty blonde, now seven, is a steady item for Wednesday dinner and an all-day Saturday whirl at the amusement parks. As susceptible as the other lasses are to the Palmer charm, Linda can effectively cool off her old man sometimes. By took her to see some rushes of himself in *Man In The Attic* and when they had been reeled off, Mistress Palmer asked, "When do you come on, Daddy?"

"That was me. I've been on," he told her.

"Oh," she replied. "You mean that funny looking man with the whiskers?" Last time I saw Byron, he was itching to finish the picture and shave off his cloak-and-dagger mustache—to please a lady.

Pleasing ladies is always attractive work —and now Byron Palmer has it. By now too, he knows it's his business—one that he's made for and one that he likes. He hopes to stay in this business a long, long time, acting and singing right in Hollywood where he was born, grew up and—after a fairly rocky road—came back to make the Palmer name mean something in addition to presses, paper and printer's ink. To make sure that situation sticks he'll knock himself out to please every girl in the world—even Tokyo Rose.

"I'm doing just what I've always wanted to do," By says, "living just where I want to live. I never want to leave Hollywood again. I hope things never change."

Right now, it doesn't look as if they will—with one exception, of course. That ban they've got on Byron Palmer stories down at the *Citizen-News* will have to be ripped off the bulletin board. After all, an important sheet like the *Citizen* has to cover the news. Publisher's son or not, Byron is making some and he's sure to make more. Besides, they'll have to think of their feminine readers. END

HOLLYWOOD ABROAD

AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

JEANNE CRAIN may never again make another picture in Africa. What she went through during the filming of *Duel In The Jungle* is more harrowing than the most imaginative adventure fiction. One afternoon, for example, on the banks of the Zambesi River, she stood petrified as Assistant Director Anthony Kelly was overturned in his canoe by the swirling rapids. The powerful current carried Kelly into the opened, ugly, waiting jaws of a dozen crocodiles.

Following this death, Jeanne was on the brink of collapse, but director George Marshall insisted upon the immediate resumption of filming. He wanted no brooding. With husband Paul Brinkmàn and actor Dana Andrews on hand to lend moral support, Jeanne went on to finish the picture.

Despite the fact that she worked at close range with lions, elephants, and other native beasts in the Krueger National Park, Jeanne, mother of four, showed no fear. "Maybe I didn't show it," she says, "but I certainly felt it."

LANA TURNER, plagued by the European rumor that she is pregnant, may be back in the States from Amsterdam as you read this. Originally, Lana and Lex hoped to be home for Christmas, but the weather was very bad during the production of *The True And The Brave*, and the picture was held up. Lex's agent, Paul Kohner, has been in Europe trying to set up some deals for Barker, and if these jell, Lana will remain abroad with her husband.

While *The True And The Brave* was in production, Barker and Vic Mature tried to play golf each day. The Dutch Resistance leaders insisted that Lana was much too glamorous to be cast as a real secret agent. The film tells the story of the Dutch underground movement. Clark Gable plays the part of a Dutch Army colonel who matches wits against the Nazis. Lana, of course, supplies the love interest.

When asked why the Dutch were objecting to the film, J. K. Douma, one of the heroes of Arnheim, explained that "the first requirement of any underground agent is to be as ordinary-looking and unobtrusive as possible. Do you think," he asks, "that Lana Turner falls into this category?"

FARLEY GRANGER rates as the most eligible bachelor in the Italian film colony. Farley has an excellent musical ear, and now speaks Italian competently enough to help him parry the subtle marriage proposals of Rome's prettiest starlets. He has rented a villa and plans to stay in Europe as long as film work is available. He makes it a policy to go out with no girl more than three times. "I don't want another one of those Shelley Winters buildups," he says good-naturedly.

VIVIEN LEIGH, the beautiful, fragile, international star who suffered a greatly-publicized nervous breakdown six months ago, is now all recovered and back at work. She opened recently at the Manchester Opera House in *The Sleeping Prince*, a play in which she not only sings, but also dances. Doctors attribute her quick recovery to the constant vigilance of her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, who never once left her side in her weeks of need. One physician said, "He made her re-entry into public life his cardinal interest."

LIZ TAYLOR, back in London with her husband and son, in fact, hard at work with Stewart Granger in *Beau Brummell*, is still busy denying that she suffers from heart trouble.

"I really don't know how these stories get started," she said. "If I have a headache or a stomach ache, right away it's heart trouble. My heart is in fine shape. Everything's in fine shape. The baby had some typhoid shots and cried a bit when we first got over here, but now he's perfect."

Liz returns to Hollywood when her picture is finished, probably in December or late January.

GENE TIERNEY continues to scoff at all the stories concerning her alleged breakup with Aly Khan. They are very much together in southern France—they play tennis almost daily on the courts of the Carlton Hotel—and Aly gets on extremely well with Gene's mother and her daughter. Rumors notwithstanding, Gene is very well-liked by the Aga Khan and the Begum.

KIRK DOUGLAS grew a long beard for his title role in *Ulysses*, and now he lets the girls run their fingers through it. His favorite: Brigitte Bardot.

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no trouble at all

(*Continued from page 21*) "My, but she's a long one," someone said.

They held the baby up, and Esther smiled as her third child's infant cries began.

They weighed the baby, measured her, and then sent for the proud father.

"You've got a fine daughter," Dr. Bradbury announced. "Seven pounds, fifteen ounces, nineteen and a half inches long."

Big Ben was all smiles. "We're going to name her Susan Tenney Gage," he said. "If I had been a girl," he added, "that's what my folks would have named me."

PRESENTLY, they wheeled Susan's mother down the corridor and into her private room. They let Ben stay there for a few minutes, then shooed him out as Esther dropped off to sleep. Originally, it was planned to have mother and daughter room together, but there was a shortage of nurses which made the rooming-in system an impossibility. Susan Tenney was placed in the babies' room.

The birth of Esther Williams' third child was a welcome contrast to the birth of her second, Kimball Austin Gage.

Three Octobers ago, Kimmie arrived one month ahead of schedule, and since eight-month babies are difficult to deliver, Esther had a tough time of it.

Her entire pregnancy period with Kimmie had been pretty much of a muddle. She went to Hawaii to make *Pagan Love Song* and just as production got under way, she thought she was pregnant but she wasn't sure.

She insisted upon waiting until she got back to Los Angeles to make certain. Then there was some question as to the arrival date. Finally, Esther was told that her second child would come in December. In September, she and Ben bought their Mandeville house, and while no one knows for certain, it's entirely possible that by working long and hard to furnish her new home, Esther inadvertently brought on the premature birth of Kimmie. He was born in October.

Esther's first child, Benjie, was also a little early, so that Susan is really the only Gage child to have been a full-time baby.

Esther and her new daughter stayed in Santa Monica Hospital for a week, and on a Thursday, papa Ben, proud and grinning, came and took his two girls home.

When little Benjie, four, saw his sister for the first time, he shook his head in dismay, and turning to his mother, said, "Boy, there sure are gonna be an awful lot of kids around this house."

Benjie and Kimmie used to sleep downstairs in the Gage household, but when Esther announced that another child was en route, Ben got busy and had the attic remodeled. Now, the two boys room upstairs, and Susan has the nursery on the street level.

"So far," Esther says, "she's been a perfect little doll. Just sleeps and eats. No trouble at all."

"No trouble" are the two words which best describe Esther Williams' family setup. Ever since her marriage to Ben Gage after World War II, the tall, leggy, near-sighted mermaid has known practically nothing but happiness.

Over the years she seems to have gotten everything she ever wanted: career, fame, money, security, marriage, and children.

"The trouble with Esther Williams," one reporter said recently, "is that she has no trouble. At the ripe old age of thirty-two, this dame has got it made."

"Wholesome" is the word to describe the Williams personality, and it can be followed by athletic, fun-loving, clean-cut, healthy, attractive, antiseptic, bright, cheerful, and sexy.

No one ever calls Esther sultry or intriguing or fascinating or complex. Supposedly, she is the sparkling, typical, right-thinking, successful young woman you can find in many American neighborhoods.

She was brought up by parents who loved each other deeply and still do. One of five children, she enjoyed a normal, healthy childhood with no apparent antagonisms or soul-searing complexes.

A FRIEND of hers is of the opinion that "the only secret chamber in her mind involves her first husband, Leonard Kovner."

"He was really her first love," he pointed out, "and he is never discussed in their household. As a matter of fact, Ben gets furious whenever a reporter refers to him in an interview. But I'm sure that deep down Esther has never forgotten Leonard.

"She was about nineteen when they were married. Today, of course, he's a successful physician, but then he was in medical school, and Esther was working as a stock clerk at I. Magnin's. I don't think her family particularly approved of the marriage, but Esther has always been a strong-minded girl. She wanted to get married, so that's what she did.

"She and Leonard lived in a small apartment. They couldn't afford any children. Then Esther got her lucky break at Metro, and after that, she was really career-minded. Leonard was, too, and the marriage began to come apart, maybe because they had no common purpose. I think Esther got the divorce in 1944 after *Bathing Beauty* opened in New York.

"But as I say, nobody mentions the first marriage to Esther. I've never heard her refer to it in any way. I'm sure that she has tried to block it out of her consciousness but deep down, I'm sure the memory lingers. You can't really forget a man who was your husband for four years. Sometimes she must be stabbed by a pang of guilt or a memory of pain.

"Then again I may be attributing to her introspection which she never really experiences. Anyway, with a brand new baby to look after, she doesn't have too much time for reminiscing."

I overheard a woman describing her beau ideal: "The man I marry must shine in company, be musical, tell jokes and dance, stay home, be up on his news, be no trouble, drop no ashes, and shut up when I want him to." Personally, I think she should marry a television set.

John Daly
TV quiz master

Most of Esther's fans have always coupled her with her present curly-headed giant of a husband, Ben Gage. One of them wrote to her at the studio, "You and your husband are a credit to the motion picture industry. Every time the columnists say you are breaking up, you have a baby. Maybe after you and Ben have had five kids, the gossips will know what your fans already know—that you and Ben are one of the most happily-married couples in Hollywood. Why do the columnists refuse to believe that, anyway?"

Most of the columnists *do* believe that Esther and Ben are blissful. From time to time, however, they predict that the happiness will not last. In Hollywood's long history there are relatively few successful actresses who have managed to hold on to their less successful husbands. In nearly every case, sooner or later, the husband came to resent his wife's success, her greater earning power, her tremendous fame.

GOSSIPMONGERS who predict that Esther Williams will tire of Ben Gage and vice versa after the children begin to grow up, don't seem to realize that Esther and Ben are both intelligent, discerning, and well-adjusted.

By nature, Ben Gage does not happen to be a driving, rabid, ruthless man. He is not particularly ambitious for fame and money. He started out in radio, and he had a CBS television show of his own. It was a good show and he made a personable master of ceremonies, but the program just didn't catch on.

Ben has show business talent. He could have pestered his agent into finding him more work, but as Esther's business deals began to branch out, she began to need a coordinator. And what better coordinator than a sensible, conservative, prudent husband. So Ben took over, and he has done extremely well. He took a broken-down restaurant out on Sepulveda Boulevard in Los Angeles, and reorganized it and re-staffed it. Now, the Gages' Trails restaurant is one of the best family eating spots in the county. And it's doing a thriving business.

Ben Gage happens to be a big hulk of a man and like most tall men, has always been a target for jokes. Ben Gage is the ideal husband for Esther Williams. They are tall and handsome, and in character they complement each other.

One of Ben's outstanding virtues is that he never has attempted to trade on or take personal advantage of his wife's position.

In 1951, when Esther was negotiating a new contract at MGM (she signed at $2,500 a week, fifty-two weeks a year, for ten years) Ben might very easily have said to Eddie Mannix, MGM's general manager, "You know, Eddie, Esther and I could work very well as a team. Why don't you hire me as a producer and let me turn out her pictures?"

Many a husband has refused to let his wife sign a studio contract or make a one-picture deal unless he went along with the package.

And husbands of some movie queens insist upon acting as their wives' agents.

Ben Gage has never wallowed in the quicksand of nepotism. He has never gone to MGM and demanded employment, special treatment, or favors of any sort. He has always gone his own way, a man of independence and self-reliance.

The success of the Ben Gages' marriage lies in the mutual dependence of its constituents. Esther and Ben need each other.

"I rely on him," Esther says, "for his strength and judgment and consideration."

And Ben, in turn, loves Esther because she is capable, competent, decisive, feminine, gracious, and altogether without guile. It is no easy job being a mother, wife, and actress. Ben knows that and admires Esther for being able to pull it off.

He doesn't resent her accomplishments. He glories in them. That's something the prognosticators of marital gloom don't seem to understand.

It has been said of Esther that she is cocky, aggressive, and stubborn. Her father explains this when he says, "She takes after me in certain ways. She has confidence in herself and a sixth sense that everything is going to come out right."

ACTUALLY, the key to Esther's character is her self-reliance. She started working as a salesgirl in Newberry's Five and Dime as a teen-ager. She learned at once that as she made her bed, so would she lie in it. She had no wealthy or influential relatives to make her career easy for her.

Everything she has she has earned, and earned the hard way. Her swimming trophies came as a result of incessant practice. Her so-called lucky break at MGM came only after she was given a screen test at 20th Century-Fox and failed, and after she had worked as a Warner Bros. starlet and failed again.

It has been no bed of roses for Esther Williams. She is still the hardest-working actress in Hollywood. Her pictures take longer to make than any others. They demand strenuous work but Esther never complains—not even when she's pregnant.

She has always worked during the first four or five months of her pregnancies, never babying herself or making outlandish demands.

"It's a funny thing about Esther," one studio executive remarked. "We never seem to have a picture ready for her until she's pregnant. She organizes her life very well, you know, and once in a while I've thought that she purposely becomes pregnant *after* the picture has begun. In that way she makes us finish it in a hurry. Then she can spend more time with her other kids at home."

Esther who once wanted "as many children as possible," says now that "maybe we'll have another girl—yes, I think we'd like another girl after my next two pictures."

A reporter, overhearing her answer, shook his head in admiration. "You know," he said flatly, "There is absolutely nothing in the world that Esther Williams cannot do. If she says she wants another girl by 1955, I give you my word that she will plan the exact minute of its birth and then make it, give or take an hour." **END**

(*Esther Williams can be seen now in MGM's* Easy to Love.)

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hollywood hot rods

(*Continued from page 44*) fast-moving sports cars, still does, and probably always will. Gwen never did, doesn't, and most likely, *never* will. It's fairly certain that Gwen didn't appreciate Donald's spending so many hours out in the backyard with his head stuck under the hood of his car, tinkering with the manifold and frimframming with the carburetor. Nor was Gwen well entertained during the many evenings when the conversation would turn to "twin pots," "valve-in-head" engines and other such technical car chat, which is usually the route the conversation takes when Donald meets someone else who owns a whippy little piece of sports machinery. Where cars are concerned, Donald O'Connor, glittering star of stage, screen, and television, is a hopeless case. Real gone. Lost.

Nor is Donald alone with this fate. In Hollywood, love affairs have come, within the last few years, to be sometimes a matter of "Love Me, Love My Jaguar." Romancing couples, to be on the safe side, should include some serious talk about their preferences in cars in their marriage plans. Bob Horton and Barbara Ruick did just that, and being a modern young couple, decided to start married life with a brand new XK 120 Jaguar. On the other hand, if you will recall, it wasn't too long ago that columnists were pointing out that one disrupting influence in Clark Gable's marriage to Lady Ashley was his predilection for fast, open cars. She showed no fondness whatsoever for the wind and the rain in her hair. When Lana Turner was first married to Bob Topping, she strenuously objected to his race-track tendency that came out as soon as he got behind the wheel of his all-white Jaguar. To pacify her, Bob presented her with its twin for her birthday. It failed to save their marriage. Lana kept only the *car,* and she came to enjoy driving it very much.

Both the young and old of Hollywood have adopted the sports car craze. Of course, this didn't happen overnight. Just three years ago, any strange foreign sports car parked on Hollywood Boulevard would always attract a curious little crowd in a matter of minutes. But today, the parking lot of every major studio looks like the main assembly grounds of *Le Grand Prix,* and not even the "craziest" foreign vehicles merit a second look. Sports cars, both as a practical means of transportation and as a symbol of prestige and glamour, have truly arrived.

HOLLYWOOD is probably the only city in the world where a car dealer could (and did) profit handsomely by posting a twenty-four sheet billboard across the street from his Sunset Boulevard showroom which read, with magnificent restraint, "Buy Your Sweetie a Jaguar for Xmas." More than a few movie people followed his suggestion, if not in time for Christmas, at least during the ensuing ten months. The current list of Jaguar owners in Hollywood would include at least one-fourth of the established, big-name stars.

Ty Power garages a Mark 7 Jaguar (as well as an expensive Duesenberg and a 1900 cc Alpha Romeo) at his Hollywood home. In Rome, he uses his sleek 2500 cc Alpha Romeo to travel to and from his movie locations. In all, he has more than a $30,000 investment in speedy transportation, but to Ty, this represents the fulfillment of a youthful dream rather than a sudden splurge on luxury automobiles. When he first started in motion pictures, Ty had to drive an old jalopy that was always breaking down just before every important appointment; he swore that when he became a star, his first purchase would be a dependable automobile. He's had many since, but none that give him as much pleasure as his foreign sports vehicles.

Clark Gable has owned a Jaguar convertible for more than a year, and he'll probably have another fast-moving set of wheels sent over from Europe this year. At the end of her latest Twentieth Century-Fox film, Corinne Calvet celebrated by purchasing a sleek Mark 5 Jaguar, a handsome, swift machine with more curves than Corinne herself. Keenan Wynn is rejoicing in his Jaguar; when he bought it, he put up his motorcycle and he hasn't had a spill since. One by one, the stars are succumbing. Not long ago, columnist Hedda Hopper met Dick Powell, smiling as joyfully as though he had just been nominated for an Academy Award. "Why the big smile?" Hedda asked. "I just got my new Jaguar," Dick replied. "It'll go 145 miles an hour." "That's great," Hedda cracked. "But, tell me, Dick—where in California can you go that fast?"

The answer to that is: nowhere. But speed is not the whole story about sports cars. Most of the wealthier stars who have gone abroad to make a film have come home thoroughly impressed with the elegance and distinction of European automobile design. Both Gary Cooper and Frank Sinatra became so enamoured of the new Mercedes-Benz 300SL model that, with no hesitation, they were able to part with the $13,000, plus freight charges, that it takes to ship one back home to California. Friends of Coop say that he looks ten years younger behind the wheel of his sleek Mercedes, and though it probably was not intentional, the car just happens to blend nicely with the Tyrolean sports clothes which he began to affect some years ago during his skiing period. Later this year, Frankie went Coop one better when, during a visit to Turin, Italy, he bought a racy little Alpha Romeo cabriolet styled by Pinin Farina, the famed Italian body works. Frankie paid for the car on the spot and arranged for its mid-winter delivery in California.

It is almost impossible to appreciate the effects of the sports car bug until you have been bitten yourself. In Hollywood, it has even begun to nibble at the staid family men like Macdonald Carey, until recently a sane, intelligent actor who has never made a wrong headline in his life. "It came upon our family absolutely without warning," pretty Betty Carey recalls. "One afternoon, I had gone over to Beverly Hills to have my hair done. When I came out of the shop, there stood Mac beside this long, sleek, flaming red Saber, grinning to himself like a cat eating cranberries. 'Wow!' I exclaimed, out of sheer surprise. 'I suppose we really shouldn't,' said Mac, apologetically. 'After all, we've got four kids and we've had a good time with our ordinary cars all these years. It's probably silly of me to want this job.'

"'The heck it is!' I replied, noting the gleam of proud possession already settling in Mac's eyes. 'We only live once. You buy that car if we have to hock the family homestead to do it!' He didn't argue any more, and for weeks afterward he got up at six-thirty A.M. in order to be at the studio early to show off his wild red car."

Right now, Mac's in Madrid, making a film called *Port Of Africa* with Maureen O'Hara. Every time he calls Betty on the transatlantic telephone, the first question he asks is, "How's my car?"

"It isn't that Mac has forgotten the kids and me," Betty explains. "There isn't a more wonderful husband in all of this mad town. But I have to admit that Mac has completely flipped over that car. Before we're through with the sports car craze, all six of us will probably be driving low-slung foreign jobs, if we have to rebuild the garage to get them all in."

JUST how did this wild sports car fad get started in Hollywood, and where is it all likely to end? Pete Peterson is the youthful publisher of *Motor Trend* and *Hot Rod,* the magazines which carry all the latest news on automobile trends both here and abroad. Pete knows most of the sports car fanciers in Hollywood, and is frequently called upon to give his advice on a set of wheels before its future owner passes over a bale of the long green in order to call it his own. Pete has a ready explanation for the growing popularity of sports cars in the movie colony. "Hollywood is merely a highly accelerated example of the reaction against production-line automobiles which is taking place all over America," he says. "Certainly, it should be easy to understand why movie people, more than anyone else, are going in for the slick-looking European cars. Back in the silent picture days, stars would spend thousands of dollars to give even their expensive Rolls Royces and Duesenbergs, a custom, out-of-this-world look. Today's stars don't get that wild in their selection of ostentatious cars, but they do want cars which will dramatize their glamorous personalities. As soon as Cadillacs became as common as canned peas in Hollywood, they lost their charm. Then a few stars who had been abroad brought home examples of the advanced car design of Europe, and they started a new fad. It wasn't long before the fad picked up volume and became a trend."

According to Pete, who drives several stylish foreign creations of his own, Hollywood sports car fans could be divided roughly into three categories. "First, there are the serious car addicts. Donald O'Connor, for example. This type of guy is primarily interested in engines and their smooth performance, and he'd rather tinker with his car than eat breakfast," Pete explains. "Then there are the well-to-do stars who like the more expensive European cars with their prestige value, their luxury looks, and their high speed performance. But by far the biggest group of sports car owners are the young players who have been attracted to the less expensive sports cars like the MG, Simca, Singer, and the Morris Minor because they are cheap to run, sharp in appearance, and easy to handle in traffic. This group is growing by the dozens every month."

In fact, Hollywood MG owners are already far too numerous to list. But because it delivers, F.O.B. Hollywood, for about $2400, the Mark IV MG is by far the most popular sports car in the movie colony today. Gene Tierney is so attached to her little MG that she ships it over to Europe every time she goes. Bob Wagner, the handsome young star of *Prince Valiant*, used to hot-rod his MG around Hollywood like a dirt-track driver. He gave up sports cars for the duration of his career, after cracking it up in a nearly fatal accident. Alec Nichol, who stars with Shirley Booth in *The Ex-Mrs. Leslie*, fell in love with his MG in London and had it shipped home. Unfortunately, another sports car fancier got at it while the car was sitting on the dock and stripped it of top, wheels, and other vital parts. Now Alec is in the market for general replacements.

Since sports cars have come to be such a common part of the Hollywood scene, many young players have taken to assembling on pleasant Sunday afternoons for rallies. In sports car jargon, a "rally" means a gathering of enthusiasts, dedicated to a brief drive over the hills, considerable snooping around underneath the hoods, and much lying about their cars' performance on the highway. With a group of dyed-in-the-wool car fanciers like Lance Fuller, Tab Hunter and Jeff Hunter, the arguments get pretty heated, except when they are accompanied by the ladies. With a group of beautiful girls like Lori Nelson, Kathleen Hughes, Barbara Rush and Marcia Henderson, a rally is more likely to turn into a gay little picnic, with dainty sandwiches and cold drinks.

On this particular day, Lance Fuller, the handsome U-I discovery whom you will be seeing in *Taza, Son Of Cochise*, was explaining to Tab Hunter why he had recently sold his American-made car and bought a tiny Morris Minor in its place. "I blew a tire on the freeway doing fifty miles an hour and flipped my car over three times," he told Tab, as they rolled along through the Hollywood hills. "I felt I was lucky to get out alive, and right then, I decided to find a car that would really hug the pavement. This baby is it. It's got a motor like a Swiss watch, gets thirty-five miles to the gallon, and as a conversation trap for pretty girls, it's better than walking the dog."

"Oh, my goodness," said pretty Lori Nelson, who was sitting between the two young men in the car.

"What's the matter?" Lance asked, afraid that his frank talk had shocked her.

"I forgot to bring the pickles for the picnic," Lori gasped. Which may give you some idea of how girls usually follow car talk. But perhaps it's just as well. END

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Their intimates don't think the marriage of Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes will survive many setbacks in her career, so unless Rita starts getting better roles than she got in *Salome* and *Miss Sadie Thompson*, it's 'bye, Dick! A stymied career means no money coming in; no money means rough going . . . Olivia de Havilland, as you know, inherited the sexy role Princess Rita was supposed to play in *The Human Beast*. So Livvy is now encouraging the same kind of sexy publicity for herself that the Princess—plus Anne Baxter, Jane Powell, Deborah Kerr and other erstwhile goody-goody types—have been "enjoying" of late . . . Everybody in town was saying Shirley Temple was going back into movies and then Shirley confounded the gossips by dating the stork . . . The 1954 Academy Awards are lining up for the big night this coming March. Contenders for the gold-plated Oscars include Frank Sinatra, Monty Clift, Debbie Kerr and Burt Lancaster for *From Here To Eternity;* Bill Holden, *Stalag 17;* Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck, *Roman Holiday;* Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, *The Robe;* Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, *Shane;* Jane Wyman, *So Big;* Bing Crosby, *Little Boy Lost;* and several others still to come. Who do *you* like for the Oscars?

de Havilland

June Haver's return to acting probably will not be in the lavish type of musical she used to make at 20th-Fox before she entered the convent, but in dramas, which would be the more dignified course for her to take. It's a foregone conclusion that June is back in pictures for good. After all, as her mother points out, "What else can June do but act? She never learned any other trade and, since the life of a nun is not for her, acting is the only thing left" . . . Jeff Chandler keeps phoning Susan Hayward. It looks serious for these two, who were kids together in Brooklyn.

Hayward

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Odd wasn't it, that Geary Steffen, who saved Boni Buehler's life when the airline stewardess lost an arm and leg in a speedboat accident on Lake Arrowhead, should be sued by Boni? He had been sending her a rose every day, then *wham!* that lawsuit . . . Mario Lanza has lost more friends than anyone I know because of his temper. Latest are Andy and Della Russell, the singers . . . When Leslie Caron took off for six months of making movies abroad without her husband, Geordie Hormel, everyone said this was The End. Could be . . . Jeff Donnell said, when both she and Aldo Ray received their final divorce papers, "Everybody is marrying off Aldo and me—but *us!*" . . . Friends claim Pat Wymore won't continue to put up with Errol Flynn's shenanigans—such as the piggyback ride with the Paris chorine . . . Susan Hayward's ex, Jess Barker, has a pal who burned all of his copies of a book called *Wayward Susan*. So there! . . . Everything was going serenely with the Marilyn Erskine-Donald O'Connor amouring until a role in the stage revival of *Our Town* came along for Marilyn. It was no coincidence that Tab Hunter got a part in the same play. How's *that* for a new twosome? Marilyn and Tab!

Ray

Hunter

Piper Laurie has been playing Eeny-Meeny-Miny-Mo with four fellas, and this is the order in which they rate with Piper: Carlos Thompson is Eeny, Brad Jackson is Meeny, David Schine is Miny and Leonard Goldstein is Mo. In other words, this gal's career comes before romance . . . More than several femme hearts were broken when Terry Moore showed up at Henry Willson's cellophane-wrapped, candlelit garden gala for Annabell and Jim Radford of Texas—with Rock Hudson! Don't take this one too seriously, however. One date doesn't make a romance . . . Van Johnson refused to cover his obvious facial scars with makeup for his role in *The Caine Mutiny*. The studio criticized him but he stuck to his guns and the results are great.

FUNNIES

My favorite line of dialogue by Marilyn Monroe in *How To Marry A Millionaire* is: "Men seldom jump hurdles for girls who wear girdles."

Errol Flynn signed his bill in the dining room of a Swiss hotel instead of paying cash. The waiter said, "Please add your room number after your signature, sir—there may be more than one Errol Flynn staying in the hotel" . . . I saw John Wayne rehearsing for a scene in Jimmy Durante's television show and asked, "Are you between pictures, Duke?" Replied he, "Pictures my eye. I've been sued by so many people lately I'm between trials!"

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS

Johnnie Ray has been telling pals he wants to get married again. Meanwhile, the Weeper's ex-wife has been dating Donald O'Connor, whose ex-wife, Gwen, has been bouncing back and forth between Dan Dailey and Liz Taylor's ex, Nicky Hilton. Musical chairs, anyone? . . . Dorothy Dandridge has been driving Farley Granger's convertible around Hollywood while Farl's been in Rome dating Dawn Addams, among others . . .

Hepburn

Audrey Hepburn told me, honor bright, that there is absolutely nothing to the gossip that she and Greg Peck were a "thing" while shooting *Roman Holiday* in Rome, despite Greta Peck's unhappy announcement of her separation from Greg. Audrey said that the realistic amouring of herself and Greg in that movie was what tricked the blabbermouths in this gossipy town of Hollywood into thinking it was the real thing . . .

SEX APPEAL:

Barbara Stanwyck has been wearing extra short evening gowns so I guess this means she agrees with Christian Dior on the short hem length . . . At Warners', Virginia Mayo's dressmaker is using her dress form as a guide for Virginia's dresses after the baby's arrival . . . I'm one of those who can remember when Jean Simmons didn't act so "actressy" in public—but wasn't she wonderful in *The Robe*? . . . Tony Curtis' crew haircut in *All-American* made no hit whatsoever with his fans. They've been bombarding the studio with letters demanding he let it grow long again . . . Scott Brady had to have his hair dyed black and permanent-waved for his role opposite Joan Crawford in *Johnny Guitar*.

Brady

Speaking of La Crawford, she came to the year's most elaborate première, *The Robe,* with Nick Ray but didn't wait to see the movie because there was a seat mixup and somebody else had her seats. So Joan and Nick left in a huff. I talked to Joan later and she said she went back to see it with her four children the following Saturday matinee . . . Incidentally, while standing out in the lobby before the movie I heard the announcer proclaim Joan as "the greatest star in Hollywood"—and I was watching several other stars when the announcement came over the loudspeaker. They didn't think too much of it . . . Bob Mitchum, at the same première, said something uncouth to an usherette. She broke into tears, blubbered and said, "That's no way for a gentleman to talk," and fled her post . . . I also heard Stewart Granger complaining that a columnist had separated him from his wife, Jean Simmons, in print. Then Stew said, "Oh, well, we should worry—at least they spelled our names right!" . . . Jerry Lewis looked around at the hundreds of fans seated in the bleachers outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre, got flustered, and blurted to his wife, "I'm very exciting, aren't you, dear?"

FINANCIAL PAGE:

The old-timers still make the most money in Hollywood: Bette Davis asked $150,000 to play the role of Queen Elizabeth in *Sir Walter Raleigh* and Humphrey Bogart got a flat $200,000 for co-starring with Audrey Hepburn in *Sabrina Fair* . . . Paul Brinkman, Jeanne Crain's husband, who started his tool-and-die company here in Hollywood on a shoestring five years ago, netted $90,000 this year . . . We've been terribly impressed by Guy Mitchell's quiet determination to fight the $500 weekly alimony demands of his estranged wife, Jackie (*Miss America*) Loughery . . . Rory Calhoun's salary has just gone up from $1,750 a week to $2,500 a week at 20th . . . Same studio's Bob Wagner has a new contract too. Bob had been earning $350 a week. Now he gets $1,250 a week for the first two years of his new ticket, $2,000 a week for the third and fourth year, $2,500 a week for the fifth and sixth, and $3,000 for the seventh. That ain't hay, hey? . . . With three movies completed and in the can and a nightclub tour on her agenda, Shelley Winters is feeling her old confident self again, almost as though she were still going with Farley Granger and not married to The Gassman! Shell also owns ten percent of a foreign-made movie, *Paris Express,* that's being released in this country by her uncle, Ben Schrift.

Winters

THE REAL LOWDOWN:

Betty Grable is no longer under contract at 20th, which is why that studio's Marilyn Monroe gets top billing over Betty in *How To Marry A Millionaire*. This is the first time Betty has taken second place to anyone since Alice Faye got top billing over her in *Tin Pan Alley* . . . Did you know that Princess Rita was Xavier Cugat's first band singer? She was a mere slip of fourteen at the time, and it wasn't too many years ago . . . Fernando Lamas' locks are so curly MGM has to unkink his hair with a special lotion every day . . . Shirley Booth has lost fifteen pounds since she made *Come Back Little Sheba* . . . Regardless of her denials, Maureen O'Hara has been dating that Mexican tycoon again—the one who plied her with expensive baubles.

Booth

Were you as upset as everyone in Hollywood over Liz Taylor's collapse in Copenhagen and those reports that she had suffered a heart attack? Actually, Liz has always been delicate.

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janet rules the roost

(*Continued from page 29*) long since been regretfully consigned in shreds to the junk heap. But the hard-headed, determined and businesslike Scotch nature of Jeanette Morrison has not been altered a whit, althought her occupation has changed, and her name has changed. She's now a movie star called Janet Leigh.

A few weeks ago, Janet bustled into the Beverly Hills salon of the swank hatter, Rex, on a typical movie star's mission. She had to appear at an important party and she needed a new cocktail hat. During the protracted feminine process of picking out a hat, she spied a sweater and slipped it on. It was a cute, stylish cashmere with fur trimming at the neck and cuffs, just her color, just her size. This one was made for her.

When Rex boxed the bonnet, he started to wrap the sweater, too. To his surprise the girl said, "No, wait. I love it, but I don't know that I can afford it. I'll have to ask my business manager and let you know tomorrow." The movietown milliner could hardly believe it. "Look," he exclaimed, "it's just a sweater. You like it. Why not take it along now?"

"Nope," repeated Leigh. "I'll have to check first."

Hedda Hopper happened to be in the shop and when she overheard that exchange she almost flipped her fancy lid. "Now I've seen everything," she gasped. "Tell me what other Hollywood gal wouldn't buy the sweater first and find out if she could afford it later!" Nobody told her.

One day last October, a sharp-eyed investigator from the Bureau of Internal Revenue paid an impromptu call on Fred Morrison, who is Janet Leigh's father, and her private accountant as well. He said he'd like to take a look at Miss Leigh's 1951 income tax return.

Ordinarily in Hollywood—or anywhere else—such a visit is prone to chill anxious hearts and pop out sweat beads on nervous brows. But Fred Morrison grinned happily and replied, "That's a pleasure."

The T-Man sat down and pored over the sheets of data. "This $500 for miscellaneous business expenses," he said suspiciously, "can you document that?" He had a ledger in his hand before he could finish the sentence. There, penned in Janet Leigh's own neat hand, was everything he could possibly want to know—every dime telephone call, every two-bit travel tip, every three-cent fan letter stamp—with dates, with explanations, a whole year of it.

He went through that book and another. Then he slapped them shut. "That's good enough for me," he announced, scribbling "Audit Approved" on the return and rising. "I thought this would take two days. It's taken two hours." He sighed. "I wish they were all like your daughter, Mr. Morrison. Maybe then I could catch up on my golf."

It's a hopeless wish. There aren't many stars in Hollywood as tidily, thriftily and industriously on the ball as Janet Leigh is. In fact, while that quick audit was taking place, the lady in question was charging up three flights of stairs in her Wilshire Boulevard penthouse and then racing down again to her Olds convertible loading in this and that, as panting professional movers tried to keep up with her. Wearing sneakers, a pair of blue shorts, a T-shirt and scarf tied around her blondined mop, Mrs. Tony Curtis was moving, in person and in charge. At times the movers wondered what *they* were doing there.

It was just the hottest spell Los Angeles had suffered for the past three years, 101 in the shade, if you could find any. This didn't daunt Janet. Nor did the fact that Tony was working and couldn't help, nor that only three months before she had lost her baby and was still shaky on her pins. Moreover, two days before the melee began, Janet had finished *Prince Valiant*, a long and exhausting job. None of this convinced Janet that she should not do the job during this free week, as planned. Besides, if she didn't, the Curtises would lose a month's rent.

All that week, while other stars not caught in a picture kept their precious skins carefully immersed in swiming pools, Janet carried on the project—a double duty job, because not only did she have to pack up and move out and then in—but before she could do that, she had to pack and store everything in the eight-room Beverly Hills house she rented, because the previous tenants were in Europe.

One evening during the resolute resettling, Tony Curtis came home from his job on *Johnny Dark*, stripped down to his shorts, cut himself a fat slice of salami, parked in an easy chair and munched reflectively as he watched his wife continue to skim around the room like a bee in a clover patch checking this and that from a fifty-page inventory.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Do you know two show-business careers where two people have been happy? Maybe there are some but I don't know many. One's off on location or in Europe somewhere and the other has to stay in Hollywood. I came up the hard way and it's left a bad scar. Money means a good deal to me. It's hard for me to turn down jobs. I worry about financial security. I've worked like heck for a career and it's just beginning, and frankly, it comes first with me. Really, that's no good for marriage, because in marriage you should be a wife first and an actress second."

Shelley Winters in June, 1951, before she met and married Vittorio Gassman.

"You know what?" he asked at last.

"No, what?"

"You worry too much, Jan, and you work too hard."

"You know what?" his girl friend came back. "I like it."

Tony tried another tack. "You'd better knock off and come up to Reno on this location with me. I might need you. When I get near those dice tables I might lose my roll."

"If you lose your roll," replied Janet, "just don't come back."

Tony grinned. He knew that if he didn't come back, Janet would chase up and haul him home. But behind the kidding was an immutable truth—one that had dawned on him a time or two before. He was married to a very efficient, energetic and capable doll.

Janet Leigh's acquaintances would all agree. Her best friend, Patti Lewis, calls her "Miss Efficiency." Jerry Gershwin calls her "Fussbudget." And her business manager, George Mercader, backed up his opinion recently with an out-and-out offer: "Janet," he said, "if you ever stop acting you can come work for me." But maybe what pleases Janet most is the tag her own family has for her, "General Leigh". Because, what Janet Leigh has become and what she has accomplished since she hit Hollywood represents a string of personal victories which "Marse" Bob himself would be proud of. And it's all from a flatfooted start, or worse.

Seven years ago MGM signed the nineteen-year-old Jeanette Morrison Reames to a stock contract, without even a test and strictly on her small-town-girl cute looks. No greener pea was ever popped into the Hollywood pot. At that point, Jeanette could barely distinguish a dramatic role from a hot cross bun, for which she would have settled almost as eagerly as the first check for $50. The day before her summons arrived (incredibly, on the strength of a photograph which Norma Shearer had spotted at the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge, where Janet's parents worked) Janet and her husband, Stanley Reames, had spent their very last buck on hamburgers. The fourth-rate hotel on Santa Monica Boulevard where they were camping was getting nasty about the overdue bill and listening in on their conversations to make sure they wouldn't skip. They were awesomely in debt—$10,000, which might as well have been ten million—because Stanley's project of launching a sixteen-piece dance band in Hollywood had backfired.

In the seven years since, the picture has changed radically. Today, she has not only paid off her $7,500 share of the community debt, but has also acquired a healthy annuity, a house where her parents live, a nice wardrobe, including a mink stole, various articles of furniture, a '53 Oldsmobile and some high grade investment type stocks and bonds—all on a cash-and-carry basis. She has learned her craft well enough to list a string of twenty-three hit pictures and a stack of popularity awards which keep right on piling up. Living with her and liking it is a handsome and happy, though sometimes exasperating husband, also highly successful. The family income averages $3000 a week. All this has not been done with mirrors—although for a while the consensus about Janet Leigh in Hollywood was that she had stepped through one of those and was a helpless *Alice In Wonderland* who should not be let out without a nurse.

Some of Janet Leigh's naive bloopers are still Hollywood classics. One of the best known concerns the time she was informed by Morgan Hudgins of the MGM publicity staff that she was going on location in the Sierra with her first picture, *Romance Of Rosy Ridge*.

"But I can't possibly do that," Janet protested. "I can't afford the trip!" Hudgins assured her that MGM would assume the expense of an actress sent out of town to make a picture. When Janet first met Van Johnson—America's swoon prince then—she completely lost her voice and gagged in beet-faced confusion. Her first day on a set she blurted to the director, "Oh, I'm so nervous I just don't know what I'm saying or doing,"—and for a while she didn't. She had no clothes to attend her first première so the studio wardrobe department rallied, dressed her up like a doll and delivered her in a limousine. But when Van Johnson spied her in the spotlights, he rushed out, kissed her and boomed before everyone, "My God—you're beautiful!" She went limp with confusion and had to be practically carried inside.

Janet was so shy, uncertain and bewildered by the big league social life into which she was plunged that when a telegram came from the late great Hollywood party man, Atwater Kent, she called Van and Evie and begged them to take her and her husband with them. They had already sent their regrets to Kent but sympathetically changed their plans and accepted, and Evie lent Janet an evening dress. For all this—for everything, in fact, Janet was so grateful and gushing with appreciation that people took her aside and tried to tell her that the photographers who took her pictures, the publicity people who arranged interviews, even the studio cops who let her in the MGM gate did not necessarily have to be rewarded for every gesture with effusive thanks: that was simply their business.

For months, Janet Leigh's unbelievably ingenuous *gaffes* were laugh lines for the Hollywood columns. There was the time, for instance, when Janet entered the Chicago airport restaurant between planes, en route to New York for her first visit. It was also her first trip outside her native state.

At the counter, the waitress asked her what she'd have and when she couldn't think, suggested orange juice.

"Oh, may I? I mean—do you have oranges here?" exclaimed Janet. "I thought they just had those in California!"

At last, columnists wearied of the *Dulcy* peg and got a little annoyed. "Who does Janet Leigh think she's kidding?" rapped one. "Come, come Honey—lay off the act. You really can't be that dumb!"

Janet Leigh wasn't dumb and she wasn't staging an act. Actually she was an extremely smart girl although an extremely unsophisticated one, and psychologically unprepared for the sharp world she had landed in. Her gaucheries stemmed from honest, surprised reactions, while she sparred around to get her bearings. When she got them, they were dead level—and have remained so ever since. Ironically, the successful Hollywood operations of General Leigh are still based on the small-town virtues and rock-bottom background which made Janet Leigh seem like a beautiful jasper to Hollywood at first glance.

Born in 1927, Janet was a depression kid. Her childhood homes were tiny apartments with pull-down beds and cramped kitchenettes where often both the light and the gas were shut off for delinquent bills. Her dad, Fred, was a bookkeeper who worked around at such jobs as he could grab—in ice plants, electrical stores and auto agencies. Janet remembers a period when her mother handed her eighty cents a day for the groceries.

"I'd run down to the market and buy one of everything," Janet has recalled. "One egg, one chop, one bunch of carrots, one bottle of milk. I was a fairly big girl before I knew people ever kept food stacked in cupboards."

Besides chasing to the market, the skinny moppet, as early as ten, would fly into the housecleaning and often start the dinner when she came home from school.

Both Fred and Helen were very young parents. Today, they look like Janet's big sister and brother. Their struggle was never kept from their daughter. Janet shared the family financial secrets from the start and they made a deep impression on her. When her mother pawned her marriage ring to buy her a new dress, Janet was aware of the transaction and appreciated the sacrifice. "I never asked for anything I wanted," she remembers. "I always knew why we couldn't afford it."

All this made Janet capable, responsible and actually ahead of herself. Most people thought when she hit Hollywood and some still think—that she was a cotton-headed babe in the woods. That legend was kicked along substantially when she married Tony Curtis, a fascinating, happy-go-lucky clown whose best friends were twice as off-beat as he was. Janet is fast on the uptake and she has given back Jerry Lewis, Danny Arnold, Jerry Gershwin and the rest of the wacky crew who surround them as good as they've dished out, because she has an over-sized funny bone and a sharply honed wit herself. Back of the gags and the zany *schtickloks* is a serious marriage. As Jerry Lewis' wife, Patti, puts it, "Tony may wear the pants in the Curtis family—but it's Janet who holds them up." The reason for that, too, can be traced right back to Jeanette Morrison's life in Stockton, California.

For one thing, she learned very early in life that there was absolutely no percentage in kidding herself or pretending to be what she plainly was not. This lesson was learned one day at the Weber Grade school when she was only six and already sensed that every other kid in town had more than she had. She picked an easy escape to glamour, which boomeranged.

Walking to the schoolyard, she caught up with a new pupil who didn't know the local score. The rare opportunity to go grand was irresistible, so when the girl asked her where she lived Janet described an elegant mansion and let her imagination ride. It had a swimming pool, she said, tennis courts and stables where she kept her own private pony and cart. Her father owned an auto plant and was very, very rich. In fact, Janet added airily, "I've always gone to private schools, you know, but my parents thought it would be good experience for me to have this year at Weber with the town children."

The newcomer was suitably impressed and fascinated, so that at recess in the tether-ball line, she begged, "Tell me some more about your big house and pony, Jeanette." Whereupon the rest of the kids haw-hawed out the bitter truth and Janet experienced the awful shame of getting caught in a pretentious lie. She hasn't been caught in one since, because she hasn't told another.

Despite her insecurity, or maybe because of it, Janet's activities tend to be constructive.

She early developed the tenacious resolve to distinguish herself, knowing, as she says, "If I wanted anything I'd have to earn it and keep it." That's still her code of operation in Hollywood. Back then it took various forms within her smaller world. Janet was through grammar school before she was twelve, out of high school before she turned sixteen and—if she hadn't left the College of the Pacific in her senior year to marry Stanley Reames, she would have collected her sheepskin before she was twenty. Every year of her school life Janet made an honor society.

Officially, Janet Leigh's religion has always been Presbyterian, as befits a Scotch lass, tinctured nowdays, she'll confess, with some of the practical ideas of Christian Science. And the homely conviction that the Lord helps those who help themselves has always guided her.

When she needed money—which was constantly—she got jobs. She made the sorority she wanted at C.O.P.—Alpha Theta Tau. The lone fiasco of Janet Leigh's girlhood—her elopement at fourteen with a Merced, California, boy—was more than mad romance. It was a desperate attempt to stay in that town with the friends she'd made, after her family moved there one year and then returned to Stockton. That two-day marriage, quickly annulled by her parents, changed Janet's character and outlook not at all.

Neither, basically, has the seven-year honeymoon Janet Leigh has had with Hollywood. Janet has changed, of course, in many obvious and subtle ways. But underneath, probably more than any other star in town, she remains the same article.

Sometimes it seems that not a day has passed since she checked in at MGM. At twenty-six "Janet Morrison Leigh Curtis Schwartz" as she sometimes introduces herself, looks nineteen. She weighed 126 when she signed her contract and her normal weight today is 115. Her waist is still wasp-like and her eyes still sparkle with the zealous eagerness of a Walt Disney beaver. Her hair, of course, is a lot lighter than the brown it used to be. It doesn't seem at all wicked to her, but it did once when on a sorority week-end to the beach, she dipped into a peroxide bottle and came back to Stockton in disgrace. Her chassis has stood up perfectly under the strain of being a star and she's learned by now to trim it more artistically.

Janet has learned plenty of other things, too, about the complex, supercharged business into which she was dropped back in 1946. The ga-ga girlish gratitude, for one thing, has given way to the realization that after all, making movies *is* a business and one where the in-fighting can get rough at times. There's plenty of evidence that Janet Leigh has learned how to handle her dukes.

At her own studio, MGM, for instance, she has turned down three picture parts, yet never been slapped down with a suspension—certainly a tribute to the convincing arguments she put up each time. When she was loaned to make *Houdini* with Tony, Paramount promised her studio that if they would loan her for the picture they would build up the girl's part. As the contract wasn't signed until a few days before the picture began, her part was built up as the picture was filmed and Janet huddled evenings with the scriptwriter. She has learned spunkily to distinguish between temperament and sensible self interest.

Not long ago, working at another studio, she was called one evening and peremptorily ordered, "Be in make-up tomorrow at ten. Your hair is being dyed." Janet gasped with indignation and then had news for them: Her hair was not being dyed. She was no puppet, but a sovereign lady and nobody owned dictator's rights to her hair or any other part of her body. Quite a hassle progressed through several departments, finally reaching the studio chief who got the same news. Her hair was not dyed.

Sixteen cross-country trips, a tour through Europe and a vacation in Hawaii have expanded Janet's geographical horizons so that she doesn't catch herself extolling the merits of—say—Milwaukee when she's actually in St. Paul. And on tour these days Janet is poised and prepared. When she went to Pittsburgh, for instance, with *Angels In The Outfield* the Pirates tossed a dinner at which Janet sat next to the club's prexy, Branch Rickey.

To Mister Baseball's amazement, she rattled off percentages, batting averages, pitching statistics and other diamond lore with such accuracy that Rickey raised his bushy brows and inquired, "Is your father in baseball, Miss Leigh—or your brother, perhaps?" Janet admitted she'd prepped it all up from the sport magazines and newspapers just for this event, before which she had always thought home plate was something you cooked on.

Of course, Janet doesn't do much cooking these days. Having consistently flopped at boiling Tony's eggs and baking the sour cream-and-raisin pie he likes, she lets her maid, Ida May, take over. With both members of the family working, it was obviously silly for Janet to be without household help. But it embarrasses her to ask anyone to do anything for her, servant or not. Her own self-sufficient background rebels. It was quite a problem for a long time, since Ida May is a very capable domestic, but was still no mind reader.

The only way Janet could figure to get things done as she wanted them done was to do them herself. Each evening she'd bustle around fixing this and that, hoping that Ida May was observing the touches. She was. Now she runs things exactly as Janet wants them run, with no orders yet issued.

In acquiring the art and armor necessary to comfort, success and survival in Hollywood, very little of the friendly small town girl has been rubbed off. Janet's favorite line is still, "There's nobody like people." She still personalizes her myriad professional contacts. Each Christmas, Janet writes letters to everyone in every studio with whom she and Tony have worked—a collossal feat. She still scribbles thank-you notes for thank-you notes and worships anyone who's been nice to her. Marge and Gower Champion, who toiled half a year teaching her to dance for *Two Tickets To Broadway*, have been her idols and close friends ever since. So have Van and Evie Johnson who took her under their wing and eased her on to the social ropes when she first arrived. Lillian Burns, MGM's drama coach, who taught her to act, ("Janet was my hardest-working pupil") is still her mother-confessor for all the technical problems Janet faces wherever she goes. Last year, she pitched all out with Janet to groom her for the *Young Bess* part which she lost to Jean Simmons. This disappointment, though keen, didn't make Leigh mad at anyone. Very little does, unless her propriety is unjustly put in a bad light. Then she can flare with provincial indignation.

Just before she moved, a Hollywood trade paper columnist stated that, "Janet and Tony are being evicted from their apartment." Mrs. Curtis grabbed the phone and gave him both barrels, although that was probably only his hurried way of saying they were switching homes.

On the other hand, when Janet is really hurt by a barb she says nothing. Last August, when Marge and Gower Champion opened at the Coconut Grove they invited Janet and Tony to their table. At the opening, the Curtises were absent and got promptly rapped in print, like this: "Marge and Gower Champion held prized places at their table for their good friends, Tony and Janet, but the good friends didn't bother to show."

Marge and Gower both knew exactly why Janet and Tony weren't there and thoroughly approved. Janet was at her mother's Brentwood house, rubbing the pain-wracked body of her Grandmother Westergaard, who was dying of cancer.

Janet is still a fervent family girl. Her dad, Fred, keeps her business accounts straight and with him Janet shares her Aunt "Popo" (from Janet's kiddie attempt to say 'Pearl') as secretary. Aunt Popo's two teen-age daughters, Jody and Dee, and Grandmother Kate Morrison, now eighty-three and totally blind, make up the rest of the clan most intimately mixed up in Janet Leigh's affairs. Or vice versa, because as her mother sighs, "Every time Janet comes over she cleans out my dresser drawers and re-arranges the furniture—just as she always has done."

This family circle, now expanded by Tony's folks, is still not big enough to satisfy the expansive personality of the girl who, as an only child, always feared and hated loneliness. Today she's "Aunt Janet" to the underprivileged boys at the LeRoy Boys' Home in the small town of LaVerne, California. Janet adopted the home and its kids a few years ago as her special project. She makes the seventy-mile round trip as often as she can and on Christmas plays Santa Claus with a party and a show, at which Janet's Hollywood star friends, if they're friends, come along, too—in a big bus she rents. After the gifts, songs and show, the big feature of the event is a kiss for every boy, six to sixteen. With typical enterprise, Janet has raised $3000 one time and $2500 another toward a new kitchen by promoting shows and benefits for her boys. In fact, where any kids are concerned Janet's Scotch blood evaporates. She was on the poor side herself, once.

A COUPLE of Christmases ago, Janet and Tony were in Paris during the war orphan entertainment tour they made in England and Germany. It was the first Christmas Janet had ever spent away from her family, and despite Gay Paree and Tony, Christmas Eve at first brought on a homesick touch of the blues. A phone call to Hollywood helped a little and dinner with friends in a little Russian restaurant on the Left Bank helped some more. There, violins played the familiar songs of the Nativity, and Janet and Tony came out on the street still singing them, with gendarmes joining in.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I have my home in Copenhagen. In the winter when Gregory Peck was here, he was taken down to see the statue of the little mermaid from the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tales. She is sitting on a big stone in the harbor. It was black with people who wanted to see Mr. Peck, mostly young girls, of course. If you want to get close to the mermaid you can take a few steps on the stairway or you can climb the stones. Well, the guide took the stones, so Gregory Peck did the same. He was climbing on wet stones with hundreds of girls watching him. At last, when he was near the mermaid, he took a wrong step and fell into the water! He just sat there! All our dreams about Captain Hornblower were spoiled, and we had to laugh. But we just adored him again, when the long-legged man he arised himself with a smile.

Merete Thejll
Copenhagen, Denmark

They went to church at midnight—a church neither of them belonged to—and when they came out it was raining and the streets of Paris were bathed in the shimmering midnight pastels which John Huston caught in *Moulin Rouge*. It was so beautiful that neither said a word until a lonesome child of the night passed by with his shabby coat hunched up to keep out the rain. Then Tony said, "Wait a minute. I'm going to do something I've always wanted to do." He pushed a 1000 franc note in the palm of the boy and beamed, "*Joyeux Noel!*" as best he could say it. "Give me some of those," said Janet.

So they spent the first hours of Christmas Day passing out their money to every waif they passed—until it was all gone. Then they went back to their hotel, wet and broke, but very merry indeed. That was one time when Mrs. Curtis did not lecture her husband about being such a chump of a soft touch.

Actually, there are very few lectures delivered in the Curtis menage these days—from either side of the house. The state of Janet and Tony's union has long since simmered down from its original volcanic state through a lot of living, loving, learning and understanding on both sides. As Janet's dad says. "Janet and Tony have tied down to each other."

The kid from the brawling streets of New York has brought some of the beautiful belly laughs of life to the attention of his girl. And the girl from prosaic Stockton has learned to like them.

Right after they were married, the Curtises tossed a pay-back party for fifty friends to warm up their new apartment. It broke up around three o'clock and Tony, a healthy male animal, promptly dived for the hay. But Janet couldn't shut her eyes with all those plates, glasses, ashes, and party debris around. So she pitched in alone to clean up the mess and when Tony came to next morning she was still at it. Today she's different. She makes Tony stay up and help.

Right now there's one subject they agree on completely: They want some kids in their home—four, to be exact. That's why Operation Stork is the campaign at hand for Janet.

The first chance at parenthood for Tony and Janet ended last July when, after three months of pregnancy, Janet lost her baby. Analyzing that disappointment with typical thoroughness, Janet reconstructed everything and made mental notes. She had just finished a picture and was dead tired. Then she had gone to Las Vegas for a week, on to New York for three more, then off to Honolulu. Two days after they came home, Tony's father suffered a heart attack, and Grandmother Westergaard took a critical turn for the worse, so there were anxious nights. There was *Prince Valiant* to prepare and house-hunting, too. Janet has good health, but she burns up her energies like a midget racer. As her doctor told her, "You run without a reserve tank." Then there were those three flights of stairs.

Maybe she was wrong in blaming herself and maybe she was right, but next time Janet will take no chances. Already she's gulping vitamins all day long, building up. She has a deadline on late hours, a daily rest schedule. After *Laughing It Up* with her pal, Jerry Lewis, she'll wait awhile before starting another picture and try to duck extensive tours. And about those stairs—that's the real reason why Janet was in such a hurry to move from their penthouse apartment to a one story place.

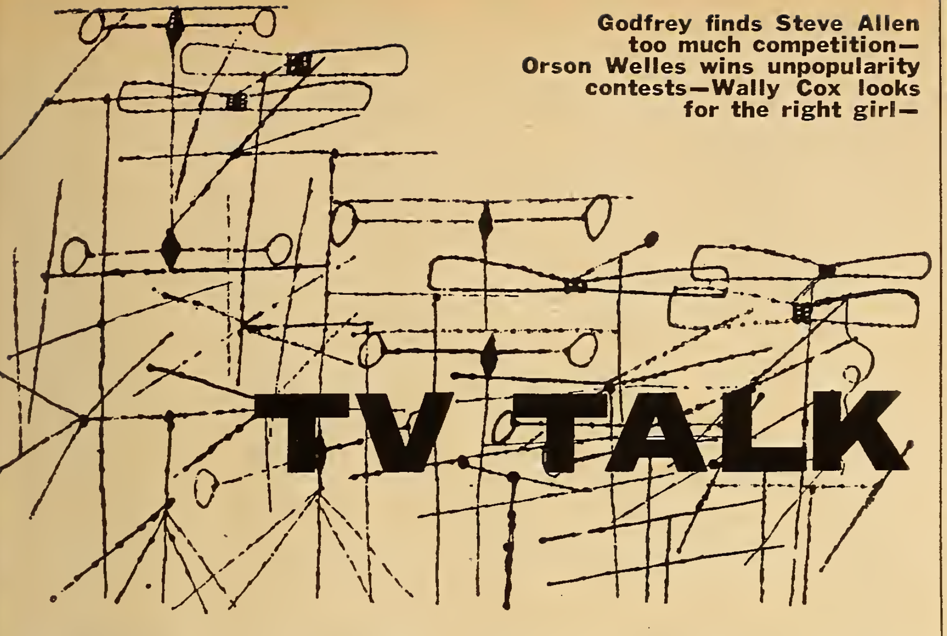
One thing seems certain. If Janet Leigh ever does preside over a houseful of kids, they will be the tidiest, best cared for, most sensibly brought up and most secure moppets outside the National Baby Show.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis will have to appease their parental hunger with Houdina, their French poodle, and a mammoth rag doll which invariably sprawls in their bedroom. Tony Curtis gave that to his sweetie 'way back when she was making *Two Tickets To Broadway*, before they were married. "I Love You" is scrawled across it in big, red embroidered script—where the doll sits down.

It was just another crazy, typically Tony gag when Janet first got the thing. But by now, besides romantic affection, she feels a certain warm affinity for that floppy rag doll. It's really a lot like herself—with emotion and sentiment written all over, but also firmly parked on, where they can't get out of control.

At least, that's the way General Janet Leigh has operated during her first seven years in Hollywood—with success in most departments. There's no good reason to suspect the next seven will be very much different. **END**

Godfrey finds Steve Allen too much competition—Orson Welles wins unpopularity contests—Wally Cox looks for the right girl—



TV TALK

Steve Allen, who is the perfect addition to the panel of *What's My Line?* is up and coming in about any entertainment field you can name. His late-night TV show in New York has hundreds of thousands of people sitting up past their bedtime. His he-bop fairy tales are getting more and more popular at the record shops. And don't be surprised if he takes his acting talent to Hollywood. He had to turn down one part—in MGM's *Brigadoon*—but this boy cares too much about acting to settle for occasional guest appearances on television; he'd like a big Technicolored part. When he did a radio show in Hollywood, he managed to sneak in a couple of minor movies; but now that he has hit the Big Time, he can get Big Movies. (Steve got so popular replacing Arthur Godfrey that, it's rumored, Godfrey fired him because the show was no longer *The Arthur Godfrey Show*. It had suddenly become the *Steve Allen Show*.) . . . One of the most versatile guys around, Allen is also one of the quietest. When he talks to you in person, you can hardly hear him. It's always worth the straining, though, for he's just as funny in a casual conversation as he is when he's sitting between Dorothy Kilgallen and Arlene Francis. (Mark Goodson and Bill Todman, who own *What's My Line?* apparently agree with Allen's fans. They pay him more than any other member of the panel, even though he's the newest one.) Allen, at the same time, is serious and shy. He's very serious about his songwriting and about the music business in general; and actually goes home to his Park Avenue apartment and works on three books he's writing. He has moved the china out of his dinette and moved a typewriter in. When he isn't working, he's out with party-loving Jayne Meadows, the witty Fox actress who shifted to television. The long-haired, lank-haired boy seems, finally, to be getting over his guilt feelings about his ex-wife. She and Steve were very young when they married; and, as in so many similar cases, she had a hard time adjusting herself to his success. Some of Steve's friends think that Steve brooded for a long time that it was his fault, even after the divorce. Now that she's married again—and now that Steve's career is really rolling—he's taken a brighter outlook on life. His three sons pay him long summer visits that pep up him and his conscience . . . **Wally Cox** really does want to get married, but there are still a couple of hurdles to jump before he will. First of all, he's still going to his psychiatrist. And he maintains the highest standards in town. It takes a while to find a girl who can meet all of them! . . . You'd never believe it if you met **The Continental** in person. He turns out to be one of the nicest—and most intelligent—guys around . . . **Orson Welles,** who never won any popularity contests, was once not only blackballed from one of New York's important clubs, but the members got up a round-robin to keep him out! . . . The extra show-business touches on *What In The World?* are put there by a young man named **Bob Forrest,** who also happens to be Sylvia Fine's brother. Bob worked for Sylvia and Danny Kaye for a couple of years, but was finally persuaded—by others—to strike out on his own. His friends also got him to change his name at the same time—just to complete the sibling break. Bob's not too happy working in Philadelphia, however, so don't be surprised if Danny and Sylvia get an old assistant back again . . . **Red Barber** is one of the few TV personalities who really use the products they advertise. When Red exhorts you to buy a certain brand of beer or cigarette, you can bet any amount that Red drinks and smokes nothing else. Red is a staid, suburban, Sunday-school-teaching man; and he's not going to tell his public to do anything he doesn't do . . . Incidentally, the top cigarette-sponsored team on TV smoke their sponsor's brand *only* during the commercials . . . Just in case anyone still thinks **Marion Marlowe** and **Frank Parker** are in love—they're not . . . **Brandon de Wilde's** father, Frederick, would surely like to be the successful actor his son is . . . Don't ever worry if you can't catch all the episodes in the TV soap operas. The writers fix it so that you can keep up by looking only two or three days out of five . . . A favorite game in TV circles is quoting **Jinx Falkenburg McCrary.** One of her bloopers: When a guest claimed she was thick-skinned, Jinx quickly demurred, "Oh no, you have a lovely complexion"! . . . **Walter Cronkite** wears solid gold cuff links that Ruth Montgomery of the New York *Daily News* and *Meet The Press* gave him. But it doesn't mean anything . . . **Fran Allison** looks blonde and medium-sized when she's talking to Kukla and Ollie on their delightful show. But off screen, she is exceptionally tall and completely grey. A very gracious and lovely lady both places.

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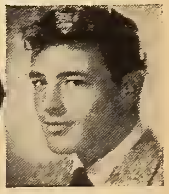

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the way christmas should be

(*Continued from page 41*) *chalet,* Santa's reindeer and sleigh, the Nativity. There are Swedish bells and Christmas knickknacks from the world over. They all find a place each year, despite the fact that each new Christmas brings more gifts and more novel decorations.

In the middle of last December, Dick came home from work to find the living room sparkling with holiday spirit. There wasn't a square inch of table surface without snow or a manger or a tiny chimney.

"Hi," said June, who was arranging a vase of poinsettias.

"That's all there is to it," said Dick. "We'll have to get a divorce."

"What in the world are you mumbling about?" asked June.

"We can no longer live in the same house. The two of us can't even get into the living room at the same time. Where would you suggest I put my car keys?"

"Hang them on the light switch inside the front door."

"I can't find it. You've got it covered by pine branches."

She laughed and turned to face him. "You do like it, don't you?"

"Sure," he said. "It's like walking into Connecticut. But there are just two things. I'll have to take down the holly wreath over the garage. My antenna got caught in it when I drove in. And where'll I put my car keys?"

June has decided that this Christmas she will restrain her decorating. Not that it hasn't been attractive, but it's grown more crowded every year. Guests at the Powells' annual open house on Christmas Day have been forced to hold their teacups or highball glasses in one hand, their gifts in the other, and have spent minutes furtively searching for an ashtray.

This year, too, they are thinking about taking the children to Sun Valley for the holiday. Sun Valley may not be home, but it invariably has snow, which neither Ricky nor Pam has ever seen. June and Dick remember with particular fondness the Christmas they spent at the ski resort. It was their fifth Christmas together. They hadn't had a vacation for a long time, so after the initial festivities on Christmas morning they left for Sun Valley for one week. They found it so enchanting they stayed six.

An incurable romanticist, June's fondest memory is the day she and Dick set off for a five-mile drive in an open sleigh. The horses' hooves beat a soft staccato on the freshly fallen snow, the bells tinkled and the snowflakes, big as half dollars, fell silently through space.

An incurable comedian, Dick has never forgotten the sight of June on skis for the first time. "Let me tell you about it," he chuckles. It is unfortunate for him that he keeps bringing up this memory, because June can recall a particularly hilarious spill taken by Mr. Powell. This was Christmas the way Christmas should be, and phone calls back to Hollywood, during which six-month-old Pam burbled into the telephone, gave them assurance that all went well at home.

It was the best Christmas, both report, they've ever had. The rest of them, eight in all, have been widely assorted. The first one, in 1945, was spectacularly miserable. They had just moved into their Brentwood home, which had been ripped apart and put together again on Dick's orders. It was improved but the contractor had finished the work much later than he had estimated. So the Powells moved in on December 24, determined to be in their nest for Christmas despite the wet varnish, dearth of furniture, and the strong odor of paint. Dick immediately caught a thumping cold, which put him to bed with a fever of 103°.

After dinner that night, an unromantic repast out of cans, June drove into town and bought what looked like (and might have been) the season's last tree. It was a scraggly affair much in need of trimming, but all it got in the way of decor was what June had on hand—one dozen red balls. Or rather ten, as she dropped two of them. These small crashing sounds were the only noises in the house, besides an occasional muffled sneeze from the bedroom, where Dick was wrapped in flannel. Outside it was raining, and while ordinarily June enjoys the sound and solace of rain, it only served to irritate her this particular evening. She went into the bedroom and gave Dick a hot toddy and a chest rub and left orders that he should go to sleep. With nothing better to do she opened her gifts and then, figuring to be prompt for once, wrote her thank-you notes. She was sealing the last envelope at ten o'clock when she became aware of another presence in the living room and turned to see Dick, her red-nosed husband, wrapped Indian fashion in a blanket.

"What do you think you're doing out of bed?" she demanded.

"The padio is floodig," he announced miserably.

"I beg your pardon?"

"The padio," he said patiently. "The raid. It's comig dowd so hard the padio is floodig."

"So it's flooding," said June. "You can't do anything about it now."

"I was thikig I could bail it out."

"Bail yourself into bed," ordered June.

The next day was Christmas and despite June's logic, Dick spent the day bailing out the patio. By this time she was so angry with him she didn't care. She had presented him with a handsome antique silver stationery chest, which he had promptly declared much too expensive. He suggested that she return it.

Her feelings were damaged, but she has learned in the ensuing years that Dick usually does take back whatever she buys him. This is understandable. June's imagination often runs away with her head, and she has bought him a selection of objects and gadgets which includes everything except a stomach pump. "That," says June acidly, "he'd probably keep."

Gifts from his wife which he *has* kept include a new Swedish camera, portraits of the children and a Shopsmith set. He takes the camera everywhere but to bed; the portraits adorn one wall of the living room, and the tools hang neatly in his workshop. June has trouble restraining herself from giving presents long before Christmas. She gets into such a pleasurable snit about her surprises (whether or not they are likely to be accepted permanently) that she is tempted to spring them in early December. The Shopsmith was the worst. It arrived in mid-December, in a bulky wooden case, which June stowed in a small room off the garage. Every time Dick went into the garage, which was often, considering his penchant for puttering, June did a nip-up. Should she show it to him, or keep it as a surprise? She always decided on the latter, following him anxiously, whereupon he would turn and ask if she wanted to go with him.

"Go?" she would say vacantly. "Are you going somewhere? I thought you were going to hammer or something."

When he headed for the workbench she would hover around like an anxious hen for fear he would discover the hidden case. "What are you doing?"

"I'm making a cabinet for the new speaker. Why?"

"I just wondered. Let's go some place and play tennis."

"Why do you get so disconnected every time I get in here?" he would demand. "Leave me to a man's work."

Hiding gifts from Dick was difficult enough, but as the children grew older June was hard put to find inaccessible spots. No matter where she puts them, by Christmas Eve each package has suffered the loss of one corner. This is the trademark of Pam who can seldom resist an exploratory gesture, although she never rips anything but the paper and can't peek inside the box. In each new house June devises a cache, but wherever it is, the packages invariably come to light with only three untouched corners.

It seems that whenever the Powells move into a new house, they pick the Christmas season to do it. The first was spent among packing boxes in Brentwood, and on their third they had just moved into the big English house in Bel Air. This time they were more settled by Christmas. While this made things more pleasant, June discovered that year that Dick had fallen into the ways of most third-year husbands.

"Here," he said, handing her a sheaf of papers. "Would you get gifts for these people?"

June cast a bewildered eye over the endless list. "But—I don't even *know* most of these people. Last year you did all your own shopping. Couldn't you—"

"Too busy," said Dick. "I won't have a free day before Christmas."

"Who's Edward Applegate?"

"I went to school with him."

"But what's he like? Is he married? And what about this Cynthia Pfaff?" June's voice grew hoarse with panic. "How can I—"

Dick patted her on the head. "I'm sure you'll think of something," he said.

It was the same way with trimming the tree. The second year Dick had merrily joined in the ritual, but the third year, the minute he'd dumped the boxes packed with trimmings on the floor by the naked tree, he disappeared. "Where's the *tin*sel!" June screamed after him, but got no answer.

By this time, June has it down to a system. Since the Powells buy literally hundreds of gifts, including about fifty for children they know, June shops all year round for Christmas presents. By the time November has arrived, she has a good part of a room filled with boxes, all neatly labeled. There are large drawers filled with a gay selection of papers, ribbons and small package decorations, and this is on

Next, Dick fears, June will enlist Pam and Ricky as aides and plant her own Christmas trees!

chore June thoroughly enjoys. She insists on wrapping each gift personally, much to Dick's relief, and only lately has had offers of help—from the direction of Pamela. The Powells' seventh Christmas, the last they spent in the Bel Air house, when Pamela was three, June had left unlocked the door to the "wrapping room." Before long there was a small hand tugging at one end of the ribbon with which June was wrestling.

"Pretty," announced Pamela, after which she pulled a pile of wrapping papers onto the floor.

"Look," said June. "Mommy's wrapping all these pretty things for other people. Now, if you'll just go into the nursery and—" She was brought up short by Pam's pleading eyes.

"So pretty," said Pam, and offered up her own sash as wrapping material. The upshot was that Pamela hung most of her hair ribbons on the packages, and June ceased all operations when her daughter became imprisoned in an entire roll of Scotch tape.

Their fifth Christmas followed a trip to Honolulu, and on arriving home after the long vacation June had to hustle to complete holiday preparations. It was this Christmas that she said to Dick, after he had sentenced her gift to be returned, "I know one gift you'd keep. I'd like to give you a son for Christmas some time. A little boy who'd look just like you."

Life seldom grants wishes in such detail, but the following December 24, Ricky Powell was born, and despite his five pounds and one ounce, looked exactly like his father. Ricky was the best Christmas present June and Dick ever had, but his coming completely upset holiday plans. June herself was very much in the hospital on Christmas day, and as soon as Dick had helped Pam open her presents, he took off to spend the day with June. He gave her his personal gift that day, a golden baby angel to accompany the angel he had given her when Pamela arrived. The day before, as June was wheeled out of the delivery room, he had slipped on her finger an exact duplicate of her wedding band, a gesture of his love and gratitude.

On each visit he made to the hospital he took one package from under the tree so that they could open their gifts together. It seemed an ideal solution to the holiday and one that helped make the long hospital days pass more quickly, but it turned out to have its drawbacks. Once June was home she asked to see the rest of the gifts. Dick had opened each package and put them all neatly under the tree, with the contents spread carefully to show, but there were no cards enclosed.

"Richard," she said, "where are the cards?"

"What cards?" he said, looking up from his newspaper.

"The gift cards! The cards that—if I could find them—would tell me who sent us what."

"Oh—those. I threw 'em away. Didn't think, I guess."

"I guess you didn't," said June righteously, and proceeded to write a pile of notes which all said the same thing: "Richard and I thank you so much for your lovely gift. It was just what we wanted." Whatever it was, June thought. Some donors were neglected, and some people receiving one of these notes sat down and thought hard, for they could have sworn they didn't send a gift to the Powells.

THEIR sixth Christmas passed, with all its confusion, and left them with a baby boy who grew to look more and more like Dick. The following holiday was a combination of Ricky's first birthday and his first Christmas, and to celebrate the double occasion Dick hauled out every camera, every tripod and every flashbulb in the house. Ricky ignored the flashing lights and delightedly examined the sparkling tree and his shining new toys. He cooed with joy when the new puppy bounded into the room and then he nuzzled his face in the pup's warm fur. "Look at him!" said June with wonder. "He acts just like a boy should!"

Before the children came, Dick and June opened all their gifts on Christmas Eve, but now that they must adhere to The Day for the sake of the youngsters, they save all their surprises for Christmas morning. On Christmas Eve they open only their gifts to each other, after the children have been put to bed. Christmas Eve is always spent with Edgar and Frances Bergen. Frances is June's closest friend, and it has become a habit that the foursome spend the evening together.

Last Christmas was the first in their Mandeville Canyon home, and again they were barely moved in when the holiday rolled around. Nevertheless, the house was decorated, courtesy of June, and by the time Christmas Eve arrived the interior was sparkling with seasonal spirit. A huge green tree stood in one corner of the living room and beside it, on the floor, a spray gun and a can of suitable white paint. Dick wasn't to be found, of course, so as sundry guests dropped in, June smiled her most charming smile and handed them the spray gun. "I'll help," she said, "as soon as I get Pam into bed. I'm tape-recording her Christmas prayer."

Upstairs, she sat by Pam's bed, listening to her daughter's husky voice, which is amazingly like June's, go through the prayer she had been taught. One line included the phrase "in my simplicity," and as Pam came to it she attacked it confidently. "In my simple city," she said. "Amen." June smiled, turned off the recorder and tucked her daughter into bed.

By the time she got downstairs the assembled guests had transformed the tree into a shimmering white. "It looks beautiful!" June exclaimed. "Now, where's Richard? *Richard!*" Her voice came echoing back to her, but no male voice replied. "He's probably out in the garage," she said. And then she smiled apologetically at her guests and handed them each a bauble for the tree. "Would you please help?"

For this Christmas, June has a plan. If she's to cut down on interior decoration, she has fifty-five acres to fool with on the outside. Unfortunately, all of the trees on the property are oak or maple—anything but fir—but she figures on buying a fir tree and planting it in the front yard. "That way I can hang everything on it," she says. "And besides, if it's good and tall, Richard will *have* to help." **END**

(*June Allyson can be seen in Universal-International's* The Glenn Miller Story.)

DISCOVERY CORNER

Lance Fuller, Hollywood's Answer to the Cry for a Brand New He-Man

■ "Nothing ever happened to me," grinned Lance Fuller, future star who is creating more excitement than they've had on the Universal lot since Tony Curtis was discovered. "Nothing that is, except when I was seven years old I captured a live alligator and thought I was tough. So a few years later I went sailing alone on the Indian River, got caught in a storm and was swept out to sea. The Coast Guard picked me up, bawled me out and I've never thought I was tough since. During my teens I tried ranching in Texas. A mad bull side-swiped me and I wound up in the hospital. I figured I led a charmed life from then on, and I was more convinced of it in 1946 when a bus I was in plunged off a mountain into the Gulf of Mexico."

Movie fans who see Lance with Tony Curtis in *All American* and in *Son of Cochise* are going to want to know a lot more about this twenty-four-year-old ex-football star who started out to be a lawyer, but turned actor when his folks told him he had all the elements of a perfect "ham." After his Army hitch he jumped into Little Theatre work and was discovered at the Laguna Playhouse in *My Sister Eileen.*

Hollywood, badly in need of a new bachelor, will have one in Lance when his divorce is final. He is a lean, 195-pound, six-foot-three-inch Summerset, Kentucky, youth of French, English and Indian descent. Currently, he lives in Beverly Hills with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Mathis. Now that Lance is really on his way up, he has transferred his springer spaniel, Baby, from the 1950 Ford convertible he used to drive to a sleek white foreign sports car, perfect for his favorite occupation of "just enjoying the climate, the breaks I'm getting and the gorgeous gals." Before long the gorgeous gals will be standing in line to enjoy his movies.

Is the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell marriage too good to be true?

THEY THREW AWAY A MILLION FOR LOVE

■ To put it mildly, Eleanor Ford was miffed at the annual story out of New York that she and Glenn were nearing the end of the matrimonial road. For some reason neither of them can fathom, ever since their marriage in 1943 some New York columnist starts a rumor once a year that they are on the outs—no doubt on the theory that no movie star marriage can last forever.

The facts are that Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford spent six months of 1953 in Brazil. It was the first time they had been abroad together. Their son, Peter, now nearly nine years old, went along with them on the combination vacation-work trip while Glenn appeared before the cameras in *The Americano*. There were dozens of complications, but none of these were domestic—only such minor irritations as waiting for several weeks in that magnificent country while the Mexican-born leading lady learned English. And the financial problems of inter-country movie financing had to be straightened out.

Now, with Glenn's picture, *The Big Heat*, in which he co-stars with Gloria Grahame just being released, they are back in their Beverly Hills mansion. It has taken them five years to complete the redecorating of their home. The reason? Glenn and Mrs. Glenn don't order anything unless they can pay for it spot cash.

To pursue the truth still farther, let it be known that when these two wed, they decided on a policy that cost them at least a million dollars in potential wealth. Eleanor Powell, before she married, was one of Metro's greatest stars. She could have carried on for years, earning at least a quarter of a million or more, annually. Instead, Eleanor hung up her dancing slippers when Glenn was mustered out of the Marines in 1945, and is one of the few great stars who ever really turned her back on stardom.

No matter what you hear, the truth is exactly as Glenn put it to MODERN SCREEN in November, 1949. He said: "I met her first in Pat O'Brien's living room. I couldn't resist her. Of course, it wasn't my first glimpse of the glamorous Eleanor Powell. Back in New York, when I was stage manager at the Empire Theater I used my day off to see her in the musical hit, *At Home Abroad*. I admired her charm and talent, but from a balcony a fellow can't do much more. I had to meet her to love her. I had to marry her to know her well."

Today Glenn says: "Nothing has changed. I wouldn't dignify the current rumor with a denial. It's too ridiculous!"

running wild

(Continued from page 27) her life are met with a wall of silence. It is typical that Debra, driving her remarkable car, would not deign to acknowledge a greeting if she thought it came from a stranger. Miss Paget looks at life down an extraordinarily narrow road. The bypaths are the doings of her career, filled with friends associated with that career. The road itself is peopled only by her immediate family. What they do and think and say, the way they live, is considered by Debbie to be their own business. And what Debbie thinks and does is strictly the affair of that narrow road.

It is an attitude that many stars have tried to maintain, but few have been successful. Millions of people feel they have the right to know the minutest personal details of a celebrity's life. It's one of the prices of fame and wealth, particularly in Hollywood. Most stars attain a modicum of privacy only after they have spent about ten years living figuratively in fish bowls and then, once the public seems sated with information, the stars are left to themselves and move into the spotlight only when they are embroiled in divorce, dope or death.

The newer crop of today's stars realizes the value of publicity and sometimes willingly, sometimes grudgingly, answers impertinent questions. Debra has been as cooperative as the next star, and even more aware than the average of the advantages of publicity. She has posed politely for requested pictures and spoken volubly in appointed interviews. Sweet and mannerly, she told scores of reporters about her breakfasts, her reading habits, her nail polish and her pets. If Debbie had been the average new star, this could have gone on forever without a ripple.

It happened that Debbie was different. Reporters heard with surprise that this alluring bit of pulchritude had never been kissed. Indeed, she had never been dated. Much was made of this for a couple of years. Debbie explained patiently to each succeeding interviewer that she would rather stay at home with people she knew and loved than go out with a boy who didn't interest her as much as her family did She pointed out that she was Victorian and believed in love at first sight—even in the well loved wheeze about Prince Charming.

During this time, which was more than a year ago, Debra Paget was known as a fairly shy young thing who had not yet grown wise in the way of interviewing. She never parried questions simply because it wasn't necessary. People couldn't believe that such an attractive girl could be happy with no beaux, and they began to probe for the reason for this state of affairs.

With little searching, they lit on Debra's mother. Mrs. Griffin denied that she had laid down any rules against Debra's dating. Debra and her family insist that they find nothing unusual in a twenty-year-old movie actress who goes out only with her mother.

Debra says reporters made a mountain out of a molehill. She maintains that her early statements on the matter were true, that she simply wasn't interested, and laments the fact that her mother was drawn into it. Mrs. Griffin did some lamenting of her own. "It was pretty awful, the way people pestered that girl. I've seen her tortured with questions. One night a columnist kept her from her dinner one hour, while he tried to get her to admit on the phone that she didn't date because I wouldn't let her. How could the child admit such a thing, when it wasn't true? I married young, and two of my children have already married young, so why in the world would I suddenly decide Debbie shouldn't date any boys?"

Mrs. Griffin was on the receiving end of more criticism because she goes everywhere with Debra. "I'm with her because she asks me to be, and that's all there is to it," said Mrs. Griffin. "Now, take Lisa—she's only eighteen, but she's not the type who needs me like Debbie does. Lisa has her first leading role over at Universal-International, but I don't go running around with her. I go with Debbie because she asks me to. That's what a mother's for."

People wonder why, if this is true, Debra feels the need for her mother's reassuring presence. For a rather quiet and retiring girl she has developed an amazing ability to take care of herself, and a singular talent for side-stepping questions. The new talent may stem from the fact that with these flying barbs—the dominant mother, the dateless girl, etc.—Debra has found need at last for a weapon to keep her private life out of print.

The affair of the ring added to the height of the wall Debra has built around herself. Last year, before her twentieth birthday, she began to sport an immense sparkler on the third finger of her left hand. The diamond was reported to be five and a half carats, and Hollywood, knowing that Debbie's father is a house painter and that her own salary is not astronomical, began to speculate about the source of the ring. Said Debra, "It's a family heirloom," but gossips didn't swallow that answer. When reporters asked, "From which ancestor?" Debbie put her newly-found ability to change the subject into practice.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Marilyn Maxwell appeared at Great Lakes she was singing at a dance given for the servicemen. During the act she pulled my husband onto the stage, hugged him, and started to sing "Embraceable You."

Just at that time my nine-year-old son sneaked into the dance and asked a man standing near the stage, "What's my Pop doing up there with that blonde?"

He still teases his father about that!

Mrs. O. T. Carroll
Naval Base, South Carolina

At the same time, Debra admitted she had found her Prince Charming, and descended from the throne of movieland's unkissed queen. Two and two made four, figured Hollywood, and cast about for men wealthy enough to bestow such a bauble. They came up with the name of a producer renowned for his active interest in girls. Debbie vehemently denied that this man was her knight on a white horse, although she appears to fit into his pattern—young, gullible, unattached and ambitious. She refused to name her new heart interest, and inasmuch as she never has been seen in public with him, the rumors continued to fly.

Her mother, who learned lip-reading during the days she worked in burlesque, frequently found herself in the embarrassing position of watching other people discuss the origin of the ring. Mrs. Griffin holds her temper under such circumstances, but she is a candid woman. One day in the studio commissary, after ascertaining the subject of conversation at the adjoining table, she could no longer restrain herself. "If you really want to know where the ring came from," she barked at the tongue-wagger, "it's a rhinestone out of one of my old G-strings!"

Mrs. Griffin feels deeply for Debra in this predicament, and while she occasionally allows herself such outbursts in defense of her daughter, she insists that Debbie hew to a more decorous line.

So Debra continues to be sweet and mannerly during interviews, and willingly tells the lighter facts of her life. She lives with her parents and two younger sisters, plus a sister and brother-in-law and their two children. The house has ten rooms, is on Hollywood Boulevard, and is maintained without outside help. Debra's bedroom is done in white satin with turquoise satin flounces (one whole wall is covered in this way), and there is lavish trimming in strawberry velvet. The bed is seven inches larger than king size, the chairs are white wrought iron, the mirror is tinted in peach and framed in "white baguette," and there is a white television set.

She prefers light perfume, always wears it, and has conquered a nail-biting habit "because I'm not nervous any more." She claims she has never been a good mixer in large groups of people but that her personal appearance tours have helped her learn how to meet strangers. At home she is teased by her father when he sees a glamour photograph. "Who posed for it?" he wants to know. The family lives and lets live, and its members never interfere with each other. Says Mrs. Griffin: "The rest of the family are clowns, but Debbie is quiet. She's the different one—the only one who keeps her mouth shut."

Debra shampoos and styles her hair at home, lately prefers pencil-slim skirts, loves children, is moody when she's working, and dislikes cheap jewelry. "It's got to be the real McCoy or nothing at all," adds her mother.

Debbie will tell you all of these things about herself. She only clams up when the subject is steered to her mother, her Prince Charming or her ring. She likes to kid herself. She says she wears earrings because her face "is too plain and needs to be dressed up," and she admits her temper is growing worse. "I can't tell you why," she smiles. "It's just a million things."

Possibly it's because Debra has lately been badgered to exhaustion by strangers inquiring about things she does not wish to discuss. She feels that her course has been a good one. "I've made a point of looking like a movie star and I think it has paid off. I get a lot of letters from people who've seen me on tour, and they always say, 'You look just like I expected you to.' As for my not dating, lots of people who write to me say they're glad I'm not a sheep—that I don't date just because other girls my age do." About the ring, as well as the other points for discussion, Debra simply says, "People are not going to tell me how to run my private life."

There she has a point to be respected. Yet, when anything about a star's life is out of the ordinary, people are going to talk about it. Until the ring is no longer in evidence, until Debra begins openly dating men, and until she feels secure and comfortable without the presence of her mother—that is, until her personal life falls more into line with those of other girls her age—Debbie is going to have to put up with insolent questions and even saucier rumors. **END**

(Debra Paget can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Prince Valiant.*)*

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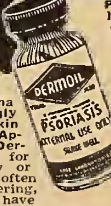

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STRANGE STORY

Keefe Brasselle can hardly believe it himself

■ Because Keefe (*Cantor Story*) Brasselle practically grew up on the 20th Century lot, he's always wanted to work in a picture at that particular studio. His mother, Marie Brasselle, has been hairdresser to Betty Grable for the last ten years. Although Betty Grable herself championed his ambition and Keefe has said hello to head man Darryl Zanuck almost as often as the gate man has, his ambition hadn't been realized. Finally came the day when he was signed to co-star with Mitzi Gaynor in *Three Young Texans.* Jubilantly, he called his mother to exclaim, "Mom—I've made it at last—I'm going to work at 20th."

"I know," his mother responded, letting the blow fall gently, "but I have news for you. The picture is going to be released by 20th, but it will be filmed at RKO!"

Keefe's long wait to land in the charmed circle of Hollywood big stars is paying off like the jackpot he hit when he went to the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas at $15,000 a week. It's an unheard-of figure for a boy who was almost unknown before playing the Eddie Cantor role. This booming success has made only one change in his personal life. He's building a rehearsal hall as an addition to his Hollywood home, doing most of the work himself. Keefe's Las Vegas trip is one he can't live without. At twenty-one, he broke into show business there as a master of ceremonies at $150 a week. "What a bomb I was," he recalls. "I was so bad, so nowhere, they fired me at the end of the second week." Now he's going back to collect 100 times his first price, and when he's through, as he says, "I'm going to rush home where I belong as fast as I can run. This might be all just a dream!"

crazy like a fox

(*Continued from page 43*) thus, and with a clear excuse for needing a shave, he drove to the drugstore and got the blades.

Now there are a few points to be made about this drug store foray. One is that Mature has never in his life been a conscious exhibitionist. He simply does not, in the manner of most people, double-check his impulses. The toga-and-beaver junket seemed to him a likely caper and he did not reconsider it. For another thing, none of his friends was especially puzzled by his action, even though they themselves would not have undertaken it. The most analytical among them had long since accepted Mature as unfathomable and special, and all recognized his gift for making the key gesture appear entirely logical. But one of them knew something the rest didn't know.

In the long morning hours before he bought razor blades, starting at dawn, Mature had attended to the following details: (1) combing through a script with a flair for nuance, vision and Victor Mature that then and thereafter was never to desert him; (2) working out the finer points of a small side-enterprise that would net him a nice little kit of money; (3) taking to a veterinarian a stray mongrel that had limped onto the premises the previous evening; (4) sitting beside the hospital bed of a friend for a couple of hours—a friend whose bill Mature would square later.

Granted that the last two points of this agenda may sound a bit mawkish, they happen to be true. That agenda comes about as close as conscientious scrutiny can to explain what's with Vic Mature.

Actually, there is no pat, complete and entirely intelligible explanation. Mature has many intimates in and out of the motion picture industry. They include stars, politicians, millionaires, publicists, newsmen, a dialogue director, a wardrobe man, Coast Guardsmen with whom he served in World War II, dogfaces with whom he didn't serve, grocery clerks, a man (Brian Donlevy) who in the name of art *(Kiss Of Death)* tried to prevent him from getting shot six times through the belly, and a man (Richard Widmark) who shot him six times through the belly, just the same. None of these professes to understand their friend, through and through. They simply go ahead and like him.

Victor Mature is an astute, spectacularly successful careerist. Some people see him as a staid, hawk-browed, chilly-faced sobersides. Others see him as a citizen who lives in a tent, shops for blades in crepe whiskers, and yields gracefully to being photographed watering his lawn in Prince Albert coat and shorts.

Here, at best, is safe middle ground: Victor Mature is an improbable fellow.

It is fifteen years since *l'affaire* toga. Mature's pup tent has grown to a handsome Mandeville Canyon estate, L-shaped around a patio and swimming pool. Late last summer around the pool were gathered a dozen or so friends in *bon voyage* formation—many of them the same friends who were clustered about the tent that day. A studio limousine drove Mature and his wife, Dorothy, to Pasadena, whence the Super Chief transported them to New York, whence the Queen Mary will see that they get to England, whence Holland, whence a loan-out picture (Mature is a 20th Century-Fox star) for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with Clark Gable and Lana Turner.

Mature's career has grown, too. Behind him is its early lightweight phase, inaugurated with a strange piece of lint titled *1,000,000 B. C.* and reaching its gaudy climax with the New York-induced appellation, "Beautiful Hunk of Man." Behind him is the war and his impeccable record, behind him the inexorable post-war growth of his stature as an artist and a no less steady growth of negotiable assets, such as dollar bills, and, immediately behind him, two films representing the full flowering of his professional life: *The Robe* and *Demetrius And The Gladiators.*

Well, you can see that the old Mature—or the young Mature, if you like—is a thing of the past as well as a pleasant memory of another era when headstrong youth did what it pleased, and who could care less?

Presently, he made his appearance at that send-off party. He stood for a moment in the fading light just outside the terrace door of his bedroom. He was older, greyer, possibly with a faint spiritual quality in the classic features that once had mirrored nothing but what sort of fun there was to be had around the corner. Then he broke the spell. The new Mature, nearing forty and possibly poised on the threshold of Academy Award honors, dashed across the patio and leaped into the pool, clad in polka dot pajamas and a battered felt hat.

This occasioned no more surprise on the part of his friends now than the toga business had fifteen years ago. This day was not abandoned wholly to fun and games either. Before teeing off at his cherished Riviera Country Club, and well before dunking himself so casually, Mature had helped straighten out the inventories of two of his thriving businesses. He had stopped by the home of Louella O. Parsons for a farewell interview, worked on a third commercial enterprise, and he had done retakes for *Demetrius* and some final dubbing for a film he had just completed for another studio.

To say that Mature is a self-centered opportunist and nothing else is to be blatantly mistaken. To say he is a handsome clown with naught behind his striking façade is to be idiotic. To say he is a bewildering amalgam of the two, combining the more admirable qualities of each, is to come pretty close. But to give up and start thinking about something simpler puts you at the head of the class.

Victor John Mature was born in Louisville, Kentucky, rather more than thirty years ago, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Marcellius Mature, *émigrés* from Austria. The elder Mature, who died in 1941, began life in America as an itinerant scissors grinder. By the time his son, somewhat against parental wishes, had flown the nest and headed for Hollywood, the father had parlayed this modest enterprise into a fortune of possibly half a million dollars, mainly from the proceeds of commercial air conditioning. Vic's mother, a handsome woman with a striking resemblance to Mature, still lives in Louisville whence she regards her offspring's achievements with an attitude somewhere between respectful tolerance and bemused disbelief. On a fairly recent trip to Hollywood—her only one—she left Mature with a vague feeling that, "I'm not sure mother knows exactly what I do out here."

Mature left home in 1937 without the formality of advising the family where he was going or even *that* he was going. He had no wish to worry them—merely wanted to expedite his departure—and patched up this omission shortly with a brief wire to his father from Los Angeles, reading roughly: "Stuck here in a strange city with only a dime." Mr. Mature's reply was even briefer: "Cheer up. I only had a nickel."

As a prelude to a three-part career, Mature enrolled in the Pasadena Playhouse, a truly distinguished establishment but one richer in cultural opportunities than in payroll. Accordingly, Mature, while playing stock and learning the fundamentals of his craft, washed dishes, simonized cars and worked as a janitor to keep body and soul in tandem. His mentor in those days was the highly able Gilmor Brown, who from the beginning gave his student the same "A" for talent that critics were not to concede him for years. Ultimately, after sixty-odd plays and the unexpected revelation of a gift for reading Shakespeare, a gift he has never lost, Mature got the lead in *Autumn Crocus* (a nice part for a romantic actor) and then in an offering called *To Quito And Back*. It was in this he came to the attention of film producer Hal Roach.

Mature's first chore for Roach, and his first film chore of any kind, was the role of a gangster in *The Housekeeper's Daughter* in a company graced by Joan Bennett. It went off all right except that it almost didn't come off at all. Arriving at the lot his first day, Mature was taken to the second floor of the front office into the presence of a Roach executive who took one fast look at him, shook his head dismally, and said: "Won't do. You don't look like an actor."

By the rule book, Mature should have fainted from pure chagrin or maybe shot himself. Instead, he stared back at the producer, set his two palms as a director does to frame a picture, replied finally, "You know something? I'll be damned if you look like a producer either!" and lunged out. The standoff was squared, but never fully resolved until years later when the two worked together again: the executive, Frank Ross, as producer of *The Robe*, Mature as one of its stars—perhaps its most applauded star.

Mature's next effort for Roach has a more significant place in his biography than it does in motion picture annals. It was the cave-man epic *1,000,000 B. C.*, opposite Carole Landis. To this day, Mature discusses it as frequently as he does any picture he's ever made. His jaw is apt to sag at the memory but with what particular emotion nobody knows. Certainly he has never been known to deride it. The least that can be said is that it made money and, so far as Mature was concerned, it started things.

It also got him back to Louisville for its première, his first visit since he'd flown the coop. In a hotel room there the night before the showing, there appeared a telltale crack in his practiced *insouciance*. Mature's habitual surface approach to matters that might be of importance to him is the familiar couldn't-care-less doctrine, be-glad-when-it's-over. Maybe, like many of its practitioners, he is only preparing an escape-hatch for disappointment. Maybe not. But when he was given the speech publicists had prepared for his personal appearance the evening of the show, he was so outraged by its content that he kicked the door of his room. That might have been all right if he'd been wearing shoes. He wasn't. The door splintered a trifle but so did Mature's big toe.

MATURE'S second professional appearance in his home town, with the 1950 picture, *Stella*, he and Ann Sheridan had made for Fox, was not without incident, either, although his body suffered no contusions. On his way to a radio appearance, Mature and party passed the theatre at which *Stella* was to open that night. The marquee naturally featured pictures of Victor Mature, and this somehow managed to un-hinge the taxi driver. "All that fuss!" he bellowed suddenly without turning his head. "All that strictly-from-nothing! Listen, I know that guy. Knew him when he was a kid. A nice guy but no

WHY DO FRANK AND AVA FIGHT?

■ Ever since their marriage two years ago, Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra have fought, feuded and fussed. In fact they have battled so frequently that any news of a tiff between them is about as startling as yesterday's weather report. What is their trouble and why do they fight? The answer, according to Hollywood intimates, is just this: they are very much in love. That isn't as strange a reason as it sounds.

Because they are in love, each has the power to hurt the other and each employs this power with reckless abandon. First step of the current fracas was their refusal to see each other for an entire week in New York last fall, although they were living at separate hotels only twelve blocks apart. A temporary reconciliation was effected at Frank's mother's home in New Jersey, but a week later Sinatra refused to escort Ava to the Hollywood première of *Mogambo*, and she in turn refused to attend his opening at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas.

Frank's mother tried to explain their behavior after the ill-fated reunion at her home. When Ava was still in London, Frank had taken his mother to Atlantic City for ten days. While they were gone, Ava planed in from Europe. Frank didn't know which flight Ava would be on. If he had, he would have met her. Ava misunderstood and checked in at a hotel. The newspapers gave a big play to rumors of a split and Frank, who hadn't intended to insult Ava, was confused and annoyed.

"When the ten days in Atlantic City were over," says Mrs. Sinatra, "I started out for home. I was almost home when I thought, 'No, I'm going to go over to New York to talk to Ava and see just what's wrong, what happened.' I called her up at her hotel and she said to please come right over. She kissed me and after a few minutes she began to cry. She had been tired, she said, when the plane came in, and when she didn't see Frank, she felt bad. Then she found out he was in Atlantic City with me and she said, 'Mama, I don't know how to explain this, but I know how little you get to see him. I thought for once you're together, just the two of you, and I didn't want to spoil it. I thought I might spoil it.' Then I said to Ava, 'What are you doing tomorrow night for supper? Because I want you to come over to the house and eat and I want Frank to come too, and for the both of you to talk this over like two grown-up people.' Then Ava laughed like a girl and said, 'I'll come, Mama, of course I'll come.' So that was easy.

"Well, the next step was to get Frank to come," continued Mrs. Sinatra. "I know he can be a little stubborn sometimes and I decided to do this my way. I called him up and told him I was going to make a nice Italian meal the next night, Monday, and would he come over between shows. He was singing at (Bill Miller's) Riviera right then.

"So he says to me, 'Who's gonna be there?' And I says 'Never mind; you just come.' Ava got there first, at about six-thirty. Frank got there at seven. He walked in and I think he almost expected to see Ava there. He looked happy. They both did. But they were just standing there, not saying anything.

"This is where mothers come in. 'Hey,' I said to both of them. 'Come into the kitchen and see what I'm making for you tonight.' They both followed me in and we walked to the stove and I took the big spoon I use for stirring the gravy and I made them both taste it. Then they both began to laugh and talk and before you knew it they were hugging each other and then they grabbed me and the three of us stood there just hugging and laughing and I think we all felt like crying a little bit, too."

Mrs. Sinatra's happy ending lasted just a week. But keeping these two highly emotional people together is no easy assignment, even for a mother. Ava has never been a balanced, well-adjusted young woman, and for years Frankie has been self-centered and temperamental. Mrs. Sinatra is all for Ava. "Ava is one of the most wonderful people I've ever met. She's beautiful, more beautiful than she looks in the movies or on magazine covers. And she's natural." Mrs. Sinatra wrinkles her brow. "But I've noticed sometimes when there are more people than just me and Mr. Sinatra and Frank, Ava gets to acting a little shy. She clams up just a little, like a little girl at a party with a lot of big people. I don't know why. But you still love her, and you still feel her being here in the same room with you, being warm. I tell you—I'd like to tell this to the people who criticize Frank and Ava—I'd like to tell those hypocrites who send me letters without signing their names that say 'Aren't you ashamed, Mrs. Sinatra, aren't you ashamed that your boy divorced his wife and left three children just so he could marry that actress?' I'd like to tell them that Frank loves his three children as much as he loves anything else in the world, that he never fell in love with Ava until after his separation, that I, his mother, am proud that he married a wonderful girl like his Ava."

Ava says that what she really wants is a baby. Friends think she might consider adopting one, if Frank agrees. Other than their tempestuous, unpredictable, nerve-shattering kind of love, what really solid basis do Ava and Frank have to hold their marriage together?

Edward De Blasio

Here's how Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross got around to that big question

HOW DID HE PROPOSE?

■ I was living at Benay Ventua's house, when one day she said, "I want you to meet Frank." I turned to face Frank Ross, the writer and the producer of *The Robe.* He was in the middle of his divorce from Jean Arthur at the time. I, too, was rather unhappy.

He said, "Will you have dinner with us?" I said, "Yes," and Benay suddenly disappeared with a blithe "See you later!"

Frank gallantly took me to Romanoff's. Benay came along later, and said, "I'll give you the keys to the house, and you come home whenever you want." And she disappeared again.

Frank was really a perfect stranger to me. I had met him two years before, on a golf course, at a time when I was concentrating on golf. (When one is unhappy, one concentrates on something like that.)

Frank took me to hear some music, and home by one A.M. Benay was still up, waiting for my news. "Did he ask you for your phone number?" she asked eagerly. I admitted, unhappily, "No." I believe I had fallen in love with Frank that night.

A week later, Benay called me excitedly at the golf club to say Frank had inquired about me, and that she had invited him to her house for a dinner party. Nothing fussy, of course. Just a party for twenty-four people.

After that dinner, Frank took me out, and I stopped seeing other men. We started to go out two or three times a week, and then every night. Then one day, when I called him at the studio set, his secretary told me that the last time I had phoned, he had scolded her for not calling him to the phone at once. For the first time, I was sure he liked me!

One night we were at a party at the Alan Ladds! It was about eight months after our first date. We were sitting on the patio. The moon was gleaming bright, and I said, "You know, you're the kind of man I'd like to marry!" And, he, being a perfect gentleman, did not deny it.

Benay arranged the wedding at her house, practically at once.

Barrymore, you ask me. So he's in lights now. Me, I'll be home wit' me slippers on when the yokels are givin' him the double-O. Who cares for a movie star? Who cares for Mature?" By and by the cab arrived at its destination and Mature made something of a ceremony of paying the fare himself. The driver looked squarely at him for the first time and appeared to lose consciousness for a moment. When he regained it, his apologies were abject.

"Listen," said Mature, "you stay here till we get out, and keep the flag up. You and me, we talk the same language. And get the egg off your face, for Pete's sake. You're my driver the rest of the time I'm here, and I don't want you looking unhappy about it." Mature was as good as his word. For the whole three days of his stay, he kept the one cab with him, presumably putting the driver up in the middle tax brackets. By the time he left, they were fast friends.

It figured. This *rapprochement* would surprise no one who knows Mature. Although certain persons and situations, usually those bearing the trappings of phoniness, can rouse his hostility with the quick, hard flare of a scratched match, he is extremely sensitive to unfounded hostility against himself. Yet he understands it—more accurately, he divines it—and instead of meeting it with a challenging truculence of his own, seeks to break it down. This is not because of a quailing of the spirit, but because of a need to overcome glib misconceptions of what sort of individual he is. It is normal for some people to meet a film star on aggressive terms, to display rudeness solely to convince themselves or any onlookers that they are not impressed.

Fortunately, he's a deadly man in this particular clutch. A friend has said, "He can charm the ears off a brass monkey"—and he can. An even closer associate once remarked: "He can walk into a crowded room and *feel,* right away, if there *is* a resentment and where it's coming from. He then proceeds right to the source and won't be happy until he has broken it down. And he *does* break it down. I don't think there's another man in the world who's had said about him so often, in that *tone,* you know: 'Hell, he's a *swell* guy! I thought—' And so forth." The Louisville cab-driver was a mild case in point.

Mature and his companions had to make a side-trip to Cincinnati that time, where Mature produced two corollary instances of his persuasive power. One was at a swank Cincinnati rooftop dining room which positively is never open for lunch. Mature stepped in simply to look the place over. Three hours later the entranced *maître d'* was still serving him special Gallic dishes and carrying on a fervent conversation, interesting in the light of the fact that Mature knows no French. Next day, Mature boarded the Cincinnati airport limousine to fly back to Louisville. But the afternoon was lovely, he had not been in the East, the good, green East, in years, and he thought there must be better ways to travel than by flying. He leaned forward and began talking to the driver—and twenty minutes later sat back, en route to Louisville on Cincinnati airport service wheels.

FOLLOWING the quasi-memorable *1,000,000 B. C.,* Mature made for Roach an item called *Captain Caution* and then got an electrifying break. Playwright Moss Hart had written for Gertrude Lawrence a gaudy inspection of psychiatric difficulties titled *Lady In The Dark* and needed a man who could portray a handsome film actor built like a professional strong man. That turned out to be Mature.

New York, a difficult town to stagger, was staggered. Mature became society's

No. 1 boy, café and otherwise. He charmed the 400 by not being conspicuously charmed by these in return, and for a brief period he solved a severe apartment shortage by sleeping nights stretched out on the banquettes of the Stork Club's Cub Room, most hoity and inner of all Manhattan night club inner sanctums. A picture magazine of vast circulation took note of all this and featured Mature both on its cover and inside the book. The essay has long since been forgotten but one tiny fragment has survived. An unnamed debutante was quoted as saying rapturously: "What a beautiful hunk of man!"

Mature's feeling about it today is that it was a very lucky publicity stroke—at the time. It was the strongest incidental factor ever to militate in favor of his career. If it could be forgotten now, he would not be angry.

On his return from New York, he joined 20th Century-Fox and began the second phase of his climb. Pictures he did there before the war were light but pleasant. One of them, *My Gal Sal,* made an amazing bundle of money.

He served in the Coast Guard—first the temporary reserve and then the regular—for thirty months during the war, overcoming with ease the short-lived prejudice of enlisted personnel against beautiful hunks of men, and came out of it with much honor, a commendation from the commandant and the will to start making civilian money again.

Besides more housing difficulties, which he solved first by living in his dressing room, and then by buying a cottage in a non-fashionable section of West Los Angeles, everything rolled smoothly. He teed off with the part of gambler Doc Holliday in the John Ford production *My Darling Clementine,* went from that to the so-so *Moss Rose,* and from that to his first sound critical success, the luckless criminal in *Kiss Of Death.*

The graph sloped off a bit then, but never dangerously, and he felt secure enough on February 28, 1948 to marry Dorothy Berry, a non-professional, in Yuma, Arizona. Mrs. Mature, born Dorothy Stanford in Pasadena, is as lovely a stabilizer as a mercurial temperament could ask for.

Despite a small parade of run-of-the-mill pictures, the Mature luck—"Everything breaks right for me; I just relax"—held. Cecil B. DeMille, requiring a Samson for Delilah, could think of no one more desirable than Victor Mature, and Victor Mature he got.

The merits or demerits of *Samson And Delilah* as art were beside the point—Mature himself, arguing his case for a strong follow-up picture, admitted that his part in it constituted a "freak" success. Its tremendous financial returns were not, nor was the power of Mature's comportment and performance. He did make lesser films after its release, but almost unquestionably he had set the stage for *The Robe* and *Demetrius.* That, as it turned out, was what counted.

TODAY, Victor Mature lives a pleasant, slightly chaotic life in his two-year-old Mandeville home with his wife and son, Mike, his friends, his work and his golf. Golf is the most recent of a long series of fickle devotions, but it evidently has the distinction of being with him to stay. Within a year of taking it up, he broke eighty, and he'd only been at it ten months when he shot his second hole-in-one. He is a natural athlete and this outlet serves his abundant energies well. It has also proved to be of therapeutic value. In the middle of one professional crisis, he went out and shot fifty-four holes by himself without thinking anything or saying anything. When it was over, he felt thoroughly cleansed and knew exactly what he had to do.

Some idiosyncrasies, as well as many of the old sensitive points, stay with him. He still eats whatever, however and whenever he wants. He does not balk at *enchiladas* and root beer for breakfast. Nor can he forsake an odd, touching compassion for the plain, the timid or the lonely. Entering one of the large parties he so rarely feels moved to attend, Mature maintains toward its more influential or beautiful ornaments an air of pleasant reserve. But a neglected, frumpish or anonymous guest is more than he can bear. He spends hours exerting his charm and flattering attentiveness on a wallflower who otherwise would have been stranded. And from whom he has not a thing in the world to gain. In Hollywood, this is maverick behavior. In Mature, it is the norm.

ALTHOUGH any generality about Mature is ill-advised, it is safe to say that he takes his career seriously, himself not at all. He is a master of the self-derogatory. Confronted with a complaint from DeMille during the shooting of *Samson,* he replied gently: "Yes, but where else can you find anything so big that moves on two feet?" He was likewise embarrassed by the early publicity for the same part, well aware that Samson threw chariots around and pulled down temples. Mature, actually a very powerful man, was moved to confide to a writer: "You know, I'd smoke more if I had the strength to tear the cellophane off more than one pack of cigarettes a day." Barred from admission to a posh local golf club on the grounds that he was an actor, Mature denied the allegation bitterly, averring he was no such thing and that he had his press notices to prove it.

Convention moves him little. Dining one night at the old Trocadero, he overheard a girl with his party order *lasagne,* an Italian dish. She was told it wasn't on the menu. Without mentioning his intent, he went across the street to LaRue, a more or less competitive establishment, filled the order, and brought it back to the Troc. The waiters were indignant but couldn't have said at just what. Since the problem had never arisen before, there was no precedent for handling it. On another occasion, during a Mature craze for canasta, he, Dorothy and another couple stopped for lunch at an elegant but deserted hotel. It was asprawl like a dead peacock because it was off season. Wishes for canasta began to gnaw at Mature and soon the four had chartered the hotel's super-bungalow, where they stayed for a week, playing night and day in what must have been the longest sustained session in canasta's history.

But if convention does not touch him, human grief and suffering do. When the fiancée of a close but monetarily harassed friend was injured in an automobile accident, Mature footed all expenses, sent acres of flowers and drove miles across town to sit with her at the hospital. When a waitress in the Fox commissary became critically ill at a time she happened also to be critically broke, he very quietly picked up that tab, too. This from a man whose shrewd business sense is indisputable. When a beloved studio publicist died, with interment many long and inconvenient miles from the place he had lived and been loved, only one star bothered to come to his funeral: Mature.

And if Mature should see the foregoing paragraph, there is one thing to be noted: it will gag him.

So we end as we began—in a state of considerable confusion, having come to only one conclusion—trying to describe Victor Mature is like trying to parse an eggbeater. END

PHOTOGRAPH BY SARRA

Competition's Wonderful!

It's one reason we all have so many of the good things that make life worth living!

Johnny couldn't tell you whether Mary's friendlier smile, or her name on the sign, made him choose her lemonade. But he's glad he did! Because let's face it—we all like to have somebody try extra hard to win our good will.

In fact, when so many brand manufacturers compete for your favor, as they do every day in this land of ours—it makes you feel pretty wonderful, doesn't it?

Their keen competition is the chief reason we can all choose today from the biggest line-up of top-quality brands of merchandise ever offered to a purchaser anywhere in the world! It explains why makers of brand-name products never stop trying to improve their brands to increase our satisfaction. And why they keep us up-to-date about them in magazines like this.

Yes, today it is truer than ever before—when you name your brand, you better your brand of living!

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
A Non-Profit
Educational Foundation
37 West 57 Street, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

"call me pinhead"

(*Continued from page 31*) all agree, would be to convince him he is a success. "Not to have anything further to attain or accomplish would demoralize him," they say. "He'd fall apart." Gordon is still very much in a hurry.

Gordon had no serious brief against Warner Brothers when he got out of his contract with them last summer. No serious brief, that is, except that working only for them restricted him almost entirely to movies at a time when the whole field of entertainment was widening excitingly. He'll still make pictures. He is one of the leading choices to star in the movie version of *Oklahoma!* (the other two candidates are Howard Keel and Guy Mitchell). He may also appear on Broadway opposite Jeanmaire (of the *Ballet de Paris* and Goldwyn's *Hans Christian Andersen*) in a big musical. He will certainly be shaping up his radio show, *The Railroad Hour,* for its TV debut, and if he accepts all the offers he is getting for hotel and night club appearances, *that* schedule will be filled solid for the next five years.

GORDON came to Hollywood as a singer from radio, with a touch or two of theatre experience. If you catch him today in his club routine you will find that he is also a poised actor, a clever impersonator and a surprisingly good dancer. He acquired these additional abilities because each was a challenge that he met head on. His first serious movie dancing was performed in *3 Sailors And A Girl* with Gene Nelson. When the scene was originally planned only Gene was to dance.

"You sit it out," the director told Gordon, "because it is a fast and difficult time step."

"I can do it," Gordon protested.

Gene, who is a close friend of Gordon's, advised against it. "You're not a hoofer," he said. "You might look bad. Why take a chance?"

Gordon waved this sort of reasoning aside. "Don't worry about me," he said. "I'll take the chance. I'll dance." And he did.

From that one might conclude that Gordon is not only a hard driving guy, but stubbornly so, and probably a bit egocentric. It's true. The business of being an artist is such a personal one, so much depends on what you are, what you look like and sound like, as well as what you can do, that it is almost impossible not to react to any given situation from a purely subjective point of view. If Gene Nelson hadn't known this, he would have been offended. Many people who come into contact with Gordon don't know it and are offended. That's why unflattering stories about Gordon get printed. Unfortunately, when he proves, as he generally does, that he is utterly without malice, nobody bothers to correct the original bad report.

A well-known designer once walked onto a Warner Brothers studio set carrying a costume for Gordon which she proudly held up before him. He took one look at it and said, "It stinks." She was shocked into tears and ran off to the producer to resign from the picture. Gordon followed her, slapping at his face in disgust with himself.

"The collar is too high on it," he tried to tell her when he got to the producer's office. "I haven't the neck for it. I'd look like a pinhead. Otherwise the costume is fine."

"But you said it stinks!" she cried.

"On me it would, I meant," he said. "I could see that right away and that's all I could think of. I'm sorry."

The producer, long accustomed to the way actors figure, sighed. "He likes it," he told the designer. "But you see just the costume while he sees himself in it. It's a big difference."

She wiped her eyes dry. "Just call me pinhead," Gordon told her. "But don't make me look like one, honey." And then she smiled.

Paul Coates, a columnist for the Los Angeles *Daily Mirror,* once happened to be at Fort Ord when Gordon, Bing Crosby, and Bob Hope were on the program to entertain the troops. Just as the show started he heard Gordon appeal to Bing and Bob. "Hey, fellows," asked Gordon, his manner impatient, "Let me go on first, will you?"

They looked at each other and shrugged. "Go ahead," said Bing. "Hop to it," said Bob.

The next morning Paul Coates blasted Gordon in his column. How could a younger player be so arrogant as to shove in ahead of two men like Hope and Crosby? he asked. He added that he would hate to be the wife of a fellow like Gordon. "What a life she must live!" he said.

When the column came out both Gordon and his wife, Sheila, were thunderstruck.

Macdonald Carey was once named West Coast chairman of National Sunday School Week. Now this Mr. Carey is not what you'd call the Sunday School type. He's an ex-Marine, but he's the father of three children. It seems that Mr. Carey, who would rather front for something as normal as a church school, instead of the usual crackpot organizations, had a funny experience when he was in the Marines.

He and some buddies heard about an island that still had head hunters on it. So they rented a launch from some Seabees and went to have a look. After a half-day climb up into the mountains, they found the head hunters and they asked the chief whether he'd like to trade a few good skulls for some of their knives and gadgets. The chief, who had been cordial up to then, was horrified. "Why," he said, "that's impossible. This is Sunday and we're all good Presbyterians!"

Carl Schroeder

Gordon wrote a letter to Crosby and Hope immediately, telling them why he had made his request to go on ahead of them. They both told him to forget about it. "If I took to heart all that's been written about me," wrote Bing, "I'd be a total wreck."

PAUL COATES heads a new TV panel show called *Our Famous Husbands,* and among the members of his panel is Mrs. Sheila MacRae. She has made sure that Paul, too, knows what happened that day at Fort Ord. Gordon's grandmother was desperately ill in the East. His sister had promised to telephone him at eleven o'clock that evening about the results of an operation which would show whether or not her condition was incurable. Only by going on the show first could Gordon get back to his hotel in time to get the call. When he did get back, it was to learn the worst. The death of his grandmother was the first tragedy in Gordon's life. He could have explained the circumstances to Crosby and Hope that night, as anyone else would have done, but to do so as they were about to go on stage seemed to him like a poor time to burden them with his personal affairs.

Last fall Gordon went to *El Rancho* hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, to play a two weeks' engagement. Five minutes after he got there, he learned that an act called The Redcaps was on the same show; seven singers whose repertoire not only included some of the very songs he planned to use, but who also did the same type of impersonations he presented. This sort of mistake in booking will send any performer into hysterics. Gordon yelled his head off.

"All right, we'll cancel their act," the manager told him. Gordon quieted down and shook his head. "Wait," he said. "Maybe there is some way to work it out." And he went for a walk through the hotel's public and gambling rooms.

Word of his protest had reached The Redcaps. They had been in situations of this kind before with the inevitable result. They let it be known that Gordon MacRae was a heel and started packing—standard operating procedure for actors when they clash with each other. But when opening night came they were still in *El Rancho* hotel and working, not in the main room but in the cocktail lounge and later in the gambling rooms. Gordon had come up with this idea. It was so successful that within three days every other big hotel in Las Vegas had copied it.

Gordon didn't do badly, either. He broke the hotel attendance record for his two weeks' stay. On top of that, The Redcaps withdrew their unkind remarks about him. They had spoken too soon.

Among the people who disliked Gordon at first sight is his wife. Sheila was a member of the Millpond Playhouse in Roslyn, Long Island. When she first saw him, she was taking down the names of a line of forty aspirants to a single opening on the cast. He yelled at her from half way back in the line. He wanted to know if she would take his name right away, so he wouldn't have to wait. He said he had borrowed his mother's car and had to get it back soon. She gave him an icy stare.

The next moment he had somehow barged up to the desk and was talking to her. "A. (for Albert) Gordon MacRae is my name," he was saying. "From Scarsdale, New York. I'll be back for the tryouts."

She had to put it down. But when the readings were held for the part that was to be filled, her resentment was still very much with her. The play was Christopher Morley's *The Trojan Horse.* Only two people voted against Gordon's getting the role. One was Sheila. The other was her roommate whom she had talked into also blackballing him. In fact, the roommate had heard nothing but a steady stream of anti-MacRae chatter.

"He was pushy, he was fresh, he was impudent," Sheila recalls. "For six weeks I couldn't stand him. I kept on pointing out how obnoxious he was. He was all over the place, getting his nose into everything—the scene painting, the seating arrangement, even the cooking in the house where we ate. One morning he sent his eggs back to the kitchen because he didn't like the way they were done. The next morning you'd have thought he would make up for this by not causing another commotion. Instead, he went back to the kitchen to tell the cook how to fry his eggs. From that time on, he used to spend a lot of time back there, leaning over the cook's shoulder and giving her advice. And she loved it! She seemed to sense that he meant no offense. After a while, I got the same feeling about him. He was just so chock full of confidence about himself that any sort of shyness would be sheer pretense."

GORDON will be thirty-three in March, gets $15,000 a week for club work, $5,000 for guest appearances on TV or radio, and will command upwards of $150,000 for a picture. He was twenty years old and earning just $50 a week when he married Sheila. Yet she is certain he was as sure of himself then as he is today. "His band was in Cleveland and I was in New York when he proposed and I said yes," she reports. "He had me take a train there right away. We had no house, no furniture, no funds besides his salary, no plans about how or where we would live. That was what I had gone to Cleveland to talk about. But we didn't get to that conversation until after he marched me down to the city hall, got a license, and had the marriage ceremony performed."

Gordon was under contract to Columbia Broadcasting System and had a year to go on his contract when war broke out and he joined the Air Force. He was in Austin, Texas, when his discharge came through and he immediately wrote CBS in New York that he wanted to finish out his year. They replied that they were so surfeited with singers that they had no place for him. They would simply pay him off for the year his contract had to run. By this time, their first child was born and Sheila was worried. There was an opportunity to work on some small stations in Texas and she thought they ought to look into it. Gordon shook his head. "We're going to New York," he announced.

They went. CBS officials repeated what they had told him by letter. Gordon countered by suggesting that they might be able to use a boy-girl program if they couldn't use single male singers. They agreed to listen. By the next day, Gordon had roughly sketched out some patter he could exchange with a girl between songs. The girl was Sheila, the audition was piped into the offices of William Paley, president of CBS. When it was over, Mr. Paley was on the telephone. He couldn't remember the name of the singer, he told his program heads, "but whoever he is, and the girl with him, put them on a regular weekly spot."

This meant that Gordon's voice was once more to be heard regularly, which was far more important to him than just sitting around and collecting his check regularly. Four months after he and Sheila went on the air Gordon had two more radio shows of his own, Jello and Gulfspray. He had been signed to appear in a Broadway musical, *3 To Make Ready,* and had been selected on *We The People* as the male voice heard most in radio.

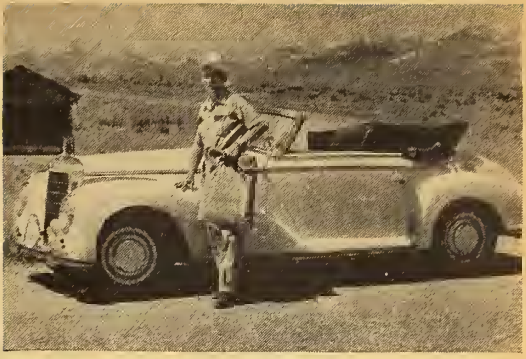
"That's what I like," he told Sheila at the time. "Action!" He was to get more. A year after he went back on the air he was signed by Warner Brothers and shipped out to Hollywood.

A writer once asked Sheila if Gordon ever relaxes. She reported that he does, usually on a Sunday afternoon. She finds him sitting out in the yard under a tree, listening to a record player.

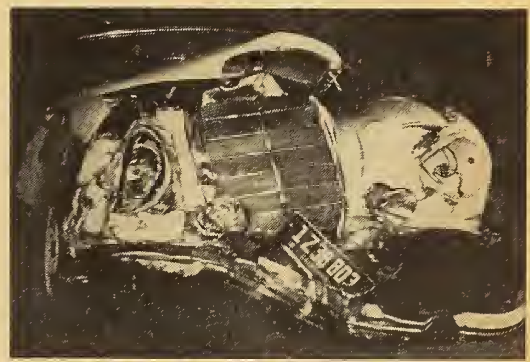
The music is always operatic. And in his eyes, she can see that he isn't listening just for amusement. He is making plans. She doesn't waste time wondering whether some day she will see Gordon stride out upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and burst into an aria from *La Boheme* or *Don Giovanni.* She knows they won't be able to stop him when he makes up his mind he is ready for it. **END**

Lady Luck has jilted her favorite. Now Bing Crosby has

something to groan about



DASHING Mercedes cost $12,250, sports English plates.



SMASHING Mercedes cost $3000 to fix, more in suits.

When Bing Crosby was a young man, thirty or so years ago, he was so irresponsible that to most people he seemed to be unlikely husband material.

But once he was married to Wilma Wyatt, a beautiful thrush from Memphis who sang under the name of Dixie Lee, Bing settled down and became a model family man.

For twenty years *Der Bingle* has led a charmed life, setting the most phenomenal records in show business. His recordings have sold more than eighty million copies and his forty-seven movies have grossed more than a billion dollars.

Through all this the Crosby name has never once been tarnished by scandal or tainted by rumor. Bing's family has always been regarded as one of the happiest and most wholesome in Hollywood. And until Dixie passed away last year, the household had managed to stay clear of tragedy.

Having counted his blessings, Bing has always referred to himself as "the luckiest guy on earth." In fact, when he wrote his autobiography, he insisted upon the title, *Call Me Lucky.*

As happens to all men, Bing Crosby's luck ran out a few Sundays ago when at five-thirty-five in the morning, his $12,250 German sports car, a Mercedes-Benz, collided with a late model sedan in a Los Angeles street intersection.

Alone in his flashy, yellow convertible at the time, Bing cracked a vertebra in his back and wrenched his knee so badly that he couldn't report for work on the set of *White Christmas* for several days.

There were three occupants in the other car, and two of these were seriously hurt. One, a city fireman, suffered a major head concussion and for a while it was touch and go as to whether he would live. Fortunately, he has.

Bing told a State Highway Patrolman, "I slowed down and came to an idle stop when I reached the intersection. I looked both ways, saw no cars and started across. There was a crash, and I lost control. That's all I know."

After Bing made that statement, he left the accident scene in a hurry. His Mercedes-Benz, which he bought in Stuttgart last summer, was so badly smashed that it had to be towed away. Garagemen who later submitted a $3,000 repairs-estimate, say, "He's a lucky guy to be alive. If he'd been driving some ordinary car, it would've buckled like an accordion, and the steering wheel would've gone through his chest. Either that, or he'd have been thrown through the windshield."

In the weeks to come, Bing, who has always been an extremely careful driver, will undoubtedly become the target of several lawsuits. The Groaner has something to groan about, for a change.

Typically, when Hollywood heard about *Der Bingle's* smashup, no one asked if the crooner was hurt. What the movie colony asked first was, "Where had Crosby been, that he was coming home at five-thirty in the morning? Could he possibly have been visiting the future Mrs. Crosby?"

Bing didn't and wouldn't, say. But Mona Freeman *did* talk. "Bing was out with me," the young actress admitted. "It was our first date since he'd returned from Europe. We went to a party for Claudette Colbert. When it was over, he took me home. He was on the way to *his* home when the accident occurred. I can tell you that Bing was cold, stone sober."

what really happened to doris day

(*Continued from page 32*) worried about her. She looked drawn and tired. They didn't want to start a picture and have her collapse midway. After all, she'd been none too strong when she made *Calamity Jane* with Howard Keel.

The front office boys talked to Marty. Where Doris is concerned, her husband is the only court of appeal. A new contract was coming up. Why couldn't Doris be reasonable? The studio had worked her too hard. Everyone agreed to that. Yes, she deserved more money. No question about it. How about $150,000 a picture, two pictures a year, a five-year deal? How about Martin Melcher Productions to be released through Warner Bros.? Okay, only let the girl get herself checked over.

Doris went to a doctor, a great doctor, and she was given a complete physical. A tumor was found near the left breast.

She was told honestly, but with tact.

You can imagine the thoughts that raced through her mind. She was sure, first of all, that the tumor was malignant, cancerous. She thought of Dixie Lee Crosby who had been killed by that disease. She recalled other people similarly afflicted. She wondered what would happen to Terry, her young son, if she should die. To die at thirty! Her emotions ran amuck. Tears ran down her cheeks and she cried in her heart.

But her staunch faith in her religion brought her strength. She wondered if the answer didn't lie in prayer. Prayer has brought her great happiness in the past. Prayer has the power to conquer and rectify and cure. And she started to pray, but around her there were people, kind people whom she loved and respected and admired, including the great doctor, and he said, "Look, honey. There's only one way we can tell about the tumor, only one way we can find out whether it's malignant or benign. We've got to take it out. At least, we've got to take out a piece and have it analyzed."

You can imagine the conflict that raged in this lovely girl's soul—the conflict between her religion and medicine.

She was prevailed upon to enter a hospital and on September 24, she was admitted to St. Joseph's in Burbank. A biopsy was performed on the left breast. A small tumor, no more than two-by-four centimeters was removed and taken down to the pathology laboratory. Doris was kept on the operating table.

If they should find that the tumor was benign, then Doris had nothing to worry about. The surgeon would merely suture the incision and home she'd go, good as new.

If the tumor were malignant, a radical mastectomy would have to be performed to stop the possible spread of cancer.

In his laboratory, the pathologist took the tumor and placed it on the microtome, a slicing machine. A blast of carbon dioxide instantly froze the tumor so that it would be firm enough for dissection.

While he worked, the doctor, the nurses, and Doris Day, their patient, waited. They waited and they prayed. Doris, of course, was anesthetized. In the operating room, there was only silence and hope.

The pathologist took a glass rod and picked up a small sample from the tumor. He dropped it into a jar of water and stained the tissue with toluidine blue so that the cellular structure would be easier to determine.

Then he slipped the tissue fragments onto a pair of glass slides. Delicately, he placed them under his microscope. He looked at one, then at the other. Then he smiled.

"Benign," he said. "Benign."

The word was flashed to the operating room. Everyone was smiling. The doctor closed the wound. When Doris awoke she was told the truth. Absolutely no cancer. She could go home with peace of mind.

Physically, she was okay.

But peace of mind did not come easily, and at home she developed an anxiety neurosis, a constant apprehension, a psychogenic illness of sorts, and the doctor recommended that she see a specialist.

Doris complained of nervousness and fatigue and a tendency to be easily upset. To her, this was frightening, because all her life she has been an energetic, hard-working girl and suddenly she had flagging ambition and a disinclination and partial inability to work or even to play.

Fatigability in girls like Doris Day rarely comes as a result of metabolic exhaustion, although Doris has frequently suffered from a marked anemia. More frequently, the fatigue is a result of emotional difficulties, the foundations of which can be traced to childhood conflicts.

I went to grade school with Doris Kappelhoff in Cincinnati, and while I never knew her well, I knew something about her family life.

The Kappelhoffs lived in the ground floor of a three- or four-story brick building, and I think the first-born child, a boy, died before Doris was born. She's the baby, and there's an older brother, Paul.

Her father was one of those rigid, too-strict fathers, a Teutonic mixture of sentiment and discipline. He used to teach music, and I think Doris was afraid of him.

I'm sure that practically all of her nervousness can be attributed to her relationship with her father. Her parents were divorced when she was eleven or twelve, and I think her youth ended then.

Her mother, a sweet and thoughful woman, enrolled her in dancing school and later took her to Hollywood where Fanchon & Marco signed her and her youthful dancing partner, Jerry Dougherty, for a series of kiddie stage shows. I think she was thirteen, maybe fourteen at the time. Already she was becoming a bread-winner.

I am not a physician and I do not know the underlying causes of the psychoneuroses, but in the case of Doris Day I honestly think that this girl is unhappy because she doesn't want a career but is trapped by one. Against her own inclination, she has become big business. Recording contracts, her own radio show, TV rights, a new Warner Brothers deal, the leading light of Martin Melcher Productions.

Marty Melcher looks after all this with the superb competence born of experience. He has been an agent, he has worked in the music game for many years. He has had to learn all the angles, and he's learned them well.

According to some reporters there is no sharper man in Hollywood than Marty Melcher. Doris is indeed fortunate in having such a man to look after her finances.

Unfortunately, Marty looks after everything. When he was going with Doris, he helped move her furniture, he repaired things around the house, he made fast friends with her son, Terry. He advised her mother. In short, he became a father substitute, and psychologically, this may turn out to have been a very bad thing. As I say, it all depends on the childhood relationship between Doris and her father.

There is a psychological process termed, "recall," and it is hampered by another one termed, "repression," but in the weeks to come if Doris can look back into her youth and recall emotional experiences she has sought to repress, the answer to her nervousness and her current instability may be found.

Perhaps she will discover that she disliked her father because he refused to remain with her mother. Perhaps she disliked him for several other reasons. Perhaps in her subconscious, she has transferred that dislike to her father-substitute, to Marty Melcher, the overseer of her career.

Perhaps she refuses to admit any of this to herself and herein lies the basis for her personal conflict.

These are all possibilities and I suggest them because in similar cases they have been found valid.

To my way of thinking, Doris, in her subconscious, not only regards her husband as a father-substitute and a psychological crutch but as a figure synonymous with career. And her career, as I've said, has never been particularly pleasurable to her.

any more home like you?

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Her career was responsible for her meeting with Al Jordan who used to play in Jimmy Dorsey's band. They got married and soon she had a child. When the marriage went to pieces, she had to use her career to support her boy.

One time when she was flat broke, she begged the program manager of WLW to hire her at sustaining rates. He paid her scale, $64 a week.

She sang with Les Brown and Bob Crosby and Barney Rapp. The singing was an economic necessity. She was both mother and father to her Terry and there were long periods of time when she saw neither her son nor her mother. As recently as six or seven years ago, I remember watching her shuffle into the lobby of the Plaza Hotel in Hollywood, (after she had been divorced from George Weidler,) a lonely, weary, tired girl, disillusion on her face.

I've seen Doris Day smile. I've heard Bob Hope call her jutt-butt. I've watched her give out with that gay, deceiving, flip air of enjoyment. But to me, her blue eyes have always been sad eyes. This girl has never hungered for fame or money or adoration. All she has ever wanted is to leave the rat race, to get away from it, to settle down with her husband and family in a nice, middle-class neighborhood.

You may well ask—"Well, why doesn't she do it?"

If she quits tomorrow, if she renounces the whole crazy world of show business, can she retain the love and admiration of her friends, her husband, and her mother?

Doris Day is probably the best-loved actress in Hollywood. She has never harmed anyone. She has never climbed the ladder of success, lad by lad. She has never engaged in subterfuge or underhand politics. She has achieved success through her own effort and talent.

The success she has achieved, however, has brought her fame, money, and position. It has brought her practically everything but the one thing she has always needed most—peace of mind.

In the weeks to come, let's all hope she finds it. A better, kinder, sweeter, more unselfish girl was never born. **END**

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please don't talk about me . . .

(*Continued from page 22*) and for the rest of his life."

The press associations picked up the announcement, and next day readers throughout America were convinced that Clark and Suzanne would return to Hollywood as man and wife.

In Amsterdam, Gable was making *The True And The Brave* with Lana Turner, and Vic Mature. When he was asked to confirm Miss Dadolle's statement, he was stunned.

The actor is not the quickest thinker in the world, but by nature he is a prudent man, so he turned the whole matter over to Paul Mills, his press representative.

Paul gave out with the following denial: "Clark Gable has no plans for engagement or marriage and hasn't given his promise to engage or marry."

In Paris, when Suzanne read this, she was hurt. After all, she was wearing the topaz ring Gable had given her, and while the ring may or may not have been an engagement ring, it showed in a way that Gable regarded her in a special light.

At Wolfheze, Holland, he was asked, "Any truth to these stories about you and Suzanne Dadolle?"

"Stories about what?" he countered.

"About you two kids getting married."

"No truth to that," Clark Gable said. "I'm not getting married."

Uncle Sam gave Leslie Caron's marriage a break, but she and Geordie are

DOING A SPLIT

■ When Leslie Caron's husband, Geordie Hormel, was called up by the Coast Guard, the pert little French ballerina clapped her hands with delight and said, "Oo!" I am the happiest girl in the world!"

This was not because her husband was in the service, but because Geordie, heir to the Hormel meat packing fortune, had been assigned to duty in San Pedro, Los Angeles harbor.

This meant that he could spend alternate nights at home, accompany Leslie to previews and parties, and never break the ecstatic rhythm of their marriage. To Leslie this was unheard-of luck, and she enjoyed it to the fullest.

But a few weeks ago, the dancing star suddenly made a puzzling move. She asked MGM for an indefinite leave of absence and left her husband to rejoin and travel with Roland Petit's *Ballet de Paris*.

Immediately, this gave rise to the rumor that another of Hollywood's young marriages had foundered. Coast Guardsman Hormel quickly denied it.

"I doubt," he said, "if anything can ever disrupt our marriage. Leslie and I have problems, of course. For example, I'm not nearly the artist that she is, and I probably never will be. As a musician, I've yet to make a full-fledged success. Despite stories of my great wealth, Leslie has much more money than I have. In fact, I owe around $40,000. Years from now, I may inherit some money, but only if I go back into the meat packing business."

While Coast Guardsman Hormel is busy with such denials, his cute young Leslie is back in the ballet she loves, dancing all over Europe.

When the Hormels were first married, Leslie said, "Compared to being with Geordie, my career means nothing."

Unhappily, in this household, times have changed.

STORK OVER LANZA LAND

It was all the kids' idea—they want another tenor in the family!

■ It happened at Sunday breakfast a few hours before Mario Lanza was scheduled to fly to New York to negotiate his RCA VICTOR recording contract.

The two little Lanza girls, Colleen, five, and Lissa, three, were sitting at the breakfast table with their parents when Damon, the littlest Lanza, now aged one, was wheeled in by the nurse for his good morning kiss.

Lissa looked at her little dark-eyed brother and pinched his cheek. The baby cooed. "He sure is cute," Lissa said.

Now it was Colleen's turn. She inspected her little brother with approval. "I think," she announced imperiously, "we should have another boy in the house. Don't you think so, Daddy?"

Lanza grinned. "It sure would even things up," he agreed.

"Then Lissa and I would always have someone to take us to dances," Colleen continued. "That's what brothers are for."

"Speak to your mother," Mario suggested. "She's in charge of the baby department."

Betty Lanza looked around at her family, at Mario and her three offspring, and ever so matter-of-factly said, "I think maybe I can get you another brother around June or July of next year."

Lanza spilled his coffee on his trousers.

"Daddy," Colleen cried, "look what you've done." She took her napkin and began to repair the damage.

But Mario could look nowhere but at his Betty. He looked into her soft brown eyes, and almost imperceptibly, ever so lightly, her lovely head nodded and her eyes said yes and that's how he knew.

"Are you engaged?"

Gable shook his head. "Not engaged, either."

"That doesn't square away with Suzanne's announcement in Paris last week."

"What announcement?"

"You know—that the two of you are engaged, that you want her as your life's companion."

There was a moment of silence. "She was misquoted," Gable said.

"Have you been spending any time with her of late?"

"No, she's back in Paris. She returned to work."

"Have you been talking to her on the phone? Or writing her any letters?"

"I've been too busy for that," Gable answered.

"Then how do you know she was misquoted?"

"I'm sure she was," Gable countered. "I know her, and she wouldn't say a thing like that. She probably said she considered me a good friend and some reporter took it up from there."

"That may be, but aren't you in love with Suzanne?"

"She's a wonderful friend."

"Of course, but are you in love with her?"

"We're just good friends."

"Are you bringing this good friend back to Hollywood with you?"

"No, I'm not."

"When do you expect to get back?"

"It's hard to say. Depends on how this picture goes. We should be finished by the end of November. I should get back by Christmas."

"Then you're definitely coming home alone?" he was asked. "Is that right? No chance that you might change your mind and bring Suzanne with you?"

"I don't think so," Clark Gable said. "No."

There you have it, out of the actor's mouth. Will Gable abide by his decision to leave Suzanne in Europe? Will he bring her with him? Will she come to Hollywood herself and join him? Or was it all a summer romance?

Al Menasco, one of Gable's best friends, toured Europe with "the king" and Suzanne a few months ago. He is of the opinion that Gable will never marry Suzanne Dadolle.

"She's a lovely young woman," Menasco concedes, "and they got along very well, but Gable isn't in the marrying mood. My own opinion is that he's had it for a while. Marriage, that is.

"He's fond of Suzanne, but only as a friend. Of course I could be wrong, but that's my opinion."

Another friend of Gable's, a beautiful young woman who dates him between marriages, says, "I know the guy pretty well and unless a girl has money and position, preferably both, Gable won't think of marrying her. He'll go around with her, the way he has with this French babe. He'll take her all over and date her exclusively, but he's not going to slip that wedding band on her finger.

"At his age, you'd think he'd wise up and marry some average doll who'd appreciate him. But no. He marries the society belles. And a funny thing, it's these dames with dough who make him pay through the nose when divorce time rolls around.

"Take Maria Langham, his second wife, and Sylvia Ashley, his last one. These babes were loaded, and they're old enough to know the score. I think Gable's divorce from Ria cost him at least $300,000 and of course he's still paying Sylvia. He tried to get out of it by saying that she was an extremely wealthy woman in her own right. Of course it didn't work.

"You'd think the guy would wise up in his old age and marry some dame who wants to spend her life loving him and taking care of him. But no. He's got to have a show-piece. I guess that's why he's an actor.

"As for this Suzanne Dadolle, I think he just took her around Europe for the ride. His intentions were friendly, not matrimonial."

They are saying in France that if Gable does not marry the Schiaparelli model, not only will Suzanne be disappointed, but the star of *Mogambo* will lose thousands of fans among his French followers.

A model who accompanied Suzanne to this country a few years ago, when she came over on a tieup deal for a hosiery firm, says, "I feel sorry for Suzanne. So do most of the other models in Paris. She is in a very awkward position. She left her job to travel with *Monsieur* Gable.

"Furthermore, and this is very important, Suzanne has a family. French families—I guess they are like all families—if in the end the girl gets married then everything that has passed before is of no matter. But if in the end, the girl is left in the cold with just memories—then there is hell to pay and it is the girl who pays it. That's why I hope with all my heart that *Monsieur* Gable marries Suzanne. Really, she is a very nice person and she has a lot of *savoir faire*. She worked for General de Gaulle during the war, and she would not shame your *Monsieur* Gable in Hollywood. She is very much in love with him.

"And well, it is not as if she were one of those girls who can always turn to her work or that ambassador's daughter Gable was going with. When a girl has wealth or prominence, then she can afford these unhappy love affairs. One can say, 'We are still good friends,' and let it go at that, because one knows there will always be more men.

"But right now there is no room in Suzanne's heart for anybody but Clark Gable. I have heard it said that he broke the heart of Grace Kelly and hundreds of other women who have fallen in love with him, and I know it is not his fault. He is a charming, wonderful man, and women throw themselves at him every day. But if he marries Suzanne, I promise he will not regret it."

What from Suzanne herself?

She spoke to one reporter and made world-wide headlines and now, justifiably, she is afraid to talk to others. Gable doesn't particularly like girls who talk to reporters.

Suzanne has gone on record, however, as saying that she and Clark are more than good friends. It is her understanding that she and the actor are engaged and that when he asked her to be his life-time companion, he was thinking of marriage.

One English writer suggests that semantics is responsible for the difference between Suzanne's allegation and Gable's denial.

"What probably happened," this writer offers, "is that he might have said, 'Susie, you're swell. You're my friend for life.'

"Poor bloke. Probably doesn't know that if you say those words to a French girl in France, it's an out and out proposal." END

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in this issue:

AVA and FRANK tell the truth to LOUELLA PARSONS

behind closed doors—the JOHN WAYNE story

Susan Hayward

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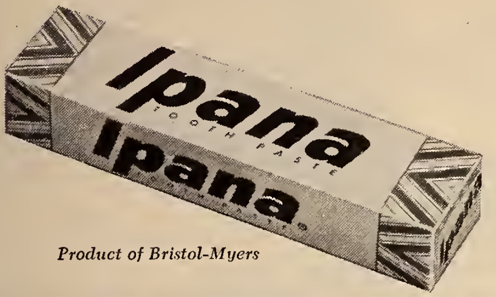

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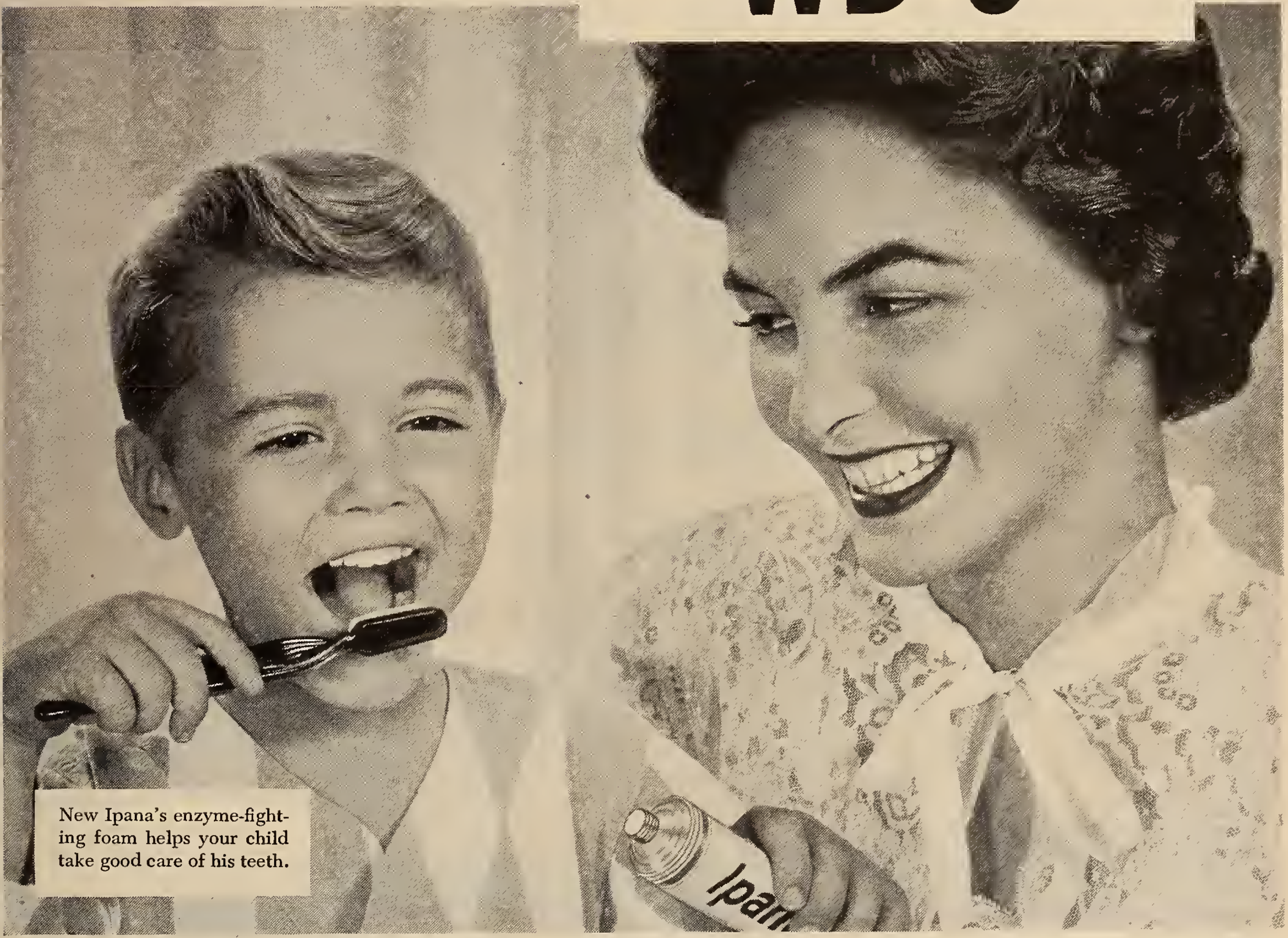

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FEBRUARY, 1954

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modern screen

stories

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editor

DURBIN HORNER
executive editor

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western manager

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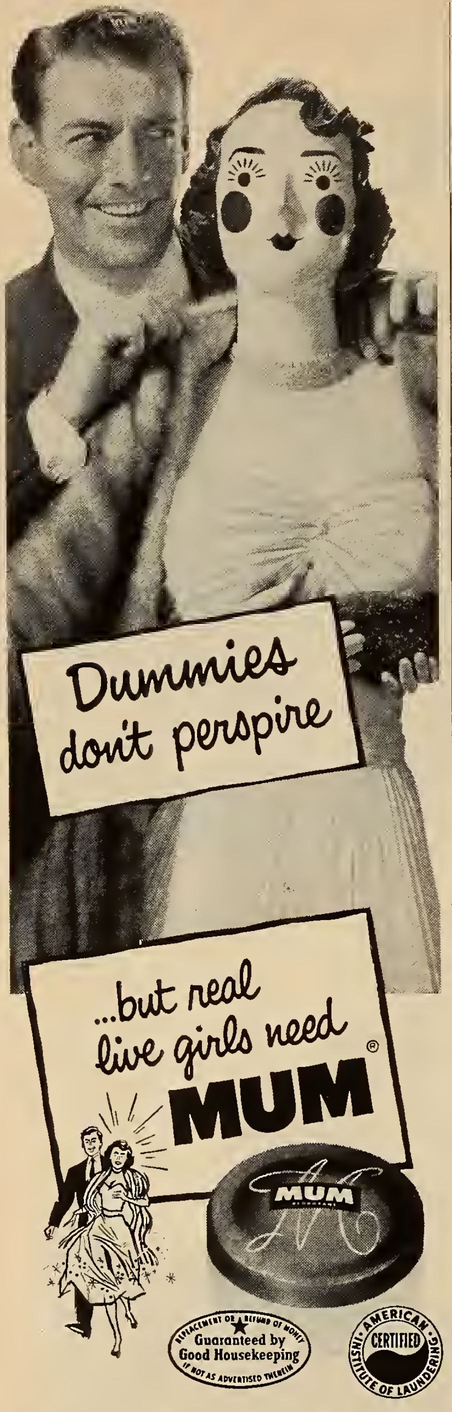
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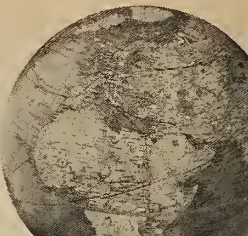

AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

ELIZABETH TAYLOR has had more than her share of hard luck in Europe. She not only collapsed in Denmark from nervousness, fatigue, and "an upset heart," but while touring the Continent on vacation, before she started to work on *Beau Brummell,* she lost or had stolen from her most of the jewelry Mike Wilding had given her.

A pearl, ruby and emerald pin, a gold bracelet and a beautiful pair of jade and gold earrings were missing when Liz arrived at the London airport from Rome.

Whether the jewelry had been stolen in Italy while the Wildings were vacationing in Capri, or whether it had been stolen or lost on the plane, no one has been able to find out. Liz thinks the jewelry was insured but whether or not the insurance coverage takes care of theft outside the U.S.A. she doesn't know.

Her secretary believes that the insurance does not cover it, but whether it does or not, Wilding knows now what he can buy his wife for their second wedding anniversary.

YVONNE DE CARLO, who has made more films overseas in the last three years than any other Hollywood star, keeps giving out information about her new European romance. Newsmen in London, where the actress has just finished *O'Leary Night* with David Niven and Barry Fitzgerald, are now convinced that Yvonne has no romance either in Europe or in the U.S.A.

One reason de Carlo makes so many pictures abroad is that her agent is able to sell her in London for $50,000 a picture. In Hollywood she has virtually no takers at that price. Involved with many lovers by a hard-working press agent, Yvonne now claims, "I will no longer be a party to those phony love matches." The last one involved actor Carlos Thompson, who finished *The Flame And The Flesh* a few months ago. This one was played up as a tempestuous love match. It subsequently fizzled. Yvonne is now in the familiar position of the boy who cried "wolf." If she should find a serious romance now, she would have no trouble keeping it a secret.

DAWN ADDAMS, rumored to be engaged last year—both to Farley Granger and French actor Claude Dauphin—announced in Rome that she plans to marry Prince Vittorio Massimo there this spring.

"How about Farley Granger?" someone asked the British-born actress. "Weren't you going with him?"

Dawn shook her head. "At various times," she explained, "a girl gives her heart to various people. Then, when the right man comes along she gathers up all the pieces."

GREER GARSON, a sweet beauty with hair the color of carrots, was in London to plug *Julius Caesar,* a film which had received rave reviews. Greer disillusioned many of her countrymen. Wrote one critic, "She not only looks as glossy as a Hollywood star, she also talks like one."

What exactly could Greer Fogelson (her married name) have said to the Englishmen?

"Hollywood is misunderstood," she pointed out, "especially by English people who go out there, accept its hospitality, then come back and malign it. There are plenty of people of culture and understanding in Hollywood. There are Hindu groups, musical circles, stamp collecting groups, and psychiatry circles."

Miss Garson was then asked why so many talented Englishmen who had gone to Hollywood at one time now refused to return.

"In all probability," the actress explained, "they did not have good enough offers."

Did Miss Garson miss her homeland at all?

"Oh, yes," she admitted. "I miss the antiquity, the accent, and the green parks. But then I also live a quiet, simple life in my paneled country house in Bel Air. There are two sycamores and a swimming pool. You would think it was England."

General British opinion of Greer Garson—she is irrevocably lost. She has gone completely Hollywood.

Because Eddie Cantor is more than just the world's greatest living entertainer, this is more than just his fabulous show-business story. Here's Cantor the man — the showman, the human — who carries almost as big a torch for America as that Liberty Lady in New York Bay. Rub the black grease-paint off that eye-popping face and he's all red-white-and-true-blue underneath.

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THE Eddie Cantor STORY

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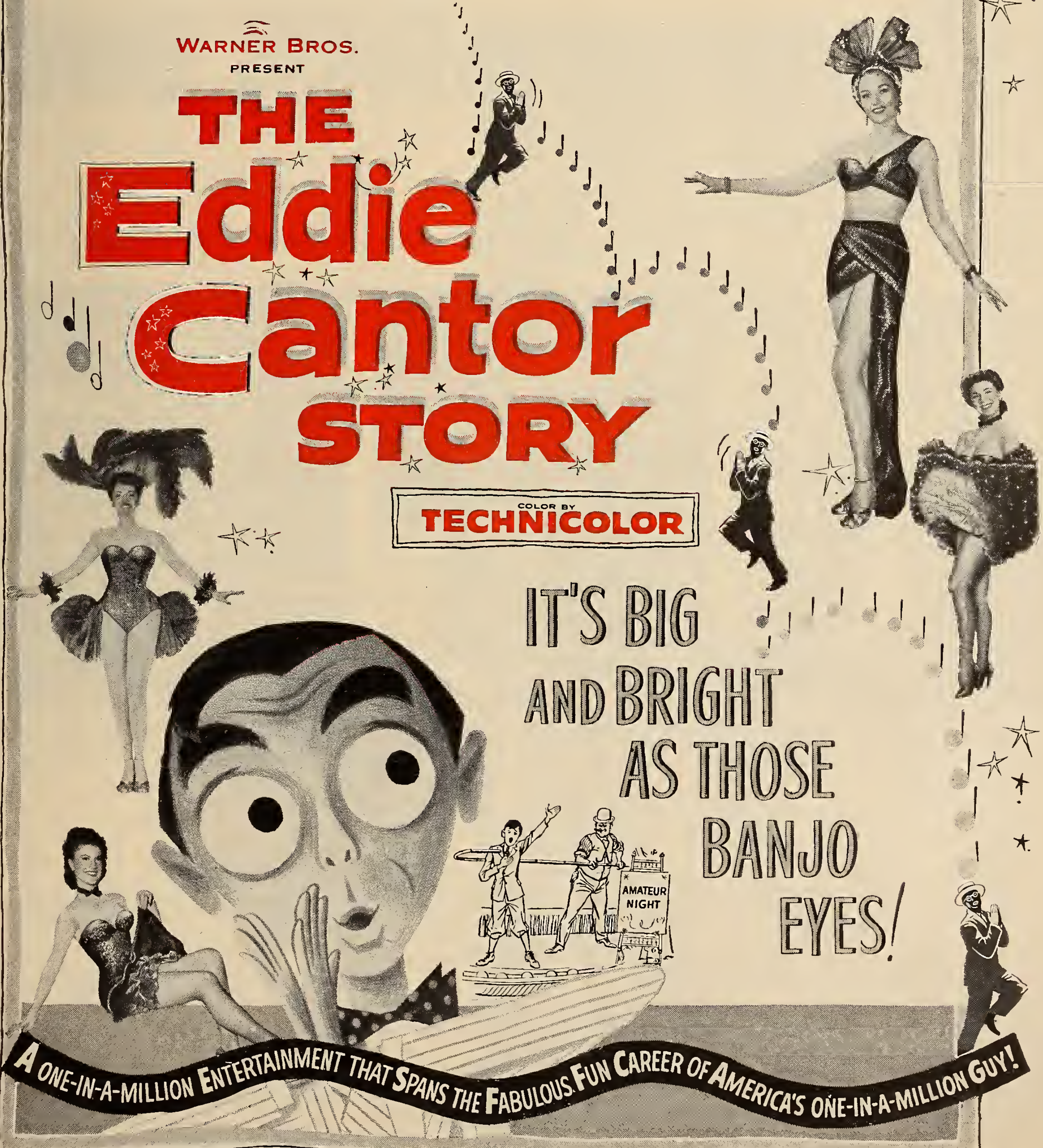
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JANE AND GENE BREAK UP . . . BARBARA STANWYCK PREDICTS BOB

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

The fabulous Press Photographers' Costume Ball brings top stars to balloon-filled Mocambo for social

Tony Curtis wore one of Richard Burton's *Robe* costumes; Janet continued the family classical motif by wearing a Grecian Goddess dress.

Vera-Ellen, who came as a Christmas tree with real lights that could be turned on and off, received a souvenir from m.c. Art Linkletter.

Mitzi Gaynor's belly dance received a lot of publicity; so did her new, slim figure. (Her steady, Jack Bean, had asked her to lose weight!)

Almost more startling than the breakup of Jane Powell and Geary Steffen over Gene Nelson was the out-of-the-blue breakup of Jane and Gene as a romantic team when they seemed so much in love.

Certainly they had paid a high price for their love in the shocked criticism of fans and friends.

Two homes had gone on the rocks.

And yet Jane calmly announced one day, "Gene and I shall not continue seeing each other. It's all off between us."

To ask *why* is certainly not unreasonable and I must say Jane was honest when she tried to explain:

"I guess I high pressured Gene too much; forced too many decisions he was not ready to make.

"No, not seeing Gene any more won't have any effect on my divorce from Geary. Our marriage was over before I ever met Gene. I mean it was finished in spirit and heart."

Asked if she thought Gene might try to woo back his wife, Miriam, Jane said, "I don't know. I really don't know—" her voice trailed off.

Obviously, Jane feels that Mrs. Nelson asked so much as a property settlement to divorce Gene that his hands (and who knows?—perhaps his heart, too) are tied.

So, if he can't move one way or the other—it's best to say goodbye.

Make no mistake about it, she is a broken-hearted girl no matter how many dates she makes with other men—and she's dating Nicky Hilton, Pat Nerney and Jacques Mapes.

Strange, isn't it, that one of Hollywood's most startling "triangles" should end like this—something a little sad about the whole thing.

P.S. Not trusting Hollywood "triangles," I should say, this is the way it's ending *as of* now.

Barbara Stanwyck, who was seated on the right of Bob Taylor, looked across the dinner table at Eleanor Parker and said, *"I predict that you and Bob will be the next big Hollywood* romance*!"*

To say that you could have knocked over the other guests with a cocktail napkin is the understatement of the social season.

Bob had borrowed publicity agent Helen Ferguson's house for the purpose of a little farewell party. MGM had cast Eleanor and himself in *The Valley Of The Kings* and they were leaving the following day for Egypt.

TAYLOR'S NEXT ROMANCE . . . SUSAN HAYWARD AND JESS CONSOLE CONCILIATOR

NEWS

season's most elaborate party.

Joan Crawford arrived in blackface and the greenest, tightest dress of the evening. She wore sequined stockings on those still-famous legs.

Bob and Eleanor had known one another around the MGM lot and were on a friendly basis—and that was all.

Eleanor had been too busy having babies by Bert Friedlob—and more recently, divorcing him—to know any other male was alive.

She had arrived this very evening at the party, her eyes still red from the crying session she had had following her appearance in court divorcing Bert that morning.

Eleanor was so surprised at what Barbara said, she gasped. Bob flushed a bit.

But perhaps Barbara is a better fortune teller than either realizes.

Eleanor is at the end of an unhappy marriage. Bob is at the end of a two-year romance with Ursula Thiess.

At this crucial emotional time in both their

(*Continued on page 10*)

Jane Powell, now dating frequently, looked happy with Pat Nerney. Friends say she is heartbroken about her sudden split with dancer Gene Nelson although Jane has stated that they may eventually resume their romance. (See story on page 32.)

Marie Wilson received a kiss and a radio from m.c. Art Linkletter while Bob Fallon looked on. Marie's popular TV show, *My Friend Irma,* takes up most of her time these days, but she found time recently to make a movie, *Marry Me Again,* for RKO.

A new, exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature: a nationally-known record expert gives you the latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS

by George Frazier

■ The era of the 1920's had its enchantments, but good dance bands were not among them—or at least there were none that still sound fresh and exciting when we play their phonograph records today. The golden age of the dance band did not arrive until the late 'thirties. Anyone who doubts this has only to listen to RCA Victor's new album containing two 12-inch, long-playing records of broadcasts made by Artie Shaw from the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln and the *Café Rouge* of the Pennsylvania during 1938-39. It is magnificent.

These broadcasts are evocative of the barrelhouse (the "cool" of its day) years when the giants in the land were Benny Goodman, Harry James, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, and Shaw himself.

Those were the years when people shagged in the aisles of the New York Paramount and when Shaw occasioned more than a minor furor by branding his followers morons. Nowadays Shaw, his head shaven and his autobiography, *The Trouble With Cinderella,* behind him, is a complacent and amiable man. At the time of these broadcasts, he was anything but.

Artie Shaw, who was born in New Haven, Connecticut, came from a poor family and grew up to become one of the most gifted clarinetists in history. He was never less than good copy. He had a habit of marrying extremely attractive girls—Ava Gardner, Betty Kern, Lana Turner, Kathleen Windsor—and divorcing them rather peremptorily. (It should be stated as a matter of record that he is now married, and blissfully so, to the former Doris Dowling. They had a son last July 4.) He was a romantic figure, trim and darkly handsome. Had he wished, he could conceivably have become a successful motion picture leading man. He handled himself with enormous effectiveness in *Second Chorus,* a movie he made with Paulette Goddard, Fred Astaire, and Burgess Meredith. But he was also, as he would be the first to concede, a complicated and confused individual who was undergoing the pain of psychoanalysis. He always had his talent, though, and that was bountiful. The band that played the *Café Rouge* and the Blue Room has rarely been equalled. One night without warning he failed to appear for work. The next day it was announced that he had departed for Mexico. Fortunately, before he left he had made the broadcasts you'll hear in this album.

Artie Shaw's clarinet, band produce great LP.

This is vigorous, high-riding music, with the brass biting against the cushion of the reeds, and the Shaw clarinet, and every minute the band swinging like mad. Here are redoubtable interpretations of "Carioca," "At Sundown," and *"El Rancho Grande."* Here, too, a version of "In The Mood" that runs more than six minutes and is completely out of this world. It is my own opinion that the Shaw band had a greater variety of soloists than Benny Goodman's. This album confirms that impression. Frankly, I cannot imagine anyone's reluctance to spend $8.95—an authentic bargain—for one of the most stimulating albums of dance music ever released.

Mention of the (*Continued on page 71*)

FOR MODERN SCREEN READERS ONLY:

SPECIAL ARTIE SHAW COLLECTORS' ITEM

The new Artie Shaw Album is going to be one of the most prized additions to your record collection, and we know you'll want to be in on the first edition. That's why MODERN SCREEN has made special arrangements with Artie Shaw to reserve your album in advance, *plus* a personally autographed inscription page with Artie's photograph and special message to you, made to fit right into your album. This offer is limited, so hurry!

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Directed by
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All at once the oil glands begin to *overwork*. The skin turns lazy—can't throw off its daily pile-up of dead cells. Soon these flakes build a layer over the pore openings. Then "pores" enlarge, blackheads begin to show.

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Cover face deeply, except eyes, with snowy-white Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the Cream on a full minute. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off that "choking" layer of dead skin cells. Frees the skin gland openings to function normally.

After 60 seconds—rinse off with cold water. Now—greasiness is gone, your skin has a brighter, clearer freshness! Start your "Young Skin" treatments now. See results right away!

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up! A touch of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a *fresher* powder base!

lives, fate (and MGM) brings them together for a movie to be made in far away Egypt.

Two lonely people . . . two very good looking people . . . thrown together for many months in a strange country, yes, I'm inclined to go along with Barbara and predict that the first new "romance" news of 1954 may very well be Eleanor Parker and Robert Taylor.

I might add that Barbara's prophecy also proves that she knows Bob better than any other human being in the world—and perhaps her real understanding is the reason he always comes back to her friendship time and time again—no matter how many romantic interludes ensue.

There is a tiny little strawberry birthmark on the cheek of Shelley Winters' baby, Vittoria, which Shell says will be removed when her daughter is a little older.

There's an old superstition that babies with birthmarks are destined for unusual and important paths in life—many of the world's geniuses had birthmarks.

I stole a month away from Hollywood—and had a time for myself in New York, even if it was a bit like a busman's holiday seeing all the Hollywood movie stars in their Broadway successes.

Deborah Kerr gives one of the most inspired performances I have ever seen in *Tea And Sympathy* and of course I went backstage to congratulate her.

We also talked about the absurd rumors linking her with Frank Sinatra and Deborah laughed and laughed about them. (But I must keep most of this for my feature story in this issue on the Frank-and-Ava affair.)

David Wayne got me wonderful front row tickets to his hit, *Tea House Of The August Moon*, an enchanting play. I'm afraid we've lost David from the movies for a while. He's moving his wife and family East because from all indications the show will run for years.

I ran into Van and Evie Johnson while on a shopping tour. I saw them before they saw me, so I said in a loud voice to the clerk, "Charge my purchases to Van Johnson." He nearly fell over when he saw his old pal from Hollywood.

Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac passed through the big town on their way to Paris where they will make a movie together. Earl Blackwell gave them a party at the Pen And Pencil and there were so many stars present I wondered who was left in Hollywood.

I say it does us all good to get to New York, particularly in the heady-wine months of the autumn. Sort of recharges our batteries—or something like that.

If there had not been so much at stake, the meeting between Susan Hayward and Jess Barker in the Children's Court of Conciliation might have been the comedy highlight of the month.

Jess had insisted that a reluctant Susan be brought to this court where the State of California does everything possible to reconcile divorcing parents for the sake of the children.

At the appointed hour, Susan, Jess and several newspaper photographers arrived and Judge Georgia Bullock stepped down from the bench to be photographed with the movie stars.

With this, Conciliator Margaret Harpstrite who was to have the actual job of trying to reconcile Susan and Jess, broke into tears and rushed from the courtroom weeping:

"*She* (Judge Bullock) gets all the publicity—and I do all the work. Let *her* try to reconcile those movie stars. I'm not going to miss my lunch hour again listening to their troubles!"

Suddenly, Susan and Jess who had not previously looked at one another, were around the weeping woman, patting her on the shoulder and telling her they wanted *her* to hear their troubles!

Susan and Jess sent out for coffee and sandwiches so their "reconciler" wouldn't miss her lunch again and pretty soon they settled down into a discussion—with the sniffles not from Susie.

But apparently, even the smiles the Barkers could hardly restrain when they looked at one another, did not help their private situation.

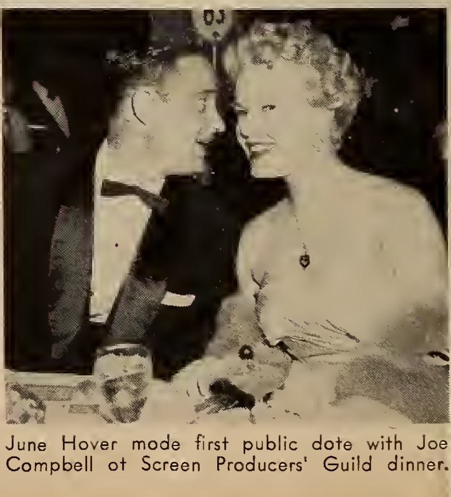
Susan says she no longer loves Jess.

Jess will file a countersuit asking for half of the $400,000 worth of community property he says Susan has tied up and for half-year custody of the twin boys.

Everyone is hoping this divorce will not become as bitter or black as the John Waynes'.

Not even in March has there ever been a gustier première than the one the California

Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall attended preem of their *How To Marry A Millionaire.*



June Haver made first public date with Joe Campbell at Screen Producers' Guild dinner.

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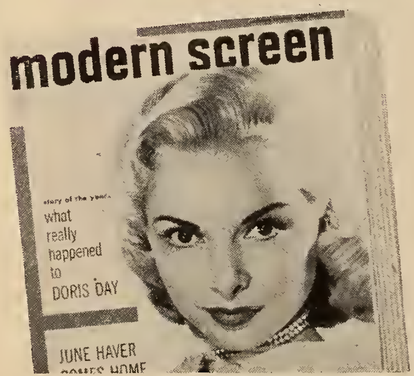

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weather man blew up for Joan Crawford's *Torch Song*. By showtime a gale forty-five miles an hour was howling through the lobby of the Warners Beverly Theatre and the lovely gals, arriving in their best finery, were literally "gone with the wind."

Zsa Zsa's (Gabor) white satin bouffant skirt was tossed so far over her head the TV cameras had to hastily turn away!

Jerry Lewis kept running up and down the sidelines sandwiching himself between the gallant, but frozen, fans and squealing in his little high voice, "I'm cold. *I'm cold!*"

Rory Calhoun took off his overcoat and wrapped it completely around his tiny Lita—already completely wrapped in ermine.

Everybody laughed when the TV camera boys asked Marge Champion to stop long enough to show her new Italian hair-do. A blast of wind hit her at just that minute and her hair stood straight up on her head like a fright-wig or as though it had been stiffened with an eggbeater.

But when Joan arrived, to the tune of much excitement and hurrahs from her loyal sidewalk fans, even the wind cooperated. It died down long enough for her to make a graceful little speech with neither her beautiful gown blowing nor a single hair getting out of place.

ENVY ME, girls, envy me. I had to come all the way to New York to get kissed by Robert Wagner who had always seemed a little nervous and buck-shy about me in Hollywood.

I guess New York just helps us let down the barriers because when I ran into Bob at a nightclub he threw his arms around me and gave me a big kiss.

He said he would take me out on a date and we'd do up the nightclubs except that he had to leave for the coast that same night.

I suppose, back home again, when he sees me he'll call me "Miss Parsons" again.

OF ALL PEOPLE, Marilyn Monroe (who usually is a mouse at social affairs) and Shelley Winters (who isn't) had a "set-to" at Nunnally Johnson's house following the première of *How To Marry A Millionaire*.

The cause? *Bob Mitchum!!* No, the girls weren't battling over his favor. Far from it. It was over his ability as an actor and whether he managed his career wisely! I ask you!

Later, Shelley said, "We weren't fighting—it was just an argument—about another actor's work."

Honest little Marilyn agreed, but piped up, "I guess we did raise our voices and talk real loud so it might have sounded like a fight."

HIGHLIGHTS of the Press Photographers' Costume Ball at the Mocambo:

Vera-Ellen was the cutest and most original. She came as a Christmas tree, covered from neck to knees in ornaments and wires. You could switch her on or off by pressing a battery in her hand.

Joan Crawford came in blackface for all the world like a feminine Al Jolson, only her dress was the tightest, tightest and greenest of the season.

Jeff Hunter and Barbara Rush were the most gruesome—ghastly pale, in long, ragged, black garments, straight out of a Charles Addams horror cartoon. Barbara even balanced a stuffed (dead) bird on her hand all evening.

Janet Leigh's Grecian Goddess outfit was just a bit of *this* in front and *that* in the back, but what there was of it was beautiful—and so was Janet.

Tony Curtis wore one of Richard Burton's costumes from *The Robe*.

Debbie Reynolds was a cute clown with a big red nose as bulbous as Cyrano's.

After promising to show up, the boys were a little miffed with Marilyn Monroe when she didn't.

ANN BLYTH, the happiest girl in the world, hopes her baby will be born on the first anniversary of her wedding to Dr. Jim McNulty, June 27.

"The doctor (not Dr. Jim!) says there's a chance," softly smiles Ann.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: The Ray Millands have made up—which is as it should be. The actress who, 'tis gossipped, caused all the trouble between them, has brought her mother to Hollywood to live—just as well, too.

All the redheaded glamour girls, Lucille Ball, Rhonda Fleming, Greer Garson, Arlene Dahl are wearing bright lipstick red dresses. On some it looks good. On others (?).

Donald O'Connor seems to have snapped out of his difficult mood—and high time. He

Dawn Addams, Kurt Kaszner chatted with Shelley Winters. Shell later tiffed with the Monroe.

Mother-to-be Ann Blyth hopes baby will be born on anniversary of her wedding to Dr. Jim.

Mrs. Jane Carlsan of New York City is a busy wife and mother, and as pretty as a picture.

"I use detergents 2500 times a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Six years ago, pretty Jane Carlsan had never even heard of "detergents." Now she uses them (just like you) thousands of times a year!

Detergents are a blessing when they *dissolve* grease and grime. But when they dissolve away natural oils and softness from your hands, they're a problem!

But Jane's hands stay so smooth and lovely, you wouldn't believe she ever touched a dishpan or mop. How does she do it? After detergents — after any harsh soap or cleanser, Jane puts pure, white Jergens Lotion on, right away.

A few drops help *replace* necessary softening moisture. Jergens penetrates instantly, doesn't just "coat" hands. It contains two ingredients doctors use for softening. (That's one reason why it's the world's most popular hand care.)

For Jane, the best proof of Jergens Lotion care is the flattery her hands get from her husband.

Detergents are here to stay. Make sure *your* hands stay pretty, too. Keep Jergens Lotion and use it regularly after each chore. You can do a housewife's job, but it's nice to have a sweetheart's hands.

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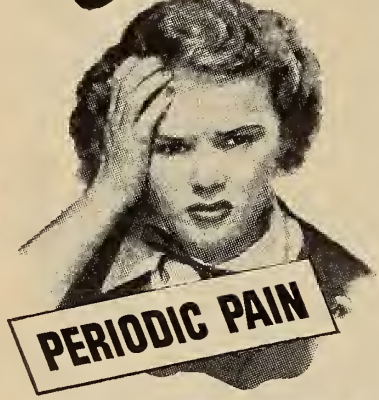

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. F-24, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

was really getting to be a headache.

Too many of our young stars are not paying the right attention to health: Joanne Gilbert has again dodged an appendix operation the doctor says she needs.

Rosemary Clooney has been working through *White Christmas* with a severe cold.

Ava Gardner's doctor tells her she must undergo surgery either here or in Rome before starting *Barefoot Contessa*.

The way Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea quickly shifted the "M. C." they'd already had embroidered on the baby things from Michael Christian to Mary Catherine—was pretty cute.

The Letter Box: Lillian De Becker writes such an interesting letter from Ohain-Bragant, Belgium, I'm going to let you peek over my shoulder:

"Maybe the views of a Belgian movie fan will interest you? Well, here they are:

"Are there so few interesting things going on in Hollywood that only Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis and Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas supply copy? We like them all, but fear indigestion.

"Unlike (what we read) American fans—we wish Rita Hayworth happiness in her marriage to Dick Haymes and want to see her in more pictures.

"On the other hand, we were definitely shocked by Jane Powell's behavior. Falling in love can happen to anybody—but her cynical attitude is beyond understanding." (Jane is more cynical than ever, Lillian. See our "lead" story this month.)

"We fans here believe that marriage to Michael Wilding has been a fine thing for Elizabeth Taylor whether or not he is 'too old' for her.

"Will you ask Olivia de Havilland why she never answers requests for letters or photographs? Isn't she interested that many of us think she is the finest of all screen actresses?

"Something must be done to get Mario Lanza back on the screen. We really miss this great artist.

"Other stars we hold in affection here are Barbara Stanwyck, Alan Ladd and William Holden—and you, Louella Parsons."

Thank you for your kind and interesting words, Lillian.

If you had three wishes

for your magazine, what would they be? A feature story on a new starlet? The inside tale of someone's rise to fame? Or perhaps an article on the happy home and family of your favorite personality. Well, you needn't rub a lamp or bribe a leprechaun. You can have your three wishes—or your three-and-twenty if you like—just by telling us about them. Read all the stories in this issue of MODERN SCREEN and then fill out and mail the form below. Just to make it all a little more magical, a brand new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first hundred people we hear from.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

☐ MODERN SCREEN'S Top Ten For 1953
☐ The Iron Man and The Redhead (Susan Hayward-Jeff Chandler)
☐ Ava And Frank Tell The Truth To Louella Parsons
☐ Jane's Strange Interlude (Jane Powell-Gene Nelson)
☐ A Fish-eye View Of Terry And Bob (Terry Moore-Bob Wagner)
☐ Behind Closed Doors (John Wayne)
☐ Catch *Me* Cookin'! (Jane Russell)
☐ The Waiting Game (Gregory Peck)
☐ Heston's Ivory Tower (Charlton Heston)
☐ Get Lost, Cupid! (Elaine Stewart)
☐ The "Wolf" At Farley's Door (Farley Granger)
☐ Mama Mayo (Virginia Mayo-Mike O'Shea)
☐ They Did It The Hard Way (Rory Calhoun-Lita Baron)
☐ Storm Over Hollywood (Gale Storm)
☐ The Road Straightens (Lucille Ball)
☐ Tony Throws No Bull (Anthony Quinn)
☐ Her Pool Runneth Over (Debra Paget)
☐ Dawn's Disorganized Nights (Dawn Addams)
☐ Hollywood Abroad
☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
☐ Just For The Records
☐ Movie Reviews
☐ TV Talk
☐ The Inside Story

Which of the stories did you like least?
____
____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.
____
____
____

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?
____
____
____

What MALE star do you like least?
____

What FEMALE star do you like least?
____

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Follow Doctor's Home Facial below. It's especially beneficial to dry, rough or blemished* skin. Noxzema supplies a film of oil and moisture that works night and day to help skin look fresher, prettier.

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps you keep it that way, too!

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A famous skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty routine—with a special beauty cream. It's actually a new cleansing method and a wonderfully effective home beauty treatment—all rolled-in-one!

Why it's so successful

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless* formula is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. It's *medicated*—aids healing—helps skin look clean and fresh! Here's all you do!

1 **Cleanse** your face by *washing* with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear after this 'cream-washing'! How fresh skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawn!

2 **Night Cream:** *Medicated Noxzema* supplies a protective film of oil and moisture—helps your skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! It's *greaseless*, too! No smeary pillow!

3 **Make-up base:** In the morning, 'cream-wash' again; then as your long-lasting powder base, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

Results are thrilling. Surveys show over a million women all over America have changed to this sensible beauty care. Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; *externally-caused blemishes; and especially for that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

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Look lovelier offer! For a limited time only, get 40¢ size Noxzema for only 29¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters.

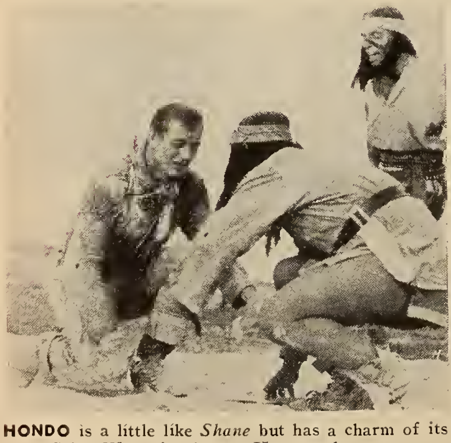
NOXZEMA skin cream

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

movie reviews

by florence epstein

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. The huge screen of CinemaScope lends itself beautifully to MGM's spectacular *Knights Of The Round Table,* to the cavernous, baronial halls, the masses of armor glinting in the sun during jousts and battle scenes. The story itself, based on Sir Thomas Malory's epic *Le Morte D'Arthur,* is rich in romance and sweeping in movement. Mel Ferrer as King Arthur (who easily draws the sword Excalibur from its anvil thus asserting his right to rule) and Robert Taylor as Lancelot, star in the tale of a kingdom rescued from darkness only to be plunged once again into desolation. Arthur ascends the throne, despite the scheming of Modred (Stanley Baker) and Morgan Le Fay (Ann Crawford), with Guinevere (Ava Gardner) as his bride. Guinevere is Lancelot's only love whom he must forsake because of loyalty to Arthur. Lancelot weds Elaine (Maureen Swanson) who lives far from royal Camelot and has a son, Galahad. But Elaine dies and Lancelot returns to have his pure love for Guinevere distorted into a plot to overthrow Arthur's rule. Tragedy follows but Lancelot, tossing Excalibur—symbol of England under Arthur—into the sea, pledges his life and the life of his son to the restoration of peace and union.



HONDO is a little like *Shane* but has a charm of its own. John Wayne's charm. He may be a gunman but if he couldn't draw first he'd have been dead long ago. It's the Southwest in 1874 which means he's just lost his horse—and nearly his scalp—to the Apaches when he appears on the ranch of Geraldine Page. My husband isn't here today, she tells him. From the way that ranch looks, he hasn't been there in months. Geraldine's small son (Lee Aaker) likes Wayne immediately. So does Geraldine. And Wayne—tough, cynical, a lone wolf—finds himself changing under their spell. There's still that husband, though, and those Apaches rising like yeast. Chief Michael Pate gallops in after Wayne's gone and looks longingly at Geraldine's blonde hair. Her son saves that day. Wayne saves all the rest in this moving Western. With Ward Bond. Warner-Color.—Warners.

THE MAN BETWEEN is set in postwar Berlin, a city torn in half. Hildegarde Neff lives in the Western Sector with her English husband Geoffrey Toone. They're visited by Goeffrey's sister Claire Bloom who is puzzled by Hildegarde's tense, wary behavior. Hildegarde introduces her to James Mason, an ex-lawyer turned black marketeer. As it happens, Mason is Hildegarde's husband (she had thought he was dead) and he works with a kidnap gang that snatches Claire by mistake. She and Mason fall in love—their feelings heightened by a pervasive sense of doom. In a thrilling flight over the rooftops, through the broken down houses, across the ruined foundations of East Berlin they share a brief if somewhat frantic happiness. This is a poignant film, beautifully acted. In the cast are Aribert Waescher, Dieter Krause.—Carol Reed Production, U.A.

THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY It starts on New York's East Side in 1904 where a lonely runt wants to be part of the Henry Street Sluggers (whose leader winds up in the electric chair). Richard Monda as little Eddie Cantor prohably resembles him more than Eddie did. The runt's grandma (Aline MacMahon) fears he'll grow into a "bummer," reluctantly lets him join Gus Edwards' kiddie revue. The rest is the building of one of the biggest names in show business. Keefe Brasselle (displaying remarkably athletic eyes) plays Cantor, the man whose singleminded devotion to fame almost cost him his marriage and broke his health. You'll hear all the songs, sense Ida's strength (Marilyn Erskine) and the strange emptiness a life in the limelight sometimes brings. Cast includes Arthur Franz, Alex Gerry, Jackie Barnett. Technicolor.—Warners.

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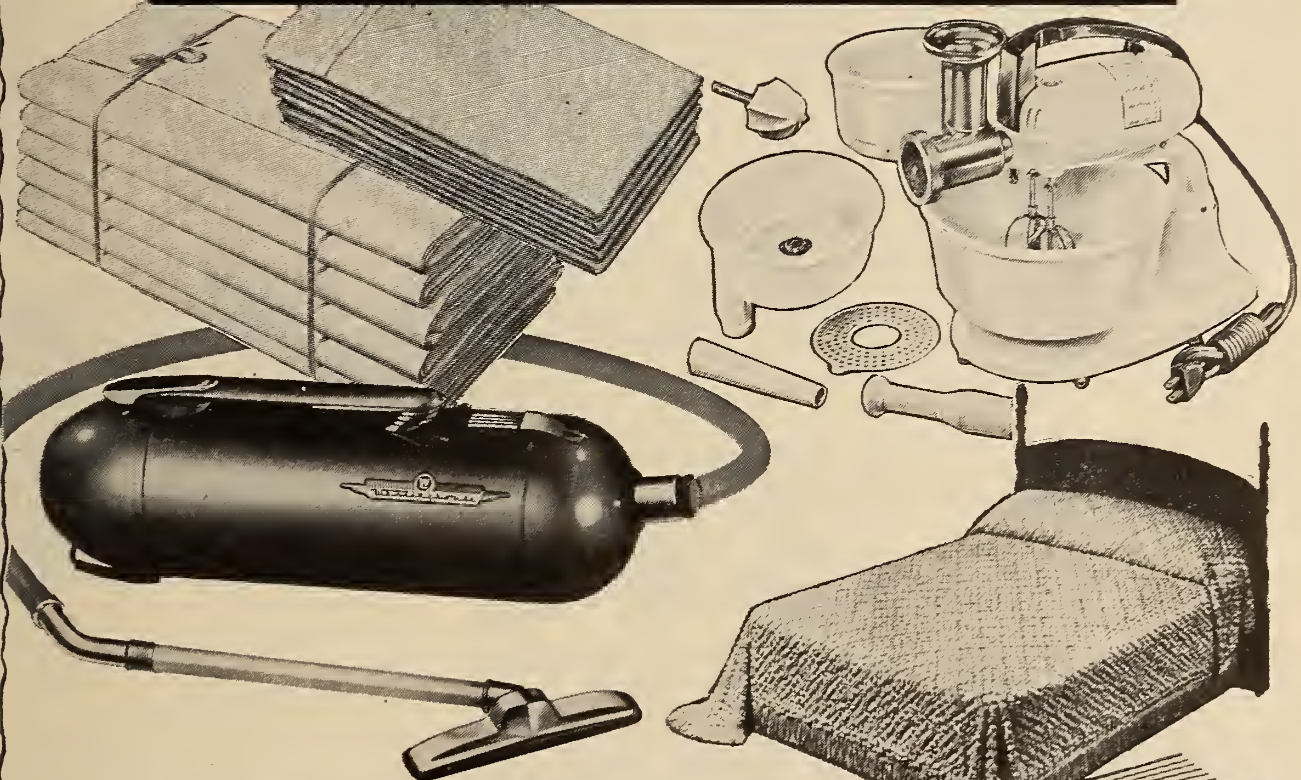

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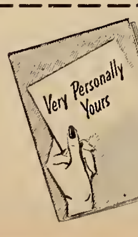

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

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Hazy about what happens and why — at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours" — the new, *free* booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations. Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and dont's a girl should *know*. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1024, Chicago 54, Ill.

THE GLASS WEB John Forsythe is a crime writer for TV and an otherwise honorable man. How did he ever get mixed up with siren Kathleen Hughes? How is he going to pay all those thousands she demands to keep his past a secret from wife Marcia Henderson? That's a problem, hut nothing like the one he has to face when Kathleen gets murdered. She had lots of admirers, among them Edward G. Robinson, researcher on Forsythe's show. Robinson's ambitious; he wants Forsythe's job and is so convinced of that boy's guilt he's willing to write a script about it for *Crime Of The Week*. Go ahead, says director Richard Denning who likes to keep his boys on their toes. Forsythe's mad—but that Robinson is a corker! Anyway, a couple of detectives are in the studio that night. They watch Forsythe, watch Robinson. They're so suspicious they even watch the commercial. *The Glass Web* is slick and suspenseful.—U-I

ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO Captain Bill Holden gets a bad reputation among his Civil War prisoners when he comes into camp dragging a runaway Southerner at the end of a rope. But Holden's not mean—just hard. It would take a woman to soften him—someone like Eleanor Parker who floats into camp for the wedding of the Colonel's daughter (Polly Bergen) to young officer Richard Anderson. Holden falls in love so fast it startles him. That's what Eleanor wanted—while his head is in the clouds her feet are covering ground with Southern officer John Forsythe. She's planned his escape from the fort along with buddies William Demarest and William Campbell. Holden tracks 'em down, would drag 'em back, too, if those crazy Indians would stop shooting arrows. But they don't. Maybe the palefaces are doomed, maybe not. Either way, Eleanor Parker makes those last few moments worthwhile for Holden.—MGM

FORBIDDEN Some girls are just unlucky in love. Like Joanne Dru. Every guy who proposes turns out to be a gangster. Except Tony Curtis—and she jilted him. When her last husband was bumped off Joanne had to leave the States or his ex-partners would've done her in. All around the world she goes, to Maçao where Lyle Bettger pops the question between dodging assassins. Tony follows her to Maçao—not for love, for the money he'll pocket by bringing her back alive to Philadelphia (his boss wishes to lay hands on the incriminating evidence she has tucked in a vault). One look at Joanne and Tony knows he's still nuts about that mixed-up kid. And vice versa. Lyle doesn't take this kindly. And Tony's boss who's having him shadowed by a thug (Marvin Miller) wasn't planning a wedding party.—Universal

EASY TO LOVE There's a water sequence to end all such sequences in *Easy To Love,* but it won't. Esther Williams comes skimming over the Atlantic Ocean on skis in the company of a flotilla of 4-H boys waving banners. Suddenly she hoists herself up on a trapeze conveniently suspended from a helicopter and dives into what looks like Niagara Falls (if you can picture Niagara falling up instead of down). This movie is spectacular, to say the least. Water, water everywhere and not a plot to speak of. Well—there's Van Johnson. He owns The Cypress Gardens concession in Florida, Esther is the star of his aquacade. She's mad about him but he can't see her for the money she pulls in. John Bromfield, her muscular swimming partner, would wed her. Singer Tony Martin would woo her lavishly (no ring, though). Esther strings them both along for the love of Van. Technicolor.—MGM

FLIGHT TO TANGIER Jack Palance is stuck all the way out in Tangier because the folks at home think he's a war hero when all the time it was some other guy. So here he is flying crates for anybody who'll pay him, and some pretty shady characters have money in Morocco. Lucky for Palance he wasn't flying the plane that just blew up. His friend was flying it, delivering a man who'd bought his way out of Communist territory. No bodies in the debris. Could be Palance's friend forced that poor multimillionaire to parachute right into the arms of Commies. Nice scenery. Corinne Calvet, Joan Fontaine. Joan says she's engaged to the flyer who "crashed" but she didn't flick an eyelash at his disappearance. Corinne is in some funny business with men who have "spy" written across their faces. It gets hot in Tangier for those girls. Also for Palance, who's being hunted by everybody. Confused? Wait till you see the movie! Technicolor.—Paramount

BOTANY BAY Eight months at sea can be real boring unless you have the ingenuity of James Mason. Mason is sailing this load of prisoners to Australia and to pass his time he metes out justice in the form of flogging, keel-hauling, weeks in solitary. You don't have to be guilty to get justice, just handy. Alan Ladd always is. I don't belong on this ship, he keeps crying as they wrap him in rope and pull him under the keel. A lot of people don't belong—like Pat Medina who belongs at the Copacabana. Anyway it's a tough voyage full of small dramas. A little boy (James Hardy) pays for his heroism with death. His mother (Dorothy Patten) tries stabbing Mason but you can't stab stone. Mason gets his, though, in Australia which begins to look like heaven. Technicolor, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke.—Paramount

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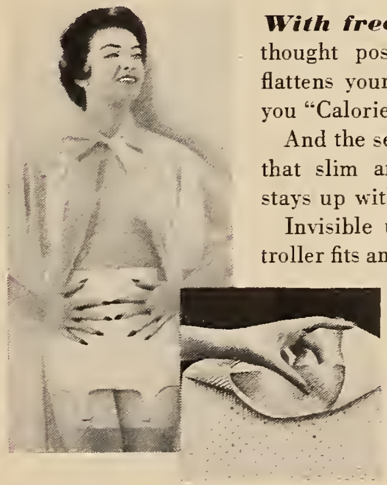

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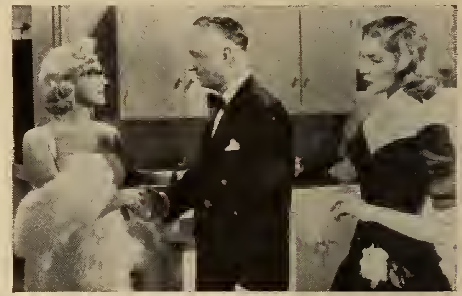
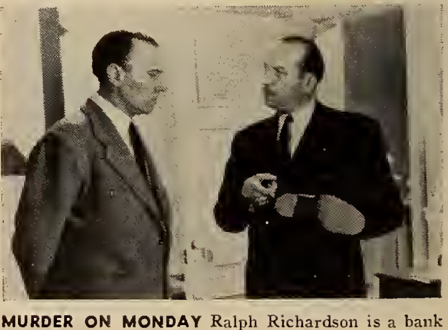
DELL BOOKS

THE WILD ONE Marlon Brando is the leader of the Black Rebels Motorcycle Club. What they're rebelling against they can't tell you. Forty of 'em, looking like hopped-up hoodlums, zoom over the highways in an endless flight to nowhere. Violence rides with them into a small town where Mary Murphy lives with her ineffectual police officer father Robert Keith. Brando goes for Mary who is attracted but mainly frightened by this inarticulate, quick-tempered fellow. Another bunch of cyclists led by Lee Marvin roll in. Turns out Lee's bunch are enemies of Brando's bunch. Pretty soon there's a lot of fighting and hysteria. *The Wild One* is a study of lost men lashing out at a world they can't claim. It's also a graphic account of what happens when others, no less lost, but perhaps more resigned, try to control them. Stanley Kramer production. Jay C. Flippen, Hugh Sanders, Yvonne Doughty.—Col.



HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE This is 20th Century-Fox's second venture in CinemaScope and all it proves is: a good movie is good, no matter how you serve it. Three models—Lauren Bacall, Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable—rent a penthouse they can't afford. It isn't the view they like, it's the vision of millionaires. Bacall won't even talk to a man unless he's groaning under the weight of thousand-dollar bills. Marilyn will talk to anyone (she's so blind she can't even tell if it's human) and Betty, the naive, warmhearted type, goes up to a lodge in Maine with Fred Clark on the assumption that it'll be swarming with Elks. The adventures of these three are too long and complicated to relate. For Bacall there are wealthy William Powell and "gas pump jockey" Cameron Mitchell. For Monroe, Alex D'Arcy and nearsighted David Wayne. For Grable, Rory Calhoun. Go see *How to Marry A Millionaire.* It's lavish and lots of fun. Technicolor.—20th-Fox



MURDER ON MONDAY Ralph Richardson is a bank clerk and so methodical you could wind him instead of a clock. He and his wife (Margaret Leighton) live in a cozy English town, belong to a social club, grow chrysanthemums. One night, precisely at seven, Richardson crosses the threshold of his home into disaster. His distraught wife assures him he's been away for twenty-four hours. Absurd, he says, isn't today Monday? Well, no. It's Tuesday. Whatever happened to Monday? Doctor Jack Hawkins calls it amnesia. Police Inspector Campbell Singer demands a better explanation. Because on Monday the social club's steward was murdered. Richardson hated that steward. He also needed money and it seems that the club's treasury has just been looted. Is Richardson capable of such heinous crimes? With Michael Shepley, Meriel Forbes.—London Films

SINS OF JEZEBEL Paulette Goddard, as "the most wicked woman in history," descends on Jezreel in the 9th century, B.C. to become the crafty bride of Eduard Franz. Franz is King of Israel. Paulette is the Phoenician Princess Jezebel who has some ideas, all of them crazy. Bewildered Franz builds a temple for Paulette's god, Baal, and sits there waiting for rain. As Elijah (John Hoyt) prophesied, there'll be no water in Israel while Baal's burning bright. All Baal's prophets get in a circle on Mt. Carmel and ask the sun to move over. It won't budge. Elijah steps forth, opens his mouth and—Bam! lightning strikes. Shortly followed by Paulette. She orders Elijah and all his followers (Ludwig Donath among them) killed. Franz goes forth to fight the Syrians and that's the end of him. As for Jezebel—her days are numbered. Pity.—Ansco Color, Lippert.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

KISS ME KATE (*MGM*): A glorious, riotous dish that has just about everything—Cole Porter tunes, Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel to sing them, Ann Miller to dance to them and top comedy performances by everyone in the cast. Technicolor.

THE JOE LOUIS STORY (*U.A.*): Coley Wallace giving a sensitive performance in this fine film about the great champion. An honest and moving portrait of the Brown Bomber on the Glory Road as well as a picture of the years before and after he earned his title.

CALAMITY JANE (*Warners*): Doris Day and Howard Keel at their top singing, loving and comic form, straightening out all sorts of improbable and hilarious mishaps involving the charming Miss Allyn McLerie. Technicolor.

SO BIG (*Warners*): Jane Wyman giving a beautiful performance as Edna Ferber's beloved character, Selina DeJong. The picture takes Selina from young womanhood through her life as a wife and mother on an almost barren farm. Sterling Hayden and Nancy Olson are around to make it all worth while.

CRAZYLEGS, ALL-AMERICAN (*Hall Bartlett*): The true story of one of the greatest of gridiron heroes, with Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch playing himself, assisted by Joan Vohs and authentic football scenes.

TORCH SONG (*MGM*): Joan Crawford as a spoiled and gorgeous prima donna, rescued from a nervous breakdown by blind, but affectionate Michael Wilding. All this and Crawford's gorgeous gams, too.

MOGAMBO (*MGM*): Ava Gardner switches from chasing maharajahs to hunting hunters when she bumps into safari-leader Gable in Africa. Gorgeous scenery, wild animals, and Gable's love for Grace Kelly can't compete with Ava's Technicolored talents.

THE ROBE (*20th-Fox*): This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new CinemaScope (realism without goggles) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel. Heading the huge cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Technicolor.

LITTLE FUGITIVE: Wonderful newcomer Richie Andrusco as a seven-year-old who thinks he has killed his brother and runs away to Coney Island for a mixed-up, riotous day. Independently produced, this picture took top honors at the Venice Festival.

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE (*Para*): 3-D, Technicolor and music! This one is just good fun, as could be expected when singing sister Teresa Brewer, writing sister Rhonda Fleming and loving sister Cynthia Bell arrive in a wild Alaska frontier town.

He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!" 'Specially formulated to vanish instantly... leaving no sticky feel, no oily film... just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

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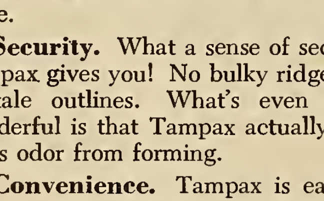
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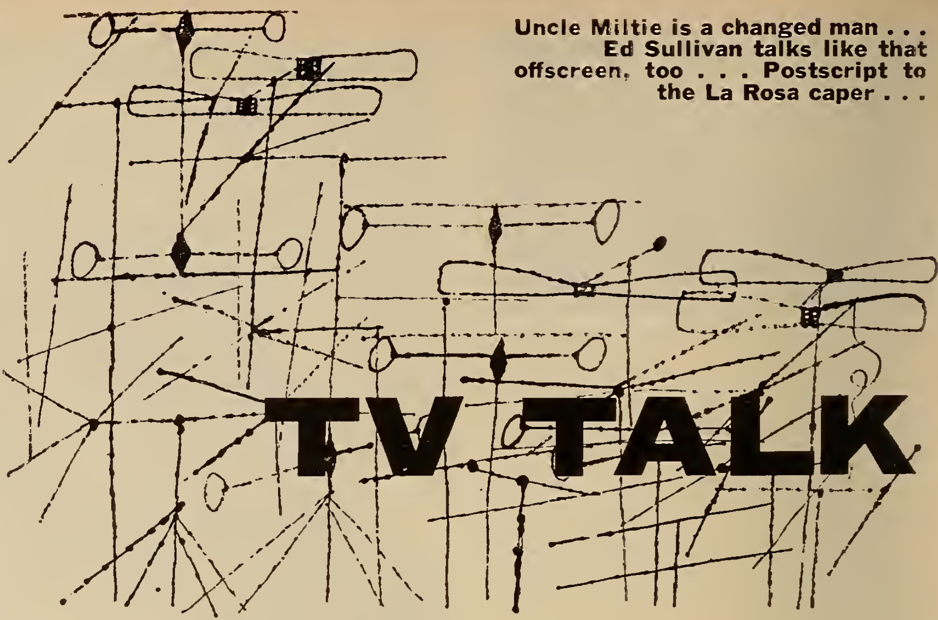

TV TALK

Uncle Miltie is a changed man . . . Ed Sullivan talks like that offscreen, too . . . Postscript to the La Rosa caper . . .

Jerry Lester, whose career is not exactly booming, still thinks he's a big star. Jerry is followed everywhere he goes by a small retinue that knocks itself out laughing at all his sallies. The followers look daggers at anyone else around who doesn't double up in hysterics every time Jerry pulls a funny. It's not the way to win extra friends offscreen. . . . Yet someone like **Milton Berle,** whose career has never been in better shape, has never been so subdued. When you hear about Uncle Miltie's temperament, throw in a few grains of salt. He still blows his whistle during rehearsals and clambers around demanding changes in everything from the cues to the music. But he is a changed man—just as his show is a changed production. Milton knew he was in trouble with his old show, and he pays out of his own pocket every week to Goodman Ace, who writes the new one. He also knows his lines most of the time now. Remember how he used to stumble and ad lib his way through the hour? Watch him closely now, and you'll see that he's learned his lines. He's also learned his lesson: You can't slop through and come through. A few other comics could profit if they'd wake up, too . . . Milton and his steady girl, **Ruth Cosgrove,** are the center of attention everywhere they go. Ruth—who gave up her publicity job to give more time to Miltie—is not beautiful; she's the handsome, full-blown type. She dresses simply and wears vibrant colors that go with her dark hair and eyes. She's very quiet. One thing's for sure: You can't even hint that he's ever had a fault around Ruth . . . Some of the best reading around is the mail that's written to **Dorothy Collins.** Some of the *Hit Parade* viewers want to know if her father was killed in an accident at a tobacco plantation—and if that's why her cigarette sponsor hired her. 'Tain't so, of course. And some people still wonder if the little white blouse she wears is her only one. It used to be, but it isn't now. What with her income, and her husband's (the show's bandleader, **Raymond Scott**) she can buy a lot more now . . . **Eva Gabor** is more than just one of the fabulous Gabor sisters. She is also a very kind lady who will pitch in and work for a friend. In her summer stock appearances, she's been known to paint posters, sort tickets, and all but sweep out the theatre —just because she liked the people who were running the place . . . **Peter Lind Hayes** and **Mary Healy** almost didn't get married because Peter's mother, the famous vaudevillian **Grace Hayes,** hated Mary. She's changed her mind now, and they're the best of friends . . . **Martin Agronsky** is one of the happiest married men in Washington or anywhere else. The little dark commentator lives in a rambling modern house on the outskirts of the city with his ebullient redheaded wife, Helen, and their four young children. It's a casual-seeming household, with the children and the Agronskys' cats running in and out; but Helen can whip up a meal faster than anyone in town. She never has to fix breakfast for her husband, though. Martin's up and out of the house and off to work before the baby cries in the morning. He just grabs a quart of milk and heads for his office . . . One way **Theodore Granik** gets the high-caliber guests he does for *American Forum Of The Air* is with his yacht. He takes people sailing on the Potomac, and first thing they know they're on his program . . . **Martha Rountree,** the thin girl with the so-Southern accent, uses her elegant Washington home to snag her guests. They show up for cocktails and go away committed to the next Rountree show. Most of them are quite happy about it, however, because then they get to spout on television without paying for the privilege. It's a rare Congressman who would pass up that opportunity . . . **Ed Sullivan,** in person, is one of the slowest-talking gents around. His low-pressure introducing on *Toast Of The Town* is no act. Ed's just a careful man when it comes to talking. He can take forever to get through a sentence, both on and off the screen. He and his trim wife live in a small New York hotel-apartment. It's so small that it doesn't even contain a diningroom. They don't really need one because they eat out all the time. Ed wouldn't be much fun to cook for anyway. He's had ulcers for years, and his diet is almost as restricted as **Fred Allen's** (Allen eats hardly anything but fruit and lettuce). The Sullivan apartment is also his office. He writes his column and plans his TV show there. Now that their daughter is married, he and Mrs. S. have no one left when the secretaries go home except Boj, a barking black poodle named after Ed's old friend, the late **Bill "Bojangles" Robinson** . . . **Sarah Churchill's** slim and handsome husband Tony Beauchamps (pronounced Bee-cham) watches every detail of her work. When they look at kinescopes together, Tony watches every little camera angle . . . Of all the people making television films, **Lilli Palmer** is probably the most definite about what she wants. She saves her ladylike charm for when the cameras are rolling . . . **The Continental** (Renzo Cezana) is one of the most intelligent, unassuming men you could meet. He's likely to carry on a conversation about the 17th century popes if you don't watch out. And, in private life, he doesn't try to impress the ladies. He'd rather talk to the men than court the women . . . **Arthur Godfrey** is still scared about the public's reaction to him after the firing of **Julius LaRosa.** One trouble with Godfrey is that he cannot be diplomatic with the press—as CBS well knows. When he starts talking, he talks too much and ends up with his foot sticking in his mouth. The whole incident about Julie would have blown right over if only Arthur had kept still. But he had to go and start talking about "humility"—a word that will dog him forever. He's still sulking, saying that the press gave him a raw deal. He thinks they had it in for him, and some of them might have, too—because for years the great Godfrey had been one of the most inaccessible and aloof of all stars. One thing that no one mentioned during all the publicity was Godfrey's aim to hold a government post. He very much wanted a job in the Eisenhower administration, but he doesn't have a chance now . . . It may be sour grapes, but **Eddie Fisher's** rivals talk about how he can't stay on key. It doesn't seem to hurt his popularity any, though . . . **Ezio Pinza** takes his onstage lovemaking more seriously than anyone else, or so the ladies in his show say . . . People are still talking about **Orson Welles'** temperament when he slipped into New York to do *King Lear* on *Omnibus*. He kept everyone hopping with his demands, even sending abroad for certain garments that he could not go on without. The shops in New York were full of the same thing, but Orson had to have his own imported . . . **Faye Emerson** writes her column in record time. One day she called her lunch date and said she'd be twenty minutes late because she had to do her column before she could leave! She's been the envy of every other writer ever since . . . Another by-product of the Godfrey-LaRosa incident was the publicity about **Janette Davis's** age—thirty-six . . . Away from the TV screen, **Ed Murrow** leads one of the most luxurious lives of any of the stars. The main reason, of course, is that he is also a member of the board of CBS—which would help anybody's income. Ed also owns part of his new show, *Person To Person,* which gives him a nice capital-gains deal. The Murrows—Ed, Janet, and young son Casey—own and live in a very large, quiet apartment on Park Avenue. A subdued place—which suits Ed and Janet—its only really informal note is Casey's room. It's full of the paraphernalia of all boys. The final touch: His electric trains are sometimes set up so that they go from his room into the hall, through the guest room, across the bathroom, and back into his room! The Murrows' home life revolves around Casey, who was born many years after they thought they'd never have a child. The Murrows' country place—which Ed, in his typical understatement, calls a "log cabin"—is a real layout. Now that his shows have been shifted to weekdays, he's free to use it, too. And he's a mean duck-hunter. One of the hardest-working people in the business, Murrow still manages to have his fun . . . **Peg Lynch,** who writes *Ethel and Albert* and plays the part of Ethel, is a fanatic gardener—and a good one.

Men found Sue extremely attractive in the clear, bracing outdoors where it* wasn't noticeable, but indoors where the air was heavier and contacts closer, her trouble became all too apparent. Admiration turned quickly to indifference . . . the penalty a girl usually pays when she is guilty of *halitosis (bad breath).

And one of the worst things about halitosis is that it is so easy to offend without even realizing it. Halitosis comes and goes . . . absent one day, present the next . . . and you may never know when. So why rely on lesser precautions when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a record of *proven* performance.

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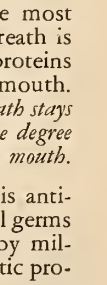

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is Joan Crawford a tyrant as a mother? Do her four adopted children really love her? —C.L., Findlay, Ohio.

A. *Miss Crawford is a well-loved disciplinarian.*

Q. What is Zsa Zsa Gabor's real name and when, if ever, was she elected Miss Hungary?—T.W., Woonsocket, R. I.

A. *Zsa Zsa's real name is Sarri Gabor; she was runner-up in the Miss Hungary contest of 1938.*

Q. Is it true that Lou Costello of Abbott & Costello is slowly dying of a rheumatic heart?—V.E., Colton, Cal.

A. *Costello has had several bouts with rheumatic fever.*

Q. I understand Humphrey Bogart is renouncing motion pictures in favor of television. True or false? —R.D., Corpus Christi, Tex.

A. *Bogart plans to do both. Right now his agent is offering to co-star Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall, in a filmed series of* TV *shorts.*

Q. In pictures like *Mighty Joe Young* and *King Kong*, are the gorillas real? —M.W., Washington, D. C.

A. *No.*

Q. I understand that Loretta Young, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Doris Day, June Haver, and Betty Hutton were all raised without fathers. Is this true? —T.C., Trenton, N.J.

A. *Each of these actresses is a product of a broken home.*

Q. I keep reading all the time of the many trips Spencer Tracy takes abroad. Never once have I read of Mrs. Tracy's going with him. What goes with these two? —R.A., Albany, N. Y.

A. *Mrs. Tracy has devoted much of her life to the John Tracy Clinic for the benefit of deaf children. She is one of Hollywood's really great women.*

Q. Is it true that Glenn Ford wears a girdle?—B.V., West Sacramento, Calif.

A. *No.*

Q. Is it true that Liz Taylor's hair went straight after the birth of her baby and that she gained fifty pounds? —P.K., Hutchinson, Minn.

A. *There was no hair change but an eighteen-pound increase in weight. Diet has now removed this excess.*

Q. Will you please tell me why Doris Day puts her tongue against her teeth when she is photographed? Also what happened to her first two husbands? —J.T., Columbia, S. C.

A. *Miss Day does not put her tongue against her teeth before being photographed. Her two former husbands are musicians who play with bands.*

Q. Did June Haver ever receive a Papal annulment of her marriage to Jimmy Zito? —F. B., Smyrna, Ga.

A. *No.*

Q. Michael Rennie, James Mason, Stewart Granger, Ronald Colman, Michael Wilding, Ray Milland, Cary Grant—why is Hollywood filled with so many British actors? —E. E., Worcester, Mass.

A. *These men are competent, well-trained professionals who like the California climate and the American dollar.*

Q. What has Lauren Bacall been doing the past few years? —G E., Des Moines, Iowa

A. *She is a busy mother.*

Q. I understand that the Nevada Tax Commission has granted Frank Sinatra a State gambling license for a 2% interest in the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas. How much did Frankie pay for that interest and what is his financial condition? —G. T., Reno, Nev.

A. *Sinatra paid $54,000 for his 2% interest. He owes the Government $90,000 in back taxes which he pays off at the rate of $1,000 per week when he's working. He also pays his first wife a minimum of $25,000 a year for the support of their three children.*

Q. Is it on the level that Ann Blyth and her older sister, Mrs. Dorothy McElligott have had a long-time feud and that Dorothy was not invited to Ann's wedding? —G. E., Needles, Cal.

A. *Ann and her sister are not on the best of terms, but Ann insists she sent a wedding invitation to her sister at Barstow, California. Dorothy claims she never received the invitation from Ann.*

Q. Does Jimmy Stewart own a cattle ranch next to Bing Crosby's in Elko, Nevada? —Y. E., Denver, Col.

A. *Stewart paid $700,000 for a one-third interest in the 150,000-acre Wilkins ranch which adjoins Bing Crosby's.*

Q. About the Arthur Godfrey-Julius LaRosa case: they tell me that everyone in show business has known for years that Godfrey is an absolute tyrant on all his programs. Is this true? —B.E., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Godfrey has long ruled behind scenes with an iron hand.*

Q. Why is it that Shelley Winters can't get along with people? Why was her salary attached at Las Vegas? —E.D., Ellenville, N.Y.

A. *Miss Winters is temperamental. Her salary of $15,000 was attached by her ex-press agent Russell Birdwell for alleged unpaid percentage fees due him.*

Q. We have a very large bet. Can you tell me who said, "Flowers in Hollywood smell like dirty old dollar bills?" Thank you. —J.F., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Writer Dorothy Parker.*

Q. What is the exact relationship between Deborah Kerr and a tall dark man named Bert Allenberg? Is that why Deborah plans a divorce? —H.E., London, Eng.

A. *Bert Allenberg is Miss Kerr's agent. She plans no divorce.*

Q. Did MGM really refuse to take Mario Lanza back for *The Student Prince?*

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is it true that Richard Widmark was offered the lead in *The Caine Mutiny* but that Fox refused to loan him out, whereupon Columbia signed Van Johnson? —V.R., Victor, Col.

A. *Yes.*

Sought-after models have it... so can you!

"If your income depended on your complexion the way mine does," says famous Mary Killeen, "I'll bet you'd do what I do—wash your face faithfully every day with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Believe me, it works *wonders!*" Ivory can work wonders for *you*, too!

That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

Nursery cuties have it... so can you!

You and Baby Nan Lynn both have reasons for preferring the mildest *possible* skin soap. And that's Ivory's special claim to fame, *mildness!* More doctors, more skin specialists advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than any other soap! Let Ivory baby *your* skin!

You can have That Ivory Look ... a week from today!

Yes, that's how fast this lovely new look happens! Just change today to regular care and pure, mild Ivory. Then watch your skin grow prettier! In only 7 days your complexion will be dramatically softer, smoother, younger-looking! You'll have That Ivory Look!

99 44/100% pure... it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

New! a shampoo that *Silkens* *your hair!*

You—yes, *you*—can know the thrill of silken hair! After one Drene shampoo, your hair will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk—be so obedient! Instantly—thrillingly—Drene *silkens* your hair!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

Lathers like lightning—

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.

This is a *New* Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

June Allyson	**1**	*John Wayne*
Elizabeth Taylor	**2**	*Alan Ladd*
Marilyn Monroe	**3**	*Bing Crosby*
Jane Powell	**4**	*Rock Hudson*
Susan Hayward	**5**	*Jeff Chandler*
Doris Day	**6**	*Robert Taylor*
Lana Turner	**7**	*Clark Gable*
Barbara Stanwyck	**8**	*Tony Curtis*
Ann Blyth	**9**	*Gregory Peck*
Betty Grable	**10**	*Dale Robertson*

modern screen's top ten for 1953

■ Modern Screen's editors are devoted to the job of making this magazine exactly what its readers want it to be. We make no bones about it. We ask your advice each month in selecting the stars you want to read about; we ask your criticism of the way we cover your favorites. And you really tell us! This year's list of winners, announced on this page, is your list; you chose the winners and you did yourselves proud. Let's look at the record, as you set it down in Modern Screen's Popularity Poll.

The Duke is King once more. You crowned him for the first time in 1951 and none of the cute youngsters has deposed him yet. The Crown Prince, again, is Alan Ladd; his European-made movies (you're seeing them now) are the latest proof of his consistent top performances.

The Queen this year is our June. She slipped from her seat of state in 1952 after holding it for two years, to make room for Jane Powell—who holds fourth rank this time. And your favorite couple, our figures tell us, is Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. We couldn't agree with you more heartily.

A newcomer to the poll (but no surprise to anyone, especially to you who put her there) is the most talked-of doll of 1953—Marilyn Monroe. Right now she's busy proving her claim to third place by turning out top-notch comedy performances. Last year, you remember, you placed her on the list of promising new stars. This year you've chosen Keefe Brasselle and Elaine Stewart as the screen's most hopeful discoveries. Next year their names may appear on the Modern Screen Popularity Poll as two of your favorite ten stars. We're sure you're as *(Continued on page 65)*

THE WINNERS: John Wayne captures the top spot for male stars for third consecutive year; June Allyson regains first place among the women after slipping to second in 1952.

Childhood sweethearts? Tearful twosome? Or Hollywood's hottest new romance? What's with these two from Brooklyn?

BY JIM NEWTON

The IRON MAN and the REDHEAD

■ Jeff Chandler is a nice guy—frank, self-effacing, straight-to-the-point.

Ask him about his relationship to Susan Hayward, and he cocks that handsome, greying head of his to one side and gives you a slow, sheepish grin.

"This is a pretty ticklish spot we're in," the iron man says. "I'm separated from my wife. Susan is separated from her husband. Sure, we're allowed to go out, but technically we're both still married. What do you want me to say? That she's a very fine actress?"

You know that. What you'd like to know is whether or not he and Susan have any plans. How friendly are they?

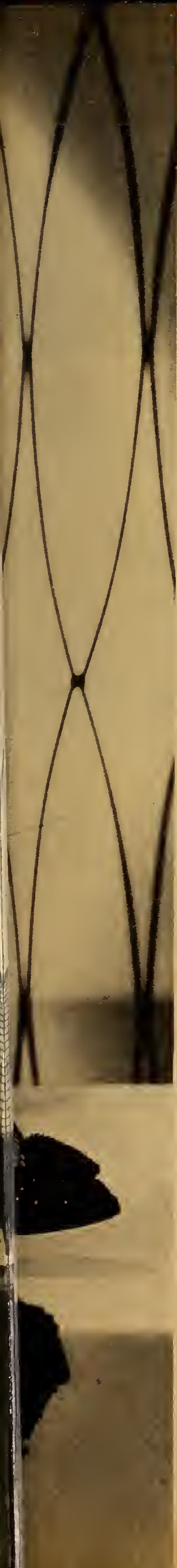
An actor whose conduct has always been exemplary, Jeff says honestly, "I'm not qualified to talk about anyone's future except my own. Right now, my wife Marge is shopping around for a lawyer, so I can say definitely that in the future I'll be divorced. After that, who knows?"

According to the newspapers, Jeff and Susie Hayward are a big romance. Supposedly, they were high school sweethearts and now that they are both in Hollywood and both getting divorces, they are taking up where they left off in Brooklyn twenty years ago.

Jeff smiled. (*Continued on page 64*)

AVA AND FRANK

tell the truth to Louella Parsons



Behind the mocking headlines is the true and tragic story of the Sinatras— too much in love to tell each other so!

"I'd give up my career and anything else to be with him," Ava says. But she failed to appear at his Sands opening, claiming he had not invited her. To Frank's anger and dismay, she consulted a lawyer.

A tragic-eyed clown, Frank said goodbye to fellow-workers in Las Vegas, returned to Hollywood—and separation announcements.

■ If Ava Gardner had only picked up the telephone and talked to Frank Sinatra, or if Frankie had overcome that innate stubbornness and said, "Let's forget it, darling. We love each other," Frankie would not have been in such a state that he landed in Mount Sinai Hospital and Ava wouldn't have consulted a lawyer and threatened divorce.

But this was much too simple a procedure for two people who have always chosen the hard way and let their quarrels become public knowledge. The night before Frankie's doctor put him into a New York hospital, he was in a state bordering on a nervous breakdown. He was so bitterly depressed that he told me he didn't care about his career. He wanted to give it up. He didn't care whether he lived or died. Strangely enough, it was the first time he hadn't berated Ava since their separation. On the contrary, he told me what a great girl she is. But he couldn't understand why she had accepted a picture in Rome that would again put miles between them.

In Hollywood Ava was just as sick and unhappy as Frank but she confided to a close friend that she couldn't stand any more and it was for her own health and peace of mind that she decided she must leave Frankie even though she adored him. So she accepted *The Barefoot Contessa* that would take her miles away.

But when she heard that Frankie was sick she telephoned him three times—and he rushed to the coast to see her. If they make up again, how long will it last? No one on earth can possibly answer that baffling question.

I was in Las Vegas twice while Frank was singing at the Sands Hotel at that fabulous resort which is becoming the entertainment center *(Continued on page 74)*

Jane's strange interlude

"Even when they dance," a columnist said, "they seem to be putting on an act." Later, in public, they had nothing to say to each other.

Jane and Gene destroyed two homes, and did it all for love. But now the idyll seems over and Hollywood is asking, "How long is a temporary goodbye?"

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ The prophets of gloom and the countless members of the I-Told-You-So League have gathered to mourn the passing of the Jane Powell-Gene Nelson love affair. Undoubtedly, you have read their comments

"That Gene Nelson! Why doesn't he marry the girl?"

"Right at the start, I knew no good would come of it."

"I feel sorry for Jane, but it serves her right for leaving her husband."

"Maybe Geary Steffen wasn't glamorous, but at least he loved her. How long can she say the same about this dancing fellow?" That's the kid of post-mortem currently making the rounds in Hollywood.

At this writing, even though they have separated, Jane Powell and Gene Nelson are still in love. Eventually, if this love stands the test of time and the test of separation, they hope to get married.

"We have decided," Jane announced through her studio last November, "that this is the best thing for both of us at this time. We hope that the situation can be worked out, but in the meantime we both will be seen with other people."

The significant part of the announcement is, "We hope that the situation can be worked out."

No one said, "This situation is hopeless. Gene and I have decided that we're finished. We have no intention of seeing each other again."

All of this means simply that Jane and Gene have decided on a trial separation to test their love.

They must find out what their lives would be like without each other. They want to date other people in order to evaluate the constancy of their affection

(*Continued on page* 70)

IT TOOK A SPECIAL BATHING SUIT FOR TERRY, A STRONG PAIR OF LUNGS FOR BOB, AND AN AQUA LUNG TO

a fish-eye view of
TERRY & BOB

story and pictures by Peter Gowland

Modern Screen sank a photographer, camera, stars and all, to get these amazing and exclusive underwater color shots.

KEEP THE PHOTOGRAPHER DOWN—BUT NOW WHO SAYS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO ACT UNDER WATER?

■ This is the story of one of the wackiest days I ever spent with a couple of actors. Wacky, but instructive, exciting and a lot of fun. I am a photographer, probably because I once wanted to be an actor. After 20th Century-Fox and Universal-International looked at the tests they'd made of me, they turned thumbs down. I had enough sense to pick up a camera to earn a living.

But I still like actors, which leads me to this day with Terry Moore and Bob Wagner. As you know, they appear together in a whale of a good picture called *Beneath The Twelve-Mile Reef*. When I ran into them in the studio commissary one day, I kidded them about not being able to play their scenes under water.

"Don't be ridiculous," Terry said. "It's just that the love scenes in the script were set above the ocean. We could do the same scenes under water if anybody wanted us to."

So I took up her challenge. It was a lot of work, but I'm right proud of the results. First I had to send up to San Francisco for a French Aqua Lung. Then I had to find the exactly right

(*Continued on page 74*)

When the shouting was over, John and Chata passed each other without speaking. Accompanying the Duke as he left the Los Angeles courtroom

Passibly next Duchess of Wayne is Peruvian beauty Pilar Pallette, John's constant date.

A MYSTERIOUS LAST-MINUTE CHANGE IN BATTLE PLANS BROUGHT

■ A few months ago when the sensational divorce trial of John "Duke" Wayne versus Esperanza "Chata" Wayne began, it was expected that this headlined case would last at least five weeks, so extensive, lurid and detailed was the planned mudslinging. Both Chata's lawyer and Duke's lawyer had filed lengthy bills of particulars.

Chata said that Duke, after drinking to excess, had frequently struck her without provocation. Wayne said his wife was all wet, that she "has consumed intoxicating liquors in such amounts that she frequently became intoxicated and was thus prevented a great portion of the time from properly attending to the customary household duties ordinarily performed by a wife."

The lank, lusty, forty-six-year-old actor also charged his wife with:

1. Staying out all night.
2. Sleeping until three and four in the afternoon.

What really happened at the John Wayne Divorce

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS!

By Imogene Collins

where, on October 8, Judge Allen Ashburn awarded each party a divorce, were John's business manager, Bo Roos, and press agent, Bev Barnett.

THE WAYNES' FIVE-WEEK SIEGE DOWN TO A THREE-DAY SKIRMISH.

3. Spending his money on drinks for strange men.
4. Gambling in Las Vegas to all hours of the morning and then returning home with swollen ankles.
5. Falsely accusing him of striking her.
6. Impolite, discourteous behavior.
7. Periodic intoxication.
8. Extravagance and viciousness.
9. Against his protests and without justification, walking out on their marriage for long periods of time.
10. Drinking bouts and fisticuffs with her mother.
11. Feigning illness and claiming to be in a highly nervous and exhausted state.
12. Staying out all night and returning the next morning with grass stains on her clothes.
13. Entertaining a male guest for one week at their residence in California while Mr. Wayne was working on a (*Continued on page* 66)

Definitely ex-Duchess of Wayne, Chata lost Cadillac, was reduced to driving truck.

There's nothing wrong with sex appeal, according to Jane. It keeps the world going 'round—and Jane out of the kitchen!

BY JANE WILKIE

She and Bob Waterfield are opposites who attract!

catch ME cookin'!

■ Editors usually send men to interview Jane Russell. Naturally, they like to give the boys a break. But this time MODERN SCREEN sent me. "You've never met Russell? Good. We'd like to know how she impresses another woman. And while you're at it," they said, their eyes gleaming, "find out how she keeps that sex appeal routine rolling along with the years."

"The years" alluded to the ten that have gone by since *The Outlaw* was released. With the splash of billboard advertising for that film, Jane Russell's name became familiar throughout America. (*Continued on page* 77)

the waiting game

For more than a year the gossips have asked, "Why don't you leave Greg?" But it isn't divorce Greta thinks about.

A fond father, Greg asked Greta to send their oldest son, 9-year-old Jonathan, to join him in Paris for the Christmas holidays. Greta cheerfully agreed to send him.

BY COLETTE MAURIER

■ According to Hollywood legend the typical actor's wife is a spoiled, fatuous, self-centered zany who has little to do but waste her husband's money on an ever-growing army of leeches—psychiatrists, interior decorators, and cloying perfume salesmen. She is the kind of grating chatterbox Billie Burke used to play so perfectly in the movies.

Admittedly, many motion picture stars have mates who still fall into this caricatured category, but lately Hollywood has produced a new kind of wife—brainy, tactful, understanding, and incredibly tolerant.

Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Jerry Lewis, Mrs. Mario Lanza, and Mrs. Gregory Peck are all cases in point.

It's been a year now that Greta Peck has been separated from her wandering husband. In those twelve months she has been subjected to the most aggravating and constant questioning about her marriage.

Week after week, friends, well-intentioned acquaintances, and travelers from Europe have been urging her to divorce her tall, gaunt, Lincolnesque actor of a husband.

"How can you let him play around with all those European beauties," somebody asked Greta, "and not do anything about it?"

"Pride, if nothing else," they tell her, "should compel you to file for a divorce."

"What point is there in perpetuating the fiction that in the end everything will work out?"

A few months ago, just before she left for Mexico with Valery and Donald Nelson for a much-needed vacation, Greta gave a small party for Audrey Hepburn with whom Greg had starred in *Roman Holiday*.

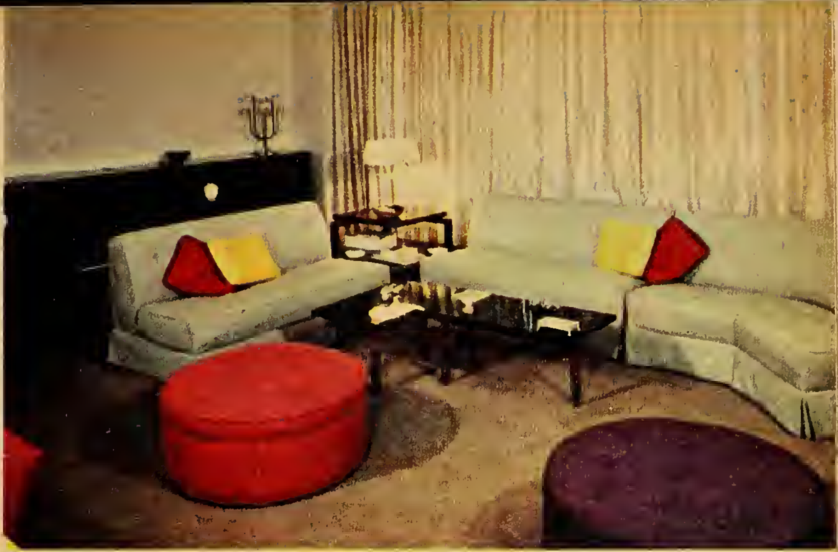
Following the party, one gossip turned to another's receptive ear. "I wonder if Greta knows about all those dinners Audrey and Greg supposedly had in Sam Spiegle's London *(Continued on page 72)*

Located in new La Brea Towers, the Hestons' apartment overlooks the Sierra Madre mountain range and Hollywood's famous Farmers' Market.

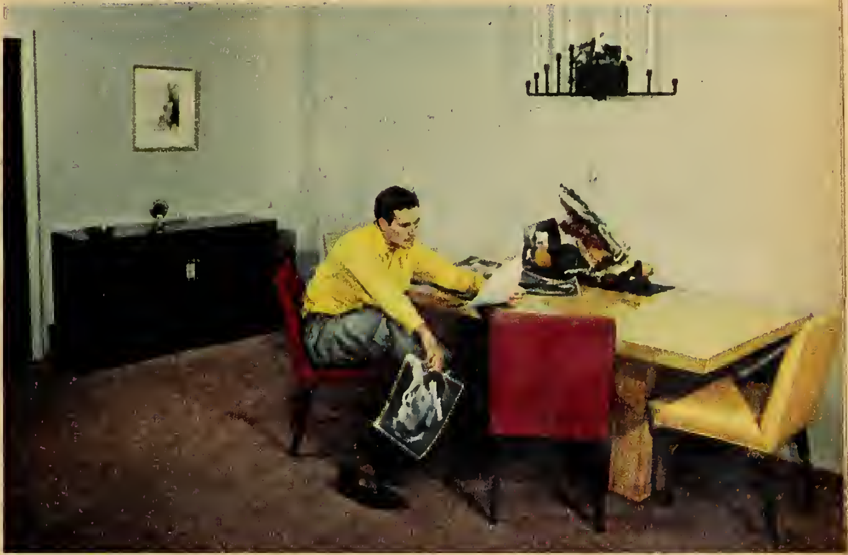
FOUR HOMES IN FOUR STATES HAVE CHUCK AND LYDIA—BUT

HESTON'S IVORY TOWER

by **Marva Peterson**



Designed by Gladys Miller, who decorated Washington, D. C.'s Blair House, solidly constructed livingroom furniture was created especially for the huge room. Gladys accented neutral sofas and draperies with bright cushions, hassocks.



The birch dining table was a gift from two friends—actors, whose hobby is cabinet design. The two-color chairs were Lydia's idea, and the simple framed Toulouse-Lautrec original lithograph on the wall is the Hestons' prized possession.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

IT'S THE HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT THAT HAS THE LIVED-IN LOOK.

■ In Hollywood, there is a relative newcomer who has four homes. His name is Charlton Carter Heston. To the unsophisticated, this broad-shouldered young giant lumbering down Hollywood Boulevard, might give the impression of a young man taking a day off from his milking stool.

Dressed in T-shirt, blue jeans, and moccasins, his customary get-up, Heston looks like a charter member of the Marlon Brando Institute for Sartorial Splendor.

In short, he gives the impression of not owning a bean, and yet he pays rent on a Tudor City apartment overlooking the East River in midtown New York, more rent on a beautifully furnished duplex around the corner from the Ambassador East in Chicago, taxes on a hunting lodge and 1,388 acres of timberland along the Osaba River in northern Michigan, and still more rent for a two-bedroom apartment in Hollywood.

Heston at thirty is a movie star. He has (*Continued on next page*)

The ultra-modern, convenient kitchen is a necessity for Chuck's all-too-frequent bachelor life when actress Lydia is out of town with a show.

MORE ➤

Chuck and Lydia have spent six of their ten happily-married years apart—usually at opposite ends of the continent. They need and keep homes in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles for under $500 a month.

The dark, Chuck-resistant corduroy spread allows him to read and listen to music comfortably stretched out. The shantung draperies are repeated all over the apartment for spacious appearance.

The spare bedroom serves as a den for Chuck; provides a quiet place for him and Lydia to learn lines. The turquoise cotton covers turn the daybeds into couches when the Hestons have no houseguests.

HESTON'S IVORY TOWER continued

appeared in *Greatest Show on Earth, Ruby Gentry, Pony Express, Arrowhead, The Savage, Naked Jungle, Legend Of The Incas,* and a few others. His latest apartment is typical of Hollywood apartments leased by successful young actors, and it's the most dramatic and glamorous of the four Heston residences.

You may well ask why a new actor like Charlton needs four homes for his T-shirts.

In addition to T-shirts, Heston owns a wife and an original Toulouse-Lautrec lithograph. This wife, whose name is Lydia Clark, is also in the acting business. Maybe you caught her with Chuck in *Atomic City* and *Scalpel.* Right now she's in Chicago starring in a play, *The Seven Year Itch.*

Before that she starred in several other plays, all of which took her away from her husband.

In the ten years of their marriage, the Hestons have spent approximately six years away from each other. That's why they need all of these apartments.

Charlton and Lydia were college sweethearts at Northwestern University, both scholarship students majoring in dramatics. Lydia's first impression of her husband-to-be was that he should be returned to the cage from which he'd escaped.

Heston, however, who has a primitive sort of appeal and a persistent approach of rustic simplicity, extended the coed a *carte blanche* marriage proposal.

"I just love you all the time," he once told her, "and whenever you get ready to marry, just say the word."

In 1944 the Army Air Forces had laid claim to the Heston bulk and shipped him off to Greensboro, North Carolina, for a little basic training. Lydia, in a moment of common sense she has never regretted, decided to make life easier for the boy and for herself.

She became his wife. A two-day honeymoon, and Charlton returned to the base and was subsequently shipped off to the Aleutian Islands, nobody's favorite Army location.

Chuck Heston says now that dreams of his Lydia kept him safe and sane, and when he returned to Chicago at the war's end, he was heavier and healthier than ever before. "Only I didn't have any money, so we took a small furnished flat and lived on about ten bucks a week."

Acting jobs weren't numerous in the midwest, so the young couple moved on to New York. They rented a small, cold-water tenement flat in Hell's Kitchen—"it cost us thirty a month and we kept it until the building was condemned"—and then started making the rounds looking for work.

Chuck landed a job in Boston with a play, *The Leaf And The Bough*. Lydia was signed for the Chicago run of *Detective Story*.

The Leaf And The Bough had a short run and Chuck returned to the New York coldwater flat. Lydia stayed on in Chicago for over a year, and it was during that year that Chuck Heston caught on in television.

Hal Wallis offered him a job in Hollywood just as *Detective Story* ended in Chicago and Lydia returned to New York. This exit-and-entrance schedule is an occupational hazard when there are two acting careers in one family.

"Neither of us pretends it's the greatest way to live," Lydia points out. "But Chuck has his work, and I have mine, and somehow geography always stands in the way."

A larger family might take care of geography and do away with the necessity of having apartments in New York and Chicago, but the Hestons haven't got around to children, yet.

THE HOLLYWOOD apartment started with Toulouse-Lautrec. The Hestons' Lautrec lithograph is a sketch of the great actress Sarah Bernhardt playing the role of the tragic character, Phédre. Chuck and Lydia were so thrilled when they found themselves in actual possession of the work that they decided to furnish a Hollywood apartment around it.

"Ever since I saw my first Lautrec in college," Heston recalls, "I've wanted to own one. Then when I really started studying drama I realized that Lautrec was one of the few really great artists who spent a lot of time painting actors and actresses. Just as Degas immortalized the ballet, Lautrec immortalized the theatre. To me he has always represented the perfect alliance of art and theatre. I don't want to sound hammy about it, but owning one of his originals represents a milestone of accomplishment in my life."

The Hestons bought their one great picture with the help of Chuck's agent, Maynard Morris, who for years now has been collecting the works of the French artists, especially the impressionists.

A few years ago when his salary began to hover above the $100-a-week mark, Chuck casually approached Morris. "Maynard," he said, "if you ever run across a reasonable Lautrec, let me know."

Six months later, Morris called Heston to his office on the pretext of reading a script. Instead, he showed the actor the Lautrec. "Take it home," he urged, "and show it to Lydia. Try living with it for a few weeks. Don't rush into buying something you may not want to keep for a lifetime."

Once Lydia glimpsed the beautiful little picture, there was no turning back. The Hestons not only bought it immediately but decided that the time had come to stop traipsing around Hollywood from one hotel to another. What they wanted and needed was an apartment they could furnish in their own way. You don't want to hang an original in a hotel room.

Last January they moved into the La Brea Towers, an enormous housing project erected by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. These "Towers" are tremendous apartment houses unlike anything Los Angeles had ever seen.

They are the most un-California-like buildings in California. They look as if they belong in New York or Chicago. They were built tall (*Continued on page 72*)

Every minute flames with furious action!
Walt Disney's
Rob Roy
THE HIGHLAND ROGUE

Rob Roy struck back at tyranny to save his name, his honor and his people—a true story that became a deathless legend.

REBEL, LOVER, OUTLAW—that was Rob Roy, chief of the fighting MacGregor clan. Fearless Highland warrior, he outfought armies. His true exploits dwarfed the deeds of fiction, kindled the flame of freedom in oppressed men. The story that stirred imaginations for two centuries now becomes a spectacle of rugged grandeur—supreme entertainment!

Torn from his bride *on their wedding night, Rob Roy risks the vengeance of his captors to return to her arms.*

Starring
RICHARD TODD and GLYNIS JOHNS
An All Live-Action Picture
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Harold French
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin
Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
COPYRIGHT WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

Dig this crazy Elaine Stewart!

She takes great pains

to avoid the men who fall for her

because she's afraid she might meet

the right man too soon!

BY JACK WADE

get lost, cupid!

■ Describing her role in an early picture (*A Slight Case Of Larceny*) Elaine Stewart says, "I fall in love with Mickey Rooney—but not for long." And she sighs thankfully.

Elaine means to cast no reflection on Mickey. She's just shunning the state of emotional bondage known as love. She wants no part of it right now, not even the faintest ache. Serving tea the other afternoon, she remarked, "Marriage—that's all I need! Just as my career is getting started! Please! Let me have just a couple of years as I am."

She was holding a new brown teapot as she said this—holding it fondly. She loves the teapot as she loves everything about her one-flight up, one-bedroom apartment: its random layout, the warm walnut furniture pieces, the gay prints on the wainscoted walls, even the flower-decorated garbage can which she doesn't mind emptying herself. She loves them all; she reminds you of a bride in her new home.

She waves a scoffing hand at such a suggestion. "That's an illusion," she says. "Actually the apartment will help to keep me from becoming a bride for a while. It gives me a chance to express my domestic instincts without going domestic. At twenty-three a girl *ought* to be thinking of marriage. I'm thinking about it, all right. I'm thinking about *avoiding* it until I have had a chance to realize my investment—the years and the work I have put into becoming an actress.

"People simply don't take the ambitions of girls seriously unless those ambitions are matrimonial. I can remember my friends laughing at me and my hopes to get on the stage. 'You'll forget all about that when you grow up,' they said. 'You'll meet someone and suddenly the dream of acting will fly out of the window as love flies in.'

"Well, that's no way to treat a dream! Love can fly into my life and love (*Continued on page 60*)

REPORT FROM VENICE: HOW FARLEY MET THE COUNTESS—AND THE COUNTESS MET "THE WOLF."

the "wolf" at Farley's door

■ Venetian Countess Marina has twenty-eight pocketbooks, loaded.

Accessories to this strategic stuff are titian hair, aquamarine eyes to match her name, a treasure-stuffed *palazzo* in Venice, a house in Paris, one in Rome, a *villa* for summers in the Italian hills, another for hibernating among orange blossoms and Arabs in North Africa.

The Countess is not without shelter and carfare.

Of all her treasures, the one attracting the most attention now is her grey chromium, red-leathered convertible. It contains Mr. Farley Granger.

Placed in his service by the Countess, it enables him to highball from location each evening to the crested motorboat waiting in the Venetian canal.

Romances between well-muscled, well-heeled young Americans and European countesses, not so young nor so solvent, are old seasoning for Sunday supplements. This is no such horse-radish.

Countess Marina Cicogna-Mozzoni is nineteen; her title is authentic and she holds it in her own right along with her properties; she is related to the noble Volpi family which can shoot marbles with Rockefellers.

In her palatial bedroom a maid attends her rising in the morning and some twenty others stand by to (*Continued on page 62*)

ABOVE: Farley left Venice with a wave for the Countess, but a seat beside him for Janet Wolfe: friend, secretary, traveling companion and bouncer. LEFT: 19-year-old Countess Marina called Farley as soon as he arrived, "sick and friendless." He recovered quickly in her motorboat and *palazzo*. BELOW: But through it all, Janet never left his side.

by Herb Howe

For five years the O'Sheas dreamed of their family-to-be. But baby Mary Catherine was worth waiting for!

BY SUSAN TRENT

MAMA MAYO

■ There's a new baby out at the O'Shea place, name of Mary Catherine. There is also a new house, or practically a new one. For a creature who weighed in at seven pounds and three ounces, Miss O'Shea has displaced more than her share of plaster, roofing, bricks, paint and wallpaper.

It all began quite sensibly, in what Virginia and Mike prefer to think of as an orderly routine. When they got married back in 1947, they agreed that they wanted children but would prefer to postpone them until such time as their careers were on an imperturbable beam. This decision is wise in Hollywood, where careers are easier to build if they are not interrupted by maternity and the consequential inactivity. Said Mike, whose own place in show business had been established with the years, "We—meaning myself and any children we might have—will make way for Virginia's career. It has begun to go, and if anything interrupts it, her success might get sidetracked." In tune with this decision, he turned down a handful of movies in order to stick by Virginia while she was on her way up. When she went to Europe to make *Captain Horatio Hornblower,* Mike planned to go with her. "But—" his agent spluttered, "but we have pictures for you."

"You do 'em," said Mike. "I'm going to Europe with my old lady."

He believes that marriage thrives when the man and his wife stay together, instead of wandering around the world separately. So when Virginia had chances in Hollywood. Mike turned thumbs down on a couple of Broadway plays (one was the smash hit *Goodbye, My Fancy*) knowing that if they were successful he would be away from home for at least a year.

So it went, and *(Continued on page 58)*

"Girls are wonderful," Mike said. "Men want sons as sops to their own egos." "Boy or girl," Virginia added cheerfully, "I want a redhead."

The O'Sheas waited five years for their new daughter, Mary Catherine (Kate), whom they named after a pair of their favorite saints.

They did it the hard way

Some take lessons
and some pose for beefcake
art. But Rory Calhoun
became a star
by letting his wife sing
while he laid bricks
for a living!

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ Ever work for two years for exactly no dollars and no cents? Ever been accused of ingratitude toward a friend? Been broke, in debt and had the credit company come after your automobile? Or still more incredible, have you ever tried to get out of a job paying you upward of $2500 a week?

Any one of these experiences is enough to send the average citizen into an emotional tailspin. For an actor to go through them all is sufficient to send him bleating to the plush offices of a Hollywood psychiatrist to have his emotional wounds bathed and treated.

It happened to Rory Calhoun—all but the psychiatrist.

He is not trying to be a real life hero when he says: "I guess I could go around finding reasons to snarl at the acting business. Granted, it seems a little crazy, but that goes for any profession, whether you're a sandhog or a sculptor. The breaks come and the breaks go. I've had my share of them, both good and lousy, and now I'm on what you might call my third movie career. There have been some mighty bitter years, and some wonderful comic opera experiences."

Perhaps you have read about Rory's romantic ranch which is situated near Ojai, California, about seventy miles north of Los Angeles. That (*Continued on page 80*)

Lita mounts Smoky when they ride mountain paths; her own horse, Duchess, is too spirited for trails.

Rory met Lita in Mocambo where she sang with the band. At the time, he couldn't picture her in jeans.

STORM over hollywood

Gale is the hottest star since the California fire—but it took a TV screen and *My Little Margie* to tell Hollywood so!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

Gale (then Josie Cottle) and husband Lee Bonnell won first prizes, movie contracts, new names and each other on a radio talent show.

As a child, she had heard the phrase, "God is your conscience." She had a very active conscience. Whenever she did anything wrong retribution came not in two weeks or two years, but instantly. God seemed to be right there when she went astray, for who else would have found her out so quickly? It was quite natural to acquire the idea that He was never far away. From that idea, the habit of talking to Him was just a logical step, it seemed to her.

The first time little Lucille smoked a cigarette she got sick on the second puff, sick as she never had been in her life. In her earliest attempt to run away from home, the very first person she met was a woman on her way to see Mrs. Ball.

There were other quick failures. Once she had just got out of the house only to have the year's biggest thunderstorm break over her head. No wonder she began to feel that He was right at her elbow always, quick to see when she had a crazy idea and even quicker to make sure she didn't carry it too far.

This youthful conception of God's proximity is still with her, but today she is doing something about it. She is taking a step even closer to Him. By the time this is read, or soon afterward, she will have formally joined the church. Not the church into which she was born, but the church toward which, by marriage and blood ties, she has been moving for some time. Events have proved to her that its spiritual comforts are powerful, its shelter necessary to her. She firmly believes that her happy wifehood, her long desired motherhood, are closely and inextricably intertwined with the faith she is now embracing.

UNHAPPINESS first came into her life when she was four years old. Her father died. The shock and sorrow of her mother caused a real illness and for some time she could not handle the burden of maintaining a home. Lucille was placed in the care of an elderly relative, a woman whose ideas were still those of nineteenth century Europe. She meant well, but under her old-fashioned restrictions, Lucy withered.

Play was sinful. So, certainly was vanity, even if it was but the natural vanity of a little girl. Any boisterousness, any impetuosity or craving for fun was interpreted simply as a sign of nervousness which required, and got, suppression.

She did not like to see Lucy look in the mirror. Girls would get wrong ideas about themselves in this way, she said. She didn't favor Lucy's playing with other children and restricted it severely. Whenever she was active at all, whenever she was caught running or jumping, Lucy was set to cleaning house. This was the sensible way to use up excess energy, her guardian declared. She frowned upon sudden joys.

She thought surprises were not good for a little girl. When other relatives planned a surprise party for Lucy, she told her about it in advance so it wouldn't be too big a surprise!

Lucille was resentful then, but she doesn't resent this treatment now. She still thinks it was wrong, but she can understand the reasoning behind it. In the old country, where custom established that girls could look forward to becoming chattel wives and nothing more when they grew up, they were prepared for a life that their mothers knew would never be too gay. It was considered wise to minimize expectations. Lucy's expectations were minimized plenty. When Mrs. Ball re-established her home and Lucy went back, she was a mess.

She was withdrawn, frightened both of other children and of grownups, and always possessed of an urge to find a corner where she could curl up and not bother anyone. Yet, her return to her mother's house was in a sense something she knew would happen. She had talked to God steadily, asking not why he wasn't going to make a change in her life, but, with all confidence, why it was taking so long.

Mrs. Ball worked hard (and still does) trying to overcome the pretty bad sense of "old country" inferiority Lucille had picked up while she lived with her relatives. She filled the house with other children and kept it filled as Lucille grew up, so there would be young people for her to talk and live with all the time. When she saw that Lucille was interested in plays, she helped organize them—in the house, at school, anywhere people would fall in with such an idea. All of her children had music lessons. They had a piano, violin, and cello going all the time.

Whatever their problems, she was always in there, helping her children to lick them. It was wonderful, and, to Lucille's mind, an illustration of God at work. She knew it was God because, greater than anything else was the fact that her mother had recovered her spirits and the zest for life she had lost when their father died. After years of seeming to be lifeless, she had turned into a person who seemed to be touched with glory—and such glory must be divine, Lucille figured.

Lucille's future, which had been steadily stitched shut before, was now being thrown wide open. One day she tried to tell her mother what she thought that future would be like. She really painted it with extravagant colors.

"Do you think it will really happen?" she asked her mother.

"Will happen?" she answered. "It *is* happening. You're living it right now in your heart and that's the best place to live anything. The best life in the world doesn't mean anything unless you feel it in your heart and once you feel it there it's exactly as if you have it!" Remembering, Lucille says, "I've never forgotten that in my work I must try to reach through to the hearts of people—the only place where it counts."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was thrilled and a bit awe-struck to meet the famous actress, cover girl, and Hollywood businesswoman, Anita Colby. She was as glamorous, beautiful, and brilliant as I had heard. But I was shocked when I noticed that the lovely lady bites her nails—right down to the quick!

Phyllis Warren
Sacramento, California

When Lucille was eleven she was already as tall as she is now, five feet, six inches. "All through high school I seemed to fascinate nobody but short guys. At dances I never had anyone to talk to—just heads of hair." So she fell into the habit of stooping to get down where the faces were.

BECAUSE of her height, because of her old feeling of inferiority (she says "maybe because it was true!") she had always considered herself an ugly duckling. All right, not the ugliest duckling, but no swan, just the same. She prayed about it but when the time came for Lucille Ball to go on the stage it didn't seem to her that any great change for the better had transpired. Whereupon a great thought was born in her busy head. "All right," she told herself, "if you are afraid you are going to be laughed at for trying to pass yourself off as a beauty, beat the world to it. Be a comedienne and go after the laughs.

As far as she can judge, the biggest difference a career makes in a girl's life is that she has four goals instead of three. In addition to seeking love, marriage and motherhood she has the prior (and in Lucille's case continuing) ambition to make good in her work. And the only difference *that* makes, as far as she can see, is that you have a busier time of it. But one thing is most important—work alone does not make up for the lack of the other three great essentials in a woman's life. Lucille Ball was not a fabulous success when she married Desi Arnaz, but already she knew that with each success and *without* love, life would be quite empty.

Marriage should mean parenthood, but for the Arnazes it didn't—not for twelve long years. This was certainly something to take up with God, and she did, but to no avail. As time passed, both Lucille and Desi fell into the conviction that they were not fated to have a baby; it just wasn't going to happen, that's all. That isn't an unusual attitude among unblessed married couples, as you may have noted. It is an oddly sad one, a feeling possessing both that somehow they have been shunted out of the mainstream of life and are living their time out in some little lost creek.

In her youth, Lucille had attended variously the English Lutheran, the Methodist and the Episcopalian churches. Desi was a Catholic. Because of that and because they were both on road engagements at the time of their marriage, the ceremony was a civil one. Nine years later they were married again—in the Catholic Church.

Lucille wanted the second ceremony. During all the years of their marriage, she had seen how much comfort Desi derived from his faith and could understand how much more the marriage would mean to him if it were a sacrament rather than a civil arrangement. But almost immediately, and without any intention then of assuming his faith, she felt the warmth of a great comfort. And something happened to their feeling that they would never have a child. It disappeared. They felt sure they would. And they did.

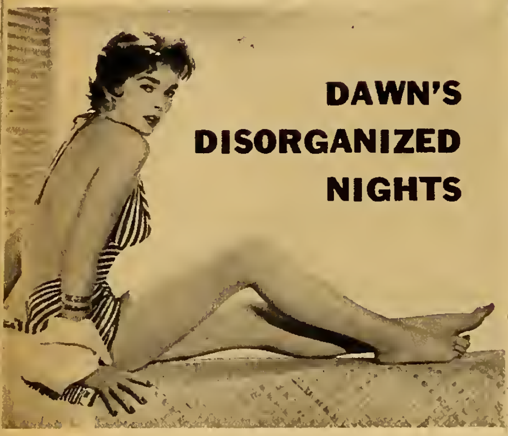
She says, "I am not proselyting, attempting to convert, nor preaching a revelation. I have always known that I could assume any faith if the underlying predication affirmed God. For me the chosen faith became Catholicism. Two years ago, my mother joined the Catholic Church. I am taking instructions now to follow in her footsteps. I think I made the final decision when our second child, Desi, Jr., was born. When I look at him, when I look at our firstborn, Lucie Desiree, I know that for them, and for myself, I am doing the right thing. I know our children came to us from the church. I say this fully realizing that physicians can supply another answer; that there may be a psychological explanation. The effect of having our marriage sanctified could have wrought physiological changes in both of us. But where else, and how else, could such changes have been brought about?"

When people ask Lucille Ball where she's from, she tells them she's a small town girl from Jamestown. Actually, she came from a town just outside Jamestown—Celoron—that Jamestown citizens used to call a "small town." Lucille's way from Celoron to the Arnaz ranch has been a long, wandering trail with some rough stretches here and there. It may still be rough ahead, but there will be no more wandering.

"I've picked a straight road now. And on it I walk with my husband and my children and all the loved ones of my family—all of us together." **END**

(Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are soon to be seen in MGM's The Long, Long Trailer.*)*

Be it ever so mixed-up, there's no place like Rome!



DAWN'S DISORGANIZED NIGHTS

■ With Hollywood's avenues and boulevards turned into miniature Romes and Parises by the influx of foreign sports cars, it seems only fair that the vias of the Italian capital should be populated by Hollywoodites. Most of these wandering stars are working in Italian films, though some are looking for work and others are just on a holiday.

A reporter on a European assignment, I spotted my first familiar face above a pair of gloves being purchased by Dawn Addams. Picture-making in Rome, Dawn told me, is far less regimented than in Hollywood. At home she is accustomed to working on a schedule; in Rome no one has ever heard of schedules. Pictures just grow. She laughed and admitted that while she has not gotten used to the disorganized days, she loves the disorganized nights.

I was inclined to agree. Evenings there are wonderful. Everybody goes to the Excelsior Hotel around nine o'clock for a drink before dinner. (That's right, the dinner hour is nine-thirty.) In the Excelsior bar you meet your friends from home who are looking for friends from home and a very pleasant evening develops, usually ending at someone's garden or at one of Rome's beautiful outdoor nightclubs.

That evening I saw Dawn again—at the Excelsior bar. William Lundigan came in, looked around, spotted her, went over and kissed her, sat down at her table. After a cocktail, they went out together. As she passed, Dawn stopped and muttered happily, "See what I mean?" I saw.

—*Wanda Hale*

mama mayo

(*Continued from page 50*) Miss Mayo eventually was contracted by Warner Brothers and became a fixed star. Five and a half years after their wedding, Mike and Virginia said, "Now is the time."

It happened just like that, as though they had written the order on a sales slip. To this day Mike looks in wonder at anyone who suggests that the O'Sheas were lucky to have their order filled so promptly. This was the way they had planned it, you see. Why shouldn't it happen?

So, things were going along just right. The baby would be born in November. That gave Virginia time to finish *Devil's Canyon* and Mike the opportunity to clear up some TV chores and make *It Should Happen To You.* Then all they had to do was sit and wait.

"We ought to get the space problem settled, though," said Virginia.

"Space problem?" said O'Shea. "A baby doesn't take up much space."

"Well, with your room and my room and the housekeeper's room, where shall we put him? Her?"

'Build a room."

"But where? The kitchen's on one side, and our rooms are too close to the property line to put it on that side, and if we put it on the back—"

"We'll build up," announced Mike. "Put on a room upstairs. The foundation should be able to take it."

From that moment, orderliness disappeared from the atmosphere, and a cloud of confusion rolled in. True, a baby doesn't take up much room, but as anybody knows who has remodeled a house, every stone unturned means another $500 worth of work. It began with the foundation. Mike's optimism about the strength of the existing one turned out to be a mistake, and a good deal of shoring up had to be done. This was followed by the problem of slicing off the roof. It had to be sliced low, or the second story would sit up so high that the whole house would look like a shoe box standing on end. So it was sliced so low that Mike and Virginia spent a week of evenings sitting in their livingroom and looking up at the stars. They lived in the diningroom, kitchen and bedrooms, skirting the hole in the middle, and thanking Providence that it doesn't rain in the California summer.

The chimney had to be raised nine feet, so they decided they might as well have the whole thing rebuilt with new brick. The new roof made the old roof look like a stray cat, so the entire thing was recovered. The entrance, in order to match the new facade of the house, was graced by a new porch, and Mike decided they might as well have new screens and new sashes all over the house. The addition had to be painted, spanking new, of course, so they repainted the whole house white.

They agreed that the room and bath upstairs wouldn't be the best place for a baby, that a baby should be downstairs. Mike relinquished his old room downstairs for the nursery and planned the new one upstairs for himself. Virgina's bedroom, redecorated in yellow and shades of brown, adjoins the nursery. This leaves Mike free to continue his night owl habits, reading into the wee hours, while Virginia hits the hay at her customary early hour.

MIDWAY through this Operation Upset, it occurred to them that insulation might be advisable. It would keep the neighborhood noises from the baby's ears and the baby's noises from the neighborhood ear. In addition to new roof, new ceiling, new foundation and new paint, they found themselves with new walls. And, naturally, new paint and new wallpaper.

It was a bumpy, busy four months of construction, and before it was over, Virginia announced that it was time for her appointment at St. John's Hospital. That was on the morning of November 12. On hearing the news Mike made a motion as if to leap for the garage and the car.

"Sit down," said Virginia. "Eat your breakfast."

Mike insists he was not nervous, that in any situation of impending danger he grows gimlet-eyed, his nerves become steel, that the adrenalin surges through his system, making him icy calm. He cannot, however, claim that he was as nonchalant as Mrs. O'Shea. Fatso, as he lovingly called her in those days, ate a substantial breakfast and sat around a while before she deigned to begin the trip. On the way they made occasional stops, at Virginia's request, to ogle the furniture in Wilshire store windows. She wanted a lamp for a table in the front window, and the lush lamp displays could not be ignored. Mike put his foot down when Virginia showed a willingness to tour an open house.

"Oi-veh!" he said, taking his hands from the steering wheel and holding the sides of his head.

"Couldn't we go in?" suggested Virginia. "There's plenty of time."

"No," said Mr. O'Shea, who was silently calling on his system for a fresh supply of adrenalin.

At the hospital they found a substantial group of reporters who had been notified by Virginia's studio that the event was about to take place. The collective press was one jump ahead of a fit. Virginia swirled calmly past, with Mike trailing.

Mike spent almost every minute with his wife before she went into the delivery room. He used the remaining few minutes to case the joint. There were signs here and there which read, "No Admittance," but no one seemed to care, so Mr. O'Shea passed blithely by them and under them. The long row of labor rooms leading to the delivery room sheltered several women in the same boat with Virginia. In spite of their condition, some of these patients took time out to notice that Mike O'Shea was scooting around the corridor. Mike is a gregarious guy, and summoned by some of these damsels in distress, he trotted happily into their respective rooms and chatted briefly with them. As Mike says, "A maternity ward in a hospital is like a jail or the Army—everybody there is everybody else's friend." Nevertheless, he was shaking his head at the fact that he'd been asked for his autograph. Of all places!

VIRGINIA was wheeled into the delivery room shortly before seven o'clock that evening. The doctor, leaving Mike, shook hands and said cheerily, "Well, this is it."

"Don't be nervous," grinned Mike, "whatever you do. Everything's going to to be all right."

It was, Mike says, the greatest performance of his life.

At the doctor's suggestion, he went back to Virginia's room to wait. It may have been an eternity to Mike, but by Greenwich mean time, it really wasn't long before a nurse came in and told him his daughter had been born. Mike went down the hall to the waiting room where the press gang was sitting, minus fingernails. He wore a smug expression and rocked on his heels several minutes, building suspense. Finally somebody giggled nervously, "What's new, Mike?"

"It's a girl," he announced, and when the reporters, half of whom were women, buckled into a mass of sentiment, Mike fled.

He scurried down the hall toward the nursery, and posted himself where he couldn't be seen. By this time he knew the layout and he was sure that the next baby to be admitted to the nursery would be Mary Catherine O'Shea. It was a name chosen by Virginia and Mike as a salute to the grand old names. When they had discussed the problem they had concurred on the fact that people nowadays tend toward embroidery. Names like Snap, Clutch and Katch seem to be fashionable for boys, and girls are being snowed under with tags like Dawn, Sundown and April. The O'Sheas wanted something simple, a name that was a *name* and not a cereal slogan. "Mary Catherine" seemed to fill the bill. Where did the choice come from? "From nowhere," said Mike, "except from a couple of pretty good saints." Besides, they figured that eventually their child will be called Kate O'Shea, a monicker that tickles Mike because it is the name of the only illustrious ancestor he could dig up—the colleen who was the sweetheart of Charles Parnell, Irish Nationalist leader of years gone by.

Standing near the door, he didn't have long to wait before a nurse wheeled a newborn infant toward him. Mike stepped into her path. "Whose little demon is that?" he inquired.

The nurse stiffened. "This is no demon. This is a beautiful little girl—the O'Shea baby."

Pop O'Shea grinned. "She's mine. Let me have a little look at her." He noted with pleasure that the baby had red hair. This would please Virginia. All these months she had said that, boy or girl, she hoped the baby would be a redhead. Once the nurse had taken the baby inside the warm nursery, she unwrapped her and held up a naked Kate O'Shea for her father's inspection through a big window. Across the baby's derrière was a strip of cloth labeled, "Girl O'Shea". Mike smiled. "Okay," he said. "We'll keep her."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Los Angeles on vacation, we saw a grey convertible running right up on the sidewalk. A policeman was standing nearby. We were so curious about who could get away with that kind of thing, that we backed up to look. And there was Spencer Tracy, parked on the sidewalk.

Carmen Allred
Ogden, Utah

He went back to Virginia's room to wait for her, and when she was brought through the door he kissed her and she said, "Mike—she's a redhead." Mike told Virginia he had already seen their daughter and that her first performance had been a strip-tease.

He wandered around a bit after that, visiting various new acquaintances who had become mothers since his first meeting with them in the labor rooms. Being Mike O'Shea, he sat on the beds and shook hands and asked about their babies—and the husbands sat there and beamed. He went back and told Virginia about it—"What a place, a hospital!" When she laughed at him he suggested that if any strange men came into *her* room, she should throw them out.

The next morning Mike mixed cement for the patio with the air of a man not quite in this world, and for the next few days kept himself so busy with mortar, brick and flagstone between hospital visits that he managed to talk himself out of noticing the emptiness of the house. Mrs. Young, the baby's nurse, arrived before Homecoming Day, and he bragged a bit to her about having a daughter. "Girls are wonderful," he said. "Boys—well, men want sons as sops to their own egos. Give me a girl any day."

He didn't give Virginia a gift. The O'Sheas are not gift-giving people, at least on holidays or occasions. They pick up assorted surprises for each other on odd days of the year, and dislike any custom that makes people obligated to buy presents. When a baby shower was suggested for Virginia, Mike had said, "No, please—she wouldn't like that." Nor did he give cigars after Mary Catherine's arrival, or send out announcements. "That's a corny bit," he said. "It's like saying 'Look at me—Look at us.' It's nothing special to anybody but us." And so, when asked if he gave Virginia a gift, he smiled and said, "I gave her the baby." That is Mike's way of saying that if a man gives his wife love and devotion all through his life, it is the best gift he can give.

One day, several weeks after Virginia and Mary Catherine were settled in the "new" house, Mother O'Shea had a thought.

"You want more, don't you, Mike? More children, I mean?"

"Sure," said O'Shea.

"There will be a space problem."

"Oi-veh!" said Mike.

"What would we do?"

"This one," said Mike, "this *one* room cost us as much as a complete five-room house. Next time we'll build same, and make it all bedrooms to accommodate the influx."

"Yes, dear," said Virginia. **END**

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get lost, cupid

(*Continued from page 46*) can fly right out again—until I'm ready for it!"

The most sensational brunette to hit Hollywood since Ava Gardner came west from Carolina, Elaine is getting some pained reactions around Hollywood. According to her escorts, she is not kidding.

Among the men who have taken out Elaine Stewart it is pretty well agreed that her dark beauty has an inscrutable "Mona Lisa" quality to it; the better she likes you the less chance you may have of ever dating her again. Any time a friendship gives signs of growing into a romance she makes sure it doesn't. She has admitted it. "I get to thinking I don't want it to go too far and from that point on I shy away, I guess."

As one man reported after he had taken her to a few parties and considered himself a suitor for her hand: "Suddenly I got closed out." Yet this man is better off than some notable eligibles who can't even get a date with her.

More than one fellow has been driven to attempt lyrical appreciation of Elaine's beauty. A rich Hollywood business man felt sure he would win her favor by sending a lovely, gold-backed mirror together with a quatrain about ". . . beauty should see herself in beauty." Elaine returned the mirror, automatically rejecting the poem. When he telephoned her for a reason she gave him an old fashioned answer: "I don't know you well enough to accept presents from you."

Elaine's stand against romantic hanky-panky at a time when she is getting her career under way was apparent from the moment she arrived in Hollywood. It just took a little time for the word to get around. The first male star she met (and a boy she still likes even if it isn't going to go any further than that) was Scott Brady. The circumstances of their meeting were not original. Elaine had been brought to a party by her first agent and was standing alone for a moment when Scott introduced himself to her. There ensued an exchange of dialogue so dull that they both cringe when recalling it. Here's the way it went, word for word.

"I'm Scott Brady. What's your name? I can't believe I don't know you."

"Elaine Stewart."

"Where've you been keeping yourself?" (He stopped the question there—he didn't say ". . . all my life.")

"Around."

"What's your telephone number?"

"It wouldn't interest you."

Scott looked at her as if she were crazy and assured her, "I'll get it!"

Elaine never gave Scott her number and he did get it—through studio connections. He phoned her at least a dozen times before she consented to have lunch with him one day. But from that day to this, when Elaine has control of the conversation, they talk only about the business of acting and the conducting of one's professional life in Hollywood.

When Elaine faced the problem of changing studios (from Hal Wallis to MGM) which eventually became a problem of changing agents, too, it was Scott who came to her rescue and introduced her to her present agent, Johnny Darrow. Darrow, it might be mentioned, is a presentable and successful man, still in his forties, who finds it no hardship to escort his beautiful client to Hollywood affairs. Elaine makes no bones about the fact that she spends a lot of her weekends down at Johnny's Malibu home. The house is almost always filled with many of his other clients, including Jane Powell and Gene Nelson.

The fellow most people talk about as Elaine's steady escort is Johnny Grant, popular Hollywood disc jockey and a leader in war entertainment work. Johnny's comment is, "I wish it were true." They are good friends, but the friendship is without a romantic future.

"Johnny knows it," says Elaine, "and I know it. But no one else seems to be aware of it."

Some of Elaine's friends criticize her for being too systematic about herself. "Maybe you can plan a career but you can't plan love," they say. "Love has to happen. Elaine is trying to live a timetable for success."

To some extent Elaine agrees with her friends. She believes that nineteen is the ideal age for a girl to marry, and that after that her chances for happiness decrease directly as the years increase. "I'm sure that living alone tends to make a girl more and more complete in herself. In that sense, she can become selfish and less qualified for the partnership attitude necessary to a successful marriage."

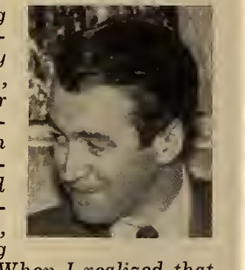
It may be wiser for Elaine to be a twenty-six-year-old bride than to have been a nineteen-year-old one. She has always felt that the ideal husband for her would be a man ten or fifteen years older than she. The reason for this feeling, she thinks, stems from her childhood. She was the eldest daughter in a family beset by debts. In such a situation, children tend to grow up fast, mentally and emotionally. Elaine knew the value of a dollar before she was six years old. If you had it you were safe; if you didn't have it you got bad headaches as her policeman father did.

As a child and as a young girl, the only frivolity about Elaine was her desire to become an actress. Because this seemed most unlikely, she played safe and prepared for another career—as a doctor. She graduated from Montclair High School with a B plus average and a scholarship to Green Mountain College for her pre-medical studies. Had she not become a model in New York, and then an actress in Hollywood, Elaine might be almost ready to hang up her shingle as a doctor—certainly the most beautiful physician in the world.

This tendency to think and plan carefully has not changed with her success. It is not something she can control. On her last trip east she went to the Saturday night party of a college group including some of her old friends from Montclair. She enjoyed seeing them again, she loved the dancing and the songs they sang. Yet in their interests, they were from a different world. Most of these kids had not yet felt the weight of responsibility which Elaine has been carrying for years.

A girl whose duties and plans have nec-

IT HAPPENED TO ME



I was strolling along Fifth Avenue on a lovely spring morning, young and chipper in my Easter bonnet, a saucy froth covered with poppies and bright red net that trailed behind me. A tall, wonderful-looking man passed me. When I realized that it was Jimmy Stewart, I turned to stare after him. Imagine how disconcerting it was to turn and find that he had stopped and was staring at me!

Gene Desmond
Hempstead, New York

essarily been heavy for her age is not going to be lightheaded about romance. Her head isn't likely to whirl because somebody is holding her hand. Since she knows this, Elaine realizes that married happiness for her is possible only if her husband is mature. "I want him to be a man with widespread interests. I don't want to be the only thing on his mind," she says. "From what I have seen of love it dies more quickly from strangulation than from any other cause. I want both of us to drink the same wine, but not from the same glass, as the poet writes. I don't want each of us to live narrowly just for the other, but to live together in a big, wide world."

When Elaine was still in high school in Montclair, New Jersey, she had a long talk about her future with her mother, Mrs. Hedwig Steinberg. Her mother delivered a pronouncement Elaine says she will never forget.

"I don't think it is good for a girl to know too many boys," said Mrs. Steinberg, "because she tends to think that only boys matter and that her happiness will depend strictly on whether she will choose the right one. It should work the other way. First the girl should choose the kind of life she wants to live, and with this to guide her it is easier to decide what kind of man would make the best partner. She already has an interest in life so she doesn't expect so much from her husband. In the second place, her interest makes her a person in her own right as well as a wife, and that adds to her stature in her husband's eyes."

Few men realize when they meet Elaine and take in her warm, dark beauty that her attitude has such a solid, rational foundation. But they soon find out, as do all her friends and professional associates. Elaine considers all of her steps carefully, whether it's a question of getting an Italian haircut (which she didn't) or one of buying a silly-looking but cuddly doll (which she did).

After her fine work as the star of *Take The High Ground* and the news that her studio had cast her in two of its biggest new pictures, *Brigadoon* and *Athena*, many of her friends advised her to change her personality. They thought that she was too approachable and would benefit by taking on a degree of reserve. They suggested a manner somewhere between Olivia De Havilland's aloof sweetness and Greer Garson's regality. Elaine didn't laugh it off. She thought it over and she talked it over. And she decided to remain as she was. She felt she would fool herself more than anyone else if she carried her play acting into real life.

Her salary, heading toward the thousand-a-week mark, has not dazzled her because she knows how to subtract. Take away all the deductions and professional expenses and she has to live quite modestly if she is going to save anything—and Elaine does save regularly. She spends only for essentials. That apartment of hers, in which she lives with a roommate, Suzanne Scheirer, is nice but it's just like hundreds of apartments in Beverly Hills. Any two girls with fairly good jobs could afford to live on the same level. Her car is not a Cadillac nor a Mercedes-Benz nor a Jaguar—it's a '47 Ford. The dress you'll see her wearing is not likely to be the product of a famous *couturier,* but the handiwork of a girl who can sew and whose name is Elaine Stewart. It was because of their mutual interest in sewing that she and Suzanne first met.

All of this makes Elaine sound like a very sensible girl, the kind of girl who would make a fine, thrifty, intelligent—and beautiful—wife. And that is perfectly true. But the man who wants her had better not show up just yet. The lady is too busy.

END

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HER POOL RUNNETH OVER

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■ Debra Paget has four swimming pools!

One pool is standard equipment, taken for granted. Four pools rate a raised eyebrow even in Hollywood.

But Debra needs four pools. Her folks all live together in one big house, but they can't all swim together in one big pool.

One night Debra read "The Three Bears" to her little sister Meg. You remember about the three bears and their three chairs—big chair, little chair and middle-sized chair.

Miss Paget got the idea. Big bears, big chairs, little bears, little chairs—mama Griffin, papa Griffin, big sister Lezli, little sister Meg, brother Frank, married sister Tela with her husband and two babies, all in the swim.

First Debra got a tiny pool, hardly bigger than a dewdrop for Tela's Kim, aged one. Then she added a wading pool for niece Jeanine, aged three. Little sister Meg, who is six, had to have a slightly larger one and there is the big pool *for adults only.*

The four pools sit side by side and everybody stays in his own depth.

Extravagant?

"Goodness, no!" says Debra. "The four together cost less than the average pool. And I can even take them with me when we move!"

They're all made of plastic.

the "wolf" at farley's door

(*Continued from page 49*) assist her through the day.

One evening, telephoning Farley's hotel on location, the Countess was told that Mr. Granger was working that night.

"What do you mean, *working?*" the Countess inquired.

No snob, the Countess is not so insulated in velvet as to be unaware of work, a curse on man since that sorry affair in old Eden, but she probably thought night work was laying Adam's curse a little heavy on Farley.

The Countess gets around. A cosmopolite, though only nineteen, she knows America and Europe; her name pops into Cholly Knickerbocker's news during the New York shindig season, and last summer she made a safari to Hollywood. On a set at Warner Brothers studio Farley was presented. Neither felt a temblor, they say, though it was earthquake weather as usual in that jungle of steaming passion.

On August 15, Farley flew to Europe to make a picture in Italy. Corks popped salute in Paris, TWA poured vintages in a party to honor him, Zizi Jeanmaire for whom he acted as ballet master in *Hans Christian Andersen* danced him around the Champs Elysées and Montmartre.

FROM PARIS Farley flew to Venice for the International Film Festival and the annual Venetian regatta. He fell sick in Venice, happily. The telephone rang. Someone said, "The Countess is calling." Farley got well.

They went dancing at the grand ball in the Volpi palace. Then a gondola sequence of luna-looking with music from serenaders floating at a discreet distance.

At the parties in the great Venetian palaces, at the theatre and yachting, tennis and bathing on the Lido, Farley was not alone in the queue winding round the Countess. There were princes, millionaires, playboys. And Errol Flynn. And Orson Welles. These old operators in service *amour,* bearing wound stripes and service ribbons, with now and then an alimony attachment, make Farley look a rookie although he must have had sound training during his long enlistment with Shelley Winters.

Though Farley had to quit the field before the finals he left in the Countess' car with promise of daily telephone calls.

With all her pokes and palaces you would think the Countess had a clear line, but when she calls Farley she gets Janet Wolfe. Everyone gets "the Wolf." She drives the Countess' car, accompanies Farley to the set, fetches him raw eggs, interprets, sits in on interviews and dines and dances with Farley. She has even climbed on to the screen with him in a newsreel.

Officially she is Farley's "Public Relations." After her newsreel bow, newspapers received an anecdote from her. Seems the hotel maid on seeing them at the movies exclaimed, "Why there is room No. 134 and room No. 128!"

It was corrective news for people who may have thought their rooms adjoined because of always getting "the Wolf" when calling Farley.

An old mug from Hollywood's Tobacco Road dropped into the hotel to investigate the status quo. He called Farley and sure enough didn't get. A buoyant voice said she was too beat up to see him for a couple of hours and then Farley would be back from location.

Turning from the desk phone the mug recognized a round little Italian who was a pooh-bah with the Granger company.

"What goes with Granger?" asked the Tobacco Road bounder.

The pooh-bah regarded him with the baleful eye of a ruffled pigeon:

"Of Mr. Granger I do not speak; Wolfe speaks," he said with clenched teeth. Then, puffing dignity, he added: "For me they are two steps down, Granger and Wolfe. I speak for Mr. Visconti the director, for Miss Valli the actress."

Feeling a rift in Italo-American amity the *boulevardier* of Tobacco Road suggested a healing martini. Warmed by sentiment and martinis, the little man gave:

"I am at the service of America and Hollywood," he said. "Of Granger and Wolfe I speak nothing. It is because here in Italy, as with Hollywood which we respect much, we do not likes smothers on sets."

The mug melted the Italo-prose in a sip of martini, swallowed a superfluous "s" and said:

"But 'the Wolf' is not Granger's mother."

His pal shrugged, rocked his hands in the air, and said: "Is same—public relations, agents, smothers. We know that in Hollywood it is not permitted these in studio. No?"

"They seep in," said the mug, "guns blazing."

SUDDENLY the little man glowered at the descending *ascensore* and scurried into a far corner. Out of the *ascensore* shot "the Wolf" like a guided missile. She had a casing blue eye and she wore a steel blue matching gown. The face was not as young as the voice on the phone, but the body was svelte and rhythmic.

She flung a hand to the mug, gave him her back, raced toward a man sitting elegantly aloof. For him she spread a wide smile which, with her small turned-up nose, gave to her face an Irish urchin look suggesting an elder Jane Withers.

After a few minutes of crouched discourse with the gentleman she raced back to the mug.

"That is Visconti the director. I want the job of dialogue director. He has hired someone, but he likes me," she said, her fingers gesturing to bosom, pleasing in the low cut gown.

A young man drifted unnoticed into the lobby. He wore brown cords and a sport shirt of shrieking greens, blues and dashes of scarlet. It might have been titled "The Battle Of The Parakeets," and it might have set Bing Crosby to gnawing knuckles in envy were Bing not color blind. Personable, tall, bland of face, looking not more than twenty-one, he might be any one of the good looking young Americans prowling around Europe. There was no professional aura about him.

"There's Farley now," said "the Wolf."

Farley smiled and sat down. "The Wolf" ordered drinks. Farley declined. He had only a chance to say he found Italy marvelous, that he was playing the part of a monster which he found marvelous and that he was glad to get away from Hollywood which is chaotic now, when "the Wolf" reminded him that he had a costume fitting upstairs.

He excused himself. "I will come down as soon as it is over."

"The Wolf" flung him a look, said he had other business.

"Then I will say goodnight now," he said, returning to shake hands.

"The Wolf" said she must interpret for him, as the costumer spoke no English. She spun away without a bow or a *buona sera.*

When she had vanished the little pooh-bah emerged from his corner, a gleam in his eye, not a gleam of triumph but a gleam of sympathy.

"You can talk with Farley on the set tomorrow," he consoled the mug. "You will be my guest. I will send a car for you at noon."

At noon when the car arrived it was the Countess' car, "the Wolf" was at the wheel, and the little pooh-bah was a dump on the back seat.

On the drive to the *villa Valmarama,* where scenes were being filmed, the little man draped scarves over the bare brown shoulders of "the Wolf," or removed them, according to her temperature and mood. For this he got the free ride and a *grazie.*

Broken any Yet?

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Italians seem uncertain whether to address "la Wolf" as *signorina* or *signora*. She herself murmurs vaguely of having had "husband trouble." Says she was a washout in Hollywood where she did something to scripts in the Fox studio. In 1950 she shook free of scripts and husband trouble by joining up with the Red Cross for service in Italy. She drove a jeep, which she turned bottom up, denting jeep and all occupants except herself. "La Wolf," you feel, is of quality non-dentable and non-shrinkable.

After her distinguished service for the Red Cross she shipped back to New York. There Farley called her up and invited her to join him on his first film expedition into Italy.

"I jumped at the offer to get back here," she said. "I adore Italy."

"And Farley?"

"Old friends," she said. "We've known one another ages."

In the *villa Valmarama*, a maze of vast rooms frescoed by pupils of the Veronese school with bare-bottomed babies and pink fleshy mamas of the Mae West school, "la Wolf" raced for the director on her campaign, no doubt, for that dialogue director's job.

Farley appeared on the set in the uniform of an Austrian officer of the year 1866 when Italy fought the war of her Risorgimento against Austria.

His natural altitude of six-feet-two was increased by high military cap and accentuated by long white cape. He was as imposing as the Empire State building.

His sky-blue pants were so tight they appeared to be painted on his legs. He lowered himself into a chair with apprehension.

"They say the material is strong," he said. "I hope."

The picture for which Tennessee Williams wrote the script and dialogue is from an Italian novel titled *Senso*—roughly *Sensuality* in English. Farley's own current romance so resembles that of the picture a Hollywood press agent would be suspected of cooking it up for publicity. In the film, he makes love to a rich Venetian countess and takes her money.

Of course Countess Marina's twenty-eight pocket books are safe, none missing. Mr. Granger is no monster in person. The Countess did not give him her car though she did offer it for 1,500,000 lire, around $2500, which is three thousand less than she paid for it.

Being no monster, Mr. Granger replies like a gentleman to all inquisitors. The Countess is a friend. A wonderful person. A noblewoman in the true sense of nobility. Telephoning him when he was ill in Venice, a stranger to the city and a person she had met only casually, was in the tradition of *noblesse oblige* plus the natural kindness of a sweet nature.

"La Wolf" also is wonderful, an old friend, who was invaluable to him in Italy. He calls her Janet.

"Janet!" he howled suddenly. "Janet, get me a couple of raw eggs. I have had no lunch. Janet!"

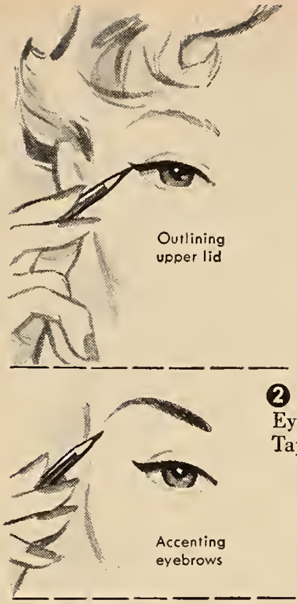
Janet apparently was on business of her own at the moment.

Later when asked if she thought Farley would buy the Countess' car she smiled and shook her head. This led the mug to observe that Farley wouldn't need to buy it if he married the Countess.

"She will not marry him," said "la Wolf" authoritatively. "They marry in their own crowd."

The Countess' car was all right, she said, a special job, but Farley thought he wanted an Alpha Romeo. "La Wolf" thought that foolish.

"We," she said plurally, "are going to buy a Jaguar." END



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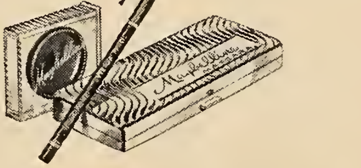

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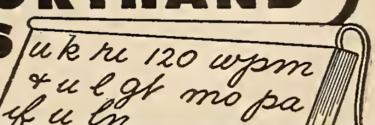

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the iron man and the redhead

(*Continued from page 28*) He'd heard and read all that before, he said tolerantly.

Sure was funny how some people could louse you up. He had taken Susie out. He'd taken her to a première. Thousands of people saw them together. And he was proud to be Susie's escort. But the very next day, that fact was blown up into a full-fledged romance, and it wasn't so. He hadn't been taking Susie to the nightclubs, to out-of-the-way restaurants, or for long rides up the beach. They hadn't commiserated with each other.

Susan had left for Mexico and the *The Garden Of Evil* on November 18. He hadn't seen her since.

Then Jeff and Susie were never high school sweethearts?

"Look," the iron man explained. "She attended Girls' Commercial High. No boys allowed. I went to Erasmus Hall High School. Both high schools are in Brooklyn, and they're not far from each other.

"We did go to elementary school together. Public School No. 181. I guess we were about eleven, maybe twelve years old. After that I didn't see her for years.

"When I came out to the coast, we ran into each other a couple of times. Once we were on a Red Cross radio show, and another time on a Hedda Hopper program. Susie and Lew Ayres were playing the leads in *Magnificent Obsession*. I was in the supporting cast. That was it until a few weeks ago. Then I called her up. We were two people who used to know each other, and I said, 'How are you? Would you like to go to this thing with me?' And she said, 'Okay,' and that's it.

"Right away the newspapers played it up as a big thing, and it became embarrassing not only to me, but to my wife. That's the whole truth."

Jeff is scrupulously honest. When he talks with the press, there are no curves, no wild throws, no fast ones. It's straight down the middle.

Susan Hayward corroborated Jeff's explanation when she appeared at the Court of Conciliation to frustrate her husband's final legal attempt to reconcile their marital differences.

"I've been out with Mr. Chandler once," Susan said, "and it was a purely professional affair. Right now, all I'm interested in is getting a divorce from my husband.

"There won't be any reconciliation. The only reason I'm down here is because I believe the idea of this court is an excellent one. It should be used by more people."

Asked if she still loved her husband, Susan answered with a definite "no." She asserted that she loved only her two children, Greg and Tim, eight-and-a-half-year-old twins.

She was asked to pose for pictures with Barker. At first she refused. Gradually, however, she thawed out and consented to have photographs taken with the husband she has accused of beating her up and Superior Court Judge Georgia Bullock who is responsible for the workings of the Court of Conciliation.

Mrs. Harpstrite, the Conciliation Commissioner, heard both sides of the story. First she interviewed Susan, who told her that a reconcilation was completely out of the question. She had married Jess Barker on July 23, 1944. The twins came along soon after. She and her husband fought incessantly. On several occasions he had slapped her around. They had separated in 1947 and she had hired an attorney to go ahead with divorce proceedings.

Fully dedicated to her marital vows, however, she had even then made an effort to save the marriage by going to the Institute of Marital Relations, where a well-publicized sociologist had talked both of them into trying a reconciliation.

Late in 1953, however, after she and Jess had returned from a trip to Europe, Barker had beaten her so badly that her screams had brought the police to their home.

She felt sorry for Jess, she explained. He was a fine actor, and her career had outdistanced his. His ego had been hurt and his will frustrated.

She was perfectly agreeable to fair visitation rights. If he wanted to see his sons every weekend, that was all right with her, but a reconciliation was out. She had filed for divorce on grounds of mental cruelty. She was determined to get away from Barker once and for all. The divorce would proceed.

Mrs. Harpstrite then interviewed Jess Barker, tall, thirty-nine, sandy-blond and good looking. Jess said he was interested in preserving his marriage. That was why when Mrs. Barker had filed for divorce he had insisted upon a reconciliation proceeding. No effort was too great to save his marriage. He had even switched lawyers. He had gone from the famed Jerry Giesler to Sammy Hahn. All he wanted, he urged, was that Susan try living with him just one more time.

Susan and Jess were then interviewed together. There was no meeting of minds. Finally, their lawyers were called in, and it was announced that "a very amicable visitation arrangement has been reached. Miss Hayward is to have custody of Timothy and Gregory, the twins, and Mr. Barker is to have custody of them each weekend."

That night Susan flew off to Mexico City where Gary Cooper and other members of the cast were waiting to start production of *The Garden Of Evil*. Her mother, who had arrived from the East, took charge of the boys.

Since Susan had refused even to discuss reconciliation, the very next day Jess Barker asked the Superior Court to deny Susan a divorce and to give him half of their community property, which he estimates as currently exceeding $300,000.

As his lawyer pointed out, "Jess doesn't want a divorce. He isn't asking for one. He claims his wife has no grounds for a divorce. She says he hit her. I say how about all the times she hit him. My client has behaved like a perfect gentleman all through this mess. He hasn't said a word against his wife.

"He is worried about the future of his children. He doesn't want them to grow up in a broken home. He is sure the marriage could work.

Susan and Jess discussed break-up with Mrs. Margaret Harpstrite, of the Court of Conciliation.

"If Miss Hayward is willing to try to make it work, he's willing to renounce all his rights to their community property."

The following is Jess Barker's list of community assets:

Cash savings	$59,878.95
Tax reserve	8,064.76
Accounts receivable	401.90
Unemply. ins. rec'ble.	235.50
Life insurance receivable	4,570.00
Accred. Fed. old age ben.	488.47
Stocks and securities	93,529.83
Bonds	20,150.00
Automobiles	10,923.12
Real Estate	51,577.29
Furnishings	16,702.33
Personal effects	24,252.42
	$290,774.57

Barker also points out that there is "additional community property in plaintiff's possession, the nature and extent of which is unknown to affiant at this time."

Susan has five more years to run on an employment contract with 20th Century-Fox which brings her $5,000 a week, fifty-two weeks a year.

"That contract," according to Jess' lawyer, "is also community property. And my client is willing to waive his rights in that, too."

When Susan first filed her divorce complaint, she stated, "There is no community property belonging to plaintiff and defendant. All of the property, both real and personal, in plaintiff's possession is her sole and separate property."

Miss Hayward's husband has also requested that Susan be compelled to pay the fees for his attorneys since all the community funds are under her control and he doesn't have any.

This divorce case threatens to develop into a no-holds-barred contest, equal in antagonism to the recent case of John Wayne versus Chata Wayne.

Is Jess Barker entitled to 50% of the community property, practically all of which was earned by his wife? That is the crux of the case.

When it comes up on January 19, Edythe Marrener Barker (Susan's real name) is going to offer evidence to the court, a document allegedly signed by Jess Barker, in which he agreed to waive all rights to any future community property.

Susan had Jess sign this document in a pre-marital agreement. Apparently she was well-prepared to safeguard her interests, even ten years ago—if the signature is Barker's.

Jess Barker is determined to fight his wife. Susie is prepared to fight back, and when this girl fights she pulls no punches. Somebody has said Susan Hayward wears brass knuckles on her tongue, and that she has the kind of hard brown eyes which look out but into which no one can look.

One of her few Hollywood friends says, "Don't judge Susie by her exterior. For the last ten years she has been living a lie. She's been too proud to admit defeat. She tried to make people believe that she had everything—a happy home, a great career, a wonderful, understanding husband.

"The truth is that, at thirty-six, she has nothing but a career and some money. They've never brought her any great happiness. Security, yes. Happiness, no.

"She came up the hard way. She fought and scrapped and worked hard. She is a proud girl and her pride is responsible for most of her trouble.

"Right after she married Jess, she knew it wouldn't work. But she was pregnant, so she stuck with it hoping things would grow better. Domestically, they didn't, but her pride held her back. She wouldn't admit failure.

"Now that she has admitted it, she's got a fight for freedom on her hands. I don't know what will happen to her after she gets the divorce. She has many qualities which will frighten the potential husband she wants and needs. After all, you can't find many men who can equal her earning power.

"You read a lot about Susie and Jeff Chandler. Jeff is a well-balanced man, and a strong man. As an actor, he hasn't realized one half of his potential. He would make her a fine husband if in another five years Susan would abandon her career and let him take care of her.

"In another five years she'll be forty-one, and maybe by then she will be ready for domesticity. But for the last nine years, she has not only worn the pants in her house but she has controlled the purse strings."

When Susan filed for divorce, she asked the court to issue a restraining order to prevent Jess from visiting her and slugging her.

"Defendant," she claimed, "has more than once during the last two months inflicted physical harm upon affiant. Since the separation of the parties, defendant came to affiant's residence and used physical violence on affiant. By reason of defendant's conduct, affiant has reasonable grounds to fear that unless restrained, defendant will attempt to see affiant, will attempt to annoy and molest her by physical violence and otherwise." **END**

m. s. top ten for 1953

(*Continued from page 27*) right about them as you were about Marilyn and we wish them as much success. For you are discriminating judges. You may promote stars slowly, rung by rung, up the ladder to popularity peaks or you may whirl them high on the strength of only one performance. They have to be good to make it—and they have to be great to stay there.

So don't go away. We're proud to present your choices and we congratulate you on your good taste. The editors join you in congratulating the winners, and extend our thanks to all of you who voted in our monthly popularity poll. Thanks, too, from Hollywood's movie-makers who recognize in your opinions the most accurate indicator of star popularity. They are grateful, as we are, for your judgment. **END**

I SAW IT HAPPEN

On the night of President Truman's Inauguration Ball in 1949, I was among those gathered outside the back entrance of the Armory, waiting to get a close look at President Truman. After a long time, someone from behind the crowd shouted, "Attention!" And Lou Costello bowed, skipped, and hopped into the Armory. He was such a cute little man I wanted to hug him. And after the long wait he left the crowd laughing and happy.

Delores Ligon
West Paducah, Kentucky

Noted Beauty Authority Advises

"Don't Fool With Pimples"

by
MARCELLA HOLMES
(Former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" Magazine)

"As a beauty editor many people have asked me, 'what should I do for pimples?' I always say, don't try just *anything* on them! Acne-type pimples are a serious condition that if neglected can permanently mar your looks. So use a medication specifically developed for pimples, and *not* multi-purpose skin creams or ointments that are claimed to be 'also good for pimples.'

"No general purpose cream or ointment provides in a fast-drying greaseless base the specific medical ingredients so necessary in the treatment of pimples. Fortunately, today, there's a modern, scientific medication developed especially for pimples—actually tested and proven by leading skin specialists. This medication is called CLEARASIL.

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"CLEARASIL is *antiseptic,* stopping growth of bacteria that may cause and spread pimples. And since it is non-greasy, stainless, it may be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

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"This new CLEARASIL medication is skin-colored to hide pimples while it works, and to end the embarrassment of pimples instantly.

"So again I advise, don't fool with pimples. General purpose creams and ointments have their proper uses, but don't depend on them for treatment of pimples. Treat this specific condition with a *specific* pimple medication."

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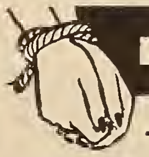

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(*Continued from page 37*) film in Honolulu.

14. Going to Mexican night clubs with men other than her husband and drinking excessively.

All of this, Duke charged, caused him such "grievous mental suffering, embarrassment, and humiliation" that he wanted a divorce at once.

Chata, his thirty-one-year-old Mexican wife, charged America's number-one movie attraction with:

1. Pulling her out of bed and beating her.
2. Dragging her down the hallway of the *Del Prado Hotel* in Mexico City by the roots of her hair.
3. Blacking her eye.
4. Calling her obscene names.
5. Manhandling her in the presence of guests.
6. Swearing at the servants and thereby causing her great pain and humiliation.
7. Refusing to escort her home from parties.
8. On occasions too numerous to specify covering her body with bruises which her masseuse might readily see.
9. Excessive drinking and resultant intoxication.
10. Violent temper and bad manners.
11. Going out with actress Gail Russell on a party and not returning home until the wee hours of the morning.
12. Giving Gail Russell money for a new car.
13. Throwing towels all over the dressing-room of their residence because he was dissatisfied with the number of towels in his bathroom.
14. Belligerent attitude and demeanor which once manifested itself when at a party he tossed his wife's shawl into the mud.
15. Attending a stag party where call girls were brought in and strip teases performed; "and when defendant returned home in the early morning hours, he was very intoxicated and had a large black bite on the right side of his neck."
16. Throwing alcohol in her face.
17. Forcing her to escape into another bedroom, screaming and calling her vile names through the door.
18. Without her consent, moving her effects out of their large residence in Encino into a small Beverly Hills apartment.

Despite all this potent ammunition, the Wayne trial ran only three days.

What happened? Who called a halt to the proceedings and why? Why, after weeks of fruitless out-of-court bickering, was a financial agreement satisfactory to both parties reached in a matter of hours?

Before they went into the courtroom Duke Wayne had offered his wife $40,000 for two years and $35,000 a year for the next seven years. He had insisted that there was no community property to divide because Chata, in their seven years of marriage, had spent more than he had earned. Chata, in turn, had demanded approximately $9,000 a month in alimony. Whereupon Duke had said, "I hate to do it, but I'm going to fight this one through."

Modern Screen is the only magazine with the inside story of the Wayne case—why it wasn't battled out according to plan, why the trial was cut short and how the settlement was reached.

On the morning of the trial's third day, half an hour before Duke, Chata, the lawyers and witnesses were scheduled to appear in Judge Allen Ashburn's courtroom, Lloyd Shearer, a writer who was covering the trial, rapped on the door of the judge's chambers. He introduced himself to Judge Ashburn, a stern-looking bespectacled man of sixty-eight, and asked permission to use a noiseless wire recorder while Mr. and Mrs. Wayne were testifying.

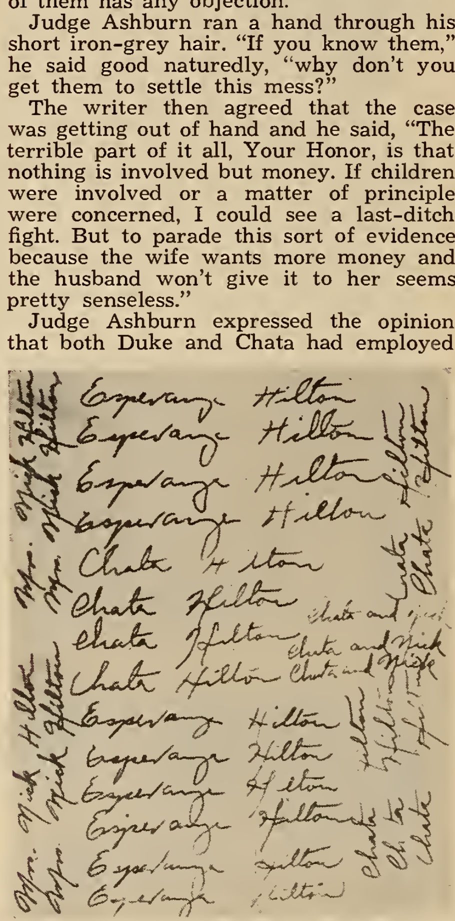
"I'm very sorry," Judge Ashburn said kindly, "but if I let you use a recorder, then I've got to let the newsreel men come in and the TV men come in, and the whole thing will become a circus. It's hard enough to keep order as it is."

Mr. Shearer nodded. "I know, Your Honor," he conceded, "but the recorder doesn't make any noise. I also know both of the principals in this case, and neither of them has any objection."

Judge Ashburn ran a hand through his short iron-grey hair. "If you know them," he said good naturedly, "why don't you get them to settle this mess?"

The writer then agreed that the case was getting out of hand and he said, "The terrible part of it all, Your Honor, is that nothing is involved but money. If children were involved or a matter of principle were concerned, I could see a last-ditch fight. But to parade this sort of evidence because the wife wants more money and the husband won't give it to her seems pretty senseless."

Judge Ashburn expressed the opinion that both Duke and Chata had employed competent counsel. He assumed that every effort had been made to settle their clients' differences out of court.


Esperanza Hilton
Chata Hilton
Mrs. Nick Hilton
Chata and Nick

Chata's doodles, made during Nick Hilton's stay at her home, were produced in court by Wayne.

"There's no doubt about that, Your Honor," Shearer said. "They were pretty close to a settlement at one time. I still think, however, that if somebody puts his foot down and insists that a settlement be reached, such a deal can be made." The writer asked once more for permission to use his wire recorder, and again the judge denied him.

Fifteen minutes later when Chata Wayne strode into court—she was late because she'd been stopped and ticketed for speeding by a highway patrolman—she learned that her lawyer and Duke's lawyer, Frank Belcher, were closeted in chambers with Judge Ashburn.

What Ashburn said in essence to both lawyers was that the case was taking a nasty turn and that he felt a property settlement could be reached if all the parties concerned really got down to business. He was recessing court until two o'clock that afternoon, and he wanted both lawyers to return with a settlement.

While court was recessed, Duke, Chata, their two lawyers, and Bo Roos, Duke's business manager, succeeded in making their way into an adjoining court room. The door was locked and the final settlement conference began.

There was much haggling over financial details. Chata wanted her debts to be paid. She insisted upon having her community property rights recognized.

In the end, Duke agreed to pay Chata approximately $50,000 a year for the next six years, to pay all of her debts (estimated at $22,000), sell the property they own and give her half the proceeds and pay her legal expenses. The settlement ran to $500,000 give a little, take a little.

One reason Duke wanted to settle was that he was afraid his two oldest children might be subpoenaed and asked to testify against their father.

Duke felt sure that if the trial continued, his children would be forced to share his humiliation, that they would be compelled to answer the most soul-searing personal questions, that the battery of photographers and newsmen would descend upon them and that the two children, Mike, eighteen, and Tony, sixteen (the daughter's name is Mary Antonia but everyone calls her Tony), would bear the stigma of this experience and would carry the memory forever.

He was determined to avoid this no matter what the price in cash or future financial indebtedness.

What he did not and could not know was that before the trial got underway, Chata had emphatically told her lawyer, Jerry Rosenthal, "I love Duke's children, all four of them. They are fine children, and under no circumstances must they be called or connected with this trial in any way. If Duke wants to fight, I'll fight him. I'll fight him all the way. But those children are not to be called. Is that understood?"

"I agree with you 100%," Rosenthal had said. "They will not even be mentioned."

"Good," Chata said. "I will fight him alone."

And what a fight this fiery Mexican lady put up. Sparks flew the very first day she and her lawyer stalked into court. The lawyer, shrewd, boyish-looking, well dressed, painted his client as a frightened, innocent young girl from Mexico who came to Hollywood only to find herself enmeshed in an alcohol-saturated net.

"Are you going to show," the judge asked, "that her husband taught her to drink?"

"I surely am," Rosenthal said. "She was swept into a mode of living where life came from the mouth of a whiskey bottle."

He offered to prove that naive Chata came to the United States and lived with her "hard-drinking" actor for two years while he was still married, technically, to his first wife, Josephine Saenz, the mother of his four children.

Chata Wayne then took the stand. She was dressed conservatively in a dark blue suit ($165) a white and blue pin-striped blouse ($15.95) and white gloves ($2.98). She toyed nervously with her fingers as in an almost inaudible voice, she told of Wayne's alleged mistreatment.

Here are random excerpts from her testimony:

"In December, 1946, we went to Honolulu with friends (Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Grant. Grant is Wayne's writer) . . . We were at the Grants' suite at the Moana Hotel. Mr. Wayne was intoxicated. Mr. Grant was even worse. They were talking and I was tired, so I lay down on a twin bed.

"Mr. Wayne grabbed me by the foot and dragged me to the floor. I said, 'What's the matter?' He just insulted me and berated me and I cried. I was so upset. My eyes were swollen from crying and I was unable to go to another party we were supposed to attend. Mr. Wayne later apologized and asked me to forgive him."

"What did you say to that?" Rosenthal asked.

"That I would," Chata replied. "And then I said, 'If that's what liquor does to you then you shouldn't drink so much.' He said he would never strike or swear at me again."

But not long after when they were in Mexico City where Wayne was producing *The Bullfighter And The Lady,* they were staying at the *Hotel Del Prado,* and one night, "He grabbed me and threw me against the wall and pulled my hair. He kicked me, then dragged me the full length of the corridor. He called me terrible things and punched me in the eye. Next morning my eye was black and swollen. I wore dark glasses to hide it."

While Chata was testifying in this nostalgic vein, Duke was shaking his head. He looked around as if to say, "Where is she getting this stuff?" During periodic recesses, he said, "She must be awfully nervous, or maybe she doesn't feel so well. There's no other reason why she should be making up these stories."

Chata wanted more money than Duke was willing to pay, and she was determined to prove that life with the handsome actor had been no bed of roses and that she was entitled to a high standard of separate maintenance. Any sum from $9,000 to $13,000 a month would do.

At the home of actor John Carroll, she testified, she once made the mistake of objecting to Wayne's drinking, "So he knocked me down, hit me while I was on the floor, and kicked me. I was completely bruised the next day. And quite upset, of course. I was sore all over and had to stay in bed."

THEIR FIRST separation came in December, 1951, after they had fought all over Acapulco, Mexico. "He threw a glass of water at me, and then I threw a bucket back at him. Then he threw rubbing alcohol straight into my eyes. It blinded me for a moment and I said, 'That wasn't water.' And he laughed and said, 'Of course it wasn't water. It was alcohol.' I stumbled into the bathroom and splashed my eyes to see. The next morning I packed and left for Mexico City."

On another occasion, Chata testified, she almost shot her husband when he broke a glass panel and let himself into their home in the early hours of the morning after spending much of the night with actress Gail Russell. She thought he might be a robber.

"I asked him if he had been at a motel," she said, "and he said no, that he had actually gone to Miss Gail Russell's house with her alone and spent the night there. He said he left the restaurant with Miss Russell—just the two of them—and went straight to her house.

"I was quite hurt and very upset for two or three days. He apologized but didn't explain why he had done it and asked me to make up."

She then told Duke that she had been given a tip that he had given Gail Russell a new car, and she wanted to know if that were true.

"He said he had given her the down payment. I wondered why unless there was some relation between them, some friendship or closeness. He said there was nothing wrong and that he wasn't running around or going with Miss Russell.

"I told him it was very strange that he would spend the night with her and give her a down payment on the car."

"And what did Mr. Wayne say at this point?" Chata's lawyer asked.

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"He said," she replied, "that I shouldn't be upset about it."

When Chata finished testifying, one little old lady sitting in the rear of the courtroom, turned to her friend and reflected the general opinion of the fans who had crowded the quarters. "I don't believe a single word that woman has said," she whispered.

Duke Wayne was prepared to take the stand and tell his side of the marital dispute when Judge Ashburn sent for the lawyers and ordered them to reach a final property settlement.

Once it was announced that a settlement was reached, the case was postponed for a week so that the final agreement might be couched in the proper legal terms.

One week later, the property settlement signed and sealed, all the principals returned to the nineteenth floor of the Los Angeles City Hall Building.

This time Chata had amended her plea to include a divorce. She no longer wanted separate maintenance. She wanted to be rid of Duke, and he wanted to be rid of her.

Now that a settlement had been reached and Chata was willing to give her husband a divorce, everyone wondered if Duke would take the stand and elaborate on all the charges he had made against his wife. Or would he say just enough to get a decree on mental cruelty grounds?

Lloyd Shearer, who had been instrumental in bringing about the financial settlement, asked him, "You going to blast her, Duke?"

Wayne shook his head indecisively.

"If I were you," Shearer said, "I wouldn't. Why put yourself in the same mudslinging category. Why don't you just tell the judge that you could say plenty but that you'd rather not. Just give one or two examples of mental cruelty."

"I wish to God I could," Duke Wayne said. "I hate this. The whole mess is repugnant to me. I didn't want any of it. You know that. I offered to give her every buck I could afford, but she was really unreasonable.

"If she had merely testified against me, that would be a different matter. But getting up on that stand and making white look black, dragging in my friends—someone like Gail Russell. You know Gail. The poor kid went to work for us on a loanout from Paramount. She was getting practically nothing. She did such a good job in our picture that we tried to get her some of the loanout money but Paramount said no soap. So what happened? Jimmy Grant—it was the first picture he'd directed—he and I chipped in $500 a piece and gave it to her. Chata knew all about it. Jimmy and I had discussed it half a dozen times.

"Sure I took Gail home after a party. But her folks were there and her brother came in. This attempt to make everything look dirty! I hate to do it, but I'm going to take the stand and tell what really happened. I've got an obligation to defend my friends, and I'm going to do it."

But on this final day of the trial, it was Chata who took the stand first. Having obtained the settlement she wanted, her testimony was now brief and generalized: "He caused me physical and mental grief. I got sick several times. I went to the doctor regularly, and he said there wasn't—well—there wasn't much he could do for me."

It was now Duke's turn.

He was sick with the flu, and his glassy blue eyes showed it. He took the stand and not once in the next forty minutes did he ever sit comfortably on that chair. He leaned forward all the time, playing with his USC ring or his gold king of hearts cuff links and rubbing his left eye. Once in a while when he couldn't find the right word, he snapped his fingers impatiently.

Of his wife he said, "She put me in a position where I had to cover up the fact that she was not acting like my wife. I had to keep up the public relations for us. It was humiliating to have her get drunk, fall down in cafes, cause disturbances at private parties. It affected my work and embarrassed me on many occasions."

One time, Duke testified, after Chata had had too many drinks and called the police, he said to her, "Chata, you are really acting like a bum."

Another time, he continued, when she was drunk and dancing with Bill O'Connell at Charley Foy's Supper Club, she slipped and fell to the floor and then accused Duke who was twenty feet away, sitting at a table, of having thrown her down.

Of his evening with Gail Russell following the party celebrating the completion of their picture, *Angel And The Badman*, Wayne said:

IT HAPPENED TO ME

It was my first day in the hat-check room at Lindy's. I was only twenty years old, and I was awed by the tradition of the restaurant, famous for its Broadway customers. I was scared.

As I stood alone near the door, I was approached by a very attractive young lady who appeared to be about my own age. She was dressed simply and she wore little make-up on her turned-up nose and freckled face. I was not especially impressed—and not so scared any more. She was just another pretty New York girl.

"My, it's cold out there," she said. I replied easily. She stood there a moment, looking around the restaurant.

"I'm expecting some friends," she said. "If they come in will you tell them where I'm sitting?" And with that, she walked toward the other end of the restaurant.

I went after her. "Who'll they ask for? What's your name?" I stammered.

"Garland," she said, smiling at my embarrassment. "Judy Garland."

Howard Jay Friedman
Tallahassee, Florida

"I offered to drive Miss Russell home in her car. We were following some friends who wanted to stop in a bar for a drink. We lost them in traffic and couldn't find them again. We looked in several bars, then wound up at Carl's cafe on the beachfront.

"We had some food and I saw some old friends from Glendale where I went to high school. They called me Marion (Wayne's real name is Marion Mitchell Morrison) and then an artist did a charcoal drawing of Miss Russell, and I took her home. Her mother was there and we talked. I took a cab home at about one A.M.

Attorney: Were there any improprieties between you and Miss Russell?

Wayne: Absolutely not.

Attorney: Were you together at a motel any time that evening?

Wayne: Absolutely not.

Attorney: What happened when you arrived home?

WAYNE: All the doors were locked. I could hear Chata and her mother inside z-zz-, buzzing all the time, and I said, "Come on, Chata, open the door." But she wouldn't. I rang the bell and she still wouldn't open up. Finally, I broke a glass pane, unlocked the door and went in. I lay down on the seven-foot sofa in the living room. Mrs. Wayne and her mother were in another room blabbing, blab, blab, blab. Then they came charging in with a .45. They talked it over for a few minutes. Then they left.

Wayne was then shown a typewritten list of profanities which he supposedly employed to call his wife from time to time. He studied the list for a moment and then agreed he had called her a couple of them on occasion, but nothing else.

He said, "She had nothing to do but see that the servants kept the house in order and she wouldn't do that. Sure, I got irritated when I stepped out of the shower to find that I had no towels. So I sneaked into her dressing room and took all her towels so she wouldn't have one when she got out of her shower. It was kind of silly, I guess, but I was sore."

As for having "sloshed" his wife in Mexico with alcohol, Duke admitted that one, but only after she had doused him with a bucket of water. "She started to charge me, and I said, 'Chata, so help me, if you come closer I'm going to slosh you with this alcohol,' and she came at me, so I sloshed her, and she ran out crying."

And then Wayne threw the bombshell of the case. After he returned from Honolulu in June of last year, he testified, his butler, Hampton Scott, came up to him and said, "Mr. Wayne, are you sure you're through with Mrs. Wayne?"

When Duke said he was absolutely finished with his Esperanza the butler gave him a piece of notepaper on which Chata had doodled dozens of times such things as "Esperanza Hilton, Chata and Nicky, Mrs. Nick Hilton, Chata Hilton."

Up until that moment, Duke said, he had not known that Hilton, twenty-six, former husband of actress Elizabeth Taylor, had stayed in his house for a week.

That note also conjured up memories, poignant memories, for Wayne. He remembered that before he married Chata, when he was ardently in love with her, she used to practice these same doodles. Only then she used *his* name. She would write, "Chata and Duke Wayne, Mrs. John Wayne, Mrs. Esperanza Wayne."

Wayne's attorney asked him, "What was your reaction when you saw that paper?"

A look of complete disgust came into Duke's eyes. "I went into the bathroom and threw up."

Later on, just before the trial ended, Mrs. Wayne was called to the witness stand and asked to explain what Nicky Hilton was doing in her house.

This was her explanation: "Betsy von Furstenburg was my house guest. One day she called me from a doctor's office and said Mr. Hilton had been hurt in an accident. She said he lived in a hotel by himself and it wouldn't be nice for her to go to his room and nurse him; so she asked if she could take care of him at my house. I said, 'Fine, yes, so long as you are here to take care of him.'"

After the financial settlement was reached both lawyers agreed to forestall any cross examination; so that Chata was never asked why she doodled Nicky Hilton's name on her stationery if Nick was being looked after by Betsy von Furstenburg.

Reporters asked her that question after the trial, however, and she said, "Oh, I doodle all the time. There was never anything between me and Nicky. He's such a nice boy."

"But didn't you secretly hope to marry him?" one girl reporter asked.

"Not at all," Chata insisted. "I'm an incurable doodler. Only this morning I was doodling the name of my lawyer. I was doodling, 'Esperanza Rosenthal.'"

The reporters laughed, and so did Chata. None of them asked her why Hilton couldn't have called a hotel doctor to treat him, or why Betsy von Furstenburg couldn't have taken a next-door suite to him. After all, Nicky's father, Conrad, owned the hotel. Why did he have to move in on Chata Wayne and impose upon her hospitality?

When Duke had finished his testimony and both sides had spat their venom into the public record Judge Ashburn took a deep breath. "In a case of recrimination such as this," he announced, "the court may grant to each of the parties a divorce. The court finds that this is a case in which it is eminently proper to follow this procedure."

HE REMINDED the couple who were originally married in the Long Beach, California, Presbyterian Church on January 17, 1946, that they would lay themselves open to a charge of bigamy if they remarried before a year had elapsed.

"Do you understand that, Mrs. Wayne?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Chata said meekly.

"And do *you* understand, Mr. Wayne?"

Duke nodded. "I do," he boomed, shouting the very same words which had gotten him Chata and all his ensuing trouble.

After the trial, Duke went home where the doctors put him to bed and prescribed a long rest. A week later he was vacationing in Mexico City.

As for Chata, she began living the hectic social life long denied her. She showed up at the première of *How To Marry A Millionaire* with Steve Cochran.

When asked if she and Steve were serious about each other, the former Mrs. Wayne described him in terms she had previously reserved for Nicky Hilton. "He's such a nice boy," she said.

As she entered the Fox Wilshire Theatre on Cochran's arm, one of the many autograph hunters swarming around the place, pointed to her and said, "There's the dame who dragged John Wayne through the mud for thirty pieces of silver."

A photographer who happened to overhear the girl, tapped her on the shoulder. "You're wrong," he said, "by exactly 450,000 pieces of silver." **END**

COMIC RELIEF

■ *During the entire John Wayne divorce trial there were only three times when the actor managed to laugh: once when a reporter sent him a note saying, "I understand this whole trial is a publicity gimmick for a Wayne-Fellows production entitled* I Married A WAC.*" He laughed again when an extremely ardent female fan brushed against him in the hall outside the courtroom and said, "John, you can give me a subpoena any time you want." The third time, a girl sneaked up behind him while the trial was in progress, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. Photographers made Kathlyn Koulos, eighteen, a Los Angeles city stenographic clerk, do it all over again. Wayne said he didn't mind one bit, and even Chata laughed.*

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jane's strange interlude

(*Continued from page 33*) for each other. Before they plunge ahead into second marriage, they want to be as sure as possible that they are right.

Jane married the first young man who came into her life. Before she met Geary Steffen (Marshall Thompson introduced him) she had a successful career in Hollywood. But that's all she had.

"I have no real friends here," she used to say. "If you don't drink, smoke or go partying, you're left to yourself. I'd like to get married."

She was unhappy at home; her parents were involved in divorce; she was drowning in loneliness, she felt that she was a wayfarer between two worlds; and she unwittingly used her marriage to Geary Steffen as an escape. Maybe that's one reason the marriage didn't last.

Of course there were lots of reasons. Although Jane had been miserable at home, she found that marriage per se is not the answer. From the outside her marriage to Geary Steffen looked idyllic, but Jane didn't find it easy.

THAT WAS the situation when she started working on *Three Sailors And A Girl.* That's when she fell in love with Gene Nelson. And that's why Jane left Geary and Gene left Miriam.

Jane doesn't want to make the same mistake twice. She doesn't want to try to escape from an intolerable situation by the first route she finds open to her—only to find her situation intolerable again. Gene Nelson agrees.

That's why they are not seeing each other for a while. They have not made a permanent break. The day after MGM issued Jane's statement, Gene telephoned her to say, "Darling, I think I'll go down to Palm Springs for a few days. The phone's been ringing like mad. Everyone wants to know about you and me. You'd think the world had come to an end."

That Saturday, Gene had custody of his little son. He went fishing with Chris in the morning, took him to a horse show in the afternoon, returned him to Miriam that night.

A day later, Gene was down in the desert, away from it all. He takes flying lessons and he managed to add four hours in the air to his log. From Palm Springs he called Janie again, just to find out how she was. Does this sound like a final, conclusive break?

Jane couldn't go to Palm Springs because she was rehearsing for a picture. She went to the *Julius Caesar* première and the Mocambo and the annual Screen Photographers' Ball escorted by Pat Nerney, the former husband of Mona Freeman.

Twice during the evening, she ran into her former husband, Geary Steffen. Somehow or other Steffen always seems to be seated near Jane. At the Photographers' Ball with Ann Alexander, he sat right next to Jane. Jane asked to be moved.

"I don't mind these things myself," she says, "but it is sometimes embarrassing to my escort and the other people around."

If Jane wanted Geary back, she could probably have him. Apparently, however, Jane is determined to maintain her freedom for a while.

It cost her a great deal. In the divorce settlement, she gave Geary three lots worth $15,000 adjoining their apartment house in North Hollywood. She gave him a $16,000 note which she has been paying off at the rate of $200 a month plus interest. She agreed to assume all the financial obligations and liabilities of the marriage, including income tax. Geary got his insurance business (in which policies on Jane's life are a major asset) stock in an automobile business, and some other financial advantages.

Jane Powell's lawyer was against this kind of financial settlement, but Jane was adamant.

She believes in making firm decisions and plans and acting on them at once. She cannot abide temporizing and indecision. Gene Nelson goes slowly.

At the cost of half her worldly goods and some debts, on August 6, 1953, Jane obtained an interlocutory divorce decree scheduled to become final on August 6, 1954. She assumed that Gene would follow suit and that his wife would file for divorce a few weeks later. At this writing it hasn't happened. That's the "situation" which Jane mentioned in her announcement.

GENE NELSON has been discussing divorce with his wife for months. Through her attorney, Bernie Silbert, Miriam Nelson has agreed to give Gene a divorce "but she wants a fair and equitable settlement for herself and their child." She wants 25% of his gross earnings and a minimum of $450 a month as a guarantee.

Gene says, "The way my lawyer figures it out, that comes to about 65% of my net income. I think that's a little too stiff. I don't see how I can pay that and have enough money left to support another household. I don't want to go into another marriage and get behind the eight ball, psychologically, because I can't hold up my end of the expenses."

In other words, Nelson doesn't ever want to find himself in Geary Steffen's position.

"I can't commit myself to an agreement," he says, "in which I am prevented, financially, from re-marrying."

What does Miriam Nelson have to say about all this? "I'm not talking to anyone about Gene and me," she states. "Ever since he and Jane decided to stop seeing each other for a while, my phone has been buzzing every few minutes. Reporters want to know if Gene and I are reconciling. They should ask Gene, not me."

Just before Gene took off for New York to appear on *Omnibus,* he said, "There's been no breakup between Jane and me. We sat down and had a heart-to-heart talk. We've been seeing an awful lot of each other, maybe too much. I've got problems to solve and at the same time I've got to go on making a living and planning for the future.

"I want to do what's right for everyone. I explained that to Jane. She's a wonderful girl. She understands. She's willing to give me time to put my house in order and to take the steps that have to be taken.

"Under these circumstances, it wouldn't be fair for her to sit around, twiddling her thumbs, waiting for me and my lawyers to reach a decision, if a decision can be reached. She's entitled to do anything she wants to do. It certainly is not fair for

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nopolize her time, and I know it.

"We decided that until I straighten out my affairs, it will be best if she dates other fellows. She's a free agent now, and perhaps she'll come across some guy she's nuts about. Then again, maybe she won't. But certainly, she's entitled to the opportunity."

Jane, on the other hand, would be satisfied to continue dating Gene on an exclusive basis if only he would reach some financial settlement with his wife.

JANE DOESN'T say this but it's hard for her to understand why—since she was willing to give Geary Steffen practically everything he asked for—Gene isn't willing to do the same thing. She feels that Nelson should give Miriam what she's asking for, get his divorce, and then make plans with her for a 1954 marriage.

Gene, on the other hand, knows that he must be able to support two households. But his lawyer and Miriam's had reached an impasse and Jane, having divorced her husband, ostensibly to marry Gene, was finding her position untenable.

Gene asked for the right to work things out in his own way without pressure.

Jane said okay, but she just wasn't going to be caught holding the bag. Suppose Gene didn't get a divorce? Suppose the financial settlement was never reached? What was she supposed to do?

It was then that both Jane and Gene decided to stop seeing each other until Nelson can work out his problem. Once he decides what he wants to do, he and Jane can take up where they left off, provided Jane finds no new loves in the interim.

Once they reached this decision, Jane, forthright as ever, said, "I'm not going to sit around the house waiting for Gene to make up his mind. I know he can't help feeling like this about things. I know he wants to be sure, and maybe I've been pressing him too hard, but while he's making up his mind, I'm certainly going to have other dates.

"Stories to the effect that we've had a big fight are not true. It's just that the timing has been bad. Our agreement not to see each other for a while was a joint decision. We're not mad, and we feel friendly toward each other. I speak to Gene on the telephone all the time."

Gene Nelson may well worry about his financial status. Last year, after grossing $43,000, he had a net of only $14,000. If he were to give his wife 25% of his total earnings, he would wind up with about $8,000.

Now, $8,000 is not an awful lot of money for a Hollywood star. As a single man Gene might get along on that sum very well—he has gotten along on much less—but that $8,000 annual income would look extremely small in comparison to Jane Powell's earnings. Her Metro salary is $2,500 a week and in night clubs she's good for as much as $10,000 a week.

Gene has no intention of becoming "a kept husband." He is also worried about having two careers in one family. Miriam obligingly broke up her career to give all of her time to being Mrs. Nelson when Gene got his Warner Brothers contract. Jane has had a career all her life and she has no intention of renouncing it.

Jane feels that love and the togetherness of marriage will solve these problems. She's impatient, but she's willing to give Gene all the time he needs to make his final decision.

If he takes too long, he may lose her. This is a risk they are both willing to take. Jane is gambling that her presence will strengthen Gene's resolve to get a divorce. If her strategy doesn't work, she is prepared to take the consequences.

As a friend of hers recently remarked, "it's better to have loved and lost than to have lived only in a vacuum." **END**

(You may see Jane Powell in MGM's A Bride For Seven Brothers.)

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just for the records

(Continued from page 8) Shaw album brings up the trend of which it is a successful part—that is, recording broadcasts by bands rather than having them recorded in studios. Broadcasts, as this album shows, are greatly superior in several ways. A recording studio has no audience to encourage the musicians. And in a studio a band is supposed to play a number for three minutes. An inspired extra chorus or two is *verboten,* and lost to the customers. Naturally, the spontaneity and vigor and enthusiasm of such recent albums (all made from performances during broadcasts, concerts, or dances) as the superb Columbia sets by Goodman, Harry James, and Turk Murphy, the Louis Armstrong jobs for Decca, M-G-M's Woody Herman album, and certain of the "Jazz At The Philharmonic" compendiums on Mercury, would be impossible to catch if these same bands had tried to do the tunes in a studio.

The record industry is changing, expanding, and, I believe improving. I think it is all to the good that Ava Gardner took her assignment to make some MGM faces with George Shearing so seriously. I think it is good that the record companies have finally recognized the value and appeal of movie music—not hit songs, but background music. Background music is sometimes very, very good, as in *Limelight, Moulin Rouge* and *The Robe.* But most of all I am taken by high fidelity—or, as it's usually called, hi-fi.

Not the least of its delights is that it is not necessarily expensive. It would, of course, be misleading to suggest that a custom-built set costing more than a thousand dollars doesn't have a considerable edge over cheaper models produced on a mass basis. It would be equally unfair not to point out that for less than $150 one can buy an impressively good set. RCA Victor sells its excellent "Victrola" Table Phonograph for $139.95. Columbia has one—the 360 Table Columbia—for the same price, and for $24.95 more, you can buy the X-D roving speaker attachment. The Webcor, another splendid brand, costs $149.50. I am also greatly taken with the qualities of the celebrated portable known as the Libertyphone, which costs $199.50. This set plays both sides of records in sequence, and the price is an agreeable surprise.

Since price is always a vital factor, there should be plenty of interest in the new Camden label, which is being produced by RCA Victor. An EP (which plays at 45 rpm and includes some seven minutes of music on each side) retails at only 69¢, while a 12-inch LP costs $1.89. There have been inexpensive labels before, but none I can remember that offer as much as Camden does. This is absolutely top quality stuff, most of it taken from the RCA Victor catalogue. To prepare it, they made tapes of the old masters, edited the tapes, equalized the levels and increased the frequency response. The Camdens are marvels of technology as well as of music. I have one quarrel with the project. Victor is saving Marilyn Monroe, whom it has under contract, for its own more expensive label. I believe that Miss Monroe, who doesn't sing badly, should be made available to the largest public possible. **END**

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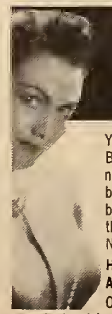

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heston's ivory tower

(*Continued from page 45*) and sprawling, because that's how profits are made in rental units.

The La Brea Towers are near all the motion picture studios. This is particularly convenient for Chuck since his contract with Paramount is a very special one. He not only has the right to appear on as many TV shows as he can crowd into his schedule, but he also has the right to do outside pictures. He doesn't have much opportunity for outside work since Paramount suffers from a dearth of contract players who can play straight dramatic leads.

Last January, the Hestons signed the lease for their new apartment and had worked themselves into a fever of enthusiasm about furnishing it when Paramount decided to shoot *The Legend Of The Incas* in Peru.

"Just think of it," Chuck was told. "You can take Lydia to Peru with you."

"But she wants to furnish our apartment," Heston pointed out. "After all my time out here, we finally got a place of our own."

"Let her stay behind," someone suggested. But the only trouble with the Heston marriage has always been the separation of wife and husband. Now, they had the opportunity for a trip together.

There wasn't a doubt in Lydia's mind. "I'm going with you," she said, and with that, she called up three friends and turned over the job of decorating the Heston apartment to them.

Two of the friends, Milburn Stone and Walter Sande, are actors who own a custom cabinet shop on the side. They made all the major furniture pieces in the apartment. They designed the intricate music cabinet that houses all the electronics devices—the TV set, the wire recorder, the high fidelity unit. They made the simple birch dining table and the marble-topped coffee tables in the living room, also the all-inclusive headboard that goes with the Hestons' over-scale bed.

This fine example of well-wrought cabinetwork contains everything but a towel rack. There's a speaker that connects to the hi-fi system. Reading lights snap on when you open the little compartment doors; and night tables are integral parts of this whole surprisingly utilitarian unit.

The third friend helping to decorate the Heston apartment was Gladys Miller, an interior decorator who was responsible for doing over Blair House in Washington, D. C. and supervising the decor of the new Statler hotel in Los Angeles.

Before Chuck and Lydia left for Lima, they told her that "what we like is good contemporary furniture, solid colors, and things without legs."

"I hate chairs with thin, pipestem legs," Chuck said. "I have a feeling they'll never be able to support me."

For Gladys Miller, decorating the Heston place was no snap. Every time she found some exciting new fabric or an interesting lamp base, she'd have to fly samples and snapshots to South America for her clients' approval.

The intercourse was extensive but eventually it was agreed that she would furnish the living-dining room in two contrasting woods: dark mahogany and birch. Gladys covered the contour couches in neutral grey and saved the splashes of solid color for the two oversize hassocks and the dining chairs.

For economy and for a pleasing uniformity throughout the apartment, Gladys used one continuous carpeting, and she repeated the same shantung draperies at every window.

In the extra bedroom which also serves as Chuck's den, she slip-covered two day beds in eye-opening turquoise cotton. She arranged them at right angles with a lamp table at the head of both beds. When the Hestons have no houseguests, these serve as couches.

Knowing Chuck's habit of stretching full-length while listening to his recordings, the decorator used a wonderfully practical bedspread of moss green corduroy on the master bed.

Through the years the Hestons have been traveling so much that they've made it a point to acquire few belongings. Now that they regard their Hollywood spot as "more or less permanent," they've begun to acquire modern candelabras of wrought iron and brightly colored ceramic ashtrays, and other bric-a-brac.

Up to now, they have tried to limit their possessions to clothes, books, recordings, and a camera.

When Chuck and Lydia returned from Peru, their apartment was just about done. They had moved in and settled down when Lydia was offered the irresistible lead in the Chicago company of *The Seven Year Itch*.

The same old story. Only this time, Lydia had such fond memories of the Hollywod apartment she'd left behind that she rented one in Chicago and had it redecorated.

The three great centers of show business in the U. S. are New York, Chicago, and Hollywood. Between them, Chuck and Lydia have all three centers covered. No matter where he's working, whether it's on screen, stage, TV, or radio, Chuck Heston has a home for his T-shirt. It is more economical for the Hestons to pay rent than it is for them to pay hotel bills.

All three apartments cost him less than $500 a month, and the way the big boy from the Michigan backwoods has been going lately, five bills a month is not extravagant. On Hollywood's success ladder Charlton Heston is climbing quickly and he's getting close to the highest rung. **END**

---

the waiting game

(*Continued from page 41*) apartment? I understand she and Greg took up in London from where they left off in Rome."

Greta Peck has been accused of being dull, blind, skittish, naive, stubborn, foolish, fearful, and unknowing. Actually, she is the world's number one authority on the loves, the trials, the thoughts, the moods, and the ways of Eldred Gregory Peck.

No one need tell her about Audrey Hepburn, Hildegarde Neff, Veronica Pasanie, Jane Griffiths, or any of the women with whom her husband has been linked. She knows about all of them. She knows which of the affairs were professional, which were innocent, and which were flirtatious. And she holds none of them against Greg.

Audrey Hepburn, she asserts, is as sweet and honorable as any young actress who has ever stepped in front of a camera. Audrey is, in fact, much closer to Greta than she is to Greg.

In Mrs. Peck's own words, "She is one of the nicest persons I have ever met. My house and hospitality are hers whenever she cares to use them.

"As a matter of fact, I refuse to be disturbed one bit about Greg's social life. We've been separated since last January. The separation was by mutual consent. There's nothing legal about it. Neither of us has consulted a lawyer."

"But what about all those stories," Mrs. Peck was asked, "to the effect that you admitted that you and Greg had separated?"

"I think I did say that," the Finnish-born Greta conceded, "but I didn't mean that Greg and I had decided upon any legal separation, or that we were angry with each other."

"But isn't it true that last winter before you decided to take the three children back to the States you and Greg had a slam-bang fight in Paris? Isn't it true that you blew your top because of his indiscretions and started throwing plates at him? Isn't it true that when you left Europe you weren't on speaking terms with him?"

Greta Peck laughed. "I've never thrown plates in my life. That's for a Mack Sennett comedy. None of that is true.

"Here is what I know and most people don't understand. Greg has never had a fling. He's the child of divorced parents. As a boy he wasn't very happy. He went to school on a scholarship, never had much money. He came up the hard way, and he's always worked long and hard.

"In Europe he decided that he wanted his fling. I think he has a terrific right to it. He would never deliberately hurt anyone. Neither of us discussed anything pertaining to a divorce.

"I think he should have as much time as he wants to think things out. It's not as if he were some foolish young playboy. I think his conduct abroad has been circumspect. He has been working, working, working. He has been going from one picture into another. I know it sounds very romantic here, but jumping from London to Berlin to Munich to India isn't exactly a picnic.

"Wherever he has been, he has thought of his family. He writes frequently, and as you probably know, he's an extremely generous man. When his agent, Lou Wasserman, flew over to Europe a few months ago, Greg loaded him down with all sorts of wonderful German toys for the boys.

"I think Greg is entitled to do whatever he feels he must do at this point. No matter what you hear or what you read, we're perfectly good friends. Anything I can do for him, I certainly will do. He is still my husband, and I am still his wife."

There is no rancor in Greta's heart, no hate in her soul, no bitterness in her mind. Many people in Hollywood, petty and smug and venomous, cannot understand the fundamental goodness of this woman. They cannot abide her patience and understanding.

They say, "She just doesn't know anything about men. She is letting Greg have his cake and eat it, too. Anything he wants is all right with her. Just imagine her sending the boy over to Paris to spend Christmas with Greg!"

They were referring to the flight of Jonathan Peck, age nine, across the Atlantic a few weeks ago to see his father.

Late in October, after he had finished *Night People* in German, Greg wrote to Greta, saying he was scheduled to make *The Purple Plains* in India early in 1954. He was wondering if Jonathan might spend the Christmas holidays with him in Europe before he pulled out for Asia.

Greg has always been close to his three sons. They used to take long hikes together, go on beach parties, and attend ball games. Apparently, none of the children has any idea that there is any strain between their mother and father.

Had Greta Peck been a vengeful, predatory sort of woman she could have said to Greg when she received his letter. "If you want to see Jonathan, you can catch the first plane home. You've got some nerve asking that a nine-year-old boy fly the Atlantic both ways alone!"

But Greta Peck answered, "Jonathan would love to go."

And then she began to make the arrangements. Her first-born who looks very much like his father, took off from the Los Angeles International airport on December 6. He was met in New York by Greta's sister, Ann Whalen and a TWA representative. A little while later, thrilled and excited he was winging across the ocean, bound for Paris.

Greg was waiting for his son at Orly Airport and took him to his apartment, a fashionable flat in a fashionable building on the Avenue d'Iena which he had sublet from an English friend, Rodney Soher.

As for Greg, you can imagine what the sight of his son did to him! You can imagine how he felt as Jonathan told him tales of his other sons; of Steve, six, and Carey, four, and of how they missed him, especially on Saturdays and Sundays when they all used to go down to the beach.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I was operating the elevator in a big department store in Miami. One busy morning I glanced at the floor and was startled to see two beautifully manicured bare feet and two nice masculine bare feet! My own feet were killing me, and I looked up to see who could be courageous enough to go shopping barefoot. Gail Russell and Guy Madison smiled pleasantly at my dumbfounded stare.

Mrs. William S. Wiebur
Miami Springs, Florida

GREGORY PECK is a complex introvert and a man of conscience. Words don't form rapidly on his tongue. He launches them one by one, and when he is asked such questions as: "What, exactly, is the status of your marriage?" he thinks for a moment, starts to answer, and then, as he answered in Berlin recently, he says, "I'd rather not talk about it. Any word on the subject should come from Mrs. Peck."

When pressed, he does answer. Of Hildegarde Neff: "You can take my word for it. That's all nonsense, just nonsense. The only time I met her was in London, before the Christmas of 1952. We met at the première of *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*. I haven't seen her since."

Of Audrey Hepburn: "I haven't seen Audrey for months and months. She's been in the States and I've been in Europe. We played together in *Roman Holiday*. She's a wonderful girl and a talented actress and a friend of the whole family."

Of Veronica Pasanie: "Well, sure I know her. I've seen her in Paris a couple of times. But there's nothing to it."

"Nothing to it," Gregory Peck says—but how about a few months ago at the Villa Sunshine in Sardinaux on the French Riviera? How about a few months ago at Cannes? How about last year in Italy? He was always with Veronica Pasanie.

When he had to fly back to London, who drove him to the airport from St. Tropaz? Who met him the last time he arrived in Paris? Who flew into a rage at photographers who took her picture?

It was twenty-one-year-old Veronica Pasanie, the half-Italian, half-Russian *journaliste*, who knows how to slip into a resort unobtrusively, who has no fame, arouses no attention, and lives seemingly only for Gregory Peck.

ONE OF Veronica's friends who lives not far from her on the Avenue Franklin Roosevelt in Paris, says, "Veronica is one of those European girls who has lived more in a few years than most American women live in a lifetime. She speaks half a dozen languages, and her eyes have seen many sights, some good, some terrible. She hopes that Gregory Peck will marry her.

"But she is too smart to broach the subject of marriage. She is content to do whatever Greg says. If he says, 'Meet me at Cannes,' she will meet him at Cannes. If he says, 'I think I'll go to St. Moritz', she will turn up at St. Moritz.

"In France, except for Paris, there are no such creatures as career women. That's true of most European countries. In America, they say at least 20% of all married women work. In Europe, wifehood is a girl's career. If Veronica can ever marry Gregory Peck, that is all she wants.

"Why does Peck like Veronica so much? She is not nearly so attractive as Mrs. Peck. She is younger, maybe more knowledgeable in a way. She never talks of marriage, and she wants only to please him. It is flattering.

"I have seen him and I have talked to him. He is a prudent man, and I don't think he will ever marry her. But he *is* tremendously fond of her, all the same. She never nags, never complains that he does not want to go to night clubs or prominent hotels, or that he won't have her around while he is working.

"When he was in Berlin and Munich with all those people from Hollywood, the 20th Century crowd, Veronica was back in Paris.

"Maybe she will show up in India when he goes. The chances are good. But I don't think she will win him from Mrs. Peck. This Mrs. Peck is a smart woman. I guess it is because she has a European background. She was born in Finland, you know, and in Finland, too, they teach young girls that marriage is not one eternal glow of sunshine.

"If Mrs. Peck were the typical Hollywood wife, shouting and screaming and threatening to ruin her husband, the contrast between her and Veronica would be so great that Greg wouldn't have so much to think out. But she is not only the mother of his three sons. She is behaving like the Christian lady she is. No temper tantrums, no outraged interviews; only impenetrable calm.

"He wants to see his son; so she sends his son. He wants to come back to Europe after *Purple Plains* to do *Moby Dick* with John Huston, so she says, 'Fine. Do whatever you think best.' There is no traditional American high-pressure.

"I know Veronica Pasanie and I have seen her operate. She is very smart, but not the smartest young chick can triumph over a tolerant wife. The wife who finds inconstancy intolerable usually loses.

"Greta Peck is not such a wife. She knows what all European women know, that transgression is a factor in most marriages, and that it must be handled with tact, forbearance, and forgiveness.

"Greta knows that fundamentally her husband is a good man, a kind man—and such men are hard to find.

"I predict that some time this year Greta will have her husband back, and Veronica will have her memories." END

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He's a hard guy with a car or a cow but

TONY THROWS NO BULL

■ When Anthony Quinn arrived in Rome he soon found that he had to have rapid transportation from one studio to another for the three pictures he was working on simultaneously. He asked the director of one of the films to help him buy a car.

The director took Tony to a popular automobile agency. The first car he was shown was a beauty, costing four and one-half million lire, approximately seven thousand dollars. Tony was flabbergasted, trying to conceal his shock by saying nonchalantly, "That's a little more than I want to pay."

The next car Tony looked at cost about six thousand dollars in American money. He said, "Too much money." The director seemed a little upset but he took Tony to another agency where they found a pretty snappy car for about five thousand bucks.

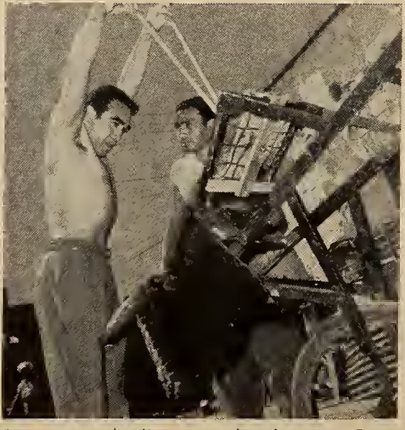
Tony told his friend that he did not have that kind of dough, either. The friend exploded. Throwing his hands up he said, "What's the matter with you? A big American movie star can't go riding around Rome in a cheap car! You have to make a good impression in a suitable car. I give up. You can find the automobile you want without embarrassing *me!*"

Tony let the matter drop. When he went to Paris for a short vacation, he happily bought a secondhand Jaguar. When he returned to Rome, he didn't have the nerve to tell his friend that he had purchased a used car. His story is that a friend in Paris who was going to America for six months lent him the Jaguar. And he sticks to it.

In a Mexican bull fighters' training schaal, Tany learned haw ta hold a *muleta.*

Instructars Paca and Pepe Radriguez taught him the technique af *paso depecho.*

Pepe helped Tany with the *chicuelina,* described the star as a very apt pupil.



As a grand climax ta his lessans, Paca taught Tany the way ta "put in *banderillos.*"

terry and bob

(*Continued from page 35*) swimming pool, because most pools are not clear enough for color photography. Finally I found it—an oval, forty-foot pool on the estate of author John Tucker Battle, who wrote *The Frogmen* and is now working on the Walt Disney epic, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.* Then I called Terry and Bob, my wife packed a picnic lunch and we set off on our undersea adventure, deep in the heart of Encino.

Me, I never had it so easy. With all my equipment, including the watertight French Undiphot camera case, I just sank to the bottom of the pool, ready to take pictures. With Terry and Bob, it was different. First we had to find the right bathing suit for Terry—a special tank suit, designed by Jo Lathwood. It's sort of like the suit that famous oldtime swimmer, Annette Kellerman, used to wear back in grandma's day, except without the skirt. Bob was no problem, except that he put one toe in the water and yelled, "Wow!" I didn't blame him; Mr. Battle's pool is completely unheated, and no matter what they say about the famous California climate, the water in December out here is so frigid the fish sometimes come up to shore hoping to spot a bonfire.

At any rate, my two actor folk jumped into the ten feet of water and began to act. These two kids are terrific swimmers. I don't have to say this; the pictures speak for themselves. My wife timed them as they went under water, and they stayed down as long as a minute, enabling me to shoot two color pictures at a time. We started at ten-thirty, then broke for our roast beef sandwich lunch and fifteen minutes later we were at it again. I know you're supposed to wait for an hour before going back in after eating, but these kids had studio work to do and couldn't play all day.

Fun? Bob and I turned blue, but that incredible Moore girl—while we climbed in and out to get warm, she stayed right in there, splashing merrily around between shots.

I just wish we could have had an audience down there with us, but the next best thing is to have these pictures reproduced in MODERN SCREEN's terrific color. Any resemblance between these pictures and honest-to-pete love-making is real and not coincidental, but I promised both Bob and Terry after it was all over that I would make this announcement.

Once someone announced the engagement of Terry Moore and Bob Wagner. It wasn't true. "Don't," they said in practically one voice, "let it happen again."

I won't. The editors of MODERN SCREEN won't. But can we blame you for suspecting that it might really happen one of these days? **END**

ava and frank tell the truth

(*Continued from page 31*) of the west. Ava was in Palm Springs, but she and her crooner husband were much more than miles apart. They were widely separated by that ole debbil "pride."

I saw Frankie many times during his singing engagement in Las Vegas. At his opening he sang his heart out. Never had he sung love songs with such feeling. He was singing right to Ava. This we all knew. He expected her momentarily and he was a happy boy. He was also proud that he had put on weight. Every time I saw him he said, "I think she will be here any hour." But the hours lengthened into days and no Ava. The impulsive, unpredictable beauty chose to go to Palm Springs instead of joining Frankie. After their reconciliation in New York, he had expected her. Ava says Frankie had never invited her to come to Las Vegas.

Finally, when his tension had built up to such a point he couldn't stand it any longer, Frankie opened his heart to me.

"I can't eat. I can't sleep. I love her."

"You should be telling that to Ava, not to me," I told Frankie. "Why, in heaven's name, don't you telephone her and tell her how you feel? I know she's carrying a torch for you a mile high."

Frankie's lean jaw became set. He shook his head and said, "No, Ava doesn't love me any more. If she did, she'd be here where she belongs—with me. Instead she's in Palm Springs having a wonderful time."

In vain I argued that Ava was just as unhappy as he was and had poured out her heart on more than one occasion.

"C'mon, Frankie," I said, "why don't you telephone?"

"No," he replied. "Ava's wrong this time. I've been wrong other times, but this time it's all her fault. She'll have to call me."

"Why 'wrong'?" I queried.

He hesitated a moment as though he were afraid that what he was going to say might sound foolish. Then he blurted out like a small, hurt boy, "She doesn't understand that I've got a career to worry about, too. Why, Louella, she didn't even come to my opening here! Why would she do a thing like that to me?

"That's only part of it," he continued. "Ever since our marriage, I've been at her beck and call. No matter where she's been, Louella, I've flown to her regardless of the fact that *I* also had some important engagements. But I was willing to neglect them for her."

I said nothing—just listened. Frankie has a way of disappearing when he doesn't want to talk, and then I defy anyone to locate him. Now he wanted to talk. In fact, he had sought me out. It isn't the first time he's told me his troubles.

Perhaps he wouldn't have been so eager then to unburden himself if he hadn't been so deeply hurt by Ava's failure even to send him a word of greeting on his opening night at the Sands. Frankie is much more sensitive than you'd think. He takes every little thing to heart.

This wasn't a little thing. It was his love for his wife. But a series of little things had piled up until they became veritable mountains in his mind.

"Things happen. The public reads about them and in time forgets them," he said sincerely, "but it isn't as easy for those who experience the supposedly trivial incidents to forget about them.

"For instance, that incident in Italy, at the theatre," he explained. "I've never told anybody what really happened there. I'll tell you so you can see why I wasn't very happy in England afterward."

I knew Frankie was referring to all those stories about how he refused to go on and sing in Naples.

"I was already singing," he said. "My representative in the wings beckoned for me to get off the stage. Seems he had a disagreement with the management over money. I walked off when he called me. The press said I didn't keep my part of the bargain. Then when we were in England, I was upset about it."

"Well, Frankie," I said at the risk of his walking out on me, "you can't blame *Ava* for *that!*"

"I'm just trying to show you," he said defensively, "that I needed her sympathy and understanding.

"She wanted me to stay on in London. I didn't want to leave her, of course, but I had to get to New York to rehearse my act at the Riviera. I only had three weeks to get it ready. Ava had to stay in England those three weeks to finish her picture. She simply couldn't understand why I wanted to fly home without her."

I nodded sympathetically. Career vs. Career is an old, old story to me after my years in Hollywood.

"You see what I mean," Frank said eagerly. "My career didn't seem important to her. We were cool when I left England, but I didn't know it was a definite break. Then when I read in the New York papers that Ava was in town and hadn't even let me know when she was arriving, it made everything worse. She didn't come out to the Riviera when I opened. We didn't talk. Finally, she saw my mother. My mother said to her, 'All this fighting is no good. Why don't you telephone Frank?' "

I didn't get out of Frankie whether it was he who first called Ava or whether it was she who telephoned him. The important thing was that they did make up in New York. Ava went to the Riviera and became a wild Sinatra fan. When she's with him, she never can resist him.

So once more they made up. Ava and Frankie always reconcile in the most spectacular manner. I remember well when they were separated in Hollywood about a year ago. Frankie was on the Adlai Stevenson Committee and attended a Democratic Rally. I didn't happen to be there, but those who were did a double take. There were Frankie and Ava on the stage together as happy as happy could be. I have learned through years of experience to stand on the sidelines and watch with the rest of the world for their next move.

All I know is what Frankie and Ava tell me. They both say that they love each other. Well, this is a curious kind of love, but I suppose when two people are so madly in love anything can happen.

When he repeated to me that this time it was all Ava's fault, that she would have to be the one to break down the barrier between them, I took his hand. "Frankie," I said, "you're wrong. Ava's no more at fault than you are. You're proud. She's proud. You're both acting like teen-agers. If you love a girl and she loves you, forget about the things that have happened and try to salvage your life together."

Shortly after that, I returned to Hollywood. I telephoned Ava. She had been avoiding me, saying, "Oh, you're all on Frank's side and wouldn't understand my side of the story."

"You're making the mistake of a lifetime, Ava," I told her. "Frank loves you dearly."

Her voice trembled. "Do you mean it? Do you think he does really love me?" she asked again in wonderment, more like a shy school-girl who isn't sure of herself than a famous movie star and one of the most beautiful women in the world.

"You know he does," I said.

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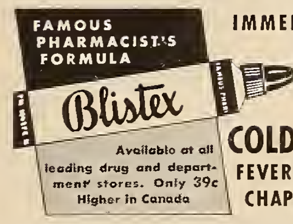

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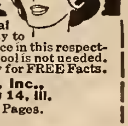

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"If he really loves me and thinks my career interferes, I'd give it up and anything else, just to be with him," she said softly. "He means more to me than anything else in the world."

As things happened, Ava called her attorney, Neil McCarthy.

That added fire to Frankie's already burning resentment. The finality of consulting an attorney and the resulting publicity made Frankie more adamant than ever. He was right and she was wrong.

There are those who say that both Ava and Frankie are glad to be out of a bad situation. Ava is reported to have said, "You can't compete with three children." She never said it to me. Frank does love his children dearly but Ava has never objected to his seeing them.

Perhaps Ava is right. Perhaps the shadow of Frank's three beautiful children is too much to forget. He took me aside one night in Las Vegas and said, "Have you seen the kids?"

I told him I had seen the children.

"Aren't they wonderful?" he said. "Did you ever see anything cuter than little Tina? She's a smart one!"

Little Frankie has inherited his father's talent and plays the piano beautifully. Nancy, Jr., thirteen, feels keenly any adverse publicity about her adored and adoring father. Perhaps Ava is right.

Yet I firmly believe that Ava also is so much in his heart that he can't forget her. I believe that Ava loves him, but she's so jealous she believes everything people say.

Maybe it seems incongruous that a girl as beautiful and famous as Ava Gardner could be jealous or unsure of her own ability to hold a man. Yet it happens all the time in Hollywood. The make-believe lives these glamorous actresses portray in movies are over when they leave the studio. Offscreen, they can be scared and uncertain about their ability to hold a man.

Ava was jealous. She believed everything she heard or read about him. The most ridiculous story was the one about Deborah Kerr's being the girl Frank was in love with and the real reason for his split with Ava.

Deborah talked to me about this. She scoffed at the gossip and said how foolish it all was. She and Frankie did talk together. Deborah knew he was unhappy and miserable over his estrangement from Ava and he told her his troubles. Deborah and Frank became friends when they worked together in *From Here To Eternity."*

"We were never anything more than friends," Deborah told me. "I tried to comfort Frank about Ava."

Unfortunately, Ava believed that Deborah and Frankie were talking about their love for each other.

When I was in New York recently, I saw Frank several times. We first met at a party. I thought he looked bad. His nerves were on edge and although every woman in the place had her eyes on him, he chose to draw me aside and sit on the stairs with me so we could talk. Frankie, however, was as stubborn as ever.

"Let me call Ava," I suggested.

"You can't," he said, "I don't know her number. She changed it. My mother telephoned me yesterday," he told me, "and said she had talked with Ava.

"I asked my mother, 'Why didn't Ava call *me?"* She still thinks Ava and I should get together again.

"'Why don't *you* telephone Ava?' my mother said."

"Why *don't* you, Frankie?" I asked him.

"She has to come to me first," he said.

"You mean you want to wreck your whole life just because you're stubborn and she's stubborn?" I asked him. The time and place were different but the situation had not changed. Neither had Sinatra.

What can you do with two people like that? I read that Ava had said to some reporter that she couldn't take Frank any longer, that he was ruining her life. Ava never said that to me. She was a very unhappy little girl who spoke of her love and her problems.

Ava and Frank have had anything but a peaceful marriage. After several delays, they were married in Philadelphia in November, 1951. Almost from the beginning, there were bickerings and quarrels. Frank would leave home in a burst of temper, and reports that Ava had said it was all over between them, that she had all she could take, reached my ears.

Before they were married, Ava went to Spain to make a picture and the papers were full of the love letters and poems dedicated to her by Mario Cabre, the handsome bullfighter, actor and poet.

Cabre was crazy about Ava. Many men have been crazy about her. When Frank heard about this competition, he hurried to Spain, taking along an emerald necklace as a bejewelled token of his love.

It was then that the tempestuous romance between the singer and the actress came out into the open. They had to overcome many obstacles, both legal and financial, before they could marry. But marry they did. No price was too great.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer in Oslo, Sonja Henie was backstage at the ice show describing the robbery of her furs and money in London.

"Oh, it was awful! He came right into the room and took everything and I woke up and chased him—" Then she turned quickly and whispered joyfully, "But did you see the headlines?"

Marilyn Scarbrough
Fort Worth, Texas

As beautiful as Ava is, I've never known her to look twice at any other man since she married Frank. He seems to think she does, but he's wrong. Ava's whole heart has belonged to Frankie from the time they discovered they were in love. She has told me again and again of her love for him.

Curiously enough, Ava was much more tender, kind and thoughtful when everyone was against Frank. She worried over him and worked as hard as I have seen anybody work to get him the part of Maggio in *From Here To Eternity.*

Frank wanted to play Maggio more than anything in the world. He paid his own way to the coast to take the screen test. He received only $10,000 for his work. That is comparative chicken feed to Frankie who's earned over $50,000 a week in theatre appearances. He seemed to have an intuition that Maggio would save his career.

And it did. He needed that success.

Frank had throat trouble shortly after his marriage to Ava. His voice seemed to have left him. He couldn't get a job making a picture. He had one terrific flop, *Meet Danny Wilson,* an embarrassingly bad picture, a sort of semi-biographical story of Sinatra's own career.

Frankie, who is very sensitive, felt he was finished after this film venture.

But happiness, not only with Ava but with his career, brought back his voice. He started to sing as the old Frankie had sung. As one critic said, "There hasn't been anybody as good as Sinatra since Sinatra."

It had been a bitter pill for this boy born in New Jersey to feel he was losing his grip on the fancy of the public. When everyone was asking, "Is Sinatra finished?" no one was more anxious to know the answer than Sinatra himself.

Ava, who stuck by him so closely during those worried months, never for a moment doubted that he would recapture his hold on his fans.

After *Eternity,* Sinatra's stock soared. Offers poured in. His voice which had troubled him so long was better than ever.

Despite this, Ava insists careers had nothing to do with their troubles. She said, "Will you please say that careers had nothing to do with our separation? There were many things leading to it, but they are all too personal to even tell you. Our problems are our own affair. I won't say I won't make up, but I can't go on with the war we're having."

That was as much as Ava would say, as much as she ever said about her troubles; beyond assuring me she loved Frankie, adored him and would give up everything for him.

I'm sure she meant that. Frankie's high temper and his many quarrels with her were too difficult to take. On the advice of her lawyer, she has said little, but what little she has said had a lot of meaning.

Ava has always felt I was completely on Frank's side. That's because I know Frankie so much better. I've known him so much longer and I've been so much closer to him. He was a friend of my late husband and used to come to the hospital to see Dr. Martin, bring him a book and tell him a story. I could never forget that.

This hasn't influenced me, however, in trying to be fair to Ava. I know she has her difficulties but I do think Frankie needs her and she shouldn't let little silly things break up their marriage. In Hollywood, the town is sharply divided. Frankie's friends are all for him. Ava's friends think she got a raw deal. As for me, I'm on both their sides.

Ava, like Frankie, has tasted the sweet nectar of adulation and success. That's a thing that's hard for any man or woman to give up. There have been instances in which an actress retires at the height of her career but I've never heard of any woman's being really happy about it.

Giving up her career doesn't seem to me to be the solution to Ava's problem. It's not that simple. I know that these two high-strung, highly emotional people believe now that it's all over because this is the first time an attorney has been consulted. The fact that Ava did consult an attorney hurt Frankie deeply and every time I've seen him since, he has mentioned it with great bitterness.

I asked him one night to go out to a nightclub with a group of us.

He reached over and kissed me and said, "I love you, but I'm not going any place in New York where someone will say I'm out on a party where there are girls."

How can you figure out a man like that? He didn't want to hurt Ava by being seen with another girl, no matter how innocently, and yet he is hurting her much worse by his stubborn silence.

Once more I said to him that Ava was miserable and that she, too, hasn't been seen with anyone.

"Then why is she going to Rome to make a picture? How are we going to make up if she's going to be so far away?" he pleaded.

"Do you want to make up again?" I asked.

The look he gave me would have melted Ava had she been anywhere in sight. **END**

catch ME cookin'!

(*Continued from page 39*) Whether or not people saw the picture, they were actually aware that Miss Russell was the new queen of sex appeal. Hollywood sweater girls come and go. The turnover is so rapid that most of them barely get accustomed to their claim to fame before a new doll steps into the spotlight and sweeps away her predecessor. This didn't happen to Jane. Through the years she has remained the epitome of the lusty bustline, maintaining a reputation that has defied competition. When she landed opposite Marilyn Monroe in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* Jane not only held her own, but in many cases copped the better reviews.

As a matter of fact, critics on the whole seemed slightly dazed by the fact that Miss Russell, after all these years of hullabaloo, gave a solid performance marked by a definite talent for comedy. "And," Hollywood screamed in delight, "she can *sing!* She can even dance!" So they put her in a picture called *French Line,* in which Russell digs deep into the talent she's had all along and comes up with a performance that runs the gamut and will again snap heads to attention. She has been a myth in America for a long time and has finally come into her own.

Jane Russell doesn't look like the girl next door. She looks like a movie star. I don't mean that she sashays into a cafe dripping with diamonds and mowing down headwaiters. The day of our interview she wore a black velvet vest over a red silk blouse opened at the neck, and matador pants with some kind of gold print. But you don't pay too much attention to her clothes because the first thing you look at (if you're woman) is Jane's face. In repose it is aloof, giving a split second impression that this is a haughty creature. The illusion is dispelled the minute she speaks, and then her face is saucy and friendly and filled with humor. The contrast makes it an interesting face, but the most fascinating thing about it is the smolder. That's the only word for it—a kind of smolder that comes from the eyes, tip-tilted and dark amber in color, that seem to reflect an inner fire. This face has done more than its share in giving Jane Russell her long-standing reputation.

"What about this sex-appeal business?"

She threw up her hands. "I've had it for ten years," she said. "It can be overdone. It's like—well, it's like too much of one thing. You've got to have something else. I think a person who has nothing but sex appeal might as well drop dead.

"Maybe I'm just resigned to it by now. I get awfully sick of it—and of those awful Jane Russell jokes—but I have to remind myself, where would I be without it? No place, probably. So I go along with it." Still, she isn't the kind of star one photographs in an apron.

She laughed. "I'm never *in* the kitchen. And even if I did slave over a hot stove I wouldn't want to talk about it. Me, I'm just as big a fan as anybody else, and I don't like to know about my favorite movie star's talents with mixing spoons, or how much starch she puts in her old man's shirts. You couldn't catch me in the kitchen if you tried."

"Do you want to kill the legend of Jane Russell?"

"I guess you can't kill it. I don't think I'd want to, not entirely. But I want to do something besides curl my lip and slither."

"You've already done it. I should think you'd consider *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* a milestone, because in it you proved you can handle comedy. And now they've given you *French Line,* which ought to prove even more to a lot of doubting Thomases."

"It *was* a milestone," she said. "For years I've wanted to do a musical comedy, and from now on it looks as though I'll get my wish."

"Is that all you want to do? Musical comedy, I mean?"

She picked up a fork and banged it on the table with the exuberance for which she is famous. "I want to do *every*thing! Musicals—comedy—tragedy—"

"Tragedy?"

"Sure!" She laughed. "I probably can't do it, but I want to try. I was reading yesterday about another actress and the writer said she was smart because she knows her limitations. *I* don't! I'll tackle anything to find out if I can do it, even if I fall flat on my face."

"Have you noticed any difference in other people's attitude toward you since *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?"*

"Lots. The mail is a lot heavier. And people keep coming up to me and saying, 'Gee, Jane, I didn't know you could sing! Gee, you can carry a tune!' And you know something? All this back-slapping comes a little too late to please me. I've known I could sing since I was in high school, but nobody would give me a chance to prove it. By the time people have found out about it, I'm ready to make another move. Do a Camille, or something like that. If people compliment me on something I *don't* know I can do, I curl up in appreciation. But that doesn't go for this amazement at my singing. Singing's old hat with me, and I'm not even gracious when people mention it."

Asked if she'd always wanted to be an actress, she shook her head. "Nope. Because my mother was an actress. When I was in high school I came near to flunking anything that bordered on mathematics, but I got top grades in art and music and drama. So I thought I'd do one of those three. I picked on designing and started three different times to designing school but always ended up going to a dramatics school with some buddy of mine." She grinned. "I don't say I learned anything in dramatics classes. It was just the line of least resistance, and okay as long as Mother wasn't pushing me into it.

"I guess I was doomed for it, though. I used to raid Mother's old trunks full of show clothes and dress up in all those silks and satins. I even put make-up on my brothers and draped them in all that stuff and we'd give shows in the back yard."

There is one question I consider a clincher; its answer can tell a lot about a girl. "As a rule, do you like other women?"

"Sure, I like 'em. I think women are real great—I have a lot of friends. Some, though—you know the type—" Here she grimaced. "The kind that drop broad A's when they didn't grow up with them, the kind that put on airs and are real grand and call me 'Miss Russell.' I'm not Miss Russell to anybody. I'm just old Jane."

As I went on talking with her I found out a lot about this girl whose name has become a household word. I learned that Jane Russell says what she thinks and has about as much subterfuge as a mirror. She is uncontrollably honest. If she likes someone they sense it immediately, but if she dislikes a person she can shed them before they are aware of the great void. She has little conceit. When asked if she is easily recognized she said, "Only when I look like the devil and am trying to scuttle from one place to another without being seen. When I'm dressed up, they think I'm somebody else."

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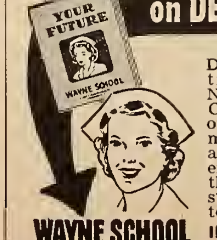

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In clothes she prefers opposite extremes, loving slacks or shorts around the house, but favoring the exotic when she puts on glad rags. "When I dress up, it's got to be the end. Then I'm still in my mother's trunk."

The decor of her house stems from Jane's vivid imagination, and here again her taste leans toward the exotic. Her bedroom is sparked by a headboard and tables in an old Chinese pattern of silver leaf. The walls are mauve, there is an immense couch in deep purple, and the cushions are assorted colors which Jane terms 'strange.' It is a job, done entirely by herself, that is admired by professional decorators, and Jane says she will turn to decorating if the day ever comes when she leaves the movie industry. "This is a house," she says, "that looks as though I should go dripping through it in gold lamé and a long cigarette holder. But I don't. It's blue jeans for me."

She admires feminine women, and periodically determines that she will surround herself in a cloud of trailing chiffon and perfume, but somehow there is never time. She adores perfume, but keeps forgetting to use it, and the weeks stretch into years without her buying that chest full of lacy lingerie she has promised herself. Beauty salons? "They take too much time. You have to get gussied up to go to them and drive there and back. So I do my hair and nails myself unless I'm working in a picture. Then the studio takes care of these things for me."

Jane Russell has been known for some time around Hollywood as a character. She is dimly aware that such is her reputation, but does not comprehend the reason for it. The reason is that Jane's personality is refreshing; she is honest and direct in everything she does. She says what she believes, does what she feels like doing, without giving a thought to the consequences. She moves fast, with a characteristic forcefulness. The saying goes that if you are behind a door when Russell makes an entrance, you will be knocked flat by the door when she bursts in. She enjoys an occasional tantrum, not because she wants to hurt anyone, but because she likes to hear herself howl. There isn't a drop of malice in Russell, and if anyone is ever cut by her she is completely unaware of it. There was once a new publicist assigned to one of her pictures—we'll call him Jim Jones. He was ready and willing to work with Russell, but it so happened that every time he got near her she went barrelling off in another direction. After a few weeks of this, during which Jim Jones was growing an ulcer and barking at his wife and children, someone broached the subject to Jane. "I wish you'd be nicer to Jim Jones," they said.

Jane's eyes opened wide. "*Who* is Jim Jones?" she said.

She is unconscious of time or space, with resulting confusion. She never wears a watch, figuring that somebody else can tell her the time. Once she agrees to do something she can be depended upon to do it. This is accomplished by her informing everyone—her husband, her mother, her Japanese houseman and the studio personnel—of the appointment. Russell herself would never think of keeping an engagement book.

Hers is a one-track mind that concentrates on the job of the moment, while everything else flies out the window. It is the mind of a creative person who cannot be bothered by details, and in many ways she is like the proverbial absent-minded professor. She will tackle any chore with every confidence that she will accomplish it. This, despite repeated proof that her stamina is not sufficient for constant physical strain. She wakens in the morning like a bronco released from a chute and goes through her day like a whirlwind until she suddenly collapses. Production of her last two pictures has been held up because of a brief illness, yet she is anxious to do musical comedies. This type of movie requires twice as much work as the straight drama, with long weeks of song and dance rehearsals. Is Jane aware of this? "Sure, but I'll do it anyway. Just give me a week in the middle of the picture to break down, and I'll be okay."

She once went on a fox hunt in Georgia, replete with red coat and bowler hat, despite the fact she had never been on an English saddle in her life. "They asked me if I could ride, and I said sure I could ride. I'd grown up with horses in the west, I told them. So I got up on this thing that was no bigger than a service plate."

She is the same way with all sports—determined and filled with drive. "I like the hammy kind of sports, the kind of games I can get into myself. Football? Well, I live with football, of course, and there's a kind of psychological security that goes with it for me. I'm interested in the Rams of course, or whenever Robert plays, but I wouldn't walk across the street to see a game if I didn't know anything about the teams. In other words, I can't play football, so I leave it alone. I like tennis and swimming and skiing because I can dig in myself. But there's never enough time for these things."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While I was at Alfred's Italian Restaurant in Atlantic City last summer, I saw Eddie Fisher come in. A newsboy came in and Eddie bought a paper from him for a dollar. As he left, he saw the newsboy again, bought his stack of papers and started selling them. The customers were delighted when they recognized their newsboy.

Mary Anselmo
Brooklyn, New York

There's never enough time because Jane Russell can't say no. If she's asked to appear at a benefit, pin up a hem for a friend or model for charity, she can't refuse. Chaos is the result, with days jammed to the hilt with things to do. Between *French Line* and Jane's next movie, she called up a friend and screamed, "I'm getting sore! I don't understand it, but I'm busier between pictures than I am when I'm making one! And I'm *not* going to do anything more! I'm gonna rest!" This resolution lasted until somebody asked her to help hang some new paintings.

She is an inveterate pill taker, not because she needs them but simply because she can't stand to see anybody else take a pill and leave her out of the act. A friend once swallowed an aspirin reinforced with codeine, and Jane held out a hand automatically. "Give me one."

"They're pretty strong," cautioned her friend. "They have codeine in them."

Jane waved a hand in disgust. "I don't care what they've got. Give me one!" And a half hour later she almost passed out.

She and husband Bob Waterfield don't travel much. Once in a while there's a jaunt to New York, where Jane joins Bob in seeing a few football games. The rest of the time they go their separate ways. She likes to swim—swimming isn't good for football muscles. He likes to hunt—she can't bear to shoot a deer. She likes New York shows—Bob can't stand New York or shows. He likes basketball—she can't play so she doesn't go. "It's a good thing," she says, "that opposites attract. Robert and I have little in common when it comes to hobbies, so it's sort of to each his own. Home is our center, with the kids—and we're nuts about the house—and this is our real life together. We're not really happy unless we're at home."

So when they're in New York Bob goes off on a hunting trip with other men, or to play golf with other men, or to see a basketball game with other men. And Jane goes to shows, gussied to the teeth every night while in New York. Afterward she gathers a group of cronies and goes to the rathskeller bistros of Manhattan where the top jazz musicians jam into the wee hours. Russell can sit for hours in these smoky dens, paralyzed with happiness at the moan and blare of Dixieland and bop. Aware that her energy depends on at least eight hours of sleep, she anxiously consults somebody else's watch about eleven P.M. "Let's see," she says, counting on her fingers to compute the hours, "appointment for lunch tomorrow—whee—I don't have to go to bed until three A.M.!" And some of her cronies sigh in their beer.

Jane gets very positive ideas, not all of which make sense. Such as her refusal to fly on a night flight. "I can't sleep on a plane," she announces. "A night flight makes me lose my sleep." So she always leaves California at eight in the morning, and the minute she lands in her seat makes preparations that have become ritual. She takes off her shoes, puts on an eye shade, plugs her ears, wraps a blanket around herself and, wearing slacks, curls up in the seat. "Wake me when we get to Chicago," she tells her companion, and then knocks off for eight hours. The stewardess comes and goes with trays of food, but Russell sleeps on. Stewardesses invariably assume that the lump under the blanket is airsick, and they pass by in clucking sympathy, never knowing that the bundle is only Russell, who claims she can't sleep on a plane.

These are the things she does that build her reputation as a character, but she is blithely unaware that she does anything differently from other people. She is an avid fan of show business celebrities, and when she appeared on Talullah Bankhead's *Big Show*, was wildly happy that she could observe at close quarters such people as Bankhead, Oscar Levant, Toni Arden, etc. It never occurred to her that they might be interested in her.

The fact that a fan mail service in Hollywood reports Jane Russell's mail now ranks second in the long list of Hollywood personalities helps prove that Jane has at last arrived. There has been a long interim between *The Outlaw* and this arrival, a period during which Jane felt she was coasting. "I was waiting for the chance to spring," she says with a laugh. She is kidding when she says it, but it is the nearest Jane Russell comes to blowing her own horn. She has been quiet about it, but she has known all along that she could turn out a professional job that would fuse the myth of her name and the reality of her personality into one.

There are some who claim that Russell's drive, her force and her personality have only begun to be tapped for the screen. They say she has greater potential than most people realize, and that given the opportunity, she can become a truly great personality in the entertainment world. Certainly, Jane Russell has more than sex appeal and a reputation for being a character. She is a great dame. **END**

storm over hollywood

(*Continued from page 55*) That's what Gale Storm did to Las Vegas. In Hollywood she has spent some mediocre years since 1940. She was delightful a couple of years back in a picture with Donald O'Connor called *Curtain Call At Cactus Creek,* but all she got out of the studios were little six-month contracts and parts in "B" pictures.

Today, with or without Charlie Farrell, her television daddy, Gale is as "hot" a girl as there is in movies. She is not excited about all the furor. She is concerned about something more important.

"What worries me," she said recently, "is whether my sons should have a mother who works. You know—whether I am really able to give them the right amount of attention. Nothing, but nothing, has gone wrong, you understand. Honestly, I think I see more of them than a lot of mothers who go to bridge parties or play canasta see of their children. Every hour I'm away from the studio goes to them. Every night, and Saturdays and Sundays, particularly, they come over to the studio lot with me."

This is an incredible note. As a rule, Hollywood mothers never bring their offspring to work with them except for publicity photos. But then, much of what Gale does happens to be different from the things most Hollywood actresses do. Working or not, she rises about six-thirty A.M., does a few light setting-up exercises, feels momentarily debilitated as a consequence, and goes back to bed again. By seven, Mrs. Bonnell is at the table. Her husband gets up at dawn, too, and they tuck away a steeplejack's breakfast. Life as Margie can be strenuous.

The Bonnells live in Sherman Oaks, part of the San Fernando Valley, and Miss Storm is honorary mayor out there. It's a thirty-five minute drive to the Roach lot, which makes Miss Storm precisely five minutes late each morning. She never has figured a way to get around that. The best she has been able to come up with is to set the shooting schedule ahead five minutes, but there seems to be a slight flaw in that somewhere. More logically, they might shorten a few of the curves.

Gale Storm takes all of Margie's wacky stunts in her stride. She is a Texan, born in a place named Bloomington and moved to Houston before she was old enough to say anything about it. She was the youngest of five children and never did get to meet any oil well folks or even any ranchers.

"I did, however," she says with a sly grin, "once hear of a neighbor who struck it rich and decided to collect miniatures as a hobby. The first thing he bought was Rhode Island."

By and by, Miss Storm, who was then Josie Cottle, quietly started working in amateur theatricals. One fine day she won a statewide competition for her appearance in a number called *Madame President,* a one-act affair. She was a good student, too, walking off with first prize in a Houston declamation contest. It was about then that show business stepped up and introduced itself in the form of a nationwide talent hunt radio show titled *Gateway To Hollywood.* Gale won the girls' title, and just like in the movies, the winner for the boys was a fellow from South Bend, Indiana, who turned out to be her future husband, Lee Bonnell.

Part of the contest's gimmick was that the girl winner was to be re-named Gale Storm, the boy Terry Belmont. Terry Belmont does not translate into much and could be scored as "too corny" for a movie star name. Gale Storm, however, means roughly the same thing as Frightful Hurricane or Helluva Wind. At the time she would have taken any of these names without a fight, even though she was not ashamed of being Josie Cottle. "The thought of becoming a girl named Gale Storm sort of bucked up my morale," she recalls. "I needed a change of name, but bad."

Be that as it may, Terry Belmont fell in love with Gale Storm and vice versa, which is how come Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bonnell today. Gale was a spirited girl and it wasn't long before she realized that winning a chance to act in Hollywood is a long way from becoming a movie star. She had a contract at Monogram Pictures which at the time was shooting its films almost as fast as TV films are shot today. Since she was a married woman happily adding to the population, Gale was a lot of trouble to her bosses. One of them called to ask her bluntly, "Can we cast you in a picture, or are you pregnant again?" Gale remembers that one picture was shot so fast that they never did bother to finish it. On the last scheduled day of shooting, time was up, so they just rolled up the film and released it. "No one," she swears, "ever noticed the difference."

Happily, not being a top star never bothered Miss Storm. More happily, *being* a top star doesn't bother her now. She has an idea that she is lucky enough without being a star of any kind, and that her success with *My Little Margie* is just so much gravy.

That is about the way she says it. And she says it without the heroic sighs and misty looks that usually accompany this kind of declaration from a Cinderella in show business.

"Here's what you're *supposed* to say," someone reminded her crossly during an interview: "It's all like a wonderful dream. I have to keep pinching myself to make sure I'm awake."

"It's all like a wonderful dream," said Miss Storm. "I have to keep pinching myself to make sure I'm awake."

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on the set. But knitting is a slow business, and up to now, she has only finished one pair each for the boys upstairs—the ones up on the catwalk. That leaves the boys downstairs walking around in their bare feet. So the boys downstairs have delivered Miss S. an ultimatum: no socks, no lights! That would leave Miss Storm lighted only from above and looking like Dracula's stepdaughter.

She has something to do with her spare time, what there is of it, besides knit. She likes oil painting, when she can get around to it, which isn't often. Maybe that's why her oils aren't turning out well, at all. She says she painted a landscape and it looked like an impressionist interpretation of a barbed wire fence. She painted a pine cone and it looked like a wicker basket. She painted a friend's portrait and he looked like a drunken mastiff. She tried a *gouache*, too. *Gouache* is not easy painting. Her *gouache* was terrible.

Well, besides awkward painting, has Miss Storm any vices? Non-punctuality? Furtive gnawing on marshmallows? Taking a little dollop of cooking wine now and again?

"I can't keep a checkbook," conceded Miss Storm. "Few things bother me more than addition. Three things, to give you a round number."

Would she tick them off?

"Gladly. Subtraction, division and multiplication."

So she messes up the family accounts?

"Certainly not. I don't go near them. Lee does them."

Doesn't she believe in something revolutionary—like woman's place is in the nightclub?

"What's a nightclub?" said Gale Storm.

YET, WHO is to say Miss Storm's life has been so much whipped cream? By and large, things have worked out nicely, but there's been adversity to push along the growing and maturing.

Sometime ago, her oldest son, Philip, suffered agonizing burns from hot oil from a vaporizer. His mother was panic-stricken at first, but mercifully his father was home, and his father is the kind who becomes calm and efficient in a crisis.

"One glance," Miss Storm recalled, "told Lee what had happened. He stripped off Philip's night clothes and sent me for white vaseline. The child was burned front, back and middle. And screaming. Lee applied the vaseline and quickly rejected an idea I had about wrapping him in a bath towel. Too rough. Lee knew that. He asked for a sheet and my woolen comforter. Maybe there's not much to it, but I want to tell you. So we wrapped him in the sheet and the comforter, and the doctor who gave emergency treatment told me later that what Lee had done was exactly right. The wrappings didn't chafe but kept Philip warm when shock set in. Do you see what I'm trying to say? It has never occurred to me to be bitter or cynical because Philip was burned. I never felt anything but gratitude because Lee *was* home and he *did* know what to do, and Philip was saved. I didn't pray for his life but I didn't think God would mind if I asked Him for some surcease from the pain. And I guess He didn't. Do you see my point?"

That, in general, is the way Miss Storm likes to regard things. When the good breaks come, they are something to be grateful for. Success, fame, nice meaty contracts—they're all wonderful, but they are not to be confused with the parts of living that make up real happiness. Those are stable and sure, like her husband and her children. And when the bad breaks arrive—well, you have fun at Monogram and think cheerfully and hopefully about the days when your options may be picked up in slightly plushier style. For Gale, that day has come with a bang—and has now fitted itself quietly into the smooth, happy pattern of her life. **END**

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they did it the hard way

(*Continued from page 53*) ranch has been one of his pet dreams ever since his grandfather used to take him prowling over the ten-acre place years ago. Much later, when the big movie money began to roll in, and Rory had himself a bride, he acquired that property and a lot more—some 150 acres.

"I'll admit that I didn't consult my bride about it too carefully," Rory recalls. "I guess I was afraid to. Lita didn't look or act too much like the outdoor type. I couldn't picture her in blue jeans, but I felt I *had* to get the ranch, as a matter of self preservation. Growing up with the land does something to a man; he never forgets it, and while he may be bored as a boy—as I was with milking cows and feeding pigs—he learns in manhood that being close to the land is mighty important."

To cut a long story to simple tragedy, Rory managed to buy his ranch. Many were the pictures taken there. He even planted a hay crop which almost paid the running expenses when he was eased out of his contract with David O. Selznick. He had a lot of ground to keep his feet on.

Let Rory tell it: "When the contract was gone things were no picnic. I had an agent who worked hard, but every time he suggested me for a part producers sneered politely. 'Rory Calhoun? He hasn't learned to fall off a log yet.' Meanwhile, I didn't cave in with remorse. I went up to the ranch and put in some more crops while I hoped an acting job would turn up.

"Then one day a guy with a breezy suit and a stormy manner turned up at the front door to inform us that unless a payment was made the credit company would take away our car. Simultaneously, the telephone rang to inform me that Monogram wanted me for a picture. In those days working for Monogram was like being planted in a cemetery, but I was grateful. Good old Monogram gave me two that year, and I've never been so happy about getting jobs. It's a funny thing; some people can owe a mountain of bills and be nonchalant about it. Not me. It hit me hard to learn that my credit wasn't good any more.

"Thank heaven for Lita. She went to work a couple of times and grabbed off large hunks of money as she always does. I didn't ask her to, but I've never felt that it's a sin for a man's life partner to pitch in and help if she wants to. After all, Lita has been in show business ever since she was four years old. She enjoys it, and I would have been selfish, also a snob and a slob if I had tried to stop her. I knew I didn't have to stick to acting and could have started pumping gas again. Only now we had the ranch, and I put every spare minute into working the ground so that it would begin to pay for itself."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In May, 1950, the big race at Indianapolis Motor Speedway was only a few weeks away. To add to the excitement, MGM was hopefully trying to shoot scenes for To Please A Lady. *The cameramen were trying to get shots of Barbara Stanwyck coming down the back steps of the Pagoda, but they couldn't get into the correct position because of the crowd.*

Suddenly everybody started moving infield, and I, wondering what ruse they were using to distract the crowd, followed and saw four State Troopers. Walking in their midst was the handsome, smiling Clark Gable. This enabled MGM to shoot their scene, and enabled me to see my favorite actor.

Mrs. Daniel M. Root
Indianapolis, Indiana

IT WOULD BE nice and cozy to say that with all this hard work between the two of them, Lita and Rory saved the day and paid the mortgage, but ranches and real life don't seem to work out that way. Rory's luck changed, and he became an important star at 20th Century-Fox. Recently, that studio shaved a lot of actors off the payroll in switching over to CinemaScope, but they kept Rory on at big money for such pictures as *River Of No Return* and *How To Marry A Millionaire*. He was kept so busy that he decided to turn the ranch into a sort of guest hotel.

That should have been great. But all of a sudden there was no water. For two whole years Rory and Lita had been making personal appearances and tucking the money away in a sock in order to buy enough pipe to irrigate the whole place. Net result: two years of hard labor for nothing. There wasn't as much as a single glass of water to give to a guest, simply because a big oil company and a neighbor above his property had drained it all off. Not intentionally; it was just one of those mix-ups that happen to ranchers.

"I was sore as hell," Rory confesses, "and I felt like suing somebody. But nobody ever seems to win anything in a courtroom, so we're talking it over. Meanwhile, the ranch is a big, sprawling, bone dry dream."

In the beginning actors are humble. Later on, as the bank account fattens, so, frequently, does the head; the star begins to feel that he reached his position strictly by his own efforts and against the deadly opposition of producers and reporters who separately conspired to keep him from becoming famous. In this respect, Rory Calhoun is refreshingly unique.

"The truth is," he says, "that my career was an outlandish accident, more or less. I didn't contrive to meet Alan Ladd, way back in 1944. But Alan did happen to meet me on a bridle path when I was down from Santa Cruz to see my great-grandmother. While we were getting acquainted, he wanted to know if I happened to be an actor. 'No!' I retorted, rudely, and I guess he was a little miffed by the way I said it. But he just grinned and began talking about my working in movies. I figured I might as well take a fling at it even if it kept me working indoors a lot. Then, it wasn't long before I had a contract, which was so unimportant you could have squeezed it into the barrel of a water pistol. And even though my scenes with dialogue were cut out of the picture, it brought in eating money. I wasn't a good actor, and I wasn't the only one who knew it. The studio soon dropped my option and I found myself fairly broke—far away from the country I loved."

Now, you've heard of actors who used to be bookkeepers or lifeguards or lumberjacks, but you seldom hear of one who has the courage to go back to menial labor once he has had a taste of the soft life.

"When I was out of my contract I could have taken a job as a miner or something, but I liked acting and decided to hang around. When some people say they are busted, it means they have no job and only a few thousand dollars in the bank, plus a few stocks and bonds and a paid-for mansion in Beverly Hills. When I say I was broke I mean that I didn't own anything except the clothes on my back and I was in hock $300. So I worked during the day at a brickyard, where I stacked and fired bricks. Then at night I slung gas in a service station. A few people I knew in Hollywood thought I'd gone off my rocker. 'You're an actor,' they said. 'You shouldn't do menial jobs like that.'"

It strikes Rory as funny that people should figure that way. In the first place, just because he had been slapped in the face a couple of times with greasepaint didn't make him, he figured, a full-fledged actor. Besides, as he puts it, "If a guy's got two arms, why starve?"

Rory admits that he's had his low spots. And that they really got him down. Once he poked a guy in the nose when he was feeling lousy and admits that it was a foolish thing to do. But if he makes mistakes, he alone is responsible for them. Criticism of the way he lives doesn't bother him.

RORY CALHOUN says that his becoming an actor, making good and finding the great love of his life was just one big series of lucky situations.

"From the time I left high school I'd been banging around the western part of the United States, picking up jobs wherever I could. There was logging and cowpunching, hauling nets for fish, truck driving and fire fighting. When I got fed up with one of them I'd count my money and run off with it to some new place. I had a bad case of wanderlust. The picture of my life didn't have any focus at all until my friend, Les Gumm suggested that I try my hand as a forest fire fighter. I didn't go for that because it paid a lot less than what I got at logging. Les was a friend of my dad's, too—a California ranger who'd been popping up at our dinner table ever since I could remember. Maybe it didn't pay as much money, Les pointed out, but the war was on and they needed men badly. It offered more opportunity and if I could swing the financial end of it, I'd learn a lot more that might come in handy to a man. That part got me. I started thinking that if I learned about woodcraft and botany and how to take care of myself in the wilds, I might use the knowledge some day to go exploring. I was just a kid then, and I was a real dreamer, but I wouldn't have dreamed anything so fantastic as doing my exploring in the wilds of Hollywood. Anyway, with the dreaming and the working, six months later I was a foreman with six men in my crew.

"It was during that time that I came to Los Angeles because my great-grandmother got sick. And then I met Alan Ladd. You should have seen the letter I got from Les after I wrote him that I was going to stay down in Hollywood and try for the movies. He called me six kinds of a dog and then, being the great guy he is, wound up with, 'If you can't make the grade you can always come back here.'

"I haven't taken him up on it yet, but there were times when I was tempted. I forgot about the drawingroom scenes I'd been in and kept on breathing brickdust by day and gas fumes by night, adding up sixteen hours of work every day.

"Then came the break (Alan and Sue gave a dinner for me and invited agent Henry Willson) that got me a contract with David O. Selznick. This one was considerably fatter than the pact I'd had with Fox. I learned more about acting and got better parts, but I never really got very far there. In those days my pal Guy Madison was getting the super star build-up at the studio, and it was Guy who made the big splash. I only got wet around the edges.

"Funny thing, Guy kept telling me that I should be getting the breaks he was and that it just didn't make sense. In the passing years I've often thought that the public ought to know as much about the guys who don't land the big fat acting parts as the ones who do. For instance, my big break came when I grabbed off a part in *The Red House,* starring Eddie Robinson. It meant my whole future. But do you know who tested for the part and did a much better job than I did? Bob Horton. And Bob is just now getting the attention he deserves. The fact of the matter is that I felt so acutely that he should have had the part that I looked him up and apologized for getting it myself. I'm not trying to make myself a swell guy—Bob did a better job; that's all." All of which leads us to the spectacle of Rory's asking 20th Century to release him from his present contract. There are a couple of hundred actors who would give their eye teeth for a regular pay check. But Rory feels that swell as it is to be on a studio contract list there's an awful lot going on that he'd like to explore—like television and other aspects of show business—but he can't as long as his plays have to be called by studio bosses. He knows he can see tough times again if he goes it on his own, but there'll be water on the ranch again soon, so he won't starve.

HE AND LITA have their first home now—a two-bedroom place in Beverly Hills. They have lived in assorted apartments, none of them elegant, and one of them consisting of a single room. They kept moving around, but Rory liked to putter and when they finally achieved the house they weren't in it two days before he began to panel the den.

"The house isn't anything elegant; it isn't so big that we're slaves to it. Lita is busy decorating, and between pictures and on Sundays we drive up to the ranch.

"It took her about a year to get used to the rugged life. I bought her a little horse and a saddle, and now she rides with me. I think she's pretty well converted. Guy Madison and I took her duck hunting for the first time last fall, and she bagged her full quota. Not only that, but when we got home she announced that from now on she's going to insist that I go duck hunting at every opportunity. 'And I'm going with you,' she said. So I bought a fourteen-foot boat and built a half deck on it. Lita and I have spent many a night aboard it, tucked in sleeping bags up in the duck country.

"The ranch is coming along nicely, too. With water I can plant a crop of alfalfa, and as soon as we can get the feed, we'll raise calves on spread. There isn't enough land to graze cattle, but we'll have sheep. I'll share crop with the man who lives on the place, and it will be a place to go if times get tough again.

"We're hoping to have children, and already Lita has decorated our extra bedroom as a nursery. I figure three boys would about do it, and I have daydreams about the time when they'll be working the ranch and I'll be an old man, sitting in a boat all day long and fishing.

"Things have been difficult at times, but right now we're on top of the world. Once I was insulted at being mistaken for an actor; now I'm insulted if people think I'm not an actor. To top off my blessings, Lita looks wonderful in blue jeans." END

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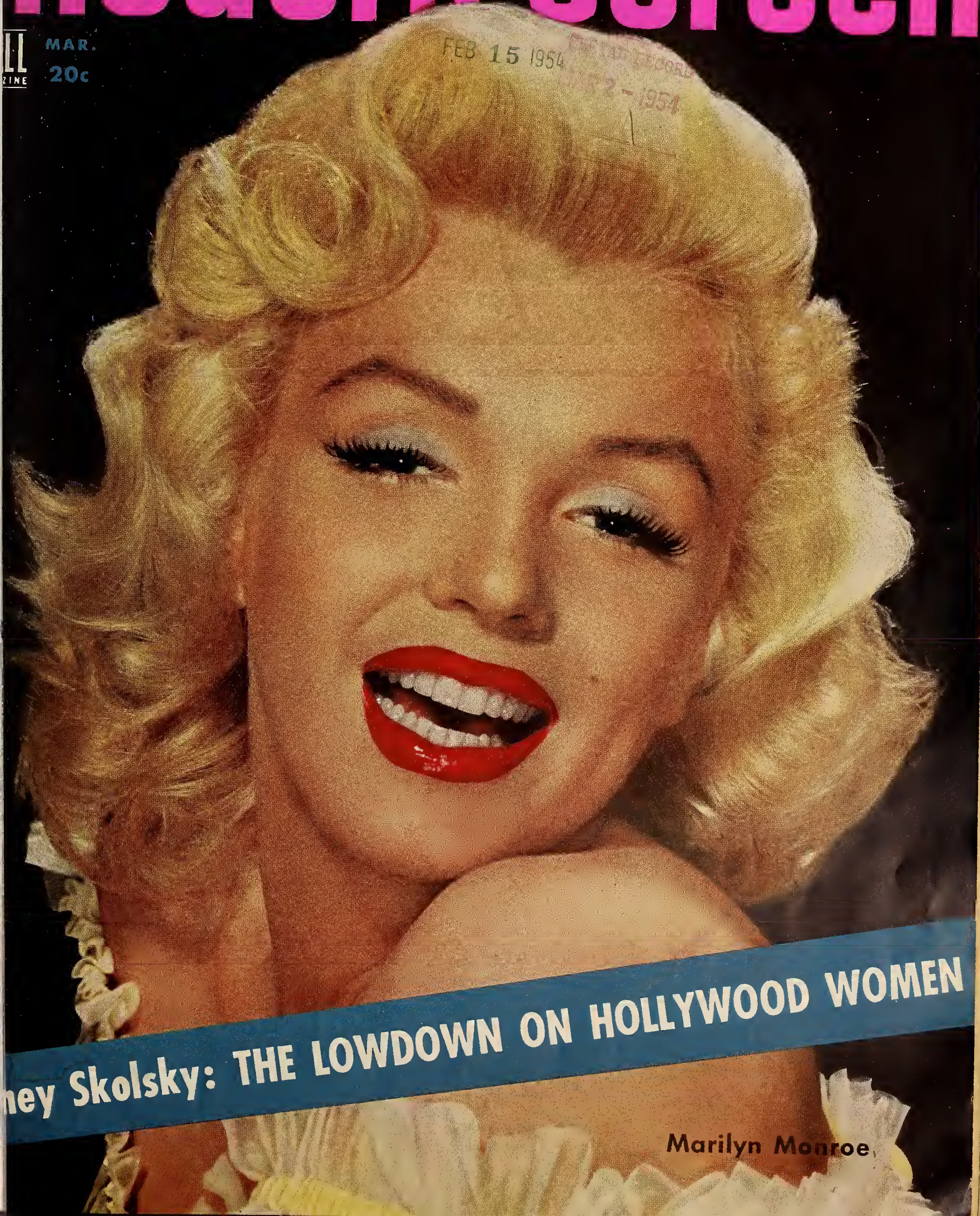

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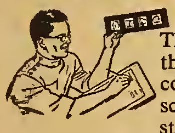

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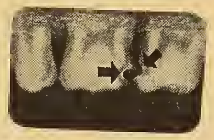
In 2-year test, X-rays showed 60% fewer cavities than from ordinary methods



ONE OR MORE NEW CAVITIES FOR ALMOST 2 OUT OF 3 PEOPLE USING ORDINARY METHODS.

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MARCH, 1954

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modern screen

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editor

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executive editor

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that when he first came to Hollywood, Marlon Brando moved in with his agent, Jay Kantor? And is it true that a little while later, Kantor's wife, actress Roberta Haynes, divorced her husband, hoping to marry Brando?
—R.M., N. Y. C.

A. *Although Jay Kantor is now divorced from Roberta Haynes, he is still one of Brando's few close friends, and he still handles him for MCA, a talent agency.*

Q. Can you give Zsa Zsa Gabor's exact age?
—E.D., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *No. According to some of those who knew her in Budapest, Zsa Zsa is somewhere between forty-two and forty-seven.*

Q. Are Walter Pidgeon and Irene Dunne grandparents?
—F.E.R., MUSKEGON, MICH.

A. *Pidgeon is; Miss Dunne is not.*

Q. Before Michael Wilding married Elizabeth Taylor wasn't he a chorus boy in London musicals?
—S.A., SALEM, MASS.

A. *Yes, seventeen years ago in* Home And Beauty.

Q. Would you please give me the name of the Paris plastic surgeon who performs uplift breast surgery on Hollywood actresses?
—J.G., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Dr. Jean Boivin.*

Q. I knew Gail Russell when she was the prettiest girl in Santa Monica. Will you please tell me why she has turned so frequently to alcohol?
—G.V., SANTA MONICA, CAL.

A. *Insecurity and unhappiness, according to friends.*

Q. I understand that Bela Darvi is scheduled for a tremendous buildup at 20th Century-Fox, that she will play the top feminine role in *The Egyptian,* that she is a Polish refugee. True or False? —Y.M., ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

A. *True.*

Q. Why has Janet Leigh bleached her hair?
—E.L., STOCKTON, CAL.

A. *She considers it attractive.*

Q. Is this a good time for a young actress to try her luck in Hollywood? Who are the biggest agents there?
—G.F., DANTE, ILL.

A. *This is* not *a good time. The largest talent agencies are MCA, William Morris, and Famous Artists.*

Q. Why does June Allyson refuse to have anything to do with her father?
—J.R., PATERSON, N. J.

A. *June and her father have been estranged for years.*

Q. Is there any possibility of Bob Wagner's marrying Barbara Stanwyck?
—H.R., FRESNO, CAL.

A. *Practically none.*

Q. Is it true that Jacques de Bergerac cannot get a top role in a Hollywood movie unless his wife, Ginger Rogers, plays opposite him?
—R.O., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A. *That's about it.*

Q. What lies behind the Martin & Lewis-Abbott & Costello feud?
—B.L. SEA GIRT, N. J.

A. *Costello once advanced Martin some money for surgery, had him sign a personal management contract, later threatened a law suit. It's all been amicably worked out, and the feud is no more.*

Q. Can you tell me what part a girl by the name of Edna Murphy played in the life of director Mervyn LeRoy?
—T.E., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A. *She was his first wife.*

Q. Isn't true that for the past several years Robert Taylor has been seeing Gary Cooper's old friend, Countess Di Frasso? Haven't they secretly met in Rome? How old are they, anyway?
—B.I., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. *Taylor is forty, the Countess Di Frasso is sixty-five; they have met in Rome on a purely social and business basis.*

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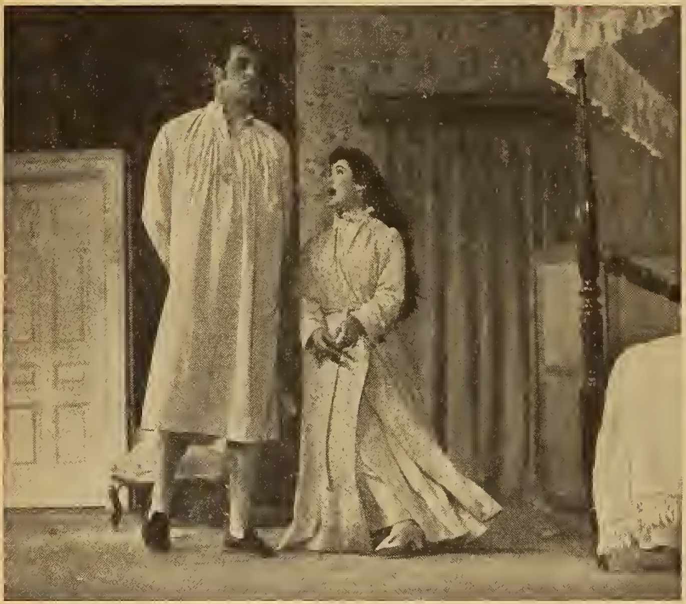
* **PLEASURE:** (*Webster*) State of gratification; delight; enjoyment and joy.

ESTHER WILLIAMS VOTED UNCOOPERATIVE . . . JANE POWELL'S NEW ROMANCE . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

A gala studio talent show, "Inside Universal International," brings the charms and skills of the lot's young



Susan Cabot plays a scene from *The Fourposter* with Rock Hudson. Rock is an outstanding example of U.I.'s successful star-making policy; an unknown when he started there, he is now a top box-office draw.

After the show Kathleen Hughes and Hugh O'Brian confer with their pleased coach, Estelle Harmon, who directed the production. Hugh's two humorous skits got a big hand and lots of laughs from the audience.

Susan Cabot, Barbara Rush, Mamie Van Doren formed a trio. Appearing before live audiences gives the performers poise; U.I. believes that these shows, drama lessons, rigorous training can produce good actors.

Barbara Rush, of *Magnificent Obsession,* joined her co-star Rock Hudson and Mamie Van Doren, of *Yankee Pasha,* for a scene. Besides acting many U.I. hopefuls take courses in diction, fencing, riding and singing.

SANTA CLAUS: HOLLYWOOD STYLE . . . KARGERS RECONCILE . . . THE YEAR'S ASTOUNDING STATEMENTS . . .

NEWS

stars to Hollywood attention

Universal-International's annual show drew praise (and parts) for its talented participants.

Kathleen Hughes and Sara Shane check their shoes before the grande finale of the show, which consisted of scenes from famous plays plus songs and dances. Sara's latest movie is *Magnificent Obsession.*

Susan Cabot is now playing in *Ride Clear Of Diablo;* she has had more acting experience than most of the youngsters in the show. Her companion at the mirror is Ruth Hampton, who has a role in *The Glenn Miller Story.*

WHEN ESTHER WILLIAMS was alerted that she had won for two years running the dubious title of "the year's most uncooperative actress" from the Hollywood Women's Press Club, she glanced at her brand new baby daughter asleep in her bassinette.

"Anyway," she cracked, "I'm cooperative with my husband!"

But make no mistake—Esther is deeply hurt.

I must say, myself, I am a bit puzzled by Esther's getting the raspberry in 1953. I am sure the press girls have their good reasons for voting the way they did—Roy Rogers and Dale Evans as the "Most Cooperative,"—Dale Robertson and Esther as the booby-prizers.

But I took a little time out to investigate and here is the Swim Queen's record for 1953:

For two months she was out of the state making *Easy To Love* in Florida.

She was pregnant when she returned and went on automatic suspension from MGM—which means off-salary during which time studios are prohibited from calling stars for publicity.

Nevertheless, during the time she was pregnant, Esther granted eight interviews.

After the birth of her baby daughter, as soon as she was able to be up and around, she gave nine interviews to newspaper and magazine writers.

It's an unwritten rule that publicity departments do not ask stars to pose with new babies until the infants are three months old. Esther posed with her daughter when the baby was two months old.

And I doubt if you would get the men in the various branches of the service, stationed near Hollywood, to vote her uncooperative.

At the invitation of the Navy, Esther officiated at the launching of the newest sea plane in San Diego.

She has also appeared twice in shows at the Veterans Hospital in Long Beach.

Not a bad record for "Miss Non-Cooperation of 1953," I would say, not bad at all.

THE LOOT was terrific this year. The Hollywood wives and sweethearts opened Christmas gifts more like booty from the Arabian Nights tales, and this is supposed to have been an off year for many stars.

Ray Milland's combination Christmas-and-reconciliation present to his lovely Mal was a huge square-cut diamond ring.

Tony Curtis did no economizing on his gift to Janet: an antique silver cigarette case from London encrusted with diamonds.

Janet gave Tony a 35-mm imported German camera with all attachments and a hand-tooled leather carrying case.

On the romantic side, Pat Nerney commissioned artist Paul Clemens to paint an oil of Janie Powell.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz gave each other a week's vacation trip to Honolulu, with Lucy wearing a beautiful new diamond link neck-

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Report No. 66174—11/18/53

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

lace with her cocktail gowns.

Even the sunglasses went snazzy. Debra Paget gave her ever-present mama, Margaret Griffin, a pair framed in pearls and rhinestones.

Didn't sound too much like the Michael Rennies are separating, either: he wrapped up a Black Mist mink coat and sent it to her in London.

Jeff Hunter surprised Barbara Rush with two complete outfits, including accessories—one for daytime, one for formal evenings.

JANE WYMAN and Freddie Karger separated (for a week) while I was in New York and as they were still apart on my return, I called Janie on the phone.

"Come on over here and tell mama all your troubles," I said to my girl friend. "Don't you know you're almost like a daughter to me and I'm not going to have you unhappy?"

Jane arrived about five in the afternoon. For the next two hours we sat talking, or rather, she was talking and I was a'listenin.'

When she had finally poured out all her woes, she looked at me for my reaction. I promised her I wouldn't reveal what *she* said. But I didn't promise I wouldn't tell what I said:

"Honey," I told my favorite star-child, "you've been making mountains out of molehills. None of this is really important. I can't think that Freddie has done anything terrible, and if you stop to think it over, I'm sure you'll agree."

Just at this moment the doorbell rang and who should walk in but Freddie? Now how in the world did he just *happen* by at this particular time? I couldn't have been less surprised.

For about five minutes there was a bit of a strain. Then suddenly we all broke out laughing. "Mother," chided Jane, "you *planned* this."

"How could you ever think such a thing," I protested as modestly as I could under the circumstances.

Anyway, the important thing is that when they left, the Kargers walked out hand-in-hand and the next day I broke the story that the Kargers were back together again.

I'm not saying that Janie and Freddie are completely out of the woods, maritally speaking, *yet*.

But, if they just use a little common sense,

Terry Moore dressed conservatively for party; her bathingsuit (p. 29) was banned in Korea.

sprinkled with some good, old-fashioned give-and-take, they can save their marriage.

If they don't—it will break up again, and I would feel as bad as they. I love Janie and I have grown fond of Freddie, too.

JANE POWELL is trying to play it cozy with her new romance, Pat Nerney. "I don't want to fall in love again," says the little blonde singer who got her fingers burned in *l'affaire* Gene Nelson.

But, from the looks of Jane and Pat when they are together, maybe she can't help herself.

There's no doubt that the Janie of these days is a disillusioned girl. She doesn't want to be hurt again—but I repeat, there's a warm, warm gleam in her eyes when she looks into Pat's.

SOME ASTOUNDING STATEMENTS OF 1953:

Esther Williams: "I will have many more children. I have them so easily. Ben (Gage) and I are the best baby-making factory I know."

Robert Mitchum (after speeding away from a traffic cop giving him a ticket): "Sorry, Dad. I thought you might be a bandit."

Arthur Godfrey anent Julius La Rosa: "He's lost his humility." What a cloud of dust *that* blew up!

Dolores Donlon, new starlet: "My husband owns a medical building he could fill with just psychiatrists—they are so busy taking care of Hollywood people crazy for fame!"

Jane Powell about her break-up with Gene Nelson: "I suppose I high-pressured him too much, forcing him to make decisions he didn't want to make."

Ava Gardner after her estrangement from Frank Sinatra: "I wish he had left me with a baby to remember him by."

Errol Flynn, describing his co-star Gina Lollobrigida: "What a department store! Something desirable on every floor!"

I CRIED SO HARD at *The Glenn Miller Story* première that it's a good thing I looked around before the picture started to see who was there. I was too busy sniffling and wiping my eyes when it was over.

Jeff Chandler and Marilyn Maxwell sat behind me, holding hands.

"What happened to your engagement to Jerry Davis?" I asked Marilyn, not too tactfully as I look back.

Jeff looked real pleased when she shrugged, "It didn't work out."

All the way inside the theatre you could hear the fans screaming and yelling as Jimmy Stewart and his lovely Gloria arrived. In fact, Jimmy was pushed so many ways by radio announcers, autograph hounds, photographers and press agents that he got separated from Gloria.

"My wife, fellas," yelled Jimmy, "Let me get my *wife!*"

Of all things, Donald O'Connor, with Sheila Connolly, forgot his tickets! "Just wait till the house fills up," he told the usher philosophically, "and just put us where there's a gap for two!"

Whoops! Was Shelley Winters in a low-cut gown? She was half in and half out of a startling gown of salmon and gold. Cute old Charlie Coburn's monocle almost fell out of his eye as he stood up to let Shell get to her seat.

Debbie Reynolds was surprisingly subdued (for her) with Richard Anderson.

And what's all this steady dating with Rock Hudson and Julia Adams? This is beginning to look very serious.

I thought Janet Leigh looked beautiful but much too thin. Tony's on the thin side, too.

After the delightful musical was over I kept thinking how sad it was that little June Allyson, who is so wonderful as Mrs. Miller and who gives her best screen performance, had to miss the première. She was in the hospital following an appendectomy.

Bravo, Junie and Jimmy! You are both great.

TERRY MOORE looked cute as a button when she dropped by to tell me goodbye before taking off for her Christmas show in Korea.

She was wearing a white jacket trimmed with white fox collar and cuffs, a white skirt with red and green Christmas trees of sequins, red and green jewelry and a tiny white hat.

"Terry," I accused her, "did you ask to go to Korea because B. Johnson is stationed there? And are you going to marry him?"

"Maybe," Terry dimpled, "if he asks me."

If Terry does become Mrs. Johnson she'll become a member of the fabulous Texas family which owns the even more fabulous King Ranch.

FRANK SINATRA celebrated his birthday dinner with his three kids at home.

His thirteen-year-old glamour girl daughter, Nancy, Jr., baked him a cake, coconut, with six candles.

"What's the six for?" asked her old man.

Mitzi Gaynor, Jack Bean attended Jay Robinson's party for Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck.

Host Robinson chatted with Anne Francis. Party was among year's most enjoyable events.

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"Oh, it's just a good round number," replied the eldest Sinatra offspring.

Frankie groaned, "Isn't it bad enough that your brother is another George Burns? Do you have to be Gracie Allen?"

All in all, it was a very festive occasion. After dinner, Nancy, Jr., and Frankie, age ten, played piano duets for Daddy—and very good, too.

Five-year-old Tina Sinatra sat on Frank's knee during the recital and suddenly piped up with:

"I can't play the piano. I can't even tell time!"

P.S. All right, all right. I know what you're wondering—where was Nancy Sinatra, Sr., while all this was going on? She was very much present and a charming behind-the-scenes hostess at the children's party for their father.

LANA TURNER and Lex Barker slipped back into Hollywood so secretly they had time to move into Lana's house and get the phone number changed before friends and business associates realized they were here. Obviously, they didn't want any welcoming "Hellos."

Steve Crane, father of Lana's little Cheryl, didn't like that unlisted telephone number business. "Maybe they want to be alone," he said, "but no one is going to keep me from being in touch with my little girl."

Cheryl and her father became fast friends during the time Lana was making two movies in Europe.

Almost every night she was having an early dinner at his cafe, the Luau, with Steve and Lana's mother.

As of this writing, Lana has taken her $200,000 home off the market. It was for sale during her absence, but apparently she's changed her mind for a couple of good reasons:

First, no one came up with $200,000 even for the privilege of living in a glamour girl's house.

Second, Lex is assuming the payments on the house—his Christmas gift to his bride.

WENT TO LAS VEGAS to see Marlene Dietrich in her nightclub debut, and believe me, no one can see more of Marlene than is on display in a gown that creates the impression of being completely nude on top. It isn't—it's net covered chiffon—but it might as well be.

It isn't often that Hollywood people are too shocked about things, but Frances and Van Heflin and little Joan Evans and her handsome husband who sat with me at the Sahara, were—well, disappointed—that the fabulous Dietrich would resort to such burlesque-type costuming.

I covered all the Las Vegas spots before I returned home. Vic Damone was on the same bill with Jimmy McHugh and his singing stars at the Sands, and between shows I had a talk with Vic.

He told me there's no real, serious romance in his life these days. He is devoted to Joanie Benny, Jack and Mary's sweet daughter, "but, we're just pals now," is the way Vic puts it, "more like brother and sister than the engaged pair we've been rumored to be."

THE LETTER BOX: Marie Priffer writes from New York to thank me for the two fine friends she has made, via letters to Korea, through names of service men I have printed from time to time in this department. And, thank you, Marie, for making it happier for two G.I's in the bitter loneliness of Korea.

In this season of assorted polls, I got a kick out of the letter from "ten grade schoolers" in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who sent me the results of a poll of the fifth, sixth and seventh grades as follows:

Favorite actor: Bob Wagner
Favorite Girl: Susan Hayward
Most Beautiful: Ava Gardner
Favorite Musical Girl: Betty Grable
Favorite Musical Boy: Donald O'Connor
Favorite husband and wife team: Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, Marge and Gower Champion, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, tied.

Amusing, in view of the above, that Mrs. Pia Szymkiewicz, Stoughton, Mass., writes: "Frankly, I'm sick to death of opening movie magazines and reading about Robert Wagner, Robert Wagner, *Robert Wagner*. What has he done on the screen to rate all this ballyhoo? He is just a fair actor—and just fairly good looking."

Mrs. S., let me refer you to the winner of the grade school poll as to why Bob rates all the attention.

Rosemary Clooney goes out with brother Nicky when husband José Ferrer cannot squire her.

Shirley Temple, now expecting her third baby, attends a première with husband Charles Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power (Linda Christian) with daughter Romina in the Bahamas

"Why Be Fat?" says Mrs. Tyrone Power

"I Lose Weight Without Any Trouble!"

Nowhere in the world will you find women so figure conscious as in Hollywood. You know that Ayds really works when lovely women like Linda Christian tell you how it has helped them lose weight easily, pleasantly and safely!

Proved by Clinical Tests!

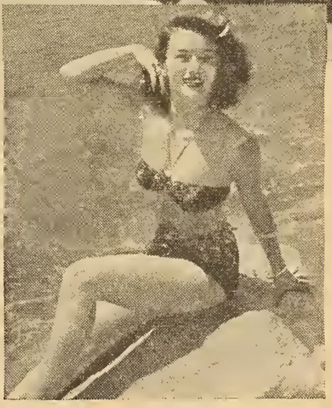
With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing —and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

Guaranteed—A Lovelier Figure!

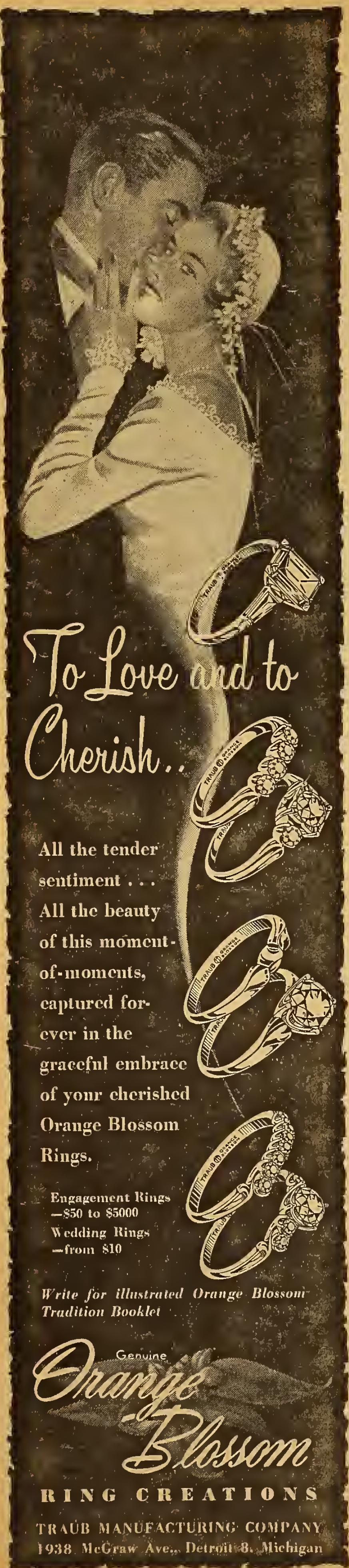
Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. You, too, must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back.

Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At drug or department stores.



Linda Christian vacationing in Acapulco. "I discovered for myself that by taking Ayds I could lose pounds easily," says Linda.

Linda loves the sea, the surf and the sunshine. "I recommend Ayds," says Linda. "It has done wonderful things for my figure."


To Love and to Cherish..

All the tender sentiment . . . All the beauty of this moment-of-moments, captured forever in the graceful embrace of your cherished Orange Blossom Rings.

Engagement Rings —$50 to $5000
Wedding Rings —from $10

Write for illustrated Orange Blossom Tradition Booklet

Genuine Orange Blossom
RING CREATIONS

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1938 McGraw Ave., Detroit 8, Michigan

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

movie reviews

by florence epstein

Jimmy Stewart plays title role of Glenn Miller.

June Allyson plays the wife Glenn left behind to entertain service men all over the world.

THE GLENN MILLER STORY. In the early forties when everybody went wild about dance bands Glenn Miller's name was on top of the heap—and that was no accident. Here's his story to prove it—the story of a musician who was searching for a sound he couldn't recognize until he heard it, a sound no other band had. Five years after he'd found that sound and with it opened the door to fantastic success, he disappeared somewhere over the English Channel in a single-engined Norseman C-64. That was in December, 1944; he was on his way to Paris to lead his service band in a Christmas Day program. This film is a tender, moving tribute to his memory. James Stewart's performance as Miller is so subtle and sensitive he actually seems to resemble him physically. June Allyson, as his wife, reveals a warm, courageous spirit. Their crazy courtship, their marriage, their struggle not to compromise and finally, their coming into their own, is the fabric of this sentimental but never mawkish tale. If you liked Miller's music, you'll enjoy the soundtrack—it took work to make any band sound that much like Miller's old crew. Louis Armstrong, Gene Krupa, Ben Pollack, Frances Langford and The Modernaires are around, and they, too, make some pretty noises. The cast includes Charles Drake, George Tobias, and Henry Morgan, all of whom do justice to a carefully researched script—which, by the way, had to have Mrs. Miller's approval of every page before production was begun. You might be interested to learn that the trombone Jimmy blows was the one Miller actually used, and even the glasses he wears were copied from a pair worn by the band leader. Technicolor.—U.I.

how to be fitted comfortably in

YOUR BRASSIERE

Measuring

It's worth a lot to get a comfortable brassiere—so be sure to get the right size. Your trained corsetiere will measure you around the diaphragm. Add 6″ to that measurement and you have your brassiere size. Say you measure 28″—add 6″, and your size is 34. If you measure an odd size and you like your brassiere snug, try the next size smaller. If you like it loose, try the next size larger.

Most brassiere cups are sized A, B and C—"A" being the smallest. Your corsetiere can best tell you which of these sizes you need. The cup size is right when the bra rests close to the body at the breastbone.

Pull down in back

When you put your brassiere on, be sure that it is pulled down in back to follow the bra's natural cut. If you don't it may gap at the armpits. Adjust the shoulder straps comfortably. When you try on a "Perma·lift*" Bra the support comes from the base of the bra cups and not from tight shoulder straps. If you follow these simple steps, you'll get more bra wear and comfort than you've ever had before.

Tight straps

The Magic Inset

A "Perma·lift" Brassiere has one very important exclusive feature—the patented Magic Insets at the base of each cup. The Magic Insets gently support your breasts from below—and, best of all, neither washing nor wearing will ever affect its uplift or support.

"Perma·lift" Brassieres are priced so reasonably—from $1.50 to $7.50. You'll find them in most fine Corset Departments, so be sure to get yours soon.

*"Perma·lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company Chicago—New York—Los Angeles (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Perma·lift
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Are you in the know?

If your hero's cronies leave you cold—

☐ *Hold your fire* ☐ *Demand a showdown*

Though your new Sigh Man's old friends may be sterling characters—seems to *you* they could do with plenty of polish! Of course, you could ignore the guys. Yet wouldn't it be nicer to try winning them over, for *his* sake? (You'll boost your rating!) And win yourself an A for "assurance" at problem time, with the comfort of Kotex. For Kotex is an old friend you *trust* for softness that *holds its shape;* absorbency that saves panicky moments.

What can't a sharp dresser do without?

☐ *A wolf call* ☐ *Knit wit* ☐ *Cashmere*

You needn't put all your cash in cashmere! Just put your wit to knitting your own sweater wardrobe: those new, long, *bulky* jackets that copy-cat your beau's. Nylon and wool; won't stretch; wash easy. So, for a "purl" of little price—needle up! But on certain days, *bulk's* what you *don't* want—napkin-wise. Choose Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. And Kotex gives extra *protection.*

How to cut a gabby phone belle short?

☐ *Drop dead* ☐ *Disconnect* ☐ *Thank her*

Connie's got you hooked—for hours. Just when you're expecting a *Very* Important Call! Wriggling off the line would be easy, if you knew her better. But try this: At the first semicolon, thank her for calling; say you'll see her soon. To free yourself from *calendar* dilemmas (such as which absorbency of Kotex to choose)—try Regular, Junior, Super. You'll find the very one you need.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

☐ *Romeo & Juliet* ☐ *Kotex and Kotex belts* ☐ *Moon 'n' June*

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic . . . they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . *for a change?*

OTHELLO When Orson Welles puts his hand to something it's often overwhelming. Grandiose, ponderous, sensually sating are ways to describe his production of Shakespeare's *Othello.* You know the plot—Othello, a Moorish general woos Desdemona, daughter of a Venetian Senator and marries her against her father's will. He takes his bride to the Isle of Cyprus and with great good will puts Cassio (Michael Lawrence) in charge of a general celebration. This enrages Iago (Michael MacLiammoir) who is ambitious and hates Othello. That very night Iago plans to destroy Othello's love for Desdemona (Suzanne Cloutier). Patiently, cunningly, he arouses Othello's jealousy which grows very quickly into a towering rage. He murders Desdemona, then learns of her complete innocence and kills himself. At the state funeral given them Iago is imprisoned in a cage hoisted in the air, prey to circling vultures. The photography is magnificent, the settings are vast, gloomy, lordly. The acting is sweepingly rhetorical. Perhaps you'll be impressed. Cast includes Robert Coote, Milton Edwards, Fay Compton, Doris Dowling.—*U.-A.*

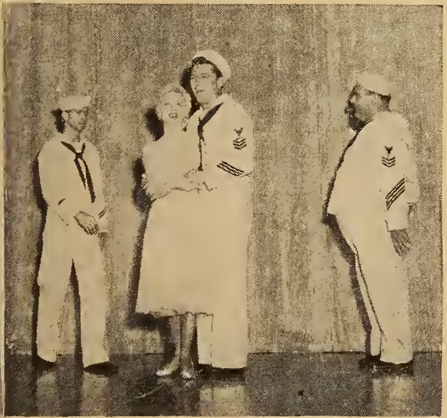
MISS SADIE THOMPSON Rita Hayworth in 3-D is a heck of a lot of Hayworth, and when she starts to sing her sultry songs you dig them, brother. *Miss Sadie Thompson* is based on W. Somerset Maugham's famous short story, *Rain.* Hollywood's done it before—but now they've brought it up to date which doesn't mean it's an improvement, but still, it's new. A bunch of Marines stationed on a tropical island are transported with joy when Sadie—bejeweled, perfumed and awfully democratic—lands. (The boat that was to take her from Honolulu to New Caledonia is quarantined.) Also landing, though, is Alfred Davidson's party. Davidson (José Ferrer) is a fanatic reformer bent on keeping "evil" out of the island. One look at Sadie tells him he has a job. Sadie and Marine Aldo Ray get romantic. This agitates Ferrer to the point of apoplexy. He digs into her past, confronts her with accusations, arranges to have her deported and finally agrees to save her soul. Poor Sadie is overwhelmed with guilt and submits to Davidson—until he stops acting pious and, to her horror, starts making passes. In the cast are Harry Bellaver, Russell Collins. Technicolor—*Columbia*

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU One of the most delightful comedies of the normal screen, *It Should Happen To You* stars Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford and Hollywood newcomer Jack Lemmon. The scene is New York, the gimmick is that Judy, who appears to be a startlingly average girl, has a terrible yearning for fame and fortune. With her hard-earned one thousand dollars she rents a huge billboard overlooking Columbus Circle upon which she has her name emblazoned. Gladys Glover, it says, for all the world to see. Peter Lawford's soap company has traditionally used this billboard and to get it back Lawford offers Judy half a dozen other signs strategically located throughout the city. Soon her name is a byword, although no one knows for what. Until Michael O'Shea makes her his client and they rocket to giddy heights of notoriety. The humor is so fresh, the romance between Judy and Jack Lemmon so charmingly real, the acting so deceptively natural you're sure to love it. With Vaughn Taylor, Connie Gilchrist.—*Columbia*

Jackpot Of The Month

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES In 1946 the war was over and fathers and sons came home. That was when *The Best Years Of Our Lives* was released and almost everyone who saw it felt personally involved. Now, eight years later the movie is back and a lot of people won't even notice it was about another war in another decade. They'll be thinking of Korea. Fredric March, Dana Andrews and Howard Russell are the tired heroes who discover that fighting was almost easier than re-adjusting to civilian life. March is a family man, a banker. Andrews is a soda-jerker for whom the Air Corps opened new vistas. Russell is an amputee. The lives of the three intermingle as each searches for his identity. Pathos and drama are still powerful in *The Best Years* which threatens to become not only an American classic but a perennial best seller. Cast includes Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright, Cathy O'Donnell, Virginia Mayo. —*RKO*

ACT OF LOVE A once gay, always romantic Paris is brought to nostalgic life in this film based on Alfred Hayes' novel *The Girl On The Via Flaminia.* Written by Irwin Shaw, directed by Anatole Litvak, *Act Of Love* is a poignant story haunted by the knowledge that if these lovers had met somewhere else at some other time they would not have lost each other. Kirk Douglas, an ex-soldier, sits on the terrace of a Riviera hotel and his thoughts go back to 1944 when he sought one thing of beauty, one moment of peace amid the coarse, ugly monotony of war. He meets Lisa (Dany Robin) a waif of exquisite, child-like loveliness. She accepts his offer of food and shelter which necessitates her sharing his room. Frightened and resentful, she nevertheless falls in love. But a broken city full of angry or apathetic people, full of black markets, suspicious police and an army of men leaves little space for fulfillment. Prominently cast are Barbara Laage, Serge Reggiana, Robert Strauss, George Mathews.—*U.-A.*



THREE SAILORS AND A GIRL When you join the Navy you're supposed to see the sea and not come messing around Broadway with $50,000. These three sailors (Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson and jolting Jack E. Leonard) gathered the loot from their crewmates, planning to invest it in stock. In stock! cries scheming Sam Levene. You mean show business! And proceeds to outline a script that will shortly lose them all their money. We're with you, say the sailors three, after sighting Jane Powell, Levene's star. Jane feels guilty about involving the boys, especially when she falls in love with MacRae. But a girl's got o eat and life is tough and oh, does that show flop in Boston (or New Haven). But bark! One of the mobs can sing and one has feet that fly and one is so fat and funny you'll faint. I didn't faint. Technicolor. With Archer MacDonald.—*Warners*

(*Continued on page* 24)

Never let them go!

He won't—if you don't! And 10 seconds is all it takes to keep your hands soft and smooth and heavenly to hold! Yes, this pretty-pink, Lanolined lotion actually smooths rough skin, soothes dry, chapped skin quicker 'n you can say "Cashmere Bouquet!" 'Specially formulated to vanish instantly... leaving no sticky feel, no oily film... just the flower-fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet.

Beauty Bargain! 9-oz. DeLuxe bottle with handy pump dispenser ... **69¢**; other sizes, **25¢** and **47¢**

cashmere bouquet
HAND LOTION

What to do when "Young Skin" problems attack *your* face

Try to cover up with heavy make-up? "Operate" on blackheads yourself? Give up and hope you'll outgrow it?

If your face has started sprouting blackheads, excess oil, enlarged pores—you can find remarkably quick help in Pond's special *greaseless* treatment. Hundreds of girls with complexion troubles like yours tell us how amazingly effective Pond's treatment is!

Now— a greaseless corrective for oiliness, roughness, blackheads, large pores

In Young Skin, the oil glands often become over-active, the skin sluggish. Flaky particles pile up, roughen the surface. Dirt and oil, trapped by these dead skin cells, clog and stretch the pores. Then—blackheads and "bumps" are on the way.

Do something about "Young Skin," now! Just cover your face deeply, except eyes, with snowy-cool Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, *dissolves away* clogging oil and dead skin cells . . . frees tiny skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Girls who use the treatment say: "Pores look much smaller" . . . "My skin looks so soft, so *clean!*"

"Young Skin" doesn't like heavy make-up! A powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a fresh, unshiny look.

A new, exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature: a nationally-known record expert gives you the latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS

by George Frazier

■ The last time I spent much time with Joseph Frank Lavecchio, a former Chicago choir boy better known as Frankie Laine, was when we went together to Johnnie Ray's opening at the Copacabana in New York City. As things turned out, it was a rewarding experience. At the end of the floor show, Laine and I dropped back to Ray's dressing room to offer our congratulations.

Frankie said, "Johnnie, you were wonderf—" But before he could finish, he choked up and suddenly began to sob.

Obviously, this was the behavior of an enormously emotional man. Watching it, I realized more than I ever had before why Frankie Laine is one of the most successful vocalists of our time. For one thing, he believes what he sings and, for another, he is marvelously capable of communicating his own feelings to his listeners. It explains why he has won seven gold records (which are awarded to an artist when one of his records sell one million copies) and is one up on Perry Como.

Some months after our visit to the Copacabana, Laine underwent surgery in order to relieve severe throat congestion. It was far from a minor operation and many people believed that he would never sing again. But he did sing, and he sang spectacularly. The first record he made after leaving the hospital was the affecting best-seller, "I Believe." It was a reaffirmation of his deep faith.

Frankie is a balding and chunky thirty-nine-year-old man. Since the operation, things have never been so good for him. Happily married to beautiful Nan Grey, he only recently signed a fat contract to make three movies for Columbia. Meanwhile, he also managed to score a resounding hit at the Palladium in London. This month he is on hand with a Columbia album called "Mr. Rhythm" that is immensely exciting.

"Mr. Rhythm" demonstrates that while Laine is a good singer to watch—one of the greatest of all so-called "action" singers—he is also quite, quite moving even without benefit of his physical exertion. "Mr. Rhythm" proves that his singing is impressive even if you can't see him thrashing his arms and stamping on the floor as though he were trying to break through to the basement.

This album contains some lovely songs. One is a heartbreaker out of the 1930's called "A Hundred Years From Today." Then there are such classics as "Someday, Sweetheart," "After You've Gone," "Lullaby In Rhythm," "Laughing At Life," "Willow, Weep For Me," and Hoagy Carmichael's memorable "Judy." In them, Frankie gets wonderful support from his regular accompanist, a Cherokee pianist named Carl Fischer, and a fine orchestra conducted by Paul Weston, who is probably more celebrated for the skilful collaborations he has made with his wife, Jo Stafford. All in all, "Mr. Rhythm" is a good addition to anybody's record library.

RCA Victor has finally brought out its long and eagerly awaited 12-inch LP called "Show Biz." Aside from its infinite appeal as undiluted entertainment, this is an altogether remarkable document, spanning, as it does, the annals and personalities of show business from, according to the notes, "Caruso to Pinza, Smith and Dale to Milton Berle, Nora Bayes to Dinah Shore, Vaudeville to Movies to TV to 3-D." Based on the monumentally informative book of the same title by Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr., "Show Biz," which is narrated by George Jessel, is a cavalcade of fifty years of one of the most exciting and resplendent occupations imaginable.

One of the "hottest properties around today," as the expression goes, is Frank Sinatra, who, only a year or so ago, appeared to be finished. His performance in *From Here To Eternity* helped to reestablish him, of course, but so did his singing. Like Frankie Laine, Sinatra sings with immense conviction. If he is happy, his singing reflects it. If he is sad, it is almost impossible for him to conceal it in his voice. His new Capitol album is touching proof of this. It was made at the height of his difficulties with Ava and the fact is apparent in almost every selection. Here, in a collection that includes such enchantments as "Funny Valentine," "The Girl Next Door," "A Foggy Day," "Little Girl Blue," "Like Someone In Love," "I Get A Kick Out Of You," "They Can't Take That Away From Me," and "Violets For Your Furs," is one of the best Sinatra presentations in a long, long while. It is also an authentic torch song by a man who wants the whole world to know that he's in love.

The success of Universal-International's *The Glenn Miller Story* (in which Jimmy Stewart sometimes manages to strike an uncanny resemblance to the late orchestra leader) has, as was to be expected, inspired a number of record companies to get in on the act. Far and away the most successful of the efforts to capitalize on the movie's appeal is, of course, RCA Victor's "Glenn Miller Limited Edition," which includes many Miller broadcasts and costs a staggering $24.95 per album. It has astonished practically everybody by selling close to 100,000 copies.

(*Continued on page 86*)

YES, BARBARA STANWYCK uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin.* It doesn't dry or dull your hair!

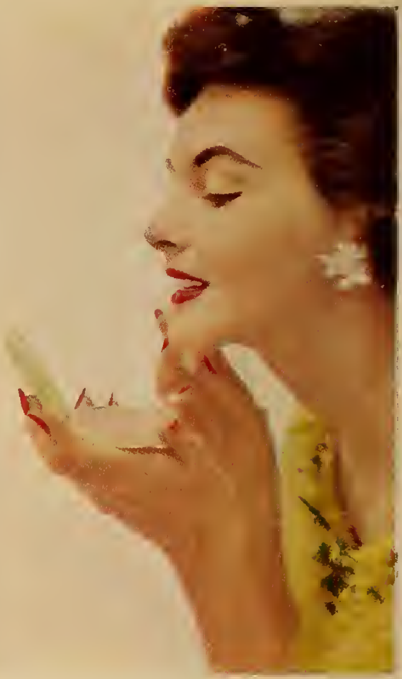
Makes hair eager to curl! Now you *can* "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

NOW in new LOTION FORM or famous CREAM FORM!

Pour it on . . . or cream it on! . . . Either way, have hair that shines like the stars! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in famous Cream Form—27¢ to $2, in jars or tubes. In new Lotion Form—30¢ to $1.

At Last! The make-up that keeps its promise!

Only Creme Puff makes you look so pretty so quickly . . . stay so pretty so long!



JUST THE kiss of a puff and this magical make-up—Max Factor's wonder blend of creamy make-up base and powder—brings a soft, lovely look to your skin.

It veils tiny imperfections instantly . . . yet always feels fresh and light.

Yes, Creme Puff is the smoothest of make-ups . . . blended to super smoothness with lanolin-rich creams. It can't dry your skin. It can't absorb the natural skin moisture that causes other make-ups to streak or turn orangey.

That's why only Creme Puff by Max Factor looks so lovely—so long.

Creme Puff comes in 7 complexion-true shades. In star-studded compact, $1.25 plus tax; in De Luxe goldentone compact (refillable), $3.75 plus tax. At department and drugstores.

Smooth, lasting loveliness—
with just the kiss of a puff.

Creme Puff

made only by MAX FACTOR
HOLLYWOOD

Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up.

The heroic story of Suzan Ball is one to be read and re-read for its message of courage and honesty—and the faith that can move mountains.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

Extensive treatment, operations, have not injured the beauty that gave Suzan her start.

out of the shadows

■ Fate wrote a bitter script for Suzan Ball.

It marked her early as a beauty, it let her grow into a striking young woman with a record of small and large successes. She won recognition in Hollywood, and then, unbelievably, though she was only eighteen she was struck down by cancer.

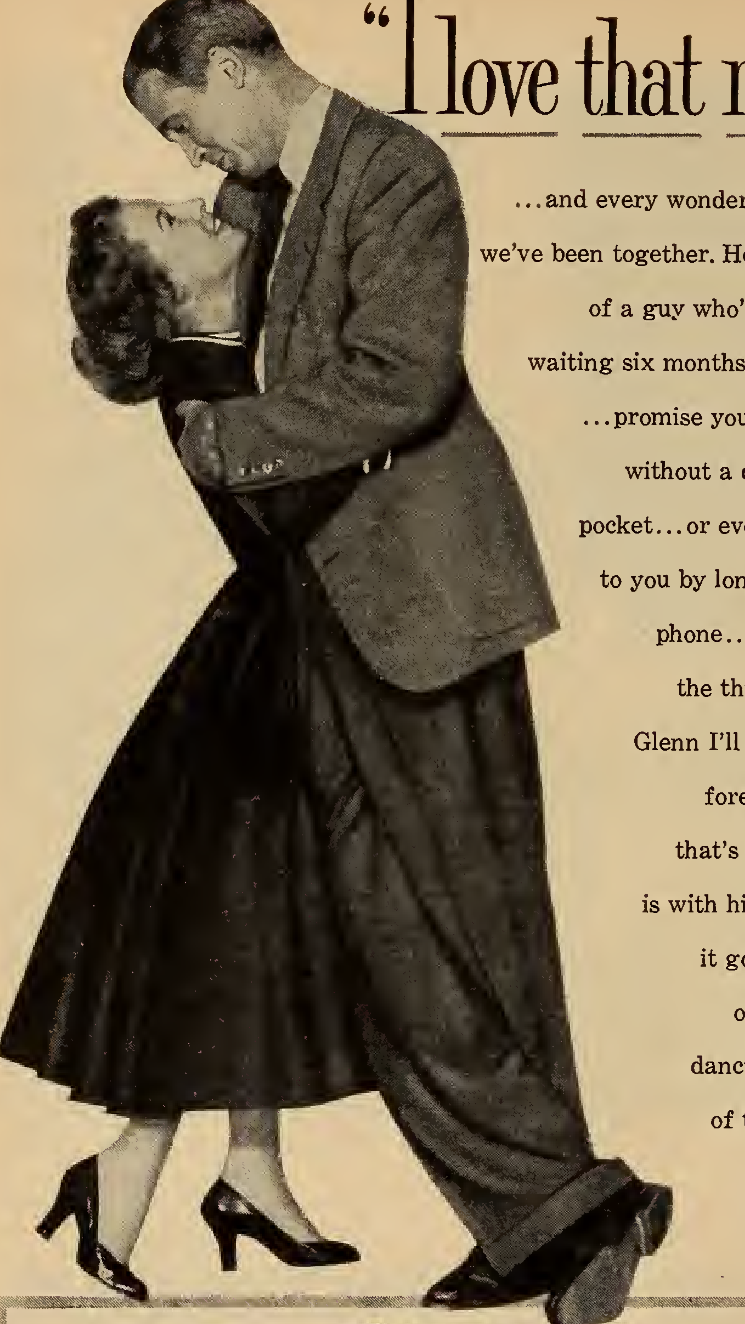
The excitement of her proximity to fame faded. The loneliness that loomed ahead overshadowed everything else in her life.

That was the script—but that isn't the way Suzan Ball is playing it. Out of her courageous wisdom, and the new love that came to her, the will to rewrite fate was born. The new scenes are not filled with despair but with hope, not death and the dread of death, but life and the special joy of new life.

Suzan Ball was born in Buffalo, New York. She remembers running through the streets there when she was a child with such a surge of life that she once cried out aloud: "I'll just never be sick. Not in my whole life I won't! I won't even get old. Not me!"

When her parents came to southern California (*Continued on next page*)

Dick Long met Suzan when she was still using crutches; his love and his faith in her helped to speed her recovery.



"I love that man!

...and every wonderful minute we've been together. He's the sort of a guy who'd keep you waiting six months for a date ...promise you the world without a dime in his pocket...or even propose to you by long distance phone...These are the things about Glenn I'll remember forever...and that's the way it is with his music... it goes on and on...in the dancing hearts of the world!

Universal-International presents

JAMES STEWART · JUNE ALLYSON

The GLENN MILLER STORY

COLOR BY *Technicolor*

with

CHARLES DRAKE · GEORGE TOBIAS · HENRY MORGAN
and these Musical "Greats" as Guest Stars!
FRANCES LANGFORD · LOUIS ARMSTRONG · GENE KRUPA
BEN POLLACK · THE MODERNAIRES

HEAR THESE MEMORABLE GLENN MILLER HITS:

"MOONLIGHT SERENADE"
"LITTLE BROWN JUG"
"IN THE MOOD"
"PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000"
"STRING OF PEARLS"
"TUXEDO JUNCTION"
"CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO"
and many, many more!

Directed by ANTHONY MANN • Written by VALENTINE DAVIES and OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

(*Continued from page 19*) she was delighted. She attended North Hollywood High, won fair study marks and with her dark-haired, hazel-eyed beauty won a new beau every two weeks. She discovered she had a good singing voice. After her graduation at seventeen her parents wanted to move again, this time to northern California, but Suzan refused to go with them. There was a family scene.

"I've got a future here!" she cried. "I know I have. I'll succeed." She hoped to get into musical comedy. Finally she won. She went to live in the House of Seven Garbos from which Ruth Roman and Linda Christian and others have gone on to success in motion pictures. Her family went off to northern California.

She sang with small orchestras . . . sometimes for as little as $15 a show. She took a job in a Beverly Hills cleaning shop, taking bundles in over the counter. And, incredibly, she got into pictures! The husband of a girl she knew was a writer. He arranged an interview for Suzan at Universal-International. They liked her, signed her and started her training.

Then in a dance routine in the studio, her foot slipped and her knee was hurt. Two months later, on a personal appearance tour in Boston, the same knee was hurt again in a minor automobile accident. Last April after a thorough examination, she heard the frightful diagnosis—not just the possibility of cancer, or the beginning of cancer, but cancer fullblown and raging through the bone of her right leg just above the knee. Her life was in danger unless the leg were amputated. The time for decision was short.

So much of the bone had been invaded by the tumor that if the malignant tissue were removed there would not be enough bone left to support her weight, she was told. Unless surgically removed the cancer would spread, leaving her, perhaps, only a few months more of life. This would be the risk she would take if she sought to treat the tumor with X ray: the chance of curing her leg would be slight, and the chance of fatal consequence unless she had surgery was considerable.

SUZAN had to take it from there alone. Roughly her choice seemed to be to lose the leg and live, or to keep it and die. Besides pure horror, she experienced then her first entirely honest moments with herself.

"After eighteen years of self-concern," she recalls, "the prospect I faced was so awesome as to seem impossible. Already, there was a dirge in the air. It came in the form of condolences. 'Gee, Suzie, I'm sorry to hear about it. If there is anything I can do . . .' they'd say, and then they would be gone. There was something frighteningly familiar about these phrases. And then it struck me. They all sounded just like I used to sound when I professed sympathy for someone and immediately forgot about him.

"It proved to me that I was worrrying about what was actually a small indrawn life, this one I had led. It must have been so if I had not been able to muster up an honest sentiment for another person. Really, I asked myself, did my life amount to enough to be worth saving? Not until this question failed to shock me more than the fact that I had cancer shocked me, did I believe I was getting properly objective about my problem. You see, if I overrated Suzan Ball I might talk her out of taking a chance she perhaps should take."

This little conference with herself took place last April when she had been at Universal-International Studios for a year and a half. Even though Universal had high hopes for Suzan and had starred her in several pictures, she felt that she still had a long way to go.

Now that she had taken a good square look at Suzan Ball, Suzan Ball decided she was not so important that she couldn't take the risk of X-ray treatment. Her doctor's plan was to control and eradicate the cancer by X ray and then restore missing bone structure by the process of calcification. It might take a year or more and Suzan would certainly have to wear crutches through all this period.

Having made up her mind to go ahead, Suzan also decided there would be no dramatics about it, no living with pent-up hysteria ready to burst forth if she found that she had guessed wrong and the malignancy became general. To be even more thorough in her self-reformation she did not permit herself to brood. Rather, she sought ways of keeping herself busy.

INSTEAD of avoiding the studio and curious stares, she reported regularly. She began a course of study in English, Spanish and French. She even tried to talk writers into creating wheelchair parts that she would be able to play.

She talked to everyone and overcame her sensitivity about her misfortune. She didn't, as she first thought she must, avoid running into Tony Curtis. His favorite greeting to everyone was always "Hi'ya, Gimpy!" and he would be sure to forget himself and say it to her. She was right. He did forget. But she was able to laugh it off, much to his relief, too. She was able to do more than that.

Anthony Quinn and his lovely wife, the former Katherine DeMille, attended a cocktail party given by Kirk Douglas at his villa on the *Via Appia Antica* outside Rome. The Quinns, with their four children, planned to take over the villa when Kirk left. In preparation for the move, Kirk showed Katherine around, pointing out the beauties of the place, the grounds, flower beds, rose gardens, swimming pool, terraces, and the spacious house with its Italian architecture, art and furnishings.

"Well," he said to his guest at the end of the tour, "pretty great, huh?" "Lovely," Katherine said quietly, "but you left out the most important part of our tour. Where is the linen supply? And is there a place in the back yard to hang diapers?"

—*Wanda Hale*

Her parents were divorced after they left North Hollywood. Her mother stayed in northern California with Suzan's younger brother, and her father came to live with her. Suzan needed help now and she advertised for a maid, staying home one afternoon from the studio to talk to applicants. The bell rang and on her crutches Suzan went to open the door. A young girl stood in the hall. Seeing Suzan she involuntarily cried out, "Oh, you're a cripple!" Then she looked terribly embarrassed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that."

Suzan felt the blow but she was delighted to find herself smiling and answering easily. "Yes, a cripple, but just temporarily, I hope," she replied. They talked and the maid is with her to this day. She is a fine person and a mainstay at Suzan's apartment.

Suzan achieved an air of self-sufficiency despite the fact that she had to depend on her crutches—an air that stood her in good stead when she began to feel that a tall, brown-haired fellow around the studio was taking more than a passing interest in her.

Richard Long had come to Universal as an actor before Suzan but had left in 1950

Pretty housewife Mrs. Dolores Dalzell uses detergents daily — but doesn't take chances with her hands.

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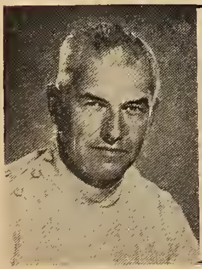

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for two years in Korea and Japan with the Army. While he was in Tokyo he saw a picture called *Yankee Buccaneer*, made by his old studio. Suzan was in the cast. He made up his mind to meet her as soon as he got back to Universal.

When he resumed his career, playing a featured role in the Barbara Stanwyck-Richard Carlson co-starrer, *All I Desire*, he saw Suzan in the studio commissary, got an introduction and talked to her for a minute. The next time he saw her they talked for ten minutes, the time after that for an hour and the fourth time they lingered at their table for three hours after lunch was over. It was then that Dick found the courage to ask Suzan what was wrong with her leg.

Suzan remembers this as the first crucial test of her acquired policy of honesty—to others as well as to herself. She felt a temptation to soften her answer, to lead up to the truth by speaking about a treatment which gave every promise of curing something that might have been serious. She finally gave a one word answer: "Cancer."

It shocked Dick all right. He'll tell you that. "But also," he recalls, "I felt an admiration I had never felt before for anyone I knew personally. I detected no self-pity in Suzan's face nor heard a trace of it in the tone of her voice. I said to myself that when I saw her on the screen in Tokyo I considered her beautiful, *merely* beautiful, but now I had found dimensions to her character and nature that made her, well—inspiring!"

After a beginning like that neither of them was going to stoop to kid each other about anything, about themselves or their romance. When Dick worked in a scene and wanted honest criticism he knew just where to go for it. And he knew that was what Suzan wanted from him; her fling with pretense was over.

Handicapped as Suzan was, she was far from a restful influence on Dick's life. "She has a dynamic nature," he reports. "She is always on the go, impetuous, eager for every moment of life." But Suzan's impetuosity had its limitations, Dick learned, when he asked her to marry him last October. Before she could answer that one, she told him, she would have to do a lot of thinking. She didn't have to tell him that her thoughts would include the question of survival. Was she going to be around for any length of time? Up to now there had been medical reports that bone calcification was proceeding satisfactorily but there was no assurance that cancer was gone. So Suzan kept saying no.

Late last November Suzan's dog, a brown, miniature French poodle named Cezanne, brought on the hour of decision in Suzan's life when he knocked over his drinking bowl on the kitchen floor. Suzan entered a few minutes later, slipped on the wet tile and broke the twice-injured leg in the very same place where the process of bone building had been going on for such a long time. She remembers being conscious just long enough to think of this with a great pang of regret. Luckily Dick was present in the livingroom and heard her fall. He picked her up, telephoned the doctor and Suzan was in the hospital before an hour had passed. There, after an examination made on the operation table, she got the finest news she had heard in a year. There was no trace of cancer. Surgery could now be used to graft bone from her hip to the leg and within a few months she could be back on her feet. Cezanne had in effect told his mistress, "If you're going to be well, let's take the shortcut." There was another shortcut. Dick, who had been proposing on the average of every other Thursday, suddenly woke up to the fact that Suzan was saying yes.

"When?" he asked.

They went a little crazy and decided Suzan would be spirited out of the hospital somehow and flown to Las Vegas that very weekend for the marriage. But good sense prevailed. Instead, *that* weekend, just a fortnight before Christmas, the bone-grafting operation was performed. When Suzan came out of the ether, the doctor told her the surgery had been successful and there was nothing more to worry about. She remembered a quotation from Dickens' *Bleak House*—"A person is never known till a person is proved," and understood for the first time what it meant. She felt wonderfully strong and sure of herself, and certainly Dick had proved himself.

Then she and Dick made their plans, according to which they will have been married for weeks by now. She will be back at the studio, ready and able to work in a picture, and they plan an interesting future, perhaps eventually combining their careers on the stage. But whatever their professional success, or their lack of professional success, it is not to interfere with their personal lives.

Suzan and Dick want children. They want a baby of their own as soon as they can have one, and they plan to adopt one. They want their real life to go on with no interference from their efforts to interpret life on the screen or stage. They mean this even though they kid each other about it, and about the fact that with Suzan now able to hobble about they are everlastingly on the go.

"You see, like I said, Suzan is dynamic," commented Dick. "She doesn't want to miss a thing."

"I've been marking time. Don't you understand?" countered Suzan. "I'm well now."

"Yeah," said Dick, teasing her. "You had your chance and you had to get your leg well and pass it up."

"Chance for what?" asked Suzan, puzzled.

"To be a second Sarah Bernhardt, of course. She did her best acting on crutches!" said Dick—and then ducked. Suzan had pretended she was going to throw Cezanne at him. Instead she threw herself into his arms.

That's the way the script reads now . . . in the life of a girl who lived with death for months—to earn a chance to live with real happiness. **END**

IT HAPPENED TO ME

The year was 1924 and I was visiting Los Angeles. Funny man Ben Turpin was the first movie star I met. I chattered, "It must be wonderful to be able to make millions laugh as you do. It seems so easy for you."

To my amazement, I saw that his comical eyes were full of tears and his face had a pained expression. I thought he was clowning until, with a little catch in his voice, he said, "No, it isn't easy. You see, I love my wife very much, and she is dying a lingering death. I have to keep working or hold up production. Besides, we need the money. But it's very difficult." Then, two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

Since then, whenever an audience howls with laughter at a fine comedian, I always wonder if some secret sorrow may not be eating at his heart.

Maurine Hathaway
Omaha, Nebraska

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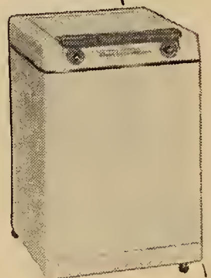

It washes or rinses, drains, damp-dries, turns itself off . . . *all automatically!*

It's *wonderful!* Does a full-sized 8 lb. wash, with new Super-Agitator cleaning action! Floataway-Flushaway draining keeps dirty wash-water from straining through clothes to re-soil them. Completely portable. Rolls anywhere, stores anywhere. New Flexible Metexaloy Wondertub is so durable, it's *guaranteed*, in writing, for 5 full years! Honestly, what other machine could possibly give you so much for your money? *MODEL-WDN

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"GO, MAN, GO!" You don't have to be a basketball fan to know about or enjoy The Harlem Globetrotters. Like all champions, they're bigger than the game; they use the game to express themselves. Many years ago in Chicago there was a man named Abe Saperstein who could think about basketball the way other men dream of music or painting. He was driven to create a team that would be the best in the world, that would function like a perfect machine. It would be his work of art. The team had its beginning in barns, dry swimming pools, hilly courts all over the states with Saperstein looking for men who loved basketball more than food and played that way. But perfect teamwork wasn't enough for the big leagues when prejudice, slick operators and phonies called the plays. What made the difference, what pushed The Globetrotters over the barrier was Saperstein's frenetic energy, his stubborn defiance of all odds. Dane Clark plays him with boundless charm. The Globetrotters appear as themselves in this unique and rewarding film. With Patricia Breslin, Sidney Poitier—*U.A.*

BAD FOR EACH OTHER Real inspiring story about a fine young man (Charlton Heston) from Coalville, Pa., whose fingers keep itching for money. He's a doctor, late of Korea, who returns to his natal coal pit to be socked on the jaw by an old friend. What'd I do? he says. Not you, says this old friend. Your brother. Not only did he die in the mine explosion, he was responsible for it. My brother? says Charlton. Yes, says Mildred Dunnock, mother of both, your brother. I'll make up for it, says Charlton, falling into the silken arms of Lizabeth Scott. Liz is such a vampire her father (Ray Collins) must trot around warning boys away. She endears Heston to the idle rich and pretty soon he has an all-leather office. But in the back of his mind lurks an old sickness. That mine. That rotten brother. And Heston's nurse, big-eyed Dianne Foster, keeps looking at him sadly. Go back to Coalville, her eyes say, that's where you belong, boy. A mine explosion brings him back and nevermore does this fine young man wander from home.—*Columbia*

WAR ARROW Out in Texas the Kiowa Indians are having a ball. They can't build tepees fast enough to hold all those scalps. But do you think Colonel John McIntire is doing anything but holding his head? He is not—which is why Major Jeff Chandler arrives. Chandler's plan is to enlist the Seminoles' aid. However, the poor Seminoles had the fight knocked out of them years ago and now roam about quite listlessly. McIntire sneers at Chandler. Maureen O'Hara doesn't. She lures him on to a proposal which, strangely enough, engenders in her a feeling of absolute hate. Chandler can't worry about that. He has the entire state of Texas to save and several dozen Seminoles to stir up and one Seminole (Suzan Ball) to simmer down. Chandler manages fairly well. With Charles Drake and Noah Beery, Jr., assisting, he gives the Kiowans a run for their wampum. McIntire objects to his tactics until the bloody end, though. As for that O'Hara lady, she has a dead husband to worry about. That is, she hopes to heaven he's dead. Technicolor.—*Universal-International*

BORDER RIVER I always thought the right side won the Civil War but now they show us a Confederate (Joel McCrea) who's got more guts than Dick Tracy and I'm thinking someone's putting the wrong slant on American history (even though most of my best friends are southerners). Anyway, McCrea divests a Union mint of two million dollars and swims all the way to *Zona Libre* which is on the other side of the *Rio Grande.* Smirking Pedro Armendariz rules this little province (but his days are numbered) with his captain, smiling Alfonso Bedoya. And Yvonne De Carlo runs a little cafe to which repairs every renegade of almost every country. Like Baron Kurt von Hollden (Ivan Triesault) whose days are also numbered. McCrea wants to buy arms from Armendariz. Armendariz wants McCrea to believe he'll sell when actually he, Pedro, is waiting to lay his hands on the two million and sink McCrea in the *Grande.* Therefore there is much secrecy, much moving among the brush at night, much suspicion and intrigue afloat in the Early Cosmopolitan air. Well, McCrea gets his supplies—and Yvonne DeCarlo. But history maintains it didn't do much good. Technicolor. —*U.-I.*

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE (*MGM*)*:* Mel Ferrer as King Arthur, ruling the heroic Knights; Ava Gardner as Queen Guinevere ruling the romantic heart of Sir Launcelot (Robert Taylor). Also decorative in costume, CinemaScope and Technicolor are Ann Crawford and Maureen Swanson.

HONDO (*Warners*)*:* Another big western, this one stars John Wayne, Geraldine Page, Ward Bond and lots of Indians. Wayne defeats them all with the help of a small boy. Warner-Color.

THE MAN BETWEEN (*U.A.*)*:* James Mason and Hildegarde Neff meet and fall in love in postwar Berlin. Like most pictures turned out by Carol Reed, this one has excitement, suspense and a little more—fine acting and a poignant, tender story.

THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY (*Warners*)*:* Sure to be one of the year's big hits. The story of Eddie's rise to fame stars Keefe Brasselle and Marilyn Erskine as the understanding Ida plus Cantor's own singing on the sound track. Exceptionally fine performance by Aline MacMahon as Grandma Esther. Technicolor too.

THE WILD ONE (*Col.*)*:* Newcomer Mary Murphy falls for Marlon Brando, but he and his crowd of restless, motorcycle-happy friends bring brawling and hysteria to her small town.

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE (*20th-Fox*)*:* Another lavish CinemaScope production, this one stars Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall in a raucous story of three models who rent a penthouse as headquarters for their man-trapping expeditions into New York's night life. David Wayne, William Powell, Cameron Mitchell get trapped. Technicolor.

MURDER ON MONDAY (*London Films*)*:* Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton in a tight, well-plotted English murder mystery, about a bank clerk who may be an amnesia victim—or a murderer.

KISS ME KATE (*MGM*)*:* A glorious, riotous dish that has just about everything—Cole Porter tunes, Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel to sing them, Ann Miller to dance to them and top comedy performances by everyone in the cast. Technicolor.

CALAMITY JANE (*Warners*)*:* Doris Day and Howard Keel at their top singing, loving and comic form, straightening out all sorts of improbable and hilarious mishaps involving the charming Miss Allyn McLerie. Technicolor.

THE ROBE (*20th-Fox*)*:* This widely-heralded epic of early Christian days tells in sensational new CinemaScope (realism without goggles) the story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best-selling novel. Heading the huge cast are Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Technicolor.

As Laura read Jim's old love letters, she had no idea what had broken their engagement. She spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a *breath* of difference between "ex" and "exquisite". Once she corrected her trouble, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold . . . exquisite in *every* detail.

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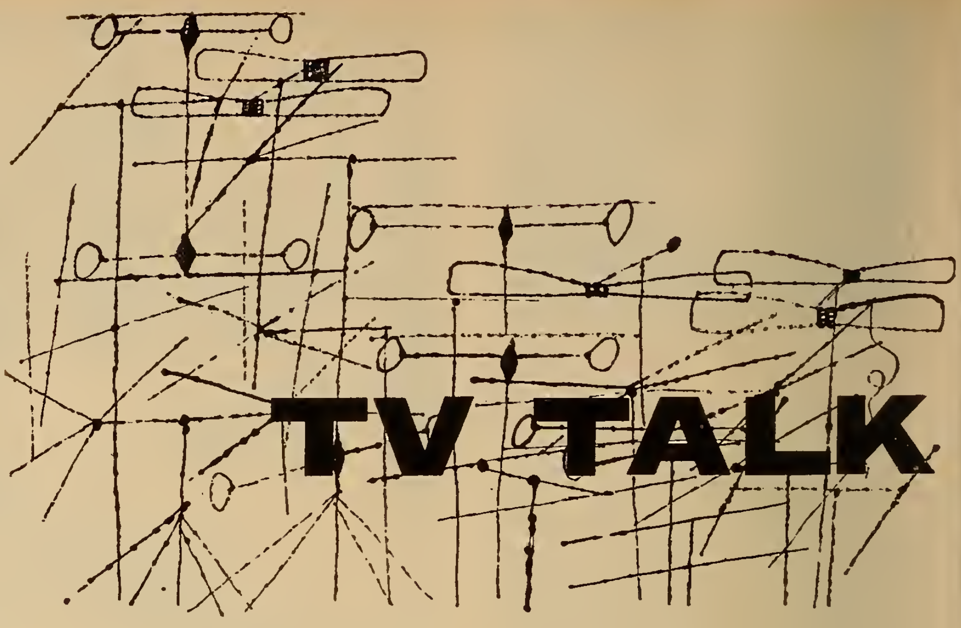
Kilgallen is not for beguiling . . . What makes Linkletter blush? . . . Tallulah is svelter than ever.



TV TALK

Did you notice **Tallulah's** brand new figure when she played *Hedda Gabler* a couple of months ago? If you missed it, watch for it the next time La Bankhead appears on TV. She may do a weekly panel show à la Groucho, so you'll have plenty of chances to catch her. She's proud of her svelte new look, which she achieved by dieting and by surgery . . . All the talk about the **Gary Moores** breaking up was misinterpreted. As usual, everybody figured the husband was the one who wanted the end of the marriage. 'Twas on the contrary. But it's all straightened out, and the Moores—who have been married for years—will stay that way . . . Have you noticed how **Burr Tillstrom,** the creator and the voice of all the Kuklapolitans, always appears at the end of *Kukla, Fran, and Ollie* with one of his puppets? Next time notice how careful Burr is to make sure the puppet is still behind the stage while he stands to one side. He refuses to be photographed holding or maneuvering any of his creations because he's afraid it will spoil the illusion that they are real. This insistence may be one reason why people talk about Kukla and Ollie and Dolores and all the gang as if they were friends instead of puppets. Both Burr and **Fran Allison** talk about all the Kuklapolitans as if they *were* real people, and they want all the viewers to have that attitude, too. Kukla, by the way, has a bright yellow face and a red nose. And Ollie's hair is a chic shade of auburn. You'll all see for yourselves when you get a look at color television. It's not as perfect as Technicolor yet, but it adds a lot to shows . . . Many people are relieved that **Mike Wallace** is appearing without his wife, **Buff Cobb.** Buff is a cute little blonde whose looks complement Mike's tall, dark handsomeness. But when they were together on TV, she outtalked him and upstaged him. Now he's getting a chance to work by himself, and he's making a real hit . . . **Dave Garroway** is seen around New York with more good looking women than any other unmarried man in town. But he isn't hunting for a second Mrs. G. . . . When **Joan Crawford** works in television, she takes more pains with every little detail than any other actress. She watches all the camera angles and all the costumes and all the staging. If more stars had this conscientiousness about their TV work (instead of looking down on it as an easy way to make a fast buck), they'd be bigger TV hits—and get more jobs on the small screen . . . **Carleton Carpenter,** who left MGM before his contract was up to appear on Broadway, has a couple of routines reminiscent of his old ones with **Debbie Reynolds.** But he certainly could use Debbie to add that wonderful pep . . . The reason **Dorothy Kilgallen** seems to ruffle so many viewers is the same reason she was hired—to get the right answers. She's a smart girl—very quick and very shrewd—and she's on the panel of *What's My Line* to guess the occupations. The others members are around for charm and humor. So don't hate Dorothy. She isn't getting paid to beguile you. That's **Arlene Francis'** job . . . **Marlin Perkins** really loves those snakes he fondles on *Zoo Parade,* and **Jim Hurlbut** really loathes them. Jim can't get used to working with the crawling things, but Marlin has been batty about snakes ever since he was a kid. The happiest time of the year for him now is when he can go out in the field and hunt for rare specimens . . . **Alistair Cooke** is one of the most debonair men around town. He's much more casual on TV, however, than he is in person. Off screen, he plays his cards pretty close to his chest. He's more *consciously* charming than anything else. You get the feeling, when he makes a *bon mot,* that he's made it before and liked it—so well he memorized it . . . **Mrs. Milton Berle** is an old and dear friend of **Henry Morgan.** They used to be seen together all the time—for years. And there probably aren't two comics less alike than Henry and Miltie. Ruth has always been able to be all things to all men. With one, she'd seem shy, with another, smart. Maybe that's how she finally got Milton . . . Don't let anyone try to tell you **Maria Riva** is as gorgeous as her mother, **Marlene Dietrich.** She never has been, and she isn't now. Marlene's unique, and not even her own daughter can match her. Maria, who is the mother of two young children, is a clothes horse just like her old lady—but no one has the class grandma has. Maria's marriage, by the way, is not as steady as it used to be . . . The rumors about **Red Buttons** are growing and growing. A year ago you couldn't have found a more humble lad. Now a week doesn't go by without another tale of how he's changed . . . Have you ever wondered why **Ethel Merman** never looks as good on TV as she does in the movies? There's one reason, of course, that holds true for everyone: movie lights are kinder to the older stars than TV's. But Merman also doesn't seem to care about how she looks. When a wardrobe woman gives her a dress to wear, she puts it on and wears it. She never even looks in the mirror to see if it's flattering. As a result, it isn't . . . Another girl who could look better if she tried—and easily—is **Nina Foch.** Nina seems to go out of her way to look bad. She wears hardly any lipstick—and no other make-up at all. If she just wants to look "interesting," she succeeds . . . You'd never guess it to hear him talk, but **John Henry Faulk** has a Master's degree and used to teach English in college! His heavy Texas accent (which is heavier than any Texan's in Texas) is an acquisition—on purpose. Although he was born in the Lone Star State, he never drawled that much until he was teaching in the University of Texas. Then he found out that the easiest way to hold his students' attention was to be corny and lay on the drawl with a trowel. He even keeps it up in his private life. Every now and then he slips back and talks like the rest of us; but then he suddenly remembers and starts layin' it on ag'in . . . **Mark Stevens** was recruited from Hollywood to become *Martin Kane, Private Eye* for one main reason—to add "class" to the program. The producers decided they wanted "high class" murders—whatever that means—and so they needed someone like Mark to give the show a glamorous touch. He has succeeded, too: the rating's higher than ever . . . Did you know that **Sheldon Leonard,** whom you've seen in a thousand movies, is now directing the **Danny Thomas** show? Leonard has given up acting for work on the other side of the camera. This big switch has long been standard with established movie actors—it could become a TV fad, too...Nobody has ever seen **John Cameron Swayze** looking messy, disheveled, or even casual. He is always as neat as that proverbial pin. And he's so fond of ties that he sends them as presents to *women!* . . . **Art Linkletter** pretends to be embarrassed every time anyone says anything risqué on one of bis shows, but there never was a man less embarrassed—nor more frank-talking. The best acting he does is when he ignores a *faux pas* from a contestant. There are one million gay retorts on the tip of his tongue. But Art knows which side of his bread is buttered, and he keeps up the wholesome routine. He can even manage to look as though he's blushing on black and white TV. And that's a neat trick, too!

First time in Technicolor and 3-D... and 3 times funnier!

DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS

in the hilarious story by

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Here's the wildest chase, the craziest race, the funniest pace that ever rocked you with laughter!

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co-starring

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with Robert Strauss · Gerald Mohr · Sheldon Leonard · Romo Vincent

Directed by George Marshall · Screenplay by Hal Kanter

Adaptation by James Allardice and Hal Kanter · A Paramount Picture

* WILL NOT BE SHOWN IN ANY THEATRE IN THE UNITED STATES UNTIL AFTER COMPLETION OF THE SPECIAL 3-D SHOWINGS

For $15,000 a week, Shelley sang and made eyes at capacity crowds, lost friends, influenced managers to threaten murder.

Shell demanded (and got) attention. Annoyed at comedian's act, she demanded (but didn't get) changes in it.

Practice shots at dice tables are strictly against the rules —but Shelley, who makes her own laws, took one anyway.

Slot machines refused to shell out for Shell—but more easily intimidated cashier came across with the money she used.

SHELLFIRE

On stage, Shelley was Las Vegas' biggest hit. Off stage, everybody wanted to hit Shelley!

■ "I won't stay another minute in this hotel!" Shelley Winters stormed at the fabulous Flamingo in Las Vegas.

"That's all right with us. We'll send up a man for your bags."

No hotel management sends a movie star packing. It isn't done. But this time the man meant what he said and amazingly, Miss Winters calmed down. Shelley had had a great deal to say about the comic who appeared on the show with her. She didn't like the way he kidded her act, nor the way the orchestra played, just for a start. According to the management, by the time she had finished ranting, they weren't too sure who was running the hotel.

About this time a MODERN SCREEN reporter-photographer arrived in Las Vegas to find out what the fuss was all about. There was no fuss at all, after Shelley kept him waiting a couple of days for his pictures. Then she showed up with her little daughter, Gina. They were all smiles, and not once did Gina show any evidence of the tornado temperament of her mother. After Gina had smiled for enough pictures, she was put to bed. Then Shelley set sail to investigate the wonders of Las Vegas gambling.

First stop: the dice table. Shelley barged in, picked up the dice and announced, "This is a practice shot."

The croupier turned grey. "Look, lady. There are no practice shots at any table anywhere in Las Vegas. Nothing is for free."

"This is a practice shot," Shelley announced, ignoring him and tossed the dice. The cubes came up seven and everybody winced. The customers egged her on, but Shelley would play n more. "The hotel is paying me a lot of money now; if I too any more away from them, they might start charging me fo ice water."

Grabbing the photographer by one arm, she dragged him t the nearest quarter slot machine. She didn't have a purse and th photographer didn't have a quarter. She walked up to the cashie and said, "Gimmie some money!" The cashier nearly swallowe her gum. She looked at a house man standing nearby. "I said," Shelley repeated, "gimmie some money." The house man shrugge and the cashier shelled out two quarters. Shelley planted the in the slot machine. There was the usual grinding of the wheel but no payoff.

"See?" Shelley exclaimed. "This is no way to get rich!" Wit that she disappeared to rest for her evening show in whic louder and longer than any performer in months, she sang an swayed to rocking applause. Evidently, although she was a thor in the side of the show managers, she did please the customer and she was well worth the $15,000 a week they paid her.

One boss said: "Next time I hear that doll is headed this wa I'm heading for Paris—fast." He'd better not; Shelley may ta her show to Paris. With all her startling behavior, she is belove by the press, because she makes news a mile a minute. That' the press. As for her press *agent,* he's suing her. He claims sh hasn't paid all the money she owes him, and he hints privatel that she has exploded once too often.

Shelley retorts, "I'm the easiest girl in the world to get alon with. What's wrong with everybody?"

it's a secret...

(but soon it will be on everybody's lips)

Max Factor discovers a way to put "stay-on lustre" into a lipstick

Now at last the secret's out! After years of research, Max Factor has developed an amazing new non-smear type lipstick with "stay-on lustre" that won't blot away, won't fade away, won't wear away. You smooth on this lanolin-rich, creamy, non-drying lipstick. Hours later . . . after dinner, after coffee, after that last kiss . . . its satiny "stay-on lustre" will still be on your lips! In 9 glowing fashion shades. Only $1.10 plus tax.

you can't blot away the lustre

MAX Factor's Color-fast lipstick

THERE'S COLD CREAM NOW IN CAMAY

HER PETAL-SOFT SKIN GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS HEART!

Pampered your beauty with new Camay!

Wonderful for complexion *and* bath!

Here's wonderful news about complexion care! Now Camay contains fine cold cream. It's yours at no extra cost, and Camay *alone* among leading beauty soaps brings you this luxury ingredient.

More delightful than ever before! Whether your skin is dry *or* oily, new Camay leaves it feeling exquisitely cleansed, wonderfully fresh. And Camay with cold cream brings new luxury to your Beauty Bath, too!

You still get everything that's always made Camay a treasure . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that velvety Camay lather, famous Camay mildness, and delicate fragrance yours only in Camay. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

At last one of Hollywood's most popular reporters (and man-about-beautiful-women) bares his soul. For the first time, Sidney Skolsky tells all about his love-life—and the private lives of his loves—including some of Hollywood's hottest stars!

Sidney Skolsky gives the lowdown on Hollywood Women

Mr. Charles D. Saxon
Editor,
Modern Screen
261 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Chuck:

Once upon a time in a Marx Brothers picture, Chico, having a lot of trouble with Harpo, said to him: "I'd like to buy back my introduction to you."

I'm tempted to say the same thing to you, Chuck, because when you asked me to write an article exposing the Hollywood female, I thought you must be kidding. Who am I to be exposing these lovely creatures? Besides, anyone who tells you he knows all about women is either a fool or a phony, or both. The only thing I know about women is that *(Cont'd)*

TURN PAGE FOR COLOR PORTRAITS OF FIVE OF SIDNEY'S BEST GALS →

I don't—and it took me many years to learn this.

So I'm wising you up fast and cheap, Chuck. I'm a real friend and I don't like to see you buying an article from me about Hollywood women just because I know Marilyn Monroe so well. After all, Marilyn isn't the only girl in town.

During my years of covering Hollywood I guess I've come to know Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Joan Crawford, as well as a lot of others among them, maybe better than some of their husbands. It's part of my job and I learned a long time ago that life is much sweeter if you like what you're doing.

One of the beauties of my job is that I'm not always aware that I'm working. Take Lana Turner, for instance. When I first knew Lana, she had only one sweater to her frame, and if I had told my readers what I knew about her they wouldn't have known who I was talking about. It takes every glamour girl a little while to become Somebody. For instance, Chuck, when Lana was in the first flush of her popularity a famous European visited (*Continued on page* 81)

ABOVE: When Ava kissed Sidney, he thought a truck had hit him. Few love harder than Ava; only real heartbreak makes her admit romantic failure.

LEFT: One of Marilyn's closest friends, Sidney pinch-hits for DiMaggio when the ball player is out of town, finds The Monroe bright and honest.

the lowdown

on Hollywood Women continued

Actresses are not like the girl-next-door. Stars are dolls with a malady—more than any other women, they want to be loved!

Terry Moore posed for Sidney in the white ermine bathing suit later banned from Korea. The reason: confused authorities thought Terry was doing a strip! So she finished tour in slacks.

Bathing suit by Rose Marie Reid

ABOVE: Elaine Stewart will probably be a blow to many a masculine ego, Sidney predicts; like other glamour stars, she may be more flattered by her own pictures than by her men.

RIGHT: Debbie Reynolds' real nature was a surprise to Sidney; he knew that she led a Girl Scout troop, but didn't dream that she also led her crowd of Hollywood sophisticates.

Jean cries "Peace! Peace!" and there would be

They Fight for each Other

peace—if folks wouldn't call her home a bloody British battleground! ■ by STEVE CRONIN

■ While her towering, lusty, free-talking husband was hard at work with Elizabeth Taylor making *Beau Brummel* in London, Jean Simmons was out on the town. With Frank Sinatra and her agent, the dashing Bert Allenberg, the bewitching, brown-eyed little actress dropped in at the Coconut Grove to hear Lena Horne.

Jean Simmons loves nightclubs and Stewart Granger hates them. So while he was in England, Jean was indulging herself —and enjoying herself.

The very next day Hollywood was trying mightily to blow the Sinatra-Simmons item into an incipient romance. Ava had called it quits with Frankie and flown to Rome, and Granger was in England. Otherwise, Sinatra and Simmons do not seem to have much in common.

Hollywood seers have always insisted that the Stewart Grangers' marriage simply cannot last.

Is it because Granger is seventeen years older than his wife?

Is it because he does the cooking and all the planning?

Is it because he is over-protective and masterminds his wife's career?

Is it because two careers in one family rarely mix?

Is it because he is an intellectual and Jean is a talented child?

Is it because eventually Jean

(*Continued on page* 85)

I'm gonna quit

When a top star decides to give up his career, a lot of people want to know why. His studio, for example, his public . . . and his wife.

BY THELMA McGILL

■ No matter what people say about Dale Robertson—that he takes himself too seriously, that he won't cooperate with his studio's publicity department or that he is a horse-crazy, frustrated cowboy, the fact remains that he always tries to tell the truth about himself. When this drawling young giant tells you something, he means what he says.

When he says, as he did a few weeks ago, "I'm gonna quit acting in another two years," he means it. He isn't reaching for a headline or a mention in a gossip column.

Robertson has always insisted that, "I came to Hollywood with one goal in mind. Wanted to get me enough money to buy a horse ranch.

"The way I figured it back then, the way I still figure, is that anyone can become an actor. I reckon you can walk out on Hollywood Boulevard right now and make good actors out of the first ten folks you run into. I'm not saying they'll develop into stars. Nothing like that. It's the public who makes the stars, not Hollywood. But anyone can act. When I learned that, I decided to do something about it."

So he went out and raised all the money he could and bought interest in a manufacturing concern called Everlast Laboratories. Now he's president of the corporation.

His business manager, Morgan Maree, who used to limit his spending money to $20 a week, tried to persuade Dale not to buy into this business. "Why don't you invest in an (*Continued on page* 73)

From the first, Susan felt her marriage was a mistake. Now she's paying in public heartbreak for ten years of hidden bitterness.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

still slugging

TOP: Even in supposedly happy days before marriage, Susan had Jess sign a waiver renouncing his right to community property he now claims. BOTTOM: Susan has granted Jess weekend visits with his sons; her lawyers now claim he has been seeing them illegally.

■ All married couples fight. Some verbally. some physically, some in subtler ways.

In the last ten years Susan Hayward and Jess Barker have tried them all, apparently. Some of these fights have resulted in temporary separations followed by loving reconciliations.

A few months ago, just after Susan had finished *Demetrius And The Gladiators* at $5,000 a week, she and Jess were sitting in the livingroom of their Longridge Road home.

The atmosphere was frigid. Whatever love they had once had for each other had now turned into a battle of the sexes. The only bond which held their marriage together was the twins, Timothy and Gregory, who will be nine years old this month.

Susan Hayward, as Hollywood knows, is an iron-willed, tenacious young woman of thirty-six, who has long been suggesting that her husband give up his not-too-successful acting career. For years she has been advising Jess to "get into something else."

Jess has demurred.

"After all," one of his friends explains, "How could he possibly take a job in a filling station? People would drive up and say, 'See that guy over there? He's Susan Hayward's husband.' "

On this particular night, Susan again brought up the unpleasant subject of Jess and a new job. According to intimates, she salted her conversation with one or two aspersions on her husband's manhood.

Provoked, Jess slapped the beautiful redhead. She bit his hand. He cuffed her again. "He has slapped me many times," Susan said later, "but this time I could tell it was going to be worse, his face was so distorted with rage—"

Susan began to scream. Jess, according to her version, came after her again. She tried to get (*Continued on page* 78)

Despite co-workers' reports that Frank's career has hit new peaks and his disposition is remarkably cheerful, he suffers "nervous exhaustion."

■ Ever since last November when he was admitted to Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York, because of "nervous exhaustion," Frank Sinatra has been the target of suicide rumors.

It was whispered of Frank then that when he learned of Ava's determination to divorce him he grew depressed and in a subsequent fit of despondency tried to slash his left wrist.

Sinatra's physician said there was no truth to this report and that his patient had been suffering from fatigue.

Although Sinatra is not indefatigable, he is close to it. Thin, wiry, with an almost inexhaustible supply of energy, Frank has burned the candle at both ends for years with practically no sign of physical deterioration.

The one exception has been his hair. Despite consistent and expensive treatments it is thinning and he will probably be as bald as his father is.

When Frank checked out of Mt. Sinai Hospital on November 19, one of his acquaintances said, "With him suicide is always a possibility. He is a volatile person. He is either way up on top or way down on the bottom. No medium level for him.

"But I don't believe he would ever commit suicide because of a woman. He has known too many and he is too much in love with himself to love anyone so desperately that her withdrawal would make his life meaningless.

"A year or so ago, he was really low, and maybe he contemplated it then. As an entertainer he seemed to be all washed up. He made *Meet Danny Wilson* at Universal for practically no money, maybe $10,000 and a percentage, and it laid a bomb. His recordings were selling almost zero. His attempt to buck Milton Berle on TV was hopeless and the network dropped him. He had left Nancy and the three kids for Ava. Then he fought with Ava all the time. He was in hock to the Government for back taxes. Besides a few gambling characters, most of his friends and employees had pulled out.

"If Frank had put a gun to his head then I could have understood it. But now? I don't think so. Maybe he scratched himself or took an extra pill in order to (*Continued on page* 66)

His friends say lost love could not make life meaningless for Frankie. But this is not the first time Sinatra has touched tragedy.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

The Trouble with Sinatra...

Frank laughs with Eddie Cantor, Eddie Fisher, but scar on wrist hints at suicide attempt.

FRANK'S ONE SECURITY IS HIS LOVE FOR HIS CHILDREN.

Despite the fact that much justifiable criticism has been launched against Frank Sinatra and his personal life, his singing, and his negative attitude toward friends and press, he has always been an exemplary fathe

When Frank divorced Nancy Sinatra in 1951 to marry Ava, he never once quibbled about the resulting financial settlement

He agreed that his family was entitled to a minimum of $50,000 a year and a percentage c his earnings. Since his divorce from Nancy, the crooner has alway provided well for his three children and their mother.

Last Christmas he took his children holiday shopping in Hollywood and spent more time with them than he had the entire previous year when he was traveling in Europe and Africa with Ava.

All three children resemble their father physically. In background and bringing up, however, they are very different from Frankie. For this he is profoundly grateful.

"I had a helluva youth," he has sometimes remarked, realizing that in many ways his boyhood was responsible for his being the restless, intense, driven, unpredictable firebrand he is today—though it also contributed towards making him a charming, popular and hard-working public idol.

For Sinatra's children, perhaps life is better in Hollywood than it might have been for them in Hoboken.

When little sister becomes big competition, hair-pulling usually results. But Debra isn't scalping me—she says her throne is big enough for two.

by Lisa Gaye

THE QUEEN AND I

The only time people recognize me on the street (that's me on the *left,* you know!) they think I'm Debbie. In fact, I got my first break in movies when Debbie suggested me for a part originally scheduled for her.

■ If my sister, whose name is Debra Paget, ever plays the part of a twin in a movie the role won't be too unfamiliar to her. Once she was a near-twin. I, born eighteen months after her, was the other. That was the closest our mother ever came to getting the twins she had always wanted. She made the best of it. She dressed us alike and as soon as my size caught up a bit with Debbie's we actually began to get the kind of stares twins get. There was a resemblance, of course. The report on my first movie test (the first of nearly a dozen!) was unfavorable because I looked too much like Debbie to be accepted as a personality in my own right.

I can still remember that Debbie and and I liked being twins. There was a special allure to it because we had our big secret (that we weren't twins really) and any time we wanted to be individuals again we could. That time came permanently for Debbie when she was nine years old. She fell in love with a pink and white dress which could not be duplicated for me and that was the end of our "twin" period.

Almost everyone asks me, sooner or later, what Debbie is like to live with. I guess what they have in mind is the question one girl put to me bluntly. "Is she like a queen or something?" she wanted to know.

Well, if by "queen" she meant someone who floats around in an aura of unapproachable regality, the answer is no. It's nothing like that. In fact, the queen is no queen. She is more accurately described as one of four sisters or as a girl who is interested in two things—her family and her (*Continued on page* 67)

DEBRA PAGET

RETURN FROM NOWHERE

■ Contrary to the prediction made by Hollywood almost ten years ago, Guy Madison does not live in oblivion. In those days people said his popularity was a freak in show business, that his appeal was based only on the fact that he was young and handsome. They said that since he couldn't portray emotion much more effectively than a wooden Indian, his burst of fame would shortly dwindle away.

The prophecy came close. Guy's wave of publicity subsided, he dropped out of sight, and for a long time hardly anyone knew what had happened to him. Then last summer Warner Brothers gave him a contract which pays him $100,000 per picture and guarantees him at least five pictures at this remarkable salary. The brass hats who run movie studios have been known to make costly mistakes, but the promise of a half million dollars for the services of one young man implies confidence backed by solid reason.

The reason is Guy himself. He is different from the boy of eight years ago, but he hasn't lost his appeal. Gone is the roundness, the stolid muscularity of the curly-headed youth who attracted thousands of bobby soxers during the last years of the war. Guy is thinner, harder, a powerful man of thirty-one. His face is lean and his body has matured into a lithe suppleness. On the surface his personality has changed very little. He is even more taciturn, limiting his conversation to terse "yups" and "nopes." Outwardly, he is developing into a young edition of Gary Cooper, with the same quiet appeal of a man who is happiest out of doors.

Naturally, there is more to Guy than meets the eye. In these last years he has learned that life is a difficult and exacting school. There is an old wheeze in the theatre that a man must have suffered in order to be an actor. Guy is living proof. He not only has the Warner contract in his pocket, but also the Wild Bill Hickok show, on radio three times a week and on television every Sunday. The long climb back to the top has been difficult for him, yet it is perhaps because of it that Guy has found his niche in acting.

At the beginning, it wasn't easy for him. His picture on the cover of a Navy magazine attracted the attention of an agent who eventually interested David Selznick in the young sailor. Guy was given a role in *Since You Went Away,* appearing in his Navy uniform for three minutes on the screen. The three minutes were enough to bring tons of mail to the studio, inquiring about the "handsome *(Continued on page 75)*

Guy shares his love of outdoor living with Rory and Lita Calhoun, his friends for years. For some time, his Wild Bill outfit constituted his entire wardrobe.

3-D hit *Charge At Feather River* re-established Guy as a top ranking star and solid actor, brought him a good role in director David Butler's *The Command.*

It takes guts to fall from phony stardom and climb back to the top again. Guy Madison made it the hardest way—but this time, it's for real!

BY ROBERT MOORE

Now separated, Guy and wife Gail Russell look back on early days of marriage with tenderness. Guy hopes for eventual reunion.

Forty feet long and built of polished aluminum, the New Moon, as Lucy and Desi call their trailer (right) handles like a baby carriage. Living-room (above) is tailored to Lucy's coloring, has two extra-big windows.

Drop-leaf table, matching chairs, seat six in livingroom. Partly hidden by partition, Youngstown Kitchen (below) features Florence Stove with window allowing Lucy to watch her cooking without opening oven door.

LUCY AND DESI WORKED WITH IT IN AN

■ One afternoon after she had finished her umpteenth *I Love Lucy* television film, Lucille Ball, in her delightfully addle-pated but highly efficient way, decided to organize a weekend vacation trip to Palm Springs.

In the livingroom of her ranch house out in the San Fernando Valley, the tall carrot-head began to check a list of essentials required for the desert holiday. Bed linen, spice cabinet, stationery, canasta decks, paints and easel, and scrapbooks.

As she checked off each item, Lucy added it to the pile of paraphernalia in the front hall. As the pile mounted, the hall receded until Desi, coming in from the sunlit outdoors, tripped and fell across the fishing gear.

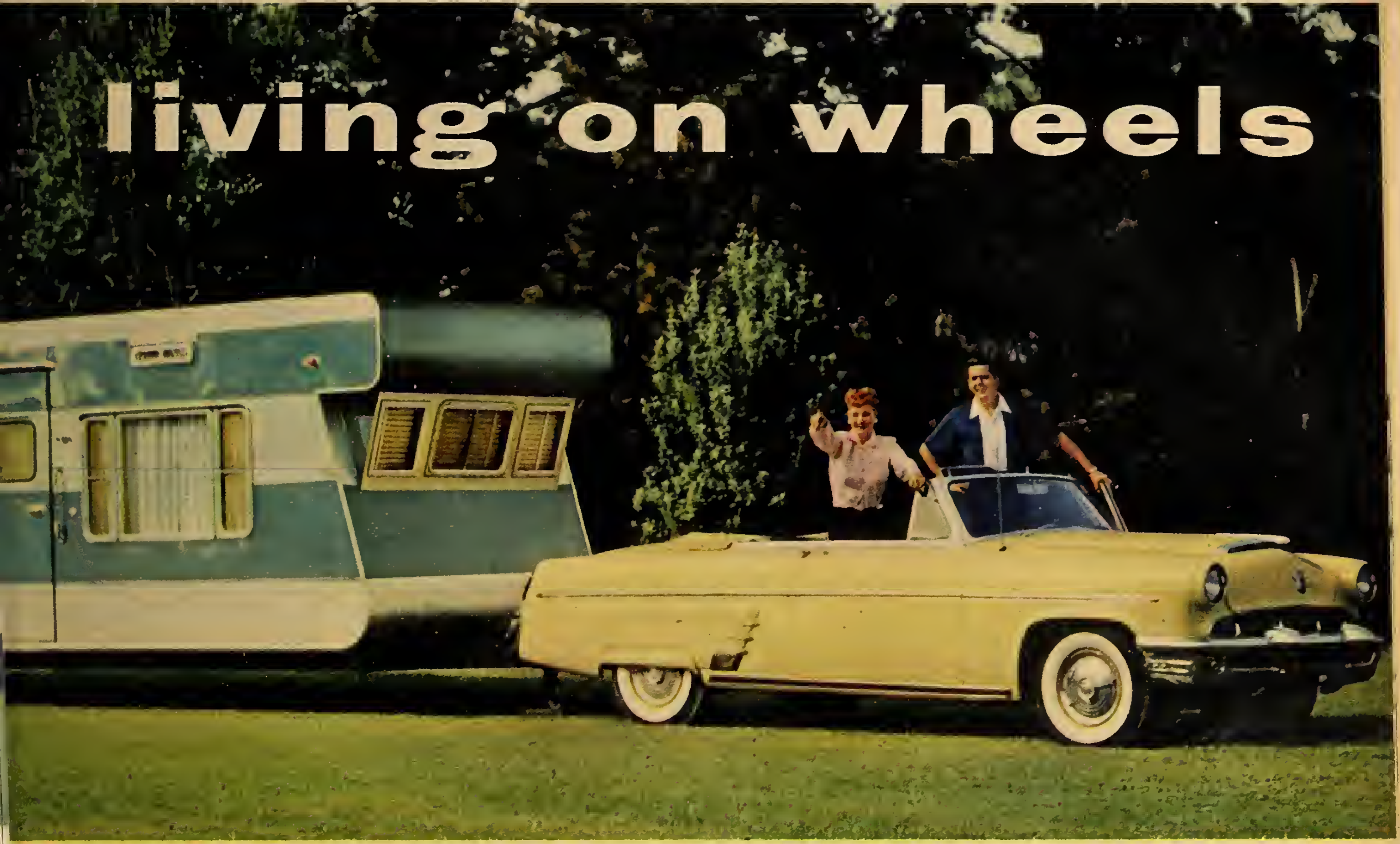
"Lu-cee," he shouted ominously.

From the kitchen: "Yes, dear?"

"Wha's all thees stuff?" Desi demanded, his Cuban accent growing hotter with the throbbing in his ankle. "Is pick-up time for the Salvation Army maybe?"

The preoccupied housewife, Mrs. Desiderio Arnaz shook her head. "We don't have time for jokes," she said. "Get up on your feet and load these things into the car." *(Continued on next page)*

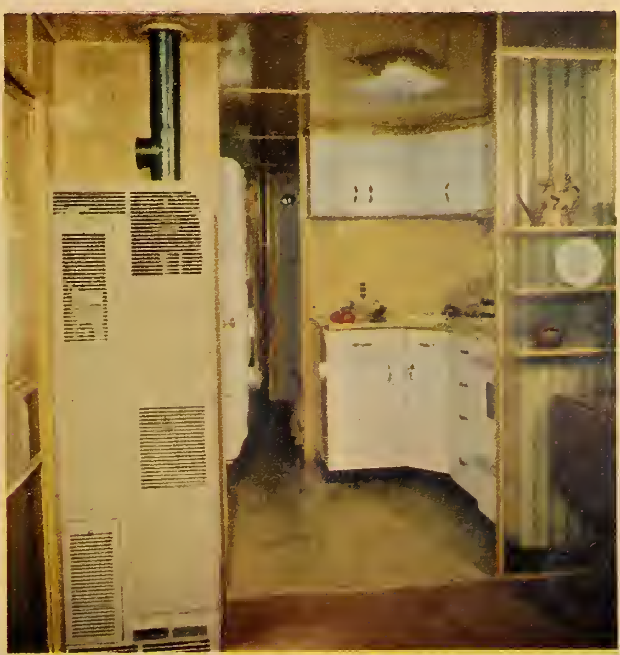
living on wheels



MGM MOVIE—AND LIKED IT SO MUCH THEY GOT A TRAILER OF THEIR OWN!

BY MARVA PETERSON

Compact Crosley Shelvador refrigerator boosts extra storage room in door; freezer holds 28 pounds. Ingeniously recessed, refrigerator door opens into kitchen, doesn't block entrance.



Even the floors are warmed in winter by the Coleman heater standing unobtrusively near door; in summer the unit becomes an air cooler, circulates fresh outside air through the trailer.

MORE ➤

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

living on wheels continued

In answer to New Moon queries, Desi requested combination tub and shower in their completely equipped bathroom.

Favorite parking spots, when Lucy and Desi vacation, are near the golf course in Palm Springs and by the dock in Newport.

Yellow, white and grey kitchen has more cupboard and drawer space than many Hollywood apartments.

In simulated agony—after all, he is an actor—Desi slowly raised himself. He looked at the pile of equipment Lucy had stacked for the trip. He looked twice because he couldn't believe it the first time.

"I'm not going," he declared. "I'm not going to Palm Springs, have people say, 'Look those crazy gypsies. Everything they have they take with them!'" Pointing an accusing finger at his wife, he continued, "Last time you promised that if we take a trip, we travel light. You call thees"—his arm swept the room—*"light?"*

"All I promised," Lucy said sweetly, "was that I would bring the bare essentials. And if I'm going to enjoy my vacation, these things are essential."

"But, honey, we can only stay three days."

"Three days or three months—I need my home right along with me to be happy."

Desi muttered something dark and bitter and husbandly. To Lucy, however, he said, "Why don't you put thees house on wheels? Maybe then you be happy?"

Many months later when he and Lucy had signed to star in *The Long, Long Trailer* at MGM, Desi recalled this particular conversation with his wife.

He was talking to director Vincente Minnelli. Vincente said, "We're having a forty-foot mobile home driven here from Alma, Michigan. What you've got to do for the picture, Desi, is to practice parking and driving the trailer before the actual camera work begins."

Desi's eyes popped. "Did you say 'mobile home?'"

Minnelli nodded. "That's a fancy name for a trailer."

Desi smacked his hands with glee. "That's exactly what we need," he said. "Lucy and I—whenever we take a trip, she has to take everything. How much do thees mobile homes cost, Vince? Where can we get one?"

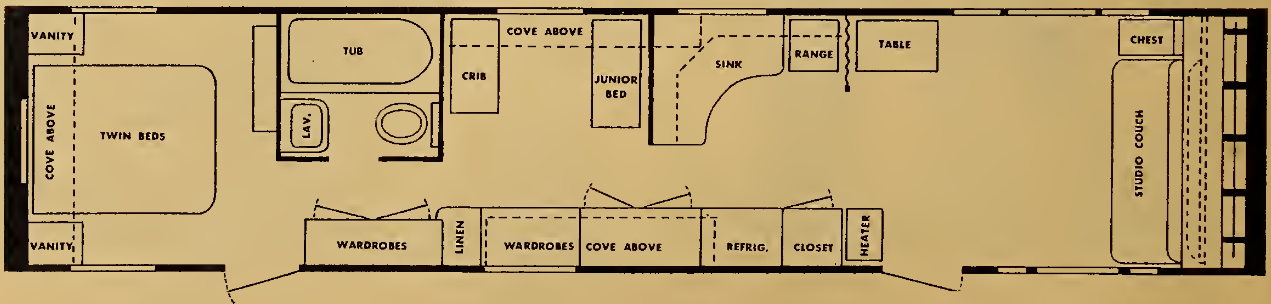
Minnelli shrugged a shoulder. "I don't know much about them," he said. "There's a fellow on the lot somewhere who represents the New Moon people. Maybe you can talk to him."

"You say his name is New Moon?" Desi asked.

"That's the name of the company that makes these trailers."

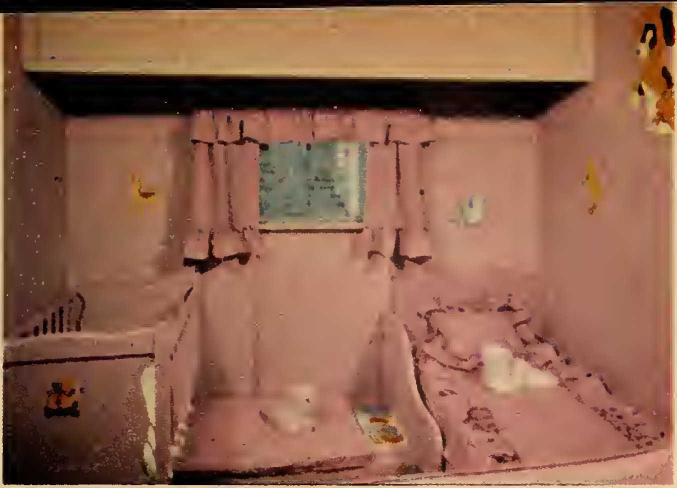
Two hours later, Desi Arnaz walked out of MGM with a smile as wide as the east gate. Via long distance telephone he had arranged with Jim Redman, president of New Moon, Inc., to have one of their *(Continued on page 62)*

THE AMAZINGLY COMPACT FLOOR PLAN OF THE EIGHT-FOOT WIDE NEW MOON MOBILE HOME:



Divided into four rooms, the trailer has extra sleeping space in livingroom where full-scale daybed stands; wardrobes and closets line one wall, are easily accessible from all sleeping quarters.

On Metro lot Lucy and Desi use trailer as office, guest lounge, private diningroom when Lucy wants to cook.



The children's room has nursery-size beds instead of the usual double-decker, allows Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz to take the kids on otherwise impossible trips.

The cheerful master bedroom has windows on three sides, ample space for either a double bed and nightstand or the twin beds Lucy and Desi prefer.

Lucy's much-used theatrical make-up mirror and dressing table were installed along one wall of the bedroom by Doris Christensen, New Moon decorator.

The years of fear are over for John Derek. The birth of his daughter has ended the anguish that made him Hollywood's moodiest guy.

BY SUSAN TRENT

new baby-
new happiness

When Pati ended career to marry John, she was a Zanuck European discovery, John an unknown. They quarrel occasionally but believe trouble solidified their marriage.

Born with a split esophagus, 4-year-old Russell underwent major surgery when 14 hours old, still chokes dangerously sometimes. New daughter Sean is completely healthy, brought John new outlook on life.

■ One of the advantages of having a child by Caesarean section is that the mother-to-be can call her own shots. She can make an appointment for the birth of her baby. This method of delivery is also extremely convenient for such nervous husbands as John Derek. His wife doesn't wake him at three or four in the morning. There is no sudden panic, no mad race to the hospital trying to beat the stork. Everything is placid, measured and arranged before time.

John Derek's wife, a beautiful, pixie European named Pati, took care of all the details. Last October she called on Dr. Benbow Thompson, an obstetrician who has delivered the babies of more screen stars than any other Hollywood physician.

"I wonder, Dr. Thompson," Pati said, "if I could have my baby at eight or nine in the morning. Then John and I could have a good night's sleep."

Born in Turkey of Greek and Russian parents, Pati Derek has been in the United States less than ten years. Her English grammar is perfect but she still speaks with a soft foreign accent.

"You can have your baby any time you want," Dr. Thompson told her. "Have John drive you in tomorrow and we'll do it then."

Early the following morning—a little after six—John loaded his wife into their 1952 Cadillac convertible and drove the eighteen miles from their home in Encino to the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital.

At eight A.M. on October 16, his second child, a seven-pound, three-ounce girl, later christened Sean Catherine Derek, came bawling into the world.

A few minutes later the twenty-seven-year-old actor, one of Hollywood's most handsome men, was called to the delivery oom. His daughter was held up for his inspection. He was permitted to count her oes and fingers, to see that she was born in perfect shape. As John Derek looked at is red-faced, black-haired infant, he smiled as all fathers smile, but in his heart he prayed that this tiny girl would be saved the near-tragic suffering of his first-born.

You must have read or heard at some time that John Derek is immature, moody, difficult and humorless; that he is as tense and high-strung as an overtrained colt; that he is quick to anger and easy to annoy.

For the most part these stories are true, but John is not like that naturally. There was a substantial reason behind his displays of nervousness and irritability.

Four years ago his son Russell, a good-looking child, was born with a split esophagus.

The esophagus or gullet is the food tube in the body which delivers the chewed-up food, after swallowing, from the throat to the stomach. About one-half an inch in diameter, it extends from the pharynx to the opening of the stomach and is located behind the windpipe.

A few days before Russ was born the nurses at the (*Continued on page* 64)

miss Grable steps out

■ Just outside Barstow, California, a sleek streamlined train called the Super Chief made its brief stop after picking its way slowly through the Los Angeles slums and suburbs. Here, this de luxe train with a cargo of business tycoons and show world celebrities takes on ice and provisions for its swift dash across the Mojave desert. Inside, insulated against the withering heat, Betty Grable fell back luxuriously on the great sea-green cushions and exclaimed, "Think of it! Nobody to disturb us for the next thirty-five hours. Harry, what a blessing! The telephone won't ring an even once!"

No? On the heels of Betty's happy statement came a loud prolonged beep! It was the compartment door buzzer.

"That's something we'd better have disconnected," Harry James suggested, answering the summons.

"Telegram for Mrs. James," a grinning porter announced.

Into the outstretched hand, Harry dropped his usual oversize tip and closed the door. He dropped the Western Union message on Betty's tummy.

"I don't even want to look," Betty said, keeping her eyes closed.

"You'd better," Harry advised. "It could be important."

"Nothing," Betty intoned, sleepily, "could be more important than you."

"Than me. And the kids?" Harry asked.

Betty Grable sat bolt upright, clutching the yellow envelope and tearing it open. Wordlessly she scanned the message. She snatched a (*Continued on page 88*)

Unlike some movie stars on tour, Betty and Harry took their act seriously, rehearsed eight hours a day for four weeks before opening in Chicago. Harry's famous drummer, Buddy Rich, was on hand, too; despite slump in the bond business, Harry kept his top artists with him, found this policy paid off in their show.

LO! THE POOR BETTY! SHE LEFT HER STUDIO, LEFT HER CONTRACT. NOW SHE HAS NOTHING LEFT BUT HARRY, HOME, HORSES AND HER HEPPED-UP CAREER! ■ BY CARL SCHROEDER

Pat Stanley, who played in Broadway's ill-fated *Carnival In Flanders,* is one of the girls Tab takes to Mocambo on twice-weekly nights out.

Debbie Reynolds is a favorite date. Tab finds her gay and lots of fun, but capable of real warmth and sympathy when the occasion calls for it.

Good listener Lari Nelson is the girl Tab likes best, but there will be no going steady for him until he feels that he is really ready for marriage.

A lot of girls

in Hollywood are

keeping tabs on

Tab. And as for him,

his motto is simply

"Love and learn!"

What I learned from women

by TAB HUNTER

■ About women they say, "You can't live with them and you can't live without them." That first part I wouldn't know about, because the only woman I've ever lived with was my mother and I get along pretty fine with her. Once in a while she forgets herself and starts ladling out small warnings and reminders to me. Things like "Drive carefully" and "Don't forget your keys." When that happens I turn the tables.

"Say, Mom," I tell her, "you're getting too thin. Are you eating enough?"

She flusters a little and then looks straight at me and says, "Stop treating me like a child!"

"Okay, okay," I tell her, "and you let go of me."

It's my only kick against Mom, so it rolls off my back. For the rest of it, my mother is a rare woman. Once she felt my brother Walt and I had the necessary upbringing, she adopted a hands-off policy and contented herself with cheering from the sidelines and giving advice only when asked for it. So Mom has been pretty easy to live with.

As for the tag part of the bromide, "you can't live without 'em," I am inclined to agree. I suppose I would have lived, all right, but if it weren't for the girls and women I've known I wouldn't know half as much as I know now. Not that I know a lot—if you talked to me about suspension bridges, for instance, you'd find me silent—but I feel that the fair sex has done more than its share of teaching me (*Continued on page* 90)

irls like charming Gloria Gordon have given Tab, once
hy, the self-confidence he needs, taught him to look behind
asual impressions for the full character of an individual.

crawford meets the

critics

When Joan indulges in three feuds in eight months, even her best friends say it's time to stop telling people off and start telling people why!

BY JACK WADE

Nobody can please everybody. For a long time Joan Crawford came close. She has more fans and more friends than most of Hollywood's headliners, but she has enemies. Her fans are legion, spreading to every cranny of the world, of all nationalities and ages. Closer to home, she is treasured as a friend by many people, commendably including perhaps more "nobodies" than "somebodies."

There are others who feel that Miss Crawford should be put under wraps, and it is noteworthy that lately this small band of dissenters has some new members. Crawford is a smart woman in the ways of Hollywood, and it is surprising that at this stage of her career she should suddenly begin to create ill will.

Hollywood never was an easy town for making and keeping friends. Competition is wicked; jealousy and temperament spill through the tinseled air; feuds are rampant. For many years Miss Crawford did a remarkable job of staying off the battleground, and except for a long-standing miff with Claudette Colbert which was entirely personal, Joan managed to keep peace.

Then in the spring of 1953, eight years after her latter day movie life had been assured by the award of an Oscar, Joan burst out of her shell of security and her role of Hollywood's First Lady by blasting Marilyn Monroe. It would be more exact to say that Miss Crawford blasted about Marilyn for she had no idea that her searing criticism of Miss Monroe's plunging gowns and ungirdled curves would be repeated, much less printed.

It happened when an AP correspondent interviewed Joan. They talked about a recent award dinner and he asked as an afterthought if Miss Crawford did not agree with him that Marilyn's dress had been vulgar, also her behavior. This opinion was shared by many in Hollywood. Marilyn's own studio was trying to quiet the storm of protest arising over the Monroe's projected voluptuousness. Most people thought somebody ought to tell Marilyn, for her own good, that things were going too far. Which is precisely what Joan Crawford replied to the AP correspondent. She said, among other things, "It was like a burlesque show. The audience yelled and shouted and Jerry Lewis got up on the table and *(Continued on page 92)*

Big noise from Frisco
GUY MITCHELL

A bronco-buster at 14, Guy surrounds himself with animals even at work. Now he has added guitar-playing and acrobatics to his talents.

At Hotel Flamingo Guy thrilled fans with voice that made famous "My Heart Cries For You," "My Truly, Truly Fair," other hit discs.

Here seen with co-workers at the Flamingo, Guy is separated from wife Jackie Loughery, former Miss U.S.A.

Guy's own saddle pony, Scotch Boy, was brought from his parents' ranch so that he could do some riding between songs.

One morning last fall the middle-aged owner of a small ranch in Tarzana, California, prepared for a trip. From his stable he led a brown saddle pony into a horse trailer which he hitched behind a maroon sedan. When all was secure a woman came out of the house and joined him in the front seat of the car. They drove out of the yard and headed for the first mountain pass leading out of the valley to the east. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cernik were on their way to Las Vegas, Nevada, to see their eldest son. The happy, husky boy who had always wanted to be a cowboy had somehow become the newest singing sensation of the entertainment world.

He wasn't called Albert Cernik, Jr., any more. Now he was known as Guy Mitchell. They knew that all over the country, in big theatres, hotels and nightclubs, his singing was in demand. He had even sung in England. They knew that he made records which sold by the millions and they knew that he made pictures in Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Cernik were still a little dazed about all this and about the Tarzana ranch he had bought them because he wanted his father to retire from work.

Sometimes they even found (*Continued on page* 71)

The gone-est of Guys
is Mitchell—and he's going
far and wide!
You can't fence in
a crooner who
busts broncos on the side!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

SOMETIMES WHEN TRAGEDY STRIKES, WE CANNOT SEE THE BLESSING BEHIND IT.

BUT IT IS FROM OUR MOST DESPAIRING MOMENTS THAT TRUST AND LOVE CAN GROW.

whatever His purpose...

by June Allyson

To my daughter Pam, God is a friend of the family and prayer is as natural as a phone call.

■ I don't think I have ever made an entrance on the stage, or walked in front of a motion picture camera without the security of having prayed for confidence and command of myself—and having gotten it.

That habit was a great help to me when I first came out to Hollywood and ran into a curious problem. It was all due to my efforts to avoid being known as a "Five-line Actress." A five-liner, if you haven't run across the term before, is a girl who can remember just about five lines of dialogue at a time—no more. After she has said them, the filming of the scene must be interrupted, and everybody waits while she tries to commit to memory another bare five lines. I didn't want to be like that so I went too far the other way!

I learned my scripts so well that when the director ordered changes in the lines, as he generally does at the last moment, I couldn't change. I had the original words ground into my memory and those were the words I spouted out when my cues came!

It may seem silly but actually it was serious. It made me feel as though I were dense. The director would explain to everyone in a scene how he was changing the dialogue; everyone except me would quickly absorb the corrections and remember them when it was time to speak. Then, I, Cement Head, would talk and we were back where we started.

It began to look as though I needed more than I had in talent, self-control and, particularly, in elasticity of memory, to make good in Hollywood. There was a lot I could do to help myself, mostly technical things, tricks of acting, to give myself greater freedom from the script and yet not violate it. But the biggest thing I did, and that which gave me the greatest help, was to pray like mad!

The feeling that there is greater-than-mortal help to be had if one asks for it, and particularly if one has lived so as to deserve it, has been in me from earliest memory. I don't think there is a man or a woman in the world who doesn't, somewhere within, feel the same.

The first prayers I ever said were not so much prayers as conversations with God. I was hardly out of kindergarten and I was suffering my first tragedy. My grandmother, who had frankly made a pet of me to the disgust of various cousins, died suddenly. I heard it from one of these cousins when I came home after school.

"Now you won't be so smart!" she cried, running to meet me. "Grandma's dead!"

I didn't fully know what dead meant. It took me two days to find out, two days locked in my room most of the time and carrying on a running talk with God to find out what had happened. At the funeral they let me see Grandma. She didn't look right and I was convinced she wasn't happy because God hadn't taken her to Him. Back I ran to my room to plead with Him about it and it seemed to me that Grandma looked happier and more at peace after that.

I didn't know it, of course, but I was about to have an opportunity to get really chummy with God. This opportunity fell on me in the form of the limb of a tree which cracked off as I was walking under it. My back was broken, my skull and a leg and an arm were fractured, the rest of my body crisscrossed with scratches and bruises. When my mother came running to the hospital all she could see of me that wasn't bandaged, plastered or tied up in pulley arrangements was my right eye. This must have looked none too healthy because my mother fainted.

I lay there, eight years old and sort of screened off from the living world for weeks in my cotton, canvas and plaster of paris cocoon. I kept asking God why He was mad at me. It seemed incomprehensible to me that He would cause half a tree to fall on anyone He liked!

I can recall going over my past and checking for sins I might have committed of such a grievous nature that they required me to be all but shattered in the course of penance. I was puzzled and I had to ask my mother to interpret the ways of God. Where was the divine justice she had told me about? What was His purpose?

"I don't know," my mother told me. "It is between you and Him. It is plain that He wants you to bear things."

It's funny. I was rather complimented by her answer. And I can still remember that in my own childish way I saw that He was getting at something worthwhile. He was teaching me to think with clarity and depth which had never marked my hinking before, and which was born of my very questioning of Him. In time I realized that whatever His purpose in decreeing that I should be under the tree when it split, He has made it up to me ver since!

Really, I know that it is given to few people that their dreams come true as mine have. I know, or rather I have reason to know, what life is really like for most of the millions of people on earth. Most of us wish for something we never attain. I, for no reason that I myself can fathom, did attain what I wanted. Believe me, I am more grateful than proud, more wondering than smugly sure I deserved it!

Lying in my bed of pain at the hospital I was inspired to become a doctor. I marveled at these fine men who came to me every morning (the doctor and the internes with him) and concentrated all their skill and great knowledge (and handsomeness, I must put in here!) to ease my pain and get me well. No life, it seemed to me, could be finer than one devoted to healing the sick. And with this purpose as my secret, I gloated for weeks and months—a skinny, cracked-up moppet, lying content in her bed of pain because she visualized herself curing the lame and the halt and bringing ease to the sick of heart. I don't know a better way to suffer than to imagine curing the suffering of others. It not only makes you forget your own pain; it makes you glory in it. And time and again I saw myself as a physician, stethoscope hanging from my neck, patting the hand of a patient as I told him comfortingly, "Yes, yes, I know just how you feel. I, too, have suffered!"

With the aid of a metal and leather back brace I finally left the hospital. Since I was now a person with an important mission in life I expected to be greeted with respect by my old playmates. It didn't work out that way. They were a little awed by anyone's having been kept so long in a hospital. At the same time there was that funny brace I was wearing—certainly something to laugh at. And they did.

I resented their jeers and I came to resent my brace as well, I suppose. At any rate, it was a challenge to me and as soon as I could, I stopped wearing it. Not only that but I tried to teach myself dancing to prove to myself and to the kids that I was far from being a cripple. I still had dreams of a medical career but I realized my mother didn't have the funds to finance medical training, and I made a slight switch in plans. Instead of treating people I would entertain them. I would go into show business. Before I really decided on my future I had two oddly unrelated ambitions for which I constantly solicited divine cooperation:

1. I would be a great doctor.

2. Some day I would dance with Fred Astaire in a movie.

I never even made a start toward medicine but, you know, I almost did dance with Astaire! We were talking one day at the studio and he said, "We must make a picture together." I thought he was kidding. Not long afterward I was told that he wanted me to play opposite him in *The Royal Wedding*. It was one of the biggest thrills I ever had and I was just on the point of cheering when I suddenly became sick at my stomach. The timing for this role which I wanted so much was very bad; I was on the way to motherhood at the moment and this was the first hint that I was not going to have a serene pregnancy.

When this dismaying fact became pretty well established and it was clear that working was out of the question, Judy Garland was named to replace me. By the time the picture was started Jane Powell had it. I had Richard Powell, Jr. God knew what He was about. I really needed my son. He was a blessing to me, an education, and the tie to the future which every woman needs.

Because of the curiously personal relationship I had with God as a child, it seems natural to me that my children speak of Him as someone close to the family. For instance, after we had entertained at dinner for a series of evenings, little Pamela casually asked when we were having God over to dinner.

The only answer I could think of was that God is always with us.

If Pam prays and doesn't think her prayers are being answered she talks of it as people will talk about a telephone call that didn't go through. "I don't think God is home today," she will say. "I'll have to try again tomorrow."

Sometimes I, too, have to try again, and there are times when I have been filled with misgivings as to whether or not I have been keeping in tune with Him. I am afraid I have had renegade moments. When my husband Richard was seriously ill more than a year ago, and seemed to be getting worse after his operations, I suddenly became terribly afraid. There was a period in which the doctors said nothing could be done and time must decide whether he would recover. I was seized with the feeling that unless treatment was continued he would die.

I remember this crisis as the one time in my life when I withdrew into myself so deeply that I cut even spiritual ties; I know that in my anxiety I became resentful of what had happened and there was a morning when I told myself there could be no God. We all seem to have an instinct to blame someone or something for personal tragedy. Looking backward, I realize I was blaming myself for not being a better wife—just as I blame myself for not being a better mother whenever one of my children is ill.

Just the same it was prayer to which I finally turned. I am convinced Dick's recovery was due to this and to my urge to get a new doctor and follow his instructions completely. The situation reminded me of a picture I made with Margaret O'Brien called *Music For Millions*.

I was telling a writer how the story stayed in my mind. He said that when the greatest novel is finally written it will consist of a prayer recorded as it comes straight from the heart. I am inclined to agree with him. In my scripts I sometimes run across bits of such prayers and they always give the picture its most glorious moments.

This, then, is my form of worship—prayer. And it may take place at any time in my life and at any place I happen to be. If I do not get His response I am resigned to the fact that I am not going about it right—principally because I am not right with Him. Pamela has asked me about this, too.

"How do I know when I'm doing the right thing?" she'll ask.

Here I try to associate her conscience with God, the conscience being the pointer in God's hand, so to speak, showing her what is right and what is wrong. Like all children, Pamela is well aware that when mischief is afoot there is an inner prompting which wants to be heard, but which won't be heard unless one keeps listening for it.

To follow your conscience, even to the extent of going back and rectifying a wrong you have made, may seem irksome, but it has its compensations. You appreciate it during those moments in your life when you are alone and perhaps assaying your worth in terms of human values. It's funny how much satisfaction there is if you can honestly conclude that you are a pretty nice person. If ever you are close to God, and if ever He loves you . . . that is the moment! **END**

June Allyson can now be seen in Universal's The Glenn Miller Story.

living on wheels

(Continued from page 48) deluxe trailers driven to Hollywood. The $5,500 gift was to be a complete surprise to Lucy. In answer to a few company queries, Desi had specified that he preferred twin beds, twin sinks, and a combination tub and shower in his mobile home. Instead of the customary double-deckers, he requested two nursery-size beds for his children.

"As for the decorating," he told Redman, "I leave all that up to you. Just remember: my wife is a redhead."

Lucy's surprise package was timed to coincide with her arrival for work at MGM. Under the guise of showing his wife where he had been taking trailer-driving lessons, Desi drove out between the sound stages to the extremely realistic small town street known at the Metro lot as Andy Hardy Village.

Parked in front of Judge Hardy's white clapboard house was forty-one feet of streamlined, polished aluminum on wheels.

"It's a beauty," Lucy said, "but can you really drive that giant, Desi?"

Arnaz grinned. "Handles like a baby carriage." And taking the ignition key out of his pocket, he slipped it into Lucy's hand. "Go ahead," he suggested. "Try it."

Attached to the key was a tag reading, "To Lucy, with Love. Desi."

Lucy read the tag. Eyes brimming, she turned to her husband. "Does this mean that—"

Desi took her in his arms and kissing her near the ear, he said, "Surprise for you."

Lucy pulled back. "I don't believe it. This must be a gag. That trailer can't be real. It's a studio mock-up."

Desi howled. "Go inside and make sure."

To Lucy the interior of the trailer proved twice as exciting as the gleaming exterior. Within its bright framework, it boasted four separate rooms and a full bathroom.

Each section of the Desilu mobile home is scientifically engineered for maximum comfort, livability and beauty. It was the beauty of it all that first took Lucy's breath away.

The livingroom, which is located at the trailer's front end, is decorated in shades complimentary to a redhead—rust brown, coral, and turquoise. The accessories add a bright, cheerful note—brass lamps, planters, and serving dishes. Although the trailer is only eight feet wide, the livingroom also boasts a full-scale couch tastefully upholstered in a durable tweedy fabric. The bolsters of this piece are easily removed so that it makes up into a single bed. A wing chair and a wrought-iron swivel chair make up the main conversational grouping.

Another corner of the same room features a drop-leaf table with matching chairs that form into an expandable dining unit, capable of seating four to six people. Unobtrusively beside the door stands the compact Coleman 3 Cond-Air combination heater and air cooler. In the winter it keeps the mobile home as warm as a house. In the summer the blower cools the trailer by a continuous flow of fresh air from outside.

When Lucy first stepped into her trailer and looked around, she was impressed that in such a compact area so much furniture did not look crowded. Knowledgeable planning has prevented that. Two large windows on opposite sides of the trailer give the room a look of spaciousness. The mirror behind the couch creates an illusion of extra length and even the storage shelf which now holds Desi's collection of brass cooking pots, is adroitly spotted above eye level so as not to crowd into the room. The total effect is a triumph of design, or as Lucy puts it, "For a livingroom, it's the greatest."

"The greatest" is the phrase she used and still uses in describing every room in the mobile house. The yellow and white kitchen is partly hidden behind a corrugated partition of plexiglass. When the talented comedienne saw that, she was charmed.

"If this isn't the most compact, utilitarian kitchen!" she bubbled. "Really, this is absolutely the *greatest!*" She looked into the four-burner stove, then ran her hand over all the kitchen counters which are finished in grey formica. She opened the six-foot refrigerator which also has freezer space for twenty-eight pounds of food, and finally, as her eyes drank in all the furnishings, she turned to her grinning husband and said with amazement, "This kitchen has more drawers and more cupboard space than you'll find in most Hollywood apartments."

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of **modern screen**

comes your way

lovely **liz taylor**

will be on the cover.

Watch for it at

your newsstand

march 5.

It so happens that Desi and Lucy are both good cooks which means that they can appreciate their carefully designed Youngstown trailer kitchen. Through the years, even before they got their mobile home, many of their meals were joint creations. Desi specializes in well-seasoned salads and steaks while Lucille attends to the garlic toast they both love, and concocts too-rich desserts.

Because she is a mother, Lucy also appreciates the care and thought that went into her trailer nursery. Here is a room with two little beds, frilly curtains, and cute stuffed animals. When Lucy first entered it, she let go a scream of pure delight. "No, Desi!" she cried. "This is the end. The absolute end. Have you ever seen anything so darling?"

Of the four rooms in the trailer, the nursery probably means the most to Lucy and Desi, because they've always felt that their immediate family of four should spend lots of time together without the benefit of a nurse or a well-intentioned grandmother.

"There's something about the plain physical fact of being in small quarters that seems to give our children a feeling of warmth and family solidarity," Lucy says. "Before we got the trailer, it was always a federal case to take the children with us on any trip, no matter how short. We had to move cribs, play pens, clothes, baby food, the whole works. Now, life is much simpler. We keep the trailer well-stocked and ready to roll at a moment's notice. If Desi wants to take a few days off and go to the desert or do some fishing off Balboa, we just toss the children into the nursery and we're set.

"At one time we thought seriously of building a weekend house. First, we thought we'd build it in the desert near Palm Springs. Then we changed our minds and decided to build one in the mountains. Then Desi said he'd like to have a house near the ocean.

"For us the trailer came as the perfect answer. In Palm Springs we own a piece of land near the golf course and connect our New Moon to the club's electric outlet. At Newport we park in the grounds of the Villa Marina Motel where we've always stayed to be near the dock. While Desi fools around on his boat, I can be at home with the children."

The trailer is more than a vacation home to Lucy and Desi. For the last several months they've used it constantly in their work. At Metro it followed them around from stage to stage, from back lot to special locations. They used it as an office, snack bar, private diningroom, and lounge for visiting guests.

As soon as *The Long, Long Trailer* was finished, they had the mobile job moved to their home business location at Motion Picture Center where from Monday through Thursday of each week, they labor on *I Love Lucy.*

Here again, it serves mulitiple purposes. The trailer's master bedroom has enough floor space to accommodate twin beds or a double bed and night stand. Windows on three sides keep the room light and well-ventilated. But what Lucy likes best about the room is the theatrical make-up mirror and dressing table which Doris Christensen, the company's decorator, had installed along one wall especially for the busy Lucy.

"I've worked in lots of studios," Lucy says, "but I've never had a dressing room I wanted to live in before. This one's got everything."

By joining the ever-growing fraternity of trailer owners throughout America, a fact which MGM publicized during the production of their film, Desi and Lucy have attracted a whole new group of fans who write to them regularly. Letters pour in daily from itinerant workers who use trailers on special construction jobs, from servicemen and their families who live in trailers and move from post to post, and from newlyweds whose futures are so undetermined that they have invested in a mobile home rather than a stationary one. And of course there's plenty of new fan mail from the retired couples who live well and simply in trailer camps throughout the country.

All of these correspondents have complimented Lucy and Desi on making a picture about trailer life, and several hundred have volunteered to act as technical advisers on any future trailer film.

Only last week the Desilu organization received a letter from an old-timer who had been having a wonderful time trailer-touring the United States for the last thirty years.

"Dear Desi and Lucy," he wrote, "I understand by the morning paper that you two folks have bought yourselves a trailer. For folks who live in Hollywood that shows a lot of good common sense. I've owned a trailer on and off for the past thirty years and I can tell you that you only live once and that a trailer is the best way to see th world before you leave it."

Lucy plans to frame that letter and han it in her New Moon trailer. EN

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WITH
MARJORIE MAIN · KEENAN WYNN
Screen Play by ALBERT HACKETT and FRANCES GOODRICH · Based on the Novel by CLINTON TWISS
Photographed in ANSCO COLOR · Print by TECHNICOLOR
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI · Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN · An M-G-M PICTURE

new baby—new happiness

(*Continued from page 51*) hospital were given a lecture which included the symptoms of a faulty esophagus. In a new-born child the tip-off is the inability of the infant to swallow anything.

On the day Russell Derek was born, the nurse noticed that he couldn't swallow his sugar water. She reported her suspicion to Dr. Louis Earle, the pediatrician, who promptly examined the infant. He confirmed her suspicion. Russ had been born with a damaged esophagus.

Unless major surgery could be performed at once, John and Pati Derek would have no son to take home from the hospital. And even if surgery were performed, the chances were only fifty-fifty that the child would survive.

Pati Derek lay on her hospital bed, chatting happily with her husband. John sat beside her, holding her hand and telling her what a great horseman he would make of their son. He was proud of his son. Both he and Pati had wanted a boy. Then the doctor walked in to speak to the unsuspecting couple. "I sensed something was wrong," John now recalls, "but I didn't know what it could be."

"I want you to brace yourself for a shock," the doctor warned Pati. Then he told them. Their little son was dying. No food of any sort could pass down the baby's gullet. Intravenous feeding might keep him alive for a little while, but not for long. There was only one thing to be done. The infant would need an operation immediately. He recommended that Dr. J. Norton Nichols, who had specialized in that particular technique, be called in to perform the operation.

Pati looked at John. She could not speak of the anguish in her heart and the fear in her mind. John was immediately decisive.

"Let's get him," he urged. "For God's sake, let's get Dr. Nichols here at once."

They called the surgeon and he came. Fourteen hours after he was born, little Russell Derek was wheeled into the operating room. He was anesthetized, and then the nimble fingers of Dr. Nichols went to work. The scalpel cut through the baby's chest, laying bare the trachea and the gullet. Dr. Nichols found the break in the esophagus and repaired it. The chest incision was sutured. The surgery took hours. Pati and John waited in Pati's room. They hardly spoke. They sat looking at each other, silently praying. Waiting was eternity, a seemingly endless torture.

Finally, the doctor came in. "I think he's going to be all right. But he'll need a lot of care for a long time."

They kept Russell in the hospital for weeks. And even now that he's four, Pati and John have to be careful that nothing gets stuck in his throat and that he doesn't gag on food.

This vigilance is part of the reason John Derek has been so edgy and nervous. In the last four years he has made many a wild dash to the doctor's office with Pati clutching her son, seeing the boy's face turn blue, afraid that he would strangle on a piece of bread before they could get relief for him.

With this kind of trouble you can understand John Derek's worries when he was about to see his baby daughter for the first time.

"Was she really perfect?" he asked himself. Maybe she just looked fine and then when the pediatrician came, he'd find something wrong. Maybe it would be Russ all over again; the near-tragedy, the surgery, the countless hours and weeks of strain and worry.

There's nothing like that. Sean is a healthy, happy baby. Her big brother is coming along fine, and now that they've weathered their first big crisis together, John and Pati Derek seem to be more in love than ever.

"Quarrels and differences that we had in the past," Pati says, "now seem so small, so insignificant, just part of our adjustment."

People used to say that John and Pati quarreled incessantly. They predicted the marriage would never last. Too many differences in background, taste and outlook. For instance, John likes meat and potatoes. Pati, born in the Near East and brought up in Paris, was a gourmet. She loved to prepare elaborate dishes, garnish them with rich sauces.

A few months after they were married, John came home from the studio to find that Pati had worked all day preparing a gastronomic delight—*crêpes suzette*, chicken cooked in wine, some other tasty delicacies.

Her husband took one look at the lovingly prepared food. "Looks great, honey," he said. "But this sort of stuff isn't for me. Throw on a steak. I'm all in."

Pati, discovered by Darryl Zanuck after World War II when she was dancing in a Paris nightclub, had given up her career at 20th Century to marry John.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I was just a cub reporter on a San Antonio newspaper a few years ago when Dorothy Malone and the stars of Two Guys From Texas *came to the Alamo City to promote the film.*

It was Miss Malone's biggest role until then and, since she was a Texan, she rated an interview. I got the assignment. I was excited. It was my first press breakfast with a real movie star.

"I hope you'll excuse my nervousness, Miss Malone," I blurted out. "But you're my first movie star!"

I'll never forget her smiling response. "I know just how you feel," said Dorothy Malone. "You're my first reporter!"

Keith Elliott
San Antonio, Texas

Now she wondered why. In no uncertain terms she voiced her doubts. John said he couldn't help it if he happened to like steaks. This gooey French stuff just didn't settle well in his stomach. Tears, temperament, recrimination.

Pati finally accepted the fact that her husband is strictly a meat and potatoes man. Nowadays that's what the Dereks eat.

"Actually," she says, "it took me about two years to get adjusted to John, to understand his ways. He has an enthusiastic nature. If he likes sailing, then he will buy a sailboat. Maybe he doesn't know how to sail and will wreck the boat the next day, but it's best to let him have his own way. I've been told that I spoil John, that I have the European woman's attitude toward marriage. You know, that the man of the house does not belong in the kitchen, that he shouldn't wash dishes and make beds.

"Well, I believe that. Certain things in the house are women's work, and do not fit a husband's dignity. In an emergency if a husband loves you he will do everything, but it is not fair to make him share the housekeeping chores after a days' work.

"Not that John hasn't done these things. When I was pregnant with Russell, I had to stay in bed for many weeks. John would get up at six in the morning to take care of my dog and make breakfast for me. He would serve it to me in bed. At night he would carry me a dinner tray and he would clean all the dishes and straighten the house. That's when I learned that what counts most in a husband, what counts most in any man, is the way he acts in an emergency when his family really needs him.

"Like the trouble with Russell. I don't know what I would have done had John turned out to be a weak man. It was his strength, his how do you call it?—his drive, his will power—that has made things turn out well. It is very difficult for an actor to work and concentrate and at the same time to realize that he has a baby son at home and that maybe the son can die any minute.

"It has not been easy but I think we are now out of the woods."

In contrast to Pati who is quick to express her feelings about anything, John Derek has lived within himself for so many years that he finds it extremely difficult to talk about the crises in his life.

When you ask him to tell you about the solidifying effect of Russell's illness on his marriage, he comes up with, "Well, it was a little rough with Russ. Had some trouble with his esophagus, but he's okay now."

He cannot bring himself to talk about the terror he experienced in the hospital as he waited for the doctor to bring some news about the success or failure of the operation on his son. He cannot talk about his suffering, physical or mental.

Instead, you hear that John was worried sick about the big mortgage on his home, that he sat up nights wondering if he could pay his bills. Derek could talk freely about financial matters, but such discussions were substitutes for the major worry in his life, the health of his son.

Nor did he ever talk about the monthly trips with Russ to the hospital. He never described how the little boy's esophagus was stretched with a glass tube. He never told about how long it took to feed the child or what nerve-racking meticulous care was necessary. He never told how, despite this precise care, the baby would sometimes choke. Pati would scream, clutch the infant to her breast, and they would race to the car. Then the life-saving dash to the doctor's office.

John Derek is an only child and the child of divorced parents. He was born into the motion picture business. His mother was an actress and his father a director. They separated when John was five.

The boy was passed from parent to parent. He was insecure because he didn't have the kind of home other children had. Children need to conform. When circumstances make this impossible, they develop defenses or compensatory reactions. John became withdrawn.

Later, he tried to kid people into believing that he was the happy-go-lucky type, but he never succeeded. In his youth he never got the love and discipline he needed. He went from one school to another in Los Angeles and Santa Monica but didn't graduate from high school.

Fortunately, he was handsome. He had the friendship of Russ Harlan, a photographer at the studio where his mother worked. Harlan was a kind of father to John. "He taught me how to ride, how to box, how to hunt, how to do all the things every kid wants to learn. My son is named for him."

One night when he was bowling at an alley in Westwood, John was spotted by

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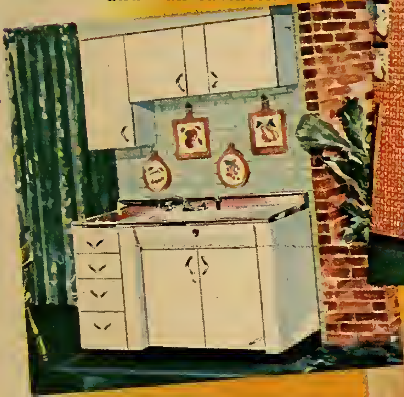

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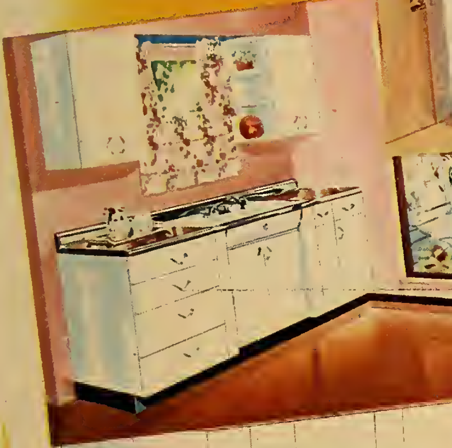

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Henry Willson, a talent scout who has discovered more than one handsome young man. Willson was working for Selznick then and he signed Derek at $150 a week.

John attended drama classes and was given a bit in *I'll Be Seeing You.* "He loused it up real good," a director recalls, "but he was only a kid then."

After serving with the Paratroops in the Pacific, after eleven and a half months in the Philippines, the kid returned to Hollywood a man. Again his face, not his acting ability, got him a contract—this time at 20th Century.

It was here that he fell in love for the first time in his young life. He fell in love with Pati Behrs, a young dancer Darryl Zanuck had discovered in Paris.

"Pati was making a good salary," John says. "She was living it up in the Bel Air Hotel while I had a crummy little apartment, and it looked as though the studio meant to make her a big star. They kept her around for three years, gave her a few bits, and then out.

"We took a liking to each other while we were in dramatics class, and then we began going around. Down to the beach, rides around town, a few shows. No night clubs. I hate night clubs. And then one night in 1949 we decided to drive over to Las Vegas and get married."

With his marriage, John at twenty-three found screen success. He had read a novel, *Knock On Any Door,* and was convinced that he was born to play the role of the juvenile delinquent. He begged his agent to get him in to see Humphrey Bogart who was producing the picture independently.

The agent tried to high-pressure Bogart. "You'd better sign this kid right now," he told Bogey. "He's so hot Metro is dangling a big fat contract in front of him."

"Nobody is dangling anything in front of me," Derek interrupted. "I just want to play this part, Mr. Bogart. I want to play it real bad."

Bogey took a chance on the kid, and as he says, "He was tops. Just tops. Gave the part everything he had. The kid's okay."

Columbia Pictures signed John to a seven-year contract (with options, of course) on the strength of his performance and then cast him in *All The King's Men* which won the 1949 Academy Award.

Anxious to capitalize on his popularity with the teen-age crowd, Columbia cast Derek in a couple of Grade D pictures. He didn't like them but he was in no position to complain.

When Alfred Hitchcock wanted to borrow him for a role in *Stranger On A Train* and the studio said no, John began to gripe. A few weeks later, Paramount, having been notified of Alan Ladd's intention to leave the lot, tried to buy up Derek's contract as a protective move. Again, Columbia said no.

This time, John gave vent to his feelings. The studio boys accused him of getting the "fat head."

"The kid should take it easy," one of them explained. "This high-pressure routine won't get him anywhere. He's doing okay."

Only John wasn't doing okay. Russell Andre Derek had been born. The medical expenses were astronomical. The repeated operations, the special care. This was an ordeal that was almost impossible for outsiders to fully appreciate.

Not only did Pati and John see this ordeal through together but they decided to have more children and face another kind of ordeal. John was determined to get out of his contract with Columbia.

All during Pati's second pregnancy he clamored for his release. The studio refused. They loaned him out to Republic for *Thunderbirds.* Then they cast him in two adventure spectacles, *Posse* and *Prince Of Pirates.* Then they made him star in a TV film for the Ford Theatre. And only when the video picture was completed would they finally consent to give the young man his freedom.

Now that he has his occupational freedom and a healthy new daughter, John's entire behavior pattern has changed. He is again the relaxed, cheerful young man he was before he came close to losing his son. And he is again ready to devote himself unreservedly to his career.

"I've already done one picture for Republic on my own; *Fortune Hunter* it's called. I've got confidence in myself after working in fourteen pictures and I know I can make a go of it. I like this business and I want to work hard in it.

"In four years of marriage, Pati and I have had more than our share of worries. With Sean's birth, I've got a feeling that our luck is changing. When that little girl was born she brought glad tidings with her. From here on in, the keynote around our house, as long as the children have their health, is going to be happiness." **END**

the trouble with sinatra

(*Continued from page 40*) frighten Ava into returning to him, but the chances are he wouldn't."

That was on November 19, 1953.

The next day Sinatra flew into Los Angeles, seeking another reconciliation with Ava Gardner. At the airport he was surly, irritable, and unsmiling. He wore a long overcoat, completely covering his wrists. Reporters who questioned him were brushed off with "no comment."

On November 26, Ava announced that she had talked to Frank and had decided finally and definitely to divorce him. Then she took off for Rome where she is starring in *The Barefoot Contessa.*

On November 29, after moving into a suite in the Beverly Hills Hotel, Sinatra reported to El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood for a rehearsal of the Eddie Cantor television program. He was to be a guest on Eddie's show along with singer Eddie Fisher.

At the rehearsal where visitors are allowed, a fan of Eddie Fisher asked if she might take a photograph of Sinatra talking to the two Eddies. Permission was granted, and the girl, Mary Nogueras of San Bernardino, California, began to shoot. In one of his poses, Sinatra put his left hand up to his jaw, thereby exposing his left wrist.

When Mary developed the film and made a print she noticed the inch-long scar on Frank's wrist, a scar which, you can see, looks as if it were the result of a knife wound, perhaps a superficial slash, but a slash deep enough to have drawn blood.

Mary sent her photograph to a Los Angeles newspaper. The paper sent reporters around to talk to Sinatra. As he had previously refused to talk to the representatives of MODERN SCREEN, Frank at first refused to talk to reporters from the Los Angeles *Mirror.* Later, however, he agreed to talk, spoke to them over the hotel house phone.

"Is it true that you recently attempted suicide?" he was asked.

"That's ridiculous," Sinatra snapped.

"Don't you have a deep cut on your left wrist?"

"No," the crooner said.

"But we have a photograph showing your wrist with a slash mark," Sinatra was told.

"Oh, that," Frank suddenly recalled. "I got it when I bumped into a corner of a desk and scratched it—and that's all there is to it."

"When did it happen?"

"Don't remember."

"Where did it happen?"

"I told you," the singer repeated. "I don't remember and that's the truth. Why should I lie about it?"

Actually, there are several reasons why Sinatra should lie if he had made a suicide attempt.

First and most important of all, it could reveal an instability, a neurosis, great unhappiness, and an inability to adjust to circumstances.

In fairness to Sinatra, however, it must be said that besides Ava's loss, he has no apparent motive for suicide and had none as far back as November 15.

Frank's career, in fact, has rarely been better than it is now.

His role in *From Here To Eternity* has sent his film stock soaring. His salary for guest appearances on TV has jumped from $5,000 to $7,500. His agent is asking and getting a minimum of $75,000 per picture. He has a new recording contract with Capitol Records. His nightclub salary has jumped to $10,000 a week. He owns 2% of the gambling casino at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. He has been offered a new CBS radio show.

Moreover, people who are currently working with him on the set of *Pink Tights* say he has never been more jovial, has never worked harder, and has never been more cooperative in his life.

Yet this is not the first time that rumors of Frank's attempted suicide have reached the newspapers. A few months before he and Ava were married, they had a fight at Lake Tahoe. Then Frank took a few too many sleeping pills.

Sheriff's deputies and other persons who were present said that it looked like an attempted suicide.

Los Angeles newspapers duly reported the news. Frank said the stories were not true and threatened to sue.

"The rumor that I took an overdose of sleeping pills last Tuesday," he insisted, "just isn't true. Last Sunday night Ava and I and Mr. and Mrs. Hank Sanicola went to the Christmas Tree restaurant. When I got back to my quarters I found that I didn't sleep well. I took two pills.

"When Ava went to Reno to take the plane back to Hollywood I drank two brandies and later broke out with a rash. That's all there was to it."

That was in August, 1951.

Most of Sinatra's unhappiness might be dated from the time he first began to go with Ava. Miss Gardner has a way of sending her lovers to great heights and great depths.

Howard Duff, for example, who was her steady before the "Thin Man" moved in, was desperately in love with Ava and made no secret of the fact that he wanted to marry her.

Ava's attitude was to refer to him as "Puppy," a dog she might lead around on a leash. Duff has never recovered from this humiliation and the mention of Ava Gardner still inspires his friends to say bitter things.

There is no doubt that Sinatra had a tremendous and overpowering love for Ava. Otherwise he never would have defied convention, the church and the public by leaving Nancy and his three children.

There is no doubt that he still loves Ava and would do practically anything, short of killing himself, to get her back.

One actress who knew Frank well ex

plained his behavior when she said, "This boy specializes in the dramatic approach. I don't think he really attempted suicide. I think maybe he was just rehearsing—firing blanks.

"I do think these rehearsals were done well enough to fool his friends who picked up the phone and called Ava from New York.

"'You've got to take Frank back,' they probably screamed. 'He tried to kill himself. We got him in time, but you're the only one who can save him.'

"It's my guess," this actress said, "that Ava refused to fall for this routine after it had been worked a couple of times, and called it quits.

"Ava is a soft-hearted dame, a good dame and a nice dame. And I'll give you dollars to doughnuts that when she returns from Europe, she and Sinatra will announce a reconciliation. Unless, of course, she finds someone in Italy she likes much better than Frankie. Chances are against that.

"When Frankie wants to pour on the charm, he is absolutely irresistible. I think he is the greatest charmer the world has ever known. He has a tremendous ego, too, and because of that I think his suicide is completely out of the question.

"He would never think of suicide, genuine, complete, death-producing suicide, unless maybe he could do it in the Los Angeles Coliseum before 120,000 people and be promised a twenty-year contract in heaven." **END**

the queen and I

(*Continued from page 42*) work. She is quiet. She not only does her chores regularly (cleans her room, dressing room and livingroom and cooks dinner if she is the first one home) but she loves to do them and does them well. (Maybe I ought to list *my* chores: the two upstairs baths, the playroom, my father's room and also the cooking if *I* get home first.)

She doesn't parade her likes and dislikes, nor her ability. She talks less about boys than I do, but it is pretty well agreed around our house that she knows a lot more about them. She is more analytical about men than I am. She can tell the true from the false more readily.

I can remember having dozens of crushes when I was in high school—some so devastating that I would go running to my mother convinced that "this is it!" Debbie had few, if any. Today I can't remember what half of my mad crushes looked like, and I can't imagine what I saw in those I do remember. All this waste motion (and emotion) was something Debbie didn't have to go through. She already knew puppy love for what it was (it was "for the birds," she said) and saved her energy for more important things.

She thinks a girl, particularly one whose career places her before the public, should always be self-possessed. I don't know how she does it, but Debbie keeps her head even when she has lost her temper. What I know about handling a flirt I think I've learned from observing her. She likes good-humored kidding, but she hates the hand patters. ("Hand pattery is a disease," she says.)

Some of our friends think Debbie is a little too serious in her relationship with people; not easy to meet and certainly not easy to get to know. The answer to that is simple—Debbie, whom I can recall as a regular tomboy in her childhood, has had sobering responsibilities for a girl of her age—both as an actress and as an elder daughter in her family. The

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Bing loses a match and takes a town!

Bing accepted a toupee from Arthur Anderson of Everett, Washington, mc of ceremony.

The Groaner interrupted his vacation at Hayden Lake to drive over for the fund-raising match.

■ Know what an "eagle" means to a golfer? Bing Crosby does, and he ought to! It's a hole-in-two—exactly what *Der Bingle* shot on the third hole at an exhibition match he played in Wenatchee, Washington, to raise funds for a new municipal golf course. The club that done the deed, lifting the ball over 110 yards, was a nine iron.

Just luck? Maybe. But every one of the spectators crowding the galleries felt it was luck well deserved. Bing was playing with spectacular golfers. His partner was Washington's own Jack Westland, Congressman and National Amateur Golf Champion for 1952. Opposing them were a pair of youthful champs, Bruce Cudd, Northwest Open Champion for 1953, and Eddie Draper, Washington State Amateur Champion for the same year. These three thrilled the gallery with long drives, good approaches and phenomenal putting. But it was only Bing, Mr. Lucky of the day, who took time to chat amiably as he walked down the fairways, turning every fan into a personal friend. It was Bing who despite the blistering August heat joked good-naturedly when he was introduced to the crowd and when he was presented with a toupee! "Thanks for the divot!" he quipped, and then spoke briefly about his love for golf. "If it helps a little," he finished, "I'm happy to be here."

Maybe it did help. Maybe it helped not only the fund drive and the spirits of the perspiring spectators—but Bing himself. Maybe it was just this air of casual, friendly good nature that made it possible for him to beat three top golfers on the third, fourteenth and eighteenth holes and sink that beautiful eagle. Bruce and Eddie took the match that day. But it was Bing who took with him the hearts of the crowd. And that takes more than luck!

Joy Arch
Wenatchee, Washington

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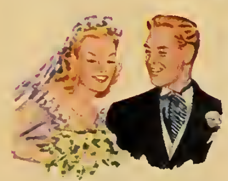

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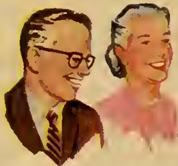

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work she has had to do and the decisions she has had to make were at the expense of her playtime girlhood years. She has always known that her career is not only important to her but can mean (and has meant, for that matter) a lot to all of us. I'm in pictures simply because Debbie got me into them. She encouraged me, she helped me study, and she practically placed me in my studio.

Actually, Debbie has gone to a great deal of trouble to keep from growing away from people. I can remember when she decided to give up going to school in the studio, even though it was so convenient, because she thought she would develop more normally if she went to a regular high school. Even today few of her friends even know she ever made such an attempt. She applied at Beverly Hills High, was admitted, and attended classes there for exactly three days! The girls there just wouldn't accept her!

We realized later they couldn't understand why a girl who could spend all her time at a movie studio would want to waste any of it in a school. They were actually suspicious of Debbie, as if they felt there must be something wrong with her! And Debbie, who just wanted friends of her own age and the kind of life that went with them, was broken-hearted when she had to give up the idea.

I am pretty sure that our twinship, even thought it didn't last, set a pattern of close relationship that is with us even today. We do a lot of our dreaming and planning together, and certainly our working and playing.

Many nights we talk acting; we concoct wonderful roles and then the stories to go along with them. No writer has ever worked according to the formula we follow! We start creating for ourselves the kind of role we feel we can best portray; then we fit in the plot any old somehow! The way we figure, Shakespeare was wrong when he said "The play's the thing!" (You know I'm just kidding.)

We do a lot of ballet practice and vocalizing together; that takes some of the monotony and hardship out of it. And if you want to go bicycle riding and the nearest place is a city street you know how silly you can feel by yourself, whereas it becomes fun when there is another girl along.

As we grew older Debbie and I learned that we were different in a number of ways—including one that really hurts me. I shall refer to it as our rates of metabolism. Debbie, who has a wonderful shape, can eat what she likes when she likes without gaining an ounce. The food gets burned up and disappears without burdening her down in any way. What I eat, however, just wants to stay with me forever. Consequently I must diet while Debbie doesn't.

If only my appetite were small! But it isn't. It's titanic. I have to work at dieting. Only once a month do I indulge my craving for sweets. The whole family generally goes along and we head for a place famous for its hot fudge sundaes. A half hour after everybody else has finished I am still nursing my sundae along, trying to make it last.

We differ in our philosophies, too. Debbie has her sights always set on the future, mine are usually extended no further than maybe a half day beyond the present (in other words not past the next meal)! While I cotton to people more quickly than Debbie does, she is the one who likes to have visitors at our home on Sundays when we are not working. (I just want the family around.) Quiet as Debbie is, and ready to do anything to avoid a commotion, she occasionally sets off a riot around the house by getting an impulse to play a practical joke. The biggest scare I ever had in my life I got from Debbie one night when I was watching television and thought I was all alone.

The program was a suspense play and I was already enjoying goose pimples when Debbie sneaked into the house. She went to her room and pulled a silk stocking over her face so that her features were fearsomely distorted. She covered her hands with white cream. Creeping up behind me, she lifted the hands in front of my eyes as if she were about to choke me. I screamed and looked around to see a horrible brown smear of a face and my heart nearly exploded. If ever I was sore at Debbie and if ever we had a real fight, it was that night!

Ordinarily, we get along beautifully. Once in a while something comes between us—something, say, like the two peasant-style slips bought for us by mother. One was black and the other white. We both wanted the black one. We talked about it at night without settling the matter, and when I got up first in the morning it seemed only sensible to put on the black one. Why argue further?

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I was chosen from the audience at a radio show as the amateur to appear with a panel of experts. Most charming of the experts was Vincent Price. As we sat backstage in the last few minutes before show time, I gathered my courage to remark with a smile, "Mr. Price, I saw you in House Of Wax, *and you were such a villain that I just hate you."*

"Madam," replied the tall, handsome actor with a bow, "that is the nicest compliment I have ever received!"

Gene Desmond
Hempstead, New York

Of course, just as I was leaving the house somebody had to think about it and somebody had to call her mother to call me back, and then we had to go into it all over again, the talk running something like this:

MOTHER: Lisa, which slip did you put on?

ME: Who, me?

DEBBIE: She put the black one on and I'll need it today because I'm wearing my Moulin Rouge gown. (This gown was created for Debbie by Nikki, of Hollywood, and is a semi-cocktail and evening gown.)

ME: I'm wearing my strapless gold and the white slip won't do for that. Goodbye.

DEBBIE: Mother! She's going!

MOTHER: Lisa!

ME: Who, me?

MOTHER: Take it off.

ME: Who, me?

MOTHER: Take it off, take it off, take it off!

And so I sniffed at everybody and said something about some people who are so inconsiderate just over a little old slip. And I took it off and I was sore. But when I got back from the studio that night I'd forgotten all about it. And the same with Debbie. I mean in cases where *she* has lost the argument, and sometimes she does, she harbors resentment no longer than I do.

Of course Debbie can get really angry if sufficiently provoked. Then she is something to handle! Nobody who knows her quiet ways today would ever believe that as a youngster she was a tree climber, a dare taker and a yelling leader of the neighborhood gang. For that matter, no one who knows my reputation as an extrovert (by comparison to Debbie, anyway) would believe that I spent most of my spare time in school writing poetry.

I wish I could let you read a sample so you would know I'm not kidding and because none of my stuff was ever printed!

Debbie gets some ideas out of my poems, she says. Also some laughs. I love to hear her laugh. When Jimmy Stewart and Debbie played in *Broken Arrow*, a Technicolor picture, she had to wear contact lenses over her blue-green eyes to make them look brown because she played a brown-eyed Indian maiden. In a scene that ended with a clinch, Jimmy was supposed to whisper, "I love you." He did. Then he added, "but your right eye is slipping." Debbie howled so loudly that Jimmy claimed she disgraced her whole tribe.

Debbie had less trouble getting started in pictures than I did. She made it on her second test, but not until ten terrible days of waiting had passed. I'll never forget the night we got the news. We were having a spaghetti dinner and were half way through when the telephone rang and someone asked for Debbie. She went to the telephone, talked quietly for a few moments, and then returned to the table to announce, still quietly, that Billy Gordon of 20th Century-Fox said she had been accepted because the studio had nobody like her.

Two years later I took my first test at 20th and was turned down because the studio already had someone of my type —Debbie, of course. From that day nearly five years ago, until last year, I was tested periodically by every studio in town. The answer was always no. Then one day my present studio, Universal-International, wanted to borrow Debbie from 20th for a picture. She couldn't accept but she suggested that they test me for it. They did and signed me, but not for the role they were going to give Debbie. I didn't care. I was started. Since then I have had small roles in a half dozen pictures but, in my last film *Drums Across The River*, I play opposite the star, Audie Murphy. Next on the list for me is *Francis Joins the WACS* with Donald O'Connor. From now on nothing can stop me except, maybe, hot fudge sundaes. (And how I wish I had one!)

It is still much easier for me to meet people and talk to them than for Debbie, but why shouldn't it be? People don't get that odd "Oh!-she's-a-celebrity" look in their eyes when they see me. They don't recognize me at all most of the time. When I do seem familiar to them it's because they think I'm Debbie.

But anyway, Debbie is no queen, and I shall never be a queen either—mainly because of the lady who is our mother. Margaret Griffin (Mother's stage name) knows what life is about and has given us the benefit of her knowledge. One of her big lessons is that pretense belongs strictly on the stage—not off it. She can spot false temperament, or even just plain temper, while it is still aborning. That is why Debbie is no queen in our domicile and that's why I'm not even a princess! We're just two of mother's four daughters—the middle two. Let us know if you want to come to see us. We'll ask Mother if it's okay.

Debra Paget can now be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Prince Valiant.) **END**

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Be sure to see Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, and Mercury in M-G-M's "The Long, Long Trailer" —coming soon to your favorite theater.

NEW 1954

MERCURY

guy mitchell

(*Continued from page 58*) themselves thinking of this Guy Mitchell as maybe a stranger. That's why, when he had telephoned them to be his guests at the Flamingo hotel in Las Vegas where he was now playing, they were secretly pleased when he also begged them to bring his pony along so he could do some riding. *That* boy, always crazy over horses, they knew well, no matter what you called him!

That's Guy Mitchell, a surprise to most people, even to his own folks—but a pleasant one.

You'd think that a boy who actually broke wild horses to the saddle at the age of fourteen would be a rugged-looking customer by the time he reached his middle twenties. Guy Mitchell is. He stands medium tall, weighs 175 pounds, has a heavy cast to his features and probably the biggest pair of fists in show business. Extraordinary fists which can probably check a horse dead when wrapped around a pair of reins. But the face smiles easily into blond, blue-eyed friendliness and those fists open to become unusually expressive hands when he is singing in a baritone that can boom or croon over a range of two and a half octaves. Most characteristic is a wholehearted impulsiveness about everything he does. When his mother and father got to Las Vegas he not only fell on their necks with joy but had to run back to the trailer and kiss his horse, Scotch Boy, as well.

This combination of outer strength and inner warmth makes for a telling personality when he is before the public. He bounces onto the stage and hits his full singing stride within the first three notes. As an English theatre manager put it: "He works close; he reaches right out from the stage to tap the shoulder of the fellow sitting in the last balcony seat." In his first two movies, *Those Sisters From Seattle* and *Red Garters*, it was quickly decided by his producers to let him be his natural self rather than make him conform to any specifications of the writers or directors. Even when he is not seen, but just heard, as in his recordings, most of his personality comes through in his voice. "He sings inside of you," the song experts say when talking about his style.

Guy's first real taste of success came only three years ago when he recorded "My Heart Cries For You," his sixth platter for Columbia Records. It has sold almost two million copies. Since then, with such hits as "Sparrow In The Tree Top," "The Roving Kind," "My Truly, Truly Fair," "Feet Up, Pat Him On The Po-Po" and "She Wears A Red Feather," the cumulative sales of his records have reached the ten million mark. Figures of this kind, including the multi-thousand dollar salaries he receives today for his radio, TV, theatre and nightclub appearances still awe him. He wants nothing to do with the business end of his work; the figures mentioned in the checks and contracts are always for amounts of money which convey little meaning to him. After all, just before he made good as a recording artist his income was in the sub-low brackets; he used to find it difficult to pay a New York landlady who asked only $5 a week for her room. She would be sad for months about him, generally two months' worth of sadness or $40 in back rent.

When he was in New York his only income came from making demonstration records for songwriters who nowadays prefer to submit their compositions to music publishers in this form. Guy made his

He's the quiet kind you suspect is really a Man of Mystery—

MR. TRACY: KEENER THAN MOST PERSONS

World War II gave him a break when leading-man shortages let him get the girl!

■ Funny thing about Spencer Tracy. He's made more big, quality motion pictures than any other star in Hollywood. Yet in the last decade, practically no lengthy stories about him have appeared in the magazines.

Tracy, with his practiced understatement, says, "I lead a quiet, simple life."

Known to directors as "the quiet type of lover" or "the kind of husband most women want their husbands to be," Tracy's favorite home is his San Fernando Valley ranch.

When he is working, he keeps an apartment in a Beverly Hills hotel convenient to MGM. He gets up at five A.M. and with the help of a pot of black coffee he goes over the day's dialogue. He is on the set by eight-thirty, ready for work and sore at players who turn up late.

His heart is as soft as custard. His ranch is stocked with horses, turkeys, hunting dogs, and two or three polo ponies. The horses never race. No one ever kills the turkeys because Spencer likes them for pets. The dogs haven't hunted for years, and the polo ponies haven't seen a mallet since Tracy gave up the game before the war.

He loves to worry. He insists that his last role was always "my worst. I did a really lousy job." He has said this so many times, even about *Captains Courageous* and *Boys Town*, his two Academy Award winners, that no one pays attention to him any more.

After he finished a picture, he used to drive up the coast highway, park his car, and do a little painting. "It's good, nerve-soothing occupational therapy," he used to say.

The last few years, however, he has left for Europe upon completion of films. He has a son, John, and an eighteen-year-old daughter, Susie, who looks very much like him.

He is with them practically any night he's in town. He usually takes them to dinner at Chasen's or Romanoff's in Hollywood.

He began his acting career almost thirty years ago and he has never been out of work for more than two consecutive weeks.

When he first came to MGM, he was placed in a series of films in which the other fellow always got the girl, "the other fellow" usually being Clark Gable. Tracy wasn't handsome enough to sweep a beautiful woman off her feet, they said.

During World War II, however, when most of the lovers had gone to war, Tracy tried their parts.

In *Cass Timberlane* he snatched Lana Turner. In *State Of The Union* he won Katharine Hepburn, and as a Romeo, he's still winning, although he is now fifty-three years old.

His hair may be white and his weather-beaten Irish face lined and he may be as he says, "on the verge of retirement," but he generates enough quiet sex appeal to make him one of the most reliable box office attractions in the country.

headquarters on the sidewalk in front of the publishers' offices on Broadway and you could get him to sing for five dollars a song—less, if you cared to bargain. One afternoon he cut his regular rate to help an impecunious songwriter with a novelty tune. The writer sold the song and it became one of the biggest hits in the history of popular songs. It was "Rudolph, The Red-nosed Reindeer." The writer made a small fortune out of it. So did almost every artist identified with it. Guy, the first man ever to sing it, got two dollars for his efforts, and as he says, "I could use the money, too."

Guy, whose folks are Yugoslavian, was born twenty-seven years ago in Detroit on Washington's Birthday, but he has been caught telling lies in his time. His mother was the victim of one of his biggest fibs. While attending Mission High School in San Francisco after his family came west he would come home day after day with various injuries—skin lacerations, muscular sprains and even suspected concussions. His story was that he sustained all of this damage in football practice. The truth, as she found out years later, was that he had taken up bronco busting.

He was spending his spare time at the local stockyards, helping the cowboys in their corral work and trying to ride the wild horses which were occasionally shipped in. As Guy's skill grew, he seriously decided to take up rodeo riding.

He was only fourteen when he spent $25 for an outlaw colt headed for the glue works because nobody could break it to the saddle. A month later he was able to sell it for $100. It was a well-behaved animal, amenable to final training. That summer and the next he found cowpoke work on ranches in the San Joaquin Valley.

Guy lied to his mother because the family had agreed that his destiny was singing. Whenever there was a spare dollar or two it was used to pay for singing lessons. This didn't bring much training because spare dollars were rare, but the idea was there. He knew his parents wouldn't consider it a bit sporting of him to go around courting a broken neck with his horse wrangling.

But he could not stop. He had western fever and he still has it. He even apprenticed himself to a saddle-maker when he was in his teens because he loved the feel of leather. He still makes all his own riding gear. Playing anywhere in the west he will usually be seen sporting riding garb. If he happens to be missing in a new town his road manager, Marty Horstman, checks saddle and leather stores first. Invariably, he finds Guy at one of them. That little ranch he bought for his parents in Tarzana is not the last land transaction Guy plans; there will be another one some day, in Nevada probably, and it will be for a real cattle outfit, he says.

Guy's family moved from Detroit to California when he was eleven, living in Los Angeles for a year before going on to San Francisco. At that time Guy's singing, overheard by a scout while he was riding on a Greyhound bus, won him a grooming contract at Warner Brothers Studio and regular singing assignments at the studio's radio station KFWB in Hollywood. Nothing came of this nor of subsequent radio work as a singer in San Francisco with Dude Martin on his KYA and KGO radio shows. Guy left Dude to join the Navy in 1945 and returned to Dude in 1947 feeling that nothing was any different except the feel of a horse—he hadn't been on one for sixteen months. He decided he could never stay away from horseflesh this long again. During his tour of England, playing London and the provinces, one of his manager's principal duties was to hire horses and bring them to the stage door. Guy hadn't the time to go riding but at least he wanted the satisfaction of sitting a mount once in a while. When there were no horses to be had the manager appealed to mounted policemen for their co-operation. They would always understand and plod their steeds to the stage door to dismount and let Guy climb on.

Late in 1947 Guy switched from Dude Martin to Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra as a male vocalist. The next summer when Carmen's outfit went to New York for its annual engagement at the Astor hotel, a date Guy had been looking forward to all year, he had a serious attack of laryngitis and a bad case of ptomaine poisoning. Cavallaro gave him two weeks' salary and a plane ticket home to San Francisco for a rest. Guy cashed in the ticket, and with a total bankroll of more than $500 figured he had enough to invade the sanctums of those who control the music world and prove to them that he deserved their support. For a long time he got no closer than the busy curb outside their offices.

There were moments of glory. One night, while singing in a small night club, a $50 bill was thrown at him by a customer. In the fall of 1949 he placed first on an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout Show. This seemed to impress nobody and he was soon back at his sidewalk stand.

One day a tunesmith named Ned Washington asked Guy to make a demonstration record of a song called "My Foolish Heart." It was accepted for publication by Eddie Joy, vice-president of the Santly-Joy company, who liked Guy's voice and wanted to meet him. Joy also manages singers and is credited with master-minding Mindy Carson to top recognition. He placed Guy under personal contract and told him to study the leading vocalists for guidance toward achieving a warmer and more personal style of singing.

Joy obtained the Columbia Records contract for Guy and his career really got under way when "My Heart Cries For You" began tear-jerking buyers into the record stores at the rate of a quarter million a month. Guy, who was still faithfully trying to figure out what a successful singer did to a song to make it a hit, was told he could stop now; all he had to do was sing like Guy Mitchell.

If you are a young American citizen, male, who can sing like an angel and ride like the devil, you might as well start house hunting in Hollywood—you'll be out there sooner or later. Guy's records caused talk and the talk got to the ears of talent heads at Paramount Studios. Both of his pictures

What's eating you?

No, we're not being belligerent . . . we just want to know. Do you have a mad on—or a crush? Who do you think should get bigger roles, more publicity, better breaks? Whether you're in the mood for bestowing bouquets or giving vent to your gripes, we'd like to hear about it. So fill out the form below as soon as you have read this March issue of MODERN SCREEN. Then mail it to us at the address given—and do it right away, because we're sending a crisp new one-dollar bill to each of the first hundred people we hear from!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ Out of the Shadows (Suzan Ball)
- ☐ The Lowdown on Hollywood Women
- ☐ They Fight for Each Other (Granger-Simmons)
- ☐ I'm Gonna Quit (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ Still Slugging (Hayward-Barker)
- ☐ The Trouble With Sinatra
- ☐ The Queen and I (Debra Paget-Lisa Gaye)
- ☐ Return from Nowhere (Guy Madison)
- ☐ Living on Wheels (Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz)
- ☐ New Baby—New Happiness (John Derek)
- ☐ Miss Grable Steps Out (Betty Grable-Harry James)
- ☐ What I Learned from Women (Tab Hunter)
- ☐ Crawford Meets the Critics (Joan Crawford)
- ☐ Big Noise From Frisco (Guy Mitchell)
- ☐ Whatever His Purpose (June Allyson)
- ☐ Shellfire (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ I Saw It Happen (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ Mr. Tracy: Keener Than Most Persons (Spencer Tracy)
- ☐ The One That Got Away (Simmons-Mitchum)
- ☐ No Olé for Ava (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Movie Reviews
- ☐ Just for the Records
- ☐ TV Talk

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is..........................

My address is..........................

City ....

Occupation..........I am.....yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

are Technicolor musicals. In *Red Garters* he co-starred with Rosemary Clooney, Joanne Gilbert, Pat Crowley and Gene Barry. The cast of *Those Sisters From Seattle* included Rhonda Fleming, Agnes Moorehead, Teresa Brewer and, again, Gene Barry.

During his months at Paramount he got to know everyone in the studio and had only one unhappy day. This was the afternoon he was handed his new cowboy outfit, made in resplendent white and tan, for his role in *Red Garters*. Strictly a blue jeans man himself, Guy was ill at ease in his new costume. He slunk in and out of doorways and killed time on the set in dark corners.

HIS PARENTS and his younger brother, Donald, who is seventeen, paid him a visit at the studio. They met Bob Hope and afterward Guy thanked him for being so affable with them. "That's all right," said Bob. "You just be nice to my folks when they come. I'm no fool." This, according to those who know Bob, is no mean compliment to Guy's talent and his future, even if it sounded like kidding.

It is fairly certain that for the next few years he is going to be a busy boy; he is one of the most solidly booked entertainers in the world, and in every medium of show business. Working so steadily and with so many different kinds of performers has extended Guy's talents. He used to confine his work to singing. Now he has added some dance steps, does nice things with a guitar and has developed an easy, conversational relationship with his audiences. There may be more to come. He has been caught practicing tumbling tricks, acrobatics and bouncing about on a trampolene like a circus clown.

His only serious illnesses occurred before he was seven years old when he had pneumonia a couple of times. Since then his health has been perfect. He can sleep up to fourteen hours a night, preferably on what he calls a "basketball court"—two three-quarter beds shoved together. He likes to read, but because he hasn't much time he reads only best sellers. He insists that he was a good student in school but his mother remembers him as "just a passing one." He was a half credit short when he left Mission High School in San Francisco. He recently went back there and sang for the students in the assembly hall. Afterward, principal Alvin C. Morse awarded him the missing half credit.

In October, 1952, he married Jackie Loughery who was Miss U.S.A. in the annual Miss Universe contest at Long Beach, California. The cast and crew of *Those Sisters From Seattle* gave a surprise luncheon for the couple at Paramount on their six months wedding anniversary. Five months later they had separated. Jackie is suing for separate maintenance, charging cruelty. Guy has said, "I want to be married. I want children. When I get my ranch my life won't be complete until I have a wife and children on it." **END**

I'm gonna quit

(*Continued from page 37*) apartment house?" he suggested. "Why don't you buy some real estate?"

"That's not for me," Dale said. "Whatever money I've got saved up, I reckon I'll put it in this Everlast setup. I like the looks of the place. I've talked to the chemist down there. We can turn out some wonderful products, products the country needs."

Other friends listening to Dale told him he was nuts. "Look," advised one, "it's only been a year or so that you've been earning a thousand bucks a week. Why

Fabulous fashion for '54: Chandelier earrings, tipped with crystal raindrops

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don't you invest that dough in blue chip stocks? This manufacturing business is too risky."

Robertson had heard that kind of talk before. After World War II when he returned to Oklahoma City and told people he was going to try his hand in Hollywood, they gave him the same routine. Too risky, you'll spend all your money.

Dale drove out to filmland. It was plenty rough before he got his break. "But once I made it," he recalls, "they all became back-slappers. 'Knew you'd make it, boy.'

"Same with this Everlast thing. We're turning out an innertube rubber coating, makes the tires on your car absolutely puncture proof. You squeeze the stuff into your tire tubes. They do it for you at filling stations. Costs $2.50 a tire. An' for ten bucks you've got yourself four puncture-proof tires. It's a good deal.

"We've been selling the compound all over the country. Safety Seal. It's our own secret formula. And we've been in the black since we got under way.

"Funny thing. All these folks telling me I was plumb crazy, now they're coming around. 'Dale boy,' they're saying. 'How about buying in with you? How about selling some stock?' Nothing doing. There's no stock left. I hocked myself to get things going. Now I reckon I'll just sit back a bit and see what goes.

"In this company of mine, we got lots of plans. We propose to turn out a special hand lotion for secretaries. Then we got a face cream. We got big plans but we're moving slow. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but I'm getting as big a kick out of this business as acting in films."

The thirty-year-old Oklahoman explained that acting was pleasant and exciting. He was grateful for the opportunity.

"Only thing about it," he pointed out, "is there ain't no one can tell you how long you gonna last."

When Dale was first signed at 20th Century-Fox some of his fellow employees were Linda Darnell, Anne Baxter, Betty Grable, Joanne Dru, Bill Lundigan, June Haver and Gary Merrill. Today, for one reason or another, they are no longer there.

Early this year when Robertson's contract came up for renewal, it was touch-and-go whether or not his option would be picked up, despite the fact that for the last three years he has been ranked one, two, three in fan mail popularity. He began to look for additional income.

He had met a chemist, an elderly European, who said he had worked out formulae for many salable products. Dale decided to do some careful investigation.

It all seemed very complicated and anyone else might have dropped the whole thing to concentrate on acting.

After all, he did have a good job. He did have to report to the studio and he did have to learn his lines. Could he possibly do two jobs well at the same time?

But then he decided as did others such as Bing Crosby, that every star should have a financial pillow to weather bad times. His friend Betty Grable had her Baby-J ranch with seven race horses, three of which, Big Noise, Laughin' Louie, and James Session, have won more than $150,000 in prize money. What did Dale Robertson have?

"The answer," Dale says, "was nothing. So I decided to get me into something just the way all the smart money men have done. I got me into Everlast Laboratories.

"I brought my brother Chet out from Oklahoma, hired my old buddies, and we went to work." Dale's factory in West Los Angeles is a fairly large plant. It employs twenty-odd people and it is growing.

One of the employees who prefers to remain nameless, says, "I've worked for an awful lot of men in my time, but I've never worked for anyone like Dale Robertson. He's a new breed of boss. You can knock off at three or four in the afternoon. He doesn't care just so long as the work is done.

"He wants you to get that work done, and if you can do your job in three or four hours that's fine with him. You'll do anything for a boss like that. He's a regular guy. I'm telling you Mr. Robertson is going to be a big success in business. He's a man of his word. When he tells you something, that's it.

"He himself keeps strange hours. Comes in ten or ten-thirty; sometimes doesn't come in at all when he's working in a movie. But the work gets done.

"He's got a big office with all the trimmings but I've never seen him wear a tie yet. First president of a company I've seen without a tie. Doesn't mind working with his hands either. He's loaded the truck. He's run the canning machinery. He's done everything."

How does Dale's wife, Jacqueline, feel about her husband's business venture? The Robertsons still live in a $52-per-month G.I. tract house.

Her friends say that Jackie deserves better. "After all, she was accustomed to a much better standard of living as a single girl. Her father is Sering Dunham Wilson, of the social Philadelphia Wilsons and her mother is Fairy Burney, the actress. Jackie was born in Paris, brought up in Princeton, and sent to private schools.

"I wouldn't say that she married beneath her, exactly, but I would say that now that Dale is making some good money, he should have moved his family into a more comfortable home. Instead he takes everything and plunges it into this business. After all, he is making a thousand dollars a week. If he were my husband, I'd demand a higher scale of living."

But Jackie Robertson is not the sort of wife who makes demands.

Her faith in Dale is limitless. He is not an easy man to live with; he tends to be moody, opinionated, and a little spoiled. But Jackie is very much in love with him, and now that she understands what makes him tick, they have made a satisfactory marital adjustment.

Dale Robertson does not come out of the mould that usually makes an actor. He is no self-centered exhibitionist. He is a man who loves the outdoors and a great deal of action. He likes to work with his hands as well as with his mind. He knows his first responsibility is his family.

He likes being an actor but he dreads being a "has-been" actor at forty.

When Rochelle grows up and people ask what her dad does for a living, Dale doesn't want her to stammer and pause and finally say, "Well, my father used to be a movie star."

He'd much rather have her say something about the old man not only having been a great movie star, but also president of Everlast Laboratories.

"Reckon that's why I'm beating out my brains," he explains, "holding down two jobs at once." END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6, 7, 8, 9, 10—Beerman, Parry; 19—Universal, Beerman, Parry; 28—Parry; 31, 32, 33—Beerman, Parry, 20th Century-Fox; 34—INP; 38—Engstad, Beerman, Parry; 40, 41—INP, Nogueras; 42, 43—Beerman, Parry, Universal; 44, 45—Warner Bros., Beerman, Parry; 46, 47, 48, 49—Beerman, Parry; 50, 51—Beerman, Parry; 52, 53—Beerman, Parry; 54, 55—Globe, Beerman, Parry, Snyder; 56—MGM; 58, 59—Desert Sea News Bureau, Paramount; 60—Beerman, Parry; 67—Arch.

return from nowhere

(*Continued from page 44*) new actor.' The Selznick studio immediately went into action, giving the youngster a class A (colossal) publicity buildup.

If they weren't prepared for such an overnight sensation, neither was Guy. He had never given acting a thought and knew nothing about it. He had thought he might go into forestry after the war. And here he was, suddenly made a star by public pressure, and soon afterward bumped into a leading role opposite Dorothy Maguire in *Till The End Of Time*. It was a frightening experience for him, shouldering half the responsibility of a top budget picture along with a star of experience and magnitude. He knew that he was becoming the butt of jokes around town. 'As good as Guy Madison' became a standard gag, and Guy tried to shrug it off. "What am I supposed to do?" he asked. "If they want to give me the work and pay me the money, I'd be crazy to turn it down."

DESPITE his wooden performances his popularity increased, and along with Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson, Guy became the idol of the teen-agers. He had hit the movies at the right moment. Most of Hollywood's actors were away in the service, and those who weren't needed 4-F papers to excuse themselves for being loose. Guy was *in* the service, and therefore a double-dyed hero. He was exceedingly good looking, and twenty-one, a proper age for the adulation of girls whose lives were so empty of young men.

He was loaned to RKO to make *Till The End Of Time* following his discharge from the Navy, and then to make *Honeymoon* with Shirley Temple. Selznick never used him in a picture after his brief appearance in *Since You Went Away*, but instead cashed in on him as a popular property. Possibly Selznick knew how unprepared Guy was for starring roles and preferred to let other producers take the chance. At any rate, Guy was released in 1947 from his Selznick contract. On his own, he found that the going was not easy. Producers had seen him struggling with his lines and concluded that Guy Madison was, after all, only a flash in the pan.

Guy had mixed emotions about it all. He figured the publicity was still heavy enough to insure future movie roles, but if anything drastic happened, he thought, he could always go into commercial fishing. He hadn't asked to be let in, and now if they wanted to let him out, he could find something else to do. But in his heart he wanted the movies to be his livelihood, and braced with optimism, he married Gail Russell in July, 1949, after a courtship of three years. That the two were deeply in love no one doubted but in April of the following year they had their first spat. There was an argument at a party, after which Gail moved to an apartment and Guy went hunting. "He always goes hunting when he wants to think," she said when they were back together again. The rift lasted only a short time, but it was the first indication that all was not well with their marriage.

At that time, Guy had been a year without work, and shortly afterward Gail asked to be released from her contract with Paramount. Gail never wanted to be an actress, any more than Guy wanted to be an actor. Her sultry beauty had been discovered while she was in high school in nearby Santa Monica, and she had been booted to stardom, much as Guy had. Both of them, but especially Gail, lacked self-confidence. After years of leading roles she left Paramount. It was a

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move that helped their marriage. But Guy wasn't doing well. He did theatre work around the country and made a few pictures for independent producers, notably *Red Snow* and *Drums In The Deep South,* but without the backing of a major studio these films were scarcely noticed.

In 1950 a pilot test film was made of *Wild Bill Hickok,* with Guy in the title role. The series was planned for television, but as is true with every TV program, it took time, and lots of it, to find a sponsor. Because the show might be sold at any time, Guy couldn't make other commitments, and the doldrums made a lean and hungry period of waiting.

Ironically, this was the period during which Guy, for the first time since finding himself within the gates of Hollywood, had confidence in his own ability. During the years of erratic employment he had been working with dramatic coach Eda Edson, who after talking with him two hours gave him his cue. Guy was not an actor, per se, but he had the makings of an excellent performer. And so Miss Edson told him, "To thine own self be true." That was a valuable bit of advice for Mr. Madison. He began to realize that if he felt out of place wearing a tuxedo in real life, he would be unconvincing in a tuxedo on the screen. He learned that if he wanted to be a success in Hollywood or in the theatre, he must seek out roles he could understand, parts in which he could react naturally. It is a method that has paid off handsomely with many of Hollywood's top performers—John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Esther Williams—the list is endless. Guy had his cue, at last, and chafed with impatience for the chance to prove himself to his former critics.

When Gail went home from Paramount to be Mrs. Madison, the budget was taut. Guy's income was sporadic, yet his new confidence gave him the courage to hang on and wait and hope.

Perhaps all would have worked out had it not been for Gail's tragic addiction to drinking. It was a habit brought on from long years of insecurity and a childhood that left much to be desired. Gail was, and still is, one of the best-liked girls in town, and her friends have understood the fact that she was a sick girl much in need of help. Modern medicine has proved that the alcoholic is not to be blamed, but rather the circumstances which have led him to drink. From those who knew her secret there was no censure, but understanding and sympathy for Gail in her battle to conquer the habit. She tried hard, with Guy at her side to do all in his power for her.

This sort of thing is tough on any marriage. With this friction, their incompatabilities began to show more each day, and soon Hollywood was speculating on how long the marriage would last. No one wanted to see it break up, as both Gail and Guy, despite their retiring manners, were liked and respected even in the extrovert town of Hollywood. People knew they were in love, but there was trouble. Their friends were not surprised when they separated a year ago.

In the time that has since passed, they have remained the best of friends. This is a speech worn thin by Hollywood divorcees, but it is true of the Madisons. They have deep feeling for each other, but they cannot make a go of marriage, and have given up trying. The decision wasn't made without a great deal of effort. Only last August Guy said in one of his rare statements to the press: "I admit I am heartsick over our separation, but for various reasons we can't seem to make a go of it. I am still devoted to Gail and anything she needs from me she will always have. I have only appreciation for the wonderful years she made possible. I have no regrets. After all, I'm lucky—I had the chance to experience a strong and honest emotion."

At this writing there is no legal separation but chances are that Guy and Gail will make the situation legal, either by separation or divorce. Whatever happens, there will always be a bond between them, and Guy's continued support of Gail, acting still as a pillar of strength to bolster her extreme insecurity, is one of Hollywood's most admirable stories. Whatever happens, both of them have the respect and good wishes of the whole town.

By the time the Madisons had separated Guy had become known once more to the public, this time through his TV role of Wild Bill Hickok. It had been rolling for a year, and Guy in buckskin was a familiar sight to the kids of America. Many of their mothers, seeing him ride across the screen in their living rooms, remembered the days when they too had been fans, and felt a renewed interest.

The Hickok role brought him his chance for a movie comeback. During the first

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flaring of 3-D fever, Warner Brothers studio planned a batch of these films and one of them, to be called *Charge At Feather River,* was hurriedly prepared for production. The stumbling block was the casting of the leading man. Gary Cooper, John Wayne and many of the screen's outdoor men had been approached but none of them could take the role because of other commitments. Only one week before start of production Warner executive Steve Trilling mentioned the problem at home. His eleven-year-old daughter said, "Why don't you get Wild Bill Hickok?" Trilling took his child's suggestion, and Guy was brought to the studio.

His performance in *Charge At Feather River* surprised everyone, not the least of whom was director Gordon Douglas, whose serious reservation about Guy changed to astonishment. After working with him a few days, Douglas saw to it that the script was strengthened to give full play to Guy's surprising new ease before the cameras. Television experience had made movie work much easier for him, and he stuck to his cue from Eda Edson and acted like Guy Madison would act. It was important, too, that Guy's new job came only two weeks after his split with Gail. To erase his unhappiness he dedicated himself to doing the best job possible, and as a result the press did nip-ups of surprise the night the picture was previewed. As one young fan put it in a letter to Guy, "I have seen all your TV shows plus *Charge At Feather River.* My big sister said she didn't think you could make love until she saw you in that movie. Now she says gee."

Guy's appealing love scenes were only a small part of his charm for his new-found public. They discovered another quality—the lithe, panther-like way he moves. Director Douglas told him, "You give the most beautiful action since Tom Mix," and director David Butler has nicknamed him "The Cat." Women were quick to notice this agility, and the fan letters once more poured in for Guy, this time more than 3000 a week.

His appeal stems from the fact that he is a man's man, and therefore a woman's man, too. He is quiet, not in the shy way of ten years ago, but in the way of a lone wolf. He is the kind of man who gets along more easily with children and animals than people his own age, and greatly prefers conversation with a man to that with a woman. Still ill at ease among strangers, he doesn't talk much when he's with a crowd. Some say Guy wishes he could unbend, but he doesn't know how. He has been known to be closely associated with people for more than two years before they feel they have broken through one small part of the wall that surrounds him.

Without knowing what he is thinking or what makes him tick, they do know he is generous, thoughtful and sincere. He is completely unaffected, deeply sensitive, and has a horror of hurting people's feelings, though he hides the sensitivity and shies away from obvious sentiment.

His thoughtfulness is shown by his refusal to help his brother break into movies. "There are too many people out of work in town," he told Wayne. "If I went in and pitched for you it would only create resentment." Instead, Guy invited his brother to visit him at the studio, and when his directors saw Wayne they put him to work as Chad Mallory.

GUY THINKS nothing of appearance for appearance's sake. He drives a pick-up truck "because it's useful for hunting, and for the rest of the time it takes me where I want to go." He has been criticized for wearing his cowboy clothes around town. "Guy Madison is taking the Wild Bill Hickok thing too seriously," was a typical comment. The reason was that Guy had no other clothes. One afternoon he kept an appointment at a swank restaurant with Louella Parsons. He had come directly from work, wearing a dress cowboy outfit, and somebody said they wished he had taken time to go home and change into street clothes. "I wish I could," said Guy, "but I don't have a suit. I've been too busy to grab time to buy one."

He pals with men who also shun the elegant life of Hollywood—Rory Calhoun, Andy Devine and Howard Hill—with whom Guy often goes hunting with bow and arrow. It remains his chief interest in life, besides his work, and because of these two things Guy is seldom home. He lives in a small Westwood apartment which is sparsely furnished. The living room contains only a television set and his archery equipment. He sleeps and showers at home, and sits on the floor to watch television. He eats at the homes of friends or in restaurants and doesn't even make coffee in his kitchen.

He has a new respect for money—"A couple of bad years taught me"—and his way of living allows for a nest egg which he hopes to apply some day to the purchase of a ranch up near Marysville. "Some people spend money on Cadillacs," he says, "but I probably put just as much into hunting. It's more important to me."

Last November he went on a month's hunting trip in Idaho, packing in twenty miles up in the mountains, and except for eight free days in the previous six months, this was his only time off. Guy devotes himself to his work and allows little time for living. Now that he is so earnest about acting, he is showing a surprising understanding of plot, script and dialogue. After reading the script for *The Command,* his

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second film for Warners, he wrote producer David Weisbart a letter which began, "It's been my experience that to come across believably I have to be able to believe that I, personally, could act and react the same way as the character I am playing." He followed with ten suggestions, including long scenes full of dialogue. The studio considered his changes valuable enough to be incorporated into the script.

"I'm not inclined to try sophisticated roles," he says now. "Before, I went too far too fast and had roles beyond my capacity with the result that my work wasn't up to my publicity. I don't go for false publicity. I think it should be angled according to what you're trying to accomplish.

"From now on I'm going to concentrate on Wild Bill Hickok on the radio and TV, plus the movies for Warners, and I'm free to produce one picture a year on my own."

This is a long statement for Guy Madison, but it neatly summarizes his plans. It shows a man who is devoted to his work, certainly through deep interest and careful training and possibly because of heartbreak. The last five years have been full of pain for both Guy and Gail, but out of it all each has found some happiness. Gail is doing what she has always wanted to do; she is using her remarkable artistic talent to illustrate a book. And Guy has come into his own as a performer who, from the look of things, is here to stay, this time. END

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still slugging

(*Continued from page 38*) away but he caught her outside at the edge of the swimming pool and lashed out with a short left jab to the cheek.

Her screams of "No, Jess, no!" and "Somebody, please help me!" aroused the neighborhood. The neighbors called the police. By the time they arrived, Susan's eye had begun to turn black and blue. She looked like a battered passenger emerging from a wrecked car.

Now there are some wives who don't mind an occasional beating. They absorb the punishment as a manifestation of their husband's love. Susan is not this type.

She called her lawyer, Martin Gang.

"This is the end," she wailed, "the end, Martin. He almost killed me. I want you to file for a divorce as soon as possible."

Like all good lawyers, Martin Gang tried to discourage a divorce. Before this, he had recommended that the Barkers consult Dr. Maurice Karpf, a marriage counselor in Beverly Hills.

Susan and Jess had gone to see Dr. Karpf rather regularly. Their problem was a simple one; for Hollywood, an ordinary one. The wife was the breadwinner, and an uncommonly successful one. She was earning $250,000 a year while her husband was earning $500.

This situation would hurt any man's vanity. Jess' ego was suffering badly. While Susan was at work in the studio, he was staying at home and taking care of the children.

In short, their marital positions were reversed. Jess was playing the mother and housekeeper and Susan was playing the dominant wage-earner.

The solution, of course, was for Jess to take any kind of a job that would restore his self-respect and Susan's.

But that brings up the other problem of pride. When Susan and Jess were married they were equally successful movie actors. Although Susan has far outstripped him, professionally, Jess is still an actor.

At thirty-nine, he thinks he is too old to canvass new employment fields. He has no second profession and of course he would have a difficult time finding a job in a field in which he has no training.

Gradually, he began missing his appointments with Dr. Karpf. Then came the fist fight with Susan.

In living with Jess Barker for almost ten years, Susan Hayward was deceiving herself. She must have known that she didn't love her slender, handsome husband.

Susan might have divorced Barker after a short marriage, but the twins came along in the first year and she decided to make the best of what she already considered a mistake. She hoped that things would improve. Instead they got worse.

By 1947 she had decided that life with Jess was impossible. She went to see her attorney, then Kenneth Chantry, and divorce papers were filed. Chantry suggested that Jess and Susan talk things over with Dr. Paul Popenoe, the Institute of Marital Relations counselor.

This advice prevented a divorce but never reached the heart of the Barkers' marital problem, possibly because Susan failed to tell the whole story of their marriage.

Anyway, as Susan's marriage disintegrated, her career reached new heights. In 1947 she was nominated for an Academy Award on the basis of her performance as an alcoholic in *Smashup*. She has always been single-minded about her career and as she achieved more and more prominence, she didn't have much time to worry about her domestic difficulties.

Once those difficulties deteriorated into fist fights, Susan decided that she could not stay with her husband any longer. She filed for divorce, claiming that there was no community property and that Jess was entitled only to visitation rights.

Jess' lawyer, Sam Hahn, countered, "My client is not interested in a divorce. He is thinking of his children. He wants to preserve his marriage. Miss Hayward has no cause for divorce. We want this case to be heard by the conciliation commissioner."

You all know what happened then. Susan agreed to go to the Conciliation Court with Barker but she was adamant about giving up any idea of divorce.

"I just want to be free of him," she said. "There is absolutely no chance of reconciliation. I simply do not love him."

She asked the court for an order forbidding Jess to go near her property or bother her. She also agreed that he might have the two boys every weekend.

After putting her mother in charge of the twins and the house, she flew down to Mexico to star in *Garden Of Evil*.

A few days later, in violation of the court's restraining order, Jess Barker moved back into the house.

According to Mrs. Cleo Miller, the housekeeper, Barker said, "I'm back and I want you to start cooking for me as well as for the boys. Do you understand that?" He demanded to see his sons.

"It's past their bedtime," Cleo told Barker.

"Don't you worry about that," the actor allegedly announced. "I'm the boss."

Barker picked his boys up at the Buckley School one afternoon and didn't bring them home that night. Aggravated and agitated, Mrs. Marrener, Susan's mother, called the lawyers.

Immediately, they filed a show cause order asking that Barker be cited for contempt of court and punished for violating the previous restraining order. It looked as though Jess Barker might go to jail.

Jess explained his violation of the restraining order. "I returned home because I learned that my son Timothy was sick. When I dropped by to see how he was feeling, I found that the person left in charge of the house was not in and the children were not under proper supervision.

"My wife's mother wasn't on the premises when I arrived and she hadn't been at the house for two days.

"I am as fully concerned about my children as any normal and right-thinking parent would be. And I think any parent has a perfect right to be with his children —especially since the other parent is in a foreign country."

Susan was in Mexico unaware of the goings on at home. Her mother and her housekeeper were ordered to appear at the California Superior Court in Burbank for a new battle against Jess Barker.

When Barker, nattily dressed in a brown glen plaid suit, yellow shirt and brown tie and carrying a thick red-bound law book under his arm, showed up in the court lobby with his lawyer, Susan's lawyer engaged them in out-of-court conversation.

"Now, look," he said, addressing himself to Barker's counsel, "you promised the last time that your client would not occupy Miss Hayward's premises. You said he'd stay away. As soon as my client left town, Mr. Barker was back.

"We don't want to get tough, Sam. We don't want to ask the judge to throw Mr. Barker in the jug, but please understand this, Miss Hayward is afraid of her husband. She's afraid that he's going to beat her up. That's why we got a restraining order. We don't want him around."

"We understand that very well," Sam Hahn said. "But there are extenuating circumstances in this case. My client learned that his son was sick. This was an emergency. As an emergency move he went back into the house. He wanted to make sure that his son was taken care of.

"The mother-in-law was supposed to look after the boys. But where was the mother-in-law? Don't forget that Miss Hayward is in Mexico and that these boys are entitled to some parental love and attention."

Susan's lawyer said he realized all that but Barker had been granted visitation rights. Moreover he had the boys every weekend and could take them wherever he liked in California.

"I know," he went on, "that Mr. Barker hasn't been getting on with his mother-in-law, but I don't want to get into that angle of the case. All I can say is that she was in the house when he was there. Mr. Barker wouldn't even let the boys talk to their grandmother. All he would let them say was 'Goodnight, Grandma,' and then they were shooed off to bed.

"I'll tell you what, Sam. We are willing to drop contempt proceedings against Mr. Barker this time, but I'm going to ask for a new restraining order keeping him away from the property and making it mandatory that he obey the temporary custody agreement. We'll drop contempt proceedings, providing you agree as his agent to accept subpoena for any of his violations."

"It's a deal," Sam Hahn said. And then the principals in the case filed into the court room.

Susan's mother, Mrs. Kate Marrener, sat in the front row.

"I just wish," she muttered to a reporter, "that they'd give me a chance to testify. Boy, I could tell them some things. Tried to kill her. Yes, kill her. That's what he did."

"Really wasn't that bad," a reporter said, "was it?"

"Just shows what you know, young man," Mrs. Marrener sniffed. "Fell into a tub of butter. That's what he did. Never had it so easy in his life. My girl going to work every day while he hung around the house. Unnatural, that's what it was.

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And those poor little boys. All mixed up. The Lord knows what ideas he puts into their head.

"He's spent so much time with the boys. He's been mother and father to them. Of course they love him. I came home. The boys were gone. Didn't know where he'd taken them. He'd picked them up at school. I was worried sick. I called the lawyers right away.

"I hope my daughter doesn't hear of this. Think she'd hear down there in Mexico? My poor girl. What a life she's had! Lord knows how long this has been going on, his beating her. Too proud. Too much pride. That's the trouble with her. Tried to keep everything to herself. Should've left him years ago, years ago."

Roy L. Herndon, the presiding judge, entered the courtroom and looked at the calendar. The case of "Barker versus Barker" was called.

Both attorneys stood up and asked the judge for a private conference in his chambers. Jess Barker went with them. After fifteen minutes, they returned to the courtroom.

Barker was given a seat at a desk next to the judge and told to listen carefully.

"Your Honor," began Milton A. Rudin, speaking on behalf of Susan Hayward, "we are prepared to drop contempt proceedings against Mr. Barker at this time, pending two stipulations. We want him to stay away from the premises at all times except when he is calling for his two sons.

"We have agreed, Your Honor, that Mr. Barker is entitled to have custody of his boys from Saturday at ten A.M. until Sunday at six P.M. until such time as a definite custody ruling is made.

"With reference to the Christmas holidays, we agree that Mr. Barker is entitled to pick up the children when the holiday commences on December 18. He is to keep them until ten A.M. Christmas Day. Their mother is flying up from Mexico where she is currently employed on a picture, especially to spend Christmas Day with them. She is to have them until December 27, after which Mr. Barker is to pick them up again and return them when school begins, which I believe is January 4, Your Honor."

The judge turned toward Barker.

"You understand you are restrained and enjoined from occupying the premises?"

"Yes, Your Honor, but I've got my clothes there. I'd like permission to go back there and get them."

At this moment, Mrs. Marrener jumped up and whispered something to Rudin.

"I've been told, Your Honor," Rudin interrupted, "that Mr. Barker's clothes are no longer at the residence. They've been packed and moved to Bekin's Warehouse."

In a second, Barker's little lawyer, Sammy Hahn, was on his feet.

"See, Your Honor," he shouted. "It's the mother-in-law's fault. Right away as soon as my client's back is turned—gone! The clothes are gone. This is pretty unfair, Your Honor. My client is a professional man, needs his clothes. She has no right to move them out. A man's house is his castle. My client is a professional. You see what I mean, Your Honor? This trouble with relatives. Right away the mother-in-law. Who asked her to send his clothes out?"

Opposing counsel grew angry. "Your Honor," he said, "we're not arguing a custody case here. Neither is Miss Hayward's mother on trial. We entered into an agreement with Mr. Hahn to drop contempt proceedings against his client who was definitely violating an existing restraining order. Now, all of a sudden he wants to try my client's mother."

The judge agreed with Susan Hayward's lawyer. "Eventually," he said, "the conduct of relatives will be considered by the court in granting custody of the children. But right now, Mr. Barker, I want to impress upon you the importance of giving complete obedience to the pending court order. You are not to occupy Miss Hayward's premises and you are to have visitation rights with the children only as previously stipulated. This Court will view any violation or breach of that order as a very serious matter and will take suitable action. I want to impress that upon you. Is it understood?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Barker said, "I understand."

"But how about his clothes?" Barker's attorney asked. "How does he get his clothes?"

"After this case is over," Rudin said, "I'll go to the warehouse with Mr. Barker or have someone go with him and see that he gets his clothes. I realize, Mr. Hahn, that he's a professional man."

Jess Barker got his clothes and custody of his twins during the Christmas holidays, and when Susan Hayward found out what had happened during her absence, she saw it as another manifestation of her husband's antagonism.

Unfortunately, the divorce trial is going to be ugly. Susan refuses to give her husband one cent of their community property which comes to about $350,000.

Susan maintains that she made Barker sign a waiver to all his community property rights before they were married. In a deposition given to Miss Hayward's lawyers, Barker says that perhaps he did sign such a document, but he signed it without reading it and without benefit of counsel.

The question arises as to what sort of woman, in love and about to be married, would expect her fiancé to sign such a document.

The Hayward-Barker marriage, according to one friend of the family, "was a mistake to begin with. Susan has paid for that mistake in pain and heartache. Now, she doesn't want to pay for it in money."

The battle rages on. No matter who gets what, the twin boys of this marriage will wind up the losers. In this kind of struggle, it is the innocent children who suffer, always. **END**

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

For Jean and Bob, loan-out oft loses both itself and role.

Jean Simmons lost *Roman Holiday* role to Audrey Hepburn.

Bob Mitchum lost role in *From Here To Eternity* to Burt Lancaster.

■ Two of the most coveted roles of 1953 were Burt Lancaster's role in *From Here To Eternity* and Audrey Hepburn's part in *Roman Holiday*.

These two roles were originally scheduled for Robert Mitchum and Jean Simmons.

Mitchum was sent the script of *Eternity* and was so excited about the part offered him that for two months "I tried to get RKO to loan me out. I called the man in charge of those things every single day for sixty days. I never could get him. I even went to Las Vegas looking for him. No soap. After weeks of waiting for me, Columbia gave up and signed Burt Lancaster. Burt did a bang-up job, just great."

Jean Simmons has a similar story to tell. She was offered the lead in *Roman Holiday* opposite Gregory Peck. The start of the picture was even delayed for her. She was doing nothing at the time, and she begged her own studio to loan her out.

"Sorry," they said, "we have something big coming up for you." It never came, and Audrey Hepburn was signed for the role of the princess.

When the film was released, Jean went to see it, living every moment of it, so well did she know the script. When the screening was over she drove home with her husband, Stewart Granger, and telephoned Audrey Hepburn.

"For weeks," she confessed, "I've wanted to hate you, Audrey. But I couldn't. I've just seen you in the picture, darling, and you were wonderful. I'm glad you got it."

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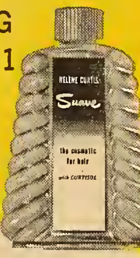

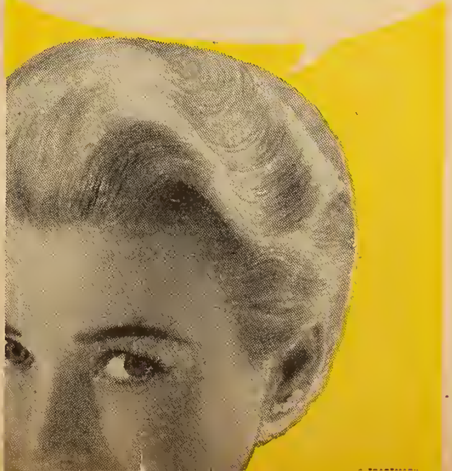

lowdown on hollywood women

(Continued from page 32) this country, and he asked, "What is a *Lana Turner?*" It sounded like a gag and it made the newspapers. But it really wasn't so funny. And what's more, it isn't easy to answer.

If I really intended to expose Hollywood females for Modern Screen, I'd have to explain that a long time ago I was well acquainted with Lana's best friend Zelma, who worked in the studio publicity department. Zelma lived only a few doors from Schwab's drugstore, my real home. And it happened that I had a friend in Zelma's apartment house who shared her telephone party line. It was only natural that while visiting my friend I'd pick up the telephone and find myself in the middle of Zelma's conversations with Lana. Normally, I'm not the sneaky type, but a sort of paralysis would set in, and I couldn't put the telephone receiver down. That's how I happened to learn that Lana was rather fond of a young attorney by the name of Greg Bautzer—and that her mother wasn't. And I got all the news about Judy Garland and the other MGM kiddies they talked about.

So I could tell you what a Lana Turner is. She is a good kid, for one thing. I've seen her pick up the tab often when she was on a date back in the good old days at Sugie's Tropics restaurant. Frequently, her escorts couldn't afford to. I've watched and listened in on her romances with not only Mr. Bautzer, but with Artie Shaw and a few others. Off the record, let me tell you about Lana, Chuck, but don't you go printing it. In her romances, Lana has always been the aggressor, even with that Tarzan fellow who is her husband. When Lana decides she wants a man, she goes out and gets him. One night Lana defended her method, saying, "Ever since Eve chased Adam with an apple, women have pursued men—in a way to make men pursue them." This may be true, but to Lana's misery it generally happened that her pursuit of a man either made him too sure of her or frightened him away, leaving Lana without the love and affection she sought.

Just between us, the majority of Hollywood females suffer from a common malady—the most beautiful of them and the most glamorous became actresses because *they wanted to be loved.* Maybe if you printed that they'd be offended, but it's the truth.

Marilyn Monroe admits it. She told me only recently that she realized the basic reason she became an actress was she was seeking a love she never got from her parents. "I didn't go into movies," Marilyn explained, "to make money. I wanted to become famous so that everyone would like me, and I'd be surrounded with love and affection."

It takes a mighty bright girl to discover a fact like this about herself. On the other hand, dozens of actresses go to psychiatrists to learn that their unhappiness stems from their struggle to find approval in some form—the love of family or the admiration of friends. They learn that their lives are lonely because they depend on applause and the love of an audience to feed their emotional appetites which are hangovers from childhood.

That's why when anyone says an actress is like the girl next door, I want to laugh. No matter how hard they might try to be ordinary, actresses are different. This was brought out in the movie, *All About Eve.* One of the characters had a speech which went something like this: "Once in a while somebody writes an article saying that actors and actresses are just like other people. We're not. It's because we're not that we are actors and actresses."

See what I got into with this little letter trying to explain why I can't do a piece for Modern Screen exposing the Hollywood female? First thing I know you'll be calling me Sigmund Skolsky. Little did I think I'd ever be discussing females in this manner. I like to be with them and prefer their company to that of males.

Besides, most actresses are good talkers. Sometimes, though, I manage to get my word in with these gals. Like the time I told Ava Gardner not to worry, she'd be a big movie star. A fellow wouldn't have had to be very bright to predict this, but in Hollywood such a forecast will make you a genius and get you a friend for life.

I gave Ava this pearl of wisdom while she was a nobody divorcing Mickey Rooney. Ava lived over on Fountain Avenue, also close by my residence at Schwab's drugstore, with her friend, Peggy Maley. Now, there's a character! Peggy is the blonde, you remember, who made the front pages a few years ago when she toured Buckingham Palace and stepped out of line to have herself photographed sitting on the throne. Peggy is featured in Marlon Brando's new film *The Wild One* and could provide plenty of copy.

Well, Ava had a stock contract at MGM at the time and was actually afraid that the studio would keep her only so another studio wouldn't cash in on the Mickey Rooney name. She was a scared chick. I used to go over to her place, sit on the floor and play gin rummy until the early hours of the morning. I'd listen to her, look at her and blitz her.

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Ava has much in common with Lana. They're very buddy-buddy. Their taste in men is often alike, and they both go after what they want when shopping for emotional response in men. The difference is that after Ava makes her conquest, that's it until the roof falls in. The fun for her is in the chase, after which she becomes almost a peasant-type, one-man woman, and puts up with an almost endless amount of grief before she will admit the failure of a romance or a marriage.

Lana and Ava are both ex-wives of Artie Shaw. As if this didn't give them enough in common, Lana, you recall, went with Frank Sinatra for about a verse and two choruses. Ava's marriage to Artie Shaw was a real jam session. Artie was always urging her to read a book, smarten up. Then, late one afternoon, Artie returned to their apartment and found Ava proudly curled up with a real book, *Forever Amber*. Artie grabbed it from her, hurled it across the room and shouted, "How can you read such junk?"

Artie's next wife was Kathleen Winsor, the author of *Forever Amber*. A few years later, Ava told me that the incident, coupled with Artie's marriage, helped her to regain her composure after the shattering effect of their divorce.

Of course Ava went right on to stardom, which makes me a great man with a crystal ball. She had some other romances, climaxed by her marriage to Frankie Sinatra. You'll have to admit, Chuck, that in her latest breakup with Frankie she has conducted herself in a fashion that approaches real dignity and maturity.

It happens that I was present and a participant, so to speak, with Adlai Stevenson in the first makeup after the first breakup of the Sinatra-Gardner marriage. Ava adores Stevenson's blue eyes and wouldn't stay away from the big political rally, even though she knew Frankie, who was campaigning for Adlai, would be there. Ava gave me the story. I was there when she kissed and made up with Frankie. She also kissed me, and I want to tell you that no actress in Hollywood kisses as hard as Ava. It has the impact of a truck backing into you, and with her, non-smear lipstick smears.

As editor of Modern Screen, Chuck, you have been around actresses for a long time, too, but you aren't on hand every day to watch them struggle. Statistics and even honest stories in your magazine can't record the real sweat and tears the effort to stay on top takes from these girls with the angel faces.

How many times have I heard a young unknown actress say she should play the leading role in a current best-selling novel? "I'm the girl!" she declares, and she probably is right. "The author had me in mind when he wrote it." She sincerely believes this, aware of the fact that you know she has never met the author.

I've sat in theatres and watched movies with many struggling actresses and heard them wish they were up there on the screen in the role. When Shelley Winters was a nobody I went to a movie with her. She suddenly pinched me and exclaimed indignantly, "I belong up there! I can play that part better than she does. But nobody will give me a chance!"

That was true at the time, but I knew nothing could stop Shelley. It would be easier to stop Niagara Falls. There is no possible way to halt the drive, determination and singleness of purpose in a Shelley Winters. Sadly, too, there is nothing to be done about the unhappy private lives of these sexy volcanoes while they are in the midst of their struggles. They know what they want and go after it, while at the same time their inner beings struggle desperately to stay normal. Observing these battles, you have a feeling that you should run for the hills. A lot of men don't, and they get hurt.

No matter how many people put Shelley on the pan, I always wait to hear Shelley's side of the story. Mind you, I don't always say she's right. But for the most part, I buy Shelley. Most actresses are over-age children. They are using the screen to show themselves off, using their dramatic ability to hold attention and win approval. Shelley made her first appearance when she was five years old, and it was right in line with her present kind of behavior.

She was taken by her mother to see a vaudeville show in St. Louis. The main act featured an amateur contest. Shelley watched several of the performers and then whispered an excuse to her ma. In a matter of minutes Shelley's mother was watching her daughter on stage in the amateur contest, singing Shirley Temple's "On The Good Ship Lollypop." She finished a chorus, then put her hands on her little hips and yelped to the orchestra leader, "Can't you play it faster?" He did and she romped through another chorus. Then she took her bow and before the applause could die down she was onstage singing some more. They had to give Shelley a prize to get rid of her. "That taught me something," Shelley told me. "The louder you do a thing, the better it pays off." And the only thing in Hollywood that is louder than Shelley is a pair of Van Johnson's socks.

Now, on the private life side, let me tell you what goes with Shelley. Once, long before she had even heard of Vittorio Gassman, whom she married, she went on a date with a fellow by the name of John Hudson who had just come to Hollywood to do his first movie. I joined them in a booth at Googie's restaurant, along with Director Jerry Epstein. All of a sudden, a stranger in a nearby booth began to make disparaging cracks about Shelley, both as an actress and as a person. We all ignored the fellow up to a point. When he went past it, Jerry said to him, "Why don't you keep quiet?"

This was all the guy needed. He hauled off and punched Jerry in the nose and then picked up a table knife. Johnny Hudson stepped in with his face carefully averted because he didn't want his career ruined before it started. It was a comic sight and I had to laugh. The knives at Googie's would have a tough time cutting butter.

After it was all over, Shelley invited us to her hilltop house where she gave Jerry a glass of wine to calm his nerves. After that she sat on the floor and proceeded to demonstrate how she had played the role of Billie Dawn in *Born Yesterday* in summer stock. Mr. Hudson read the leading man's part and the party broke up around four in the morning.

When I woke up in my own bed around noon, I reached for the morning newspapers and there was a full front-page story with all the details. An unknown assailant had pulled a knife on Shelley. So I called her and asked if she had seen the papers. Had she *seen* them? She had given out the story before she went to sleep! She honestly believes that the worst thing in the world is a secret about Shelley Winters.

On the other hand, Chuck, you editors of Modern Screen have had plenty of experience with the exceptions among actresses. You recall the time your photographers went over to Elizabeth Taylor's house and managed to put a sweater on her while an editor kept mama upstairs engaged in conversation. And how Liz, who had not yet experienced her first romance turned to photographer Bob Beerman and said, taking a deep breath and filling out the sweater, "What sort of an expression do you want on my face—like I'm waiting for time to go by?" That should have been the tip-off right then. Liz was and is more interested in her personal emotional life than she is in being a big movie star. Maybe she'll change, but I doubt it.

WOMEN seldom change from the form into which they are molded in the beginning. Take Terry Moore. She told me: "Ever since I was four years old I have wanted to be an actress. Like some girls want to marry a millionaire, I wanted to be a movie star. Not for money and not for love. I did it because I wanted to express myself. I've got all the love I can use in my young life."

And how this young lady expresses herself! She believes not only that one picture is worth a thousand words, but she believes that one sexy picture is worth thousands of words in a movie contract. Terry started out by playing sweet little girls, but she didn't really get anywhere until she turned sexy. This got her the role in *Come Back, Little Sheba,* and an Academy Award nomination. When people commented on how she changed by acquiring sex appeal, Terry replied, "I've always been the same. I guess it's just how you sell it."

To draw a significant comparison, Terry works as hard as Shelley Winters at the career game, but without being as bombastic, and by curbing the frankness which can get a girl in a jam. Terry hears about new pictures before they are written; she visits producers and directors and flatters them. She can call every photographer covering night clubs by his first name. Terry is hep. She's not afraid to argue with a reporter, but she will always leave him loving her.

Not long ago, I asked Terry if she'd give up her career for marriage. She looked at me as though I'd said something obscene. She explained that today's woman can mix marriage and a career successfully, and that if a man truly loved her he wouldn't want her to stop acting. "I want," she said blandly, "to be swept off my feet by a man I can dominate!"

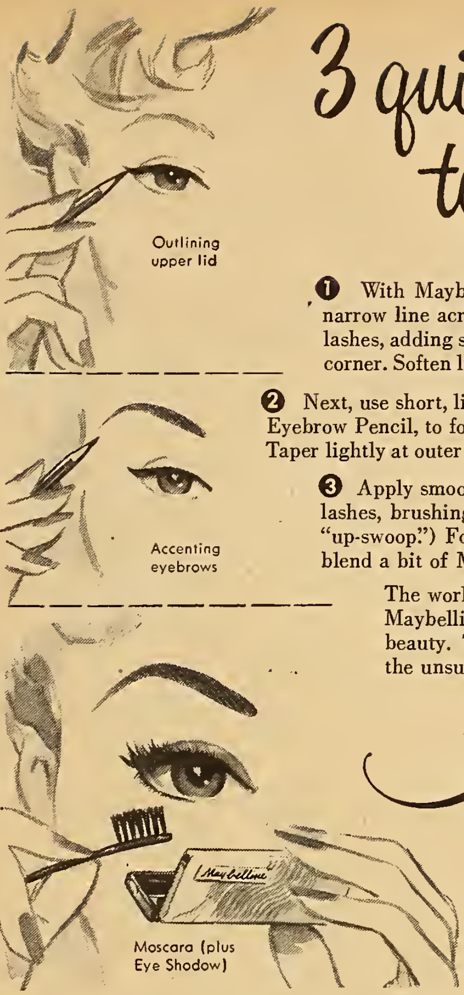
YET, WITH ALL this concentration on self, Terry can take a look around at her sister stars and admit that they have class, too. "Little Debbie Reynolds," she says, "is one of my best friends, if not my best. And I admire the way she usually gets what she wants. She is a born leader. She was a leader in the Girl Scouts, and she is a leader now. When our crowd gets together, we find ourselves going *where* and doing *what* Debbie suggests."

I told Terry I had never suspected this of Debbie. "Of course not," Terry retorted. "That's why it's so wonderful. Debbie's ambition is looked upon as enthusiasm, pep, youthfulness. I've often told Debbie I wished I had her qualities."

I could hardly keep from smiling, listening to Terry on this "youth" bit. She went on to tell me that Debbie knows exactly what she wants, professionally. She said that Debbie's goal is to become another Lucille Ball. "And that Debbie won't miss," Terry continued. "She's a strong character. Once she wanted to go to a première real bad. Bob Wagner had phoned her to invite her that very afternoon. But as much as Debbie wanted to go, as much as it meant to her, she turned Bob down to teach him a lesson for calling so late. I admire her for it. I couldn't have done it."

You see the type of stories I'm liable to start telling if I ever do a piece for you exposing the Hollywood Female. Mr.

3 quick tricks to eye beauty



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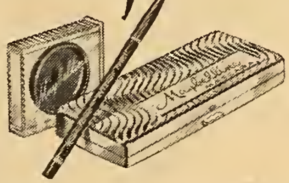

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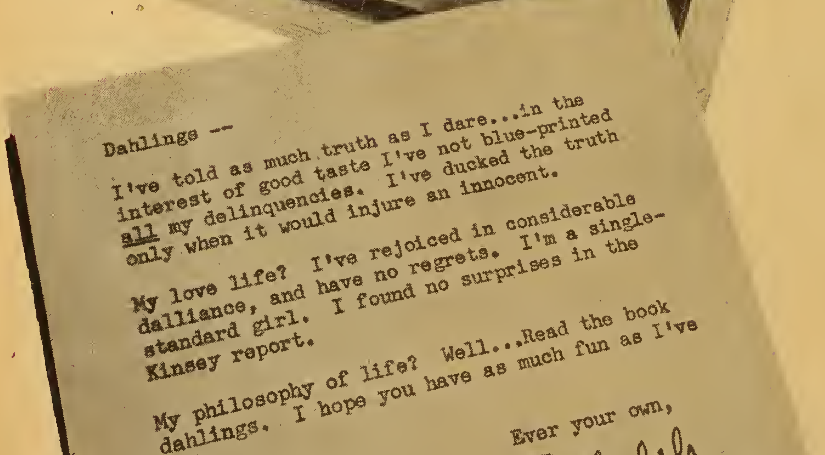

Dahlings --

I've told as much truth as I dare...in the interest of good taste I've not blue-printed all my delinquencies. I've ducked the truth only when it would injure an innocent.

My love life? I've rejoiced in considerable dalliance, and have no regrets. I'm a single-standard girl. I found no surprises in the Kinsey report.

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Editor? While I'm at it, let me ask you another question. You've been to Hollywood, Chuck. Did you ever try to romance a movie actress? (If your wife is looking over your shoulder, don't answer that.) If you have tried, you probably understand why so many movie romances don't last. You understand the behavior of a Jane Powell or a Rita Hayworth.

This is what a man is up against when he starts a romance with any actress, from Debbie Reynolds to Joan Crawford. The minute an actress comes to the studio, she is pampered and catered to. No queen in history ever had it so good as a movie queen. There's a wardrobe woman to hand her all her clothes. There's a make-up man to powder her face. There's an assistant director to run and get her a container of coffee, somebody else to answer her telephone. The director is courteous no matter how sore he might have been about yesterday's temperament, and these are only the heads of the big parade of people who start to compliment her at seven in the morning and don't stop until six in the evening.

It's pretty tough, as a result, for a movie queen to go home and be treated like a civilian. The gal's got to be supremely well-adjusted and smarter than a psychiatrist to pull the big switch and start bowing down to just one lone male to whom she happens to be married.

Sooner or later that male ego is going to explode and then there's real trouble. But how can you hold the interest of an Elaine Stewart, for instance, when she's used to seeing herself on the screen five times as big as she really is? No offense to Elaine. She can't help it. She's going to be even bigger. So are a lot of others. With CinemaScope they're all going to be bigger than ever and maybe even more difficult to get along with.

Now, you take our girl Marilyn Monroe. I include you in this, Chuck, because of the cover picture of her that you requested for this issue of Modern Screen. As you suggested, I asked her if she'd pose for it and she was pleased. I even went over to the gallery to watch the job being done.

The posing started at twelve-thirty and was still going on at a little past four P.M. when I left. I was tired just from watching. Maybe your readers would like to know that when you see a photograph of Marilyn or any other actress on a cover it isn't just a case of "hold it, honey" and "thank you very much—that's all." To illustrate, Marilyn brought along her favorite hairdresser, Gladys, and her own make-up man, Whitey. She wanted to look her best and these efficient people understand her. Marilyn made several costume changes to get exactly the right pose for Modern Screen's cover and when I told her I never realized how much trouble a thing like this was, she said, "I act when I'm posing. Just as hard as I do when I'm playing a role in front of a movie camera. I think of something for each pose so I'll have the right expression." (I don't know what she was thinking of for this cover, but *wow!*)

I know what Marilyn said is true. When Marilyn is making a picture, she doesn't care to go out. She often forgets to eat and she completely forgets such practical things as time and money. She is almost in a trance. Let me give you a for instance:

She telephoned Schwab's to send over some toothpaste, face cream, etc. By the time the boy arrived, Marilyn had forgotten all about it. She was surprised to see him, but she took the package, looked at the bill which amounted to $7.95 and said, "Wait a minute, I'll give you a check."

When the delivery boy returned to the store, Leon Schwab looked at the check and said to him, "What's this? The tab is $7.95 and the check is for $2.50. What happened?"

The boy said, "I'm sorry. I never looked at the check. I couldn't take my eyes off Miss Monroe."

So he had to go back for another look and another check. Marilyn told me that when all this happened she was reading a new script and there was a line in it about two dollars and fifty cents. So she wrote the check out for that amount, naturally.

She just never wants to get out of her dream world. And this place called Hollywood is a dream world for the girls who come here and for those who don't. It will always be that way in spite of the nightmares most of our Hollywood females go through, sooner or later, even though these nightmares are public gossip.

Need I say more, Chuck? I hope that you will finally get it through your head that I would rather write you a letter like this than to try to sell you a story for MODERN SCREEN. Exposing the Hollywood female, my hat! If I tried to sit down at my typewriter and come off with anything like that I'd tense up and hand you a mess of wordage that would wind up with the tons of publicity copy you receive every day—right in the wastebasket. I'm sorry I goofed, but then who cares about money? And who could expect me to sit alone at my desk figuring out words about Hollywood females when I can be out on the town with one of the real live articles?

Sincerely,
Sidney Skolsky

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With no apology to our readers, we publish Mr. Skolsky's letter. Only next time we hope he will put enough postage on his letter. An editor has to complain about something!* **END**

---

they fight for each other

(*Continued from page 35*) Simmons will revolt against a marital setup in which she is treated as an innocent child who requires strong supervision?

Undoubtedly all these and many more reasons are the basis for the prediction of a short marriage.

Right now Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger are more in love than ever and they are fighting for each other with such verve and loyalty that it looks as though the prophets of marital dissension have made another error.

STEWART GRANGER has been reformed. When he first came to Hollywood a few years ago, he was known as "Snarling Stewart," the most unpopular actor in motion pictures. He fought with practically every director assigned to his films. He seemed to have appointed himself the leading authority on matters cinematic. He refused to see London visitors. He frightened newsmen away from his young wife. In no time at all, he succeeded in making himself as popular as a leper.

He spoke of hunting trips in Africa, of buffalo, of his adventures with Michael Wilding of Her Majesty's Regent Street Rifles, and he sought to prove that he was more Hemingway than Ernest himself.

It wasn't long before Hollywood newsmen were giving Mr. Granger a wide berth. They believed that Granger was an uncooperative blow-hard. True, they appreciated his protests. "I'm sorry. My wife and just can't be demonstrative in public places. I simply can't move myself to keep kissing her in a restaurant so that photographers might have visible proof of our ffection."

Yet if a man is a motion picture star, earning his livelihood from his public folowing, that public is hungry for knowledge of his private life. Surely such a star might drop some crumbs of information.

Not Stewart Granger. Perhaps the drop n Granger's popularity with movie-goers as the result of his staunch defense of his privacy. One month he was ranked number one on MODERN SCREEN'S popularity poll. Sixty days later he was down to wenty-seven.

Granger receives the same salary from GM whether he is ranked one or forty. He is not the sort of man who will comomise with principle, but the fact remains that his general attitude was rected in the press. It may have cost him ousands of admirers.

His youthful, girlish, incredibly talented Jean sometimes gives the superficial impression of being a flighty, irresponsible, absent-minded wife. But Jean Simmons is a sensitive, perceptive girl. Loving her husband and knowing him better than anyone else, she has tried to tell people about him as he really is and not as the press sees him. She is the best press agent Stewart Granger could have. Certainly, she is helping to make friends of his former enemies.

Like everyone else who knew Granger when his name was James Stewart, she refers to him as Jimmy.

"Jimmy is really a shy man. Now, I know," she'll say, "that sounds strange. But he really is.

"When he is afraid of something or merely nervous about it, he hides his nervousness by going to the offense. He attacks with gusto. He argues furiously.

"Some people resent this behavior, but only because they don't understand what motivates it. It is purely defensive.

"I've heard that Jimmy is rude. I have honestly never heard him or seen him in any rude behavior unless someone provokes him. He does retaliate in kind. After all, he is a man who believes in speaking his mind. But he is not the sort who will ever go out of his way to start a fight.

"They say he doesn't particularly like people. He does, but here again he's shy about making friends. One must not forget that our backgrounds are British, not American. When Jimmy makes a friend he keeps him forever. Michael Wilding is an example. They've known each other for twenty years. He was best man at our wedding.

"As for these stories about our quarrels, Jimmy and I have our tiffs. I'll scuff his hair and he'll nip my neck, but ours is a wonderful marriage. And Jimmy is really a fascinating man. But you do not get to know him easily, and you can't pass judgment on him fairly until you do know him."

THIS SORT of exposition has persuaded Hollywood to take another look at Stewart Granger.

At first he seemed to be too high-handed in his treatment of his wife. In America wives are treated as equals. In Europe they are not.

In Stewart's first marriage his wife was about ten years older than he. At the outset of their life together, she was a successful actress and he a neophyte. Probably his ego suffered because of that. Anyway, he has come full circle. The next time he married, Granger chose a hero-worshipping girl who had loved him since she was fourteen.

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Makes Skin Lovelier as Pimples* Clear Up

Softer, Smoother Skin starts in 7 days . . . or money back!

Hundreds of doctors use and prefer Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Here's why:

Cuticura Soap, alone of all leading soaps, is superfatted—the mildest, best kind of soap for the skin. And emollient Cuticura Ointment actually *improves your skin* as it helps clear up blackheads, oiliness and *externally caused pimples. In 7 days you'll see the start of thrilling new softness, freshness, radiant new tone.

Use Cuticura Soap several times daily, Cuticura Ointment at night. You'll get the "all clear" sign in record time! Get Cuticura at your druggist today!

Cuticura

NEW! For faster results, use new "invisible" Cuticura Medicated Liquid during the day, under your make-up.

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"How do you feel about Hollywood?" Granger was asked. Instead of the vituperation expected from him, Granger said mildly, "I've no complaints. I've been very lucky there. It's nice to be home. I'm just sorry Jean isn't with me."

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In 1948 Jean Simmons played Ophelia to Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*. Her performance in that one is an all-time great.

The following year at Manchester, she made her only stage appearance and that was opposite Stewart Granger. She cried as the audience applauded, but only she knows whether it was because she was appy or because she was sad. Granger ad decided to go to Hollywood to work or MGM.

BY THIS time he was divorced and reporters asked Jean when she planned o marry. All she would say was: "I met im when I was fourteen. I thought then hat he was the most wonderful person in he world. I have known him really well or three years now, and I still think that. ne couldn't find a nicer, kinder man or better friend."

Six months later, Howard Hughes flew hem to Tucson, Arizona, where they were arried in a simple ceremony. The only riend present was Mike Wilding who flew ut from New York where supposedly he ad been enjoying the company of Marlene ietrich.

Three eventful, jampacked years have lapsed since their quiet wedding. In those ree years Jean and her Jimmy have exerienced tremendous changes in their nancial and professional status. In what ey feel for each other, however, there as been no change. Their love still turns ery defeat into a victory, every tear into smile.

END

The ONLY Vaginal Suppository for FEMININE HYGIENE

That Can Make ALL these claims!

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2. When inserted, Zonitors *instantly* release their powerful antiseptic-germicidal medication.
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Zonitors Eliminate All Embarrassment

Zonitors Are Powerfully Effective Yet Harmless

Zonitors®
Vaginal Suppositories

Ava with Spanish matador Mario Cabre.

NO OLÉ FOR AVA . . .

The Spanish aren't speaking to her!

■ Ava Gardner's much-publicized stay in Spain made American headlines because of her supposed romance with torrid matador Mario Cabre. Occurring at a time when she was only a headline away from becoming Mrs. Frank Sinatra, it brought about a flood of publicity.

But the Spanish had nothing to say. They were mad at Ava—but it had nothing to do with bullfighters. For Ava had made a crack about *paella*.

Now, *paella*, Spanish rice, is the national dish. It is a culinary work of art, delicious and very, very rich, made of fried rice with fish, shell fish, chicken, meat, hot sausages and other ingredients undetectable by the untrained American palate. When Ava was in Spain she ate and loved *paella;* when she got home she told the press about it and was promptly asked for the recipe. The question didn't stump her. She grinned reminiscently and announced that you take fried rice and add all the leftovers in the refrigerator.

The Spaniards heard about it, and their indignation knew no bounds. "A bad thing for her to say, really sacrilegious," a lady told an American reporter, adding, "Everything we put in *paella* is fresh, bought the day we prepare it!"

So don't ask Spanish movie-goers about Ava. If pressed, they will admit grudgingly that she is a beautiful woman. But this is merely damning her with the faintest of Spanish praise. "She's too thin!" they will add with the air of one dealing a fatal blow . . . and go home to a midnight snack of *paella*.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS cont'd

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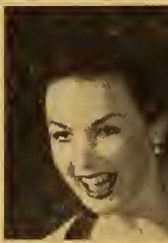

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And by the time she was sixteen she had seen Stewart Granger on many occasions, at film premières, at studio gatherings, at various canteens, but supposedly he was still a happily-married man. She held her young heart in check.

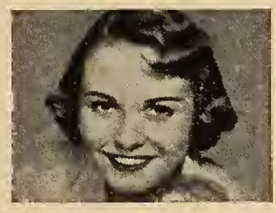
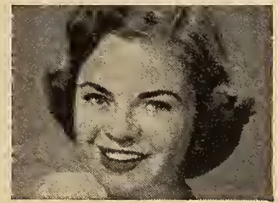
In 1948 Jean Simmons played Ophelia to Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet.* Her performance in that one is an all-time great.

The following year at Manchester, she made her only stage appearance and that was opposite Stewart Granger. She cried as the audience applauded, but only she knows whether it was because she was happy or because she was sad. Granger had decided to go to Hollywood to work for MGM.

BY THIS time he was divorced and reporters asked Jean when she planned to marry. All she would say was: "I met him when I was fourteen. I thought then that he was the most wonderful person in the world. I have known him really well for three years now, and I still think that. One couldn't find a nicer, kinder man or a better friend."

Six months later, Howard Hughes flew them to Tucson, Arizona, where they were married in a simple ceremony. The only friend present was Mike Wilding who flew out from New York where supposedly he had been enjoying the company of Marlene Dietrich.

Three eventful, jampacked years have elapsed since their quiet wedding. In those three years Jean and her Jimmy have experienced tremendous changes in their financial and professional status. In what they feel for each other, however, there has been no change. Their love still turns every defeat into a victory, every tear into smile. END

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But the Spanish had nothing to say. They were mad at Ava—but it had nothing to do with bullfighters. For Ava had made a crack about *paella.*

Now, *paella,* Spanish rice, is the national dish. It is a culinary work of art, delicious and very, very rich, made of fried rice with fish, shell fish, chicken, meat, hot sausages and other ingredients undetectable by the untrained American palate. When Ava was in Spain she ate and loved *paella;* when she got home she told the press about it and was promptly asked for the recipe. The question didn't stump her. She grinned reminiscently and announced that you take fried rice and add all the leftovers in the refrigerator.

The Spaniards heard about it, and their indignation knew no bounds. "A bad thing for her to say, really sacrilegious," a lady told an American reporter, adding, "Everything we put in *paella* is fresh, bought the day we prepare it!"

So don't ask Spanish movie-goers about Ava. If pressed, they will admit grudgingly that she is a beautiful woman. But this is merely damning her with the faintest of Spanish praise. "She's too thin!" they will add with the air of one dealing a fatal blow . . . and go home to a midnight snack of *paella.*

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miss grable steps out

(Continued from page 53) a newspaper, folded it neatly, stood up, took two steps to the window where her husband Harry sat, watching the landscape run by. Taking a crisp stance, she whacked her beloved firmly on the head with the morning's final edition of the Los Angeles *Times*.

"My dear wife," Harry asked groggily, "What was that for?"

"For horses," dear wife Betty retorted. "Horses which do *not* send telegrams."

"Let me look at that!" Harry grabbed the telegram and read aloud: *"Dear Betty. Sorry you two couldn't make good in Hollywood. But next time you stop by a race track look me up. I'll cop you a fortune. Signed James Session.*

"Well, bless his happy heart!" he laughed. "Good old James Session. Good old horse. Isn't it wonderful to have somebody in the family with talent!"

You know the story. You know that after ten years of helping to make 20th Century-Fox into a kind of mint, Betty Grable was what is known as an "ex-movie star." In this capacity she has not enjoyed the good wishes of producers, columnists, writers and hangers-on. She seemed to be that unforgiveable Hollywood commodity, "a has-been." And that's the one thing no one in Hollywood wants any part of. How did it happen to Betty?

Was she, perhaps, borne screaming and kicking from the gates of her studio? Did she demand a pension, an annuity? Was she, before the eyes of the world, thrust out into the California snow? Well, no.

"I figured it was time to leave the studio. I had wonderful years there, but I don't think it's smart to stay with any one studio for more than ten years. Enthusiasm begins to wane and executives lose their excitement about your possibilities every time they see a newcomer."

So the shoe is on the other foot, is it? It is Miss Grable who heartlessly junked the studio, home of her youth and patron of her career? Well, no.

After a couple of suspensions, accompanied by hints from stockholders that her salary checks were bigger than the studio finance department, Betty amiably but firmly decided she wanted out. And out she got.

Of course, one thing is sure. Any out wants in again. No bargainers, these Hollywood has-beens; they'll settle for a walk-on in a horse-opera mob scene. And Grade C at that. Take Betty Grable, for example. She's practically begging.

"I won't sign another studio contract unless I have the right to do outside pictures of my own choosing. I'll never sign another contract with a "good girl" clause that cuts off the money every time I don't do exactly what the studio executives have planned. TV? Maybe yes, maybe no; it all depends. I'm the kind of girl who never plans her career. I just let nature take its course."

BUT WHAT next? What if the tour is a flop? What will that mean to a changing career? What will it mean to a marriage? And when the register has been signed in Chicago's famous Ambassador East Hotel, does the confidence of many years' success fade before the nervousness of an all-important debut?

Those are questions only this long shot can answer. In the Chicago Theatre the big house went dark. Standing in a shimmering sequin version of her famous, fabulous bathing suit pinup costume, Betty shivered a little from the backstage chill.

Suddenly, the fanfare. The curtains inched apart. There was a hush. A seemingly endless hush before the great audience broke into a storm of applause, and backstage a husky musician's voice was heard, "Man, ain't she the end? The ever livin', ever-lastin' end!"

Well, he said it. He said it not only for the audience, but for the kids at home and the anxious friends in Hollywood. He said it for the mob of fans who crammed into the alley outside the Chicago Theatre chanting "We want Grable! We want Grable!" Some has-been!

He said it, too, for the audience out front. They broke into quick little rashes of applause during Betty's "Honey Man" number. "Let's give 'em the tickles, Harry," she stage-whispered as she danced around the stage looking into the faces of her dancing partners in search of her "honey man." Then, *sotto voce*, she let the audience in on the byplay. With each rhythmic swing of her slim hips, Harry played hot little rills and burbles on the trumpet. Betty, with a meaningful look at the far reaches of the balcony murmured, "Talk to me, daddy boy. Listen to that, my daddy's talkin', talkin' to me."

No doubt about it, when Betty finally ran off the stage and into the arms of Harry, she had completely captivated the toughest of critics and tamed an audience famous for being hardboiled. An audience so callous that entertainers have been all but driven from the stage by a rain of pennies. One unfortunate performer nearly fainted when someone tossed an iron bolt. He ducked and the deadly missile sailed right through a big bass drum.

But Betty wasn't having any of this trouble. The reason is simple enough. Most big-time stars on personal appearance tours whip up a pleasant little act, then walk on stage with every posture implying, "Ah, you lucky peasants to get a close-up look at magnificent me." If anyone criticizes the act, the star is bewildered. As one of them said, "After all the trouble I went to, leaving Hollywood for this tour, do you mean they expect me to *perform?*"

The surprise reaction to the Betty Grable-Harry James show both at the Chicago Theatre and afterward at the Michigan Theatre in Detroit was expressed by the Detroit *Free Press*. "There's only one thing wrong—it's too short. From the first note of the famous band leader's trumpet to the colorful finale, the audience applauded for more."

BILLY DANIEL, Betty's old friend, as well as her dancing partner and director points out that this terrific show just *seems* short and is designed to leave the audience "hungry."

"Betty is responsible for my being in pictures," Billy says. "After they created this girl they threw away the pattern. She's trouper all the way through and what show folks call a real pro. This show is a slam bang success because it was rehearsed eight hours a day for four weeks, with both Betty and Harry working themselves to a frazzle, and Harry even composing music to go with the slightest variation in Betty's dance steps.

"Harry kept pushing Betty along in the rehearsals until she finally protested, 'Baby you'd better take it a little easy or I'm liable to do *el foldo*.' But she didn't. After the eighth curtain call at one performance she turned to Harry and said, 'Shall we fuss with another retake, old boy?' "

Billy Daniel has known and worked with dozens of stars, but Betty is his idol. "People always ask what it's like to dance with Betty. All I can say is that when she begins to sing, 'Put your arms around me, Baby,' and struts into your vest pocket looking you right in the eye, it's like taking a great big living doll in your arms. You start dancing and you're all gone, man, all gone."

You'd think that any man married to

girl who generates so much excitement would tend to be a very jealous guy. Not Harry. You don't have to worry about a wife with Betty's attitude.

"I don't know anything about statistics," she says. "I don't know if there are more divorces in Hollywood than other places. I don't read the gossip columns and I couldn't tell you who isn't getting along with whom. I wouldn't tell you if I could. Some stuff you can't help hearing, and most of that I pay no attention to, because so much of it is wrong. But you do get a little tired of being regarded as a creature with two heads because you've got a happy marriage in Hollywood. Lots of picture people are happily married. There's nothing weird or mysterious about it.

"To me, loving someone means that you want to make him happy. You don't make a man happy by secretly going 'out on the town' when he has to hit the road. You're not privileged to travel the 'what's just a little romance on the side mean?' road just because you're a movie star. Marriage demands loyalty and integrity."

Somehow, it's the loyalty and integrity in Betty Grable that make her attractive both to dowagers who drive to her shows in Cadillacs and to teen-agers who hitchhike to see her in person. Betty is living proof that you needn't indulge in scandal to have a big name. The fact that the Chicago Theatre paid Mr. and Mrs. James a real cool $45,000 for their stand there also proves that clean entertainment can be glamorous and packed with wallop.

BETTY GRABLE knows that loyalty is a two-way street. She insisted on the pin-up pose at opening curtain because, "I want to be the Betty Grable the kids think I am." The electricians couldn't believe their eyes when they saw their cue sheets, calling for multiple light changes during Betty's numbers. One of them said, "Shucks, she's Grable! She doesn't need to put everybody to so much work. What's all this macaroni for? Why not just throw a big white spot on her?"

When he saw the results, though, he exclaimed, "The gal's right. If she wants to trick it up some more I'll sit up all night and re-wire the theatre."

Hollywood is always sending out good will ambassadors to let the public know that it's a nice town full of good people. Sometimes these ambassadors have created an impression so bad that it would have been better if they'd have stayed home.

The studios ought to take up a collection or Betty's hep way of making friends and nfluencing people. In Chicago Betty had o make seven or eight costume changes or each turn, and she had only four or ive minutes between numbers. She caught old and refused to believe that she was ear nervous exhaustion. She insisted on oing out to sign autographs between numers while she was perspiring heavily and he cold got worse. She was ordered to top it and the stage door was locked. As the orchestra replayed her next cue he was found leaning out the window, neaking autographs to her fans.

One of her most loyal admirers is a tiny iddle-aged lady who has gone to every ne of her pictures for years. Betty saw er between acts and accepted a cute pair aprons the lady had made. The two fell n each other's shoulders and wept.

BETTY GRABLE doesn't object to anyone's knowing that she was born December , 1916. To find someone with more youthl wallop, you'd have to go look at the ayful colts on the Harry James ranch. Yet Betty's youthfulness is no miracle. he doesn't do it with massage and face ting. She says she's lazy and she's no lete. To skirt a deep subject, youth ms to have a lot to do with honesty. Betty Grable is honest about her age and herself and her two children, Vickie and Jessica. Hedda Hopper once reported that when she came to interview Betty, Vickie came in and whispered, "Mommy, can I stay here while you talk?"

Betty replied. "You certainly may, honey. You can stay wherever mommy is."

Hedda went on to relate that she recalled another star whose child wandered in during an interview. The star stalked out of the room, hissing to the nurse the ill-disguised order, "Get that child out of here!" Then she returned and cooed at Hedda, "Isn't she sweet? Goodbye now, little sweetheart."

It's just possible that Betty Grable has no harsh lines in her face because she hasn't spent her life trying to look and be something she isn't. Her performance is consistent. When Ted Fio Rito offered her a job, she said to him: "There's just one thing you ought to know. I can't sing."

"Who," replied Ted, equally honest, "is going to notice?"

AFTER THAT, Betty suffered a couple of unhappy loves. Then she became Mrs. Harry James and the mother of two daughters. She has retained her earliest fans and the loyalty of her fellow workers.

It's impossible to report honestly on Betty Grable without telling a lot that is true of no other star, largely because most of them are afraid to be honest with the public. More than a year ago Betty told MODERN SCREEN that she was going to "quit" her studio. Everyone scoffed at that, even those who went backstage in Chicago to say they are sorry they ever let her go. Let her go? They couldn't hold her.

Then there's Betty's mother and father, Lillian and Conn Grable. With many movie stars it takes a private detective to discover the whereabouts of the parents. Although Betty's parents are divorced, Betty insisted that both come to her opening in Chicago. They were overwhelmed by this evidence of love for them both.

Then, not a few stars avoid being photographed at the race track for fear that their public may resent their interest in the sport of kings. Betty figures that those who love her will allow her the sports and hobbies she likes. Which brings us to the place we came in with this story, for it was on the way back to Hollywood on the Super Chief with Mr. Harry James that Betty burst into their compartment, *Daily Racing Form* in hand. She shook Harry awake and showed him the paper.

"What's the matter?" Harry muttered.

"Nothing, honey," Betty exclaimed, "nothing at all! But maybe you remember the horse that sent me a telegram two weeks ago saying he'd win? Well he did! Look here—'James Session wins Salinas Handicap at Bay Meadows.'"

Mr. James woke up a little. "What did he pay?"

"Oh, not much," Betty retorted. "At $10.30 to win, if you had a thousand dollars on his nose, all you got back was a little over five grand, figuring the odds on a two dollar bet."

"Yeah—that's what I figure."

"You mean we won $5,000?" Betty exclaimed.

"No," Harry replied. "I mean all I put on him was $2, which wins us $10.30. I didn't really think he'd win."

"Oh fine!"

"I'm sorry," Harry James said. "It looks like we'll both have to go back to work!"

And so they have. If you go to Las Vegas soon, you may be able to see their show at *El Rancho Vegas*. If you can't make it, you can see Betty next in the Columbia Picture, *The Pleasure Is All Mine*.

That, in case you've been wondering, is what happened to that ex-movie star, Betty Grable.

END

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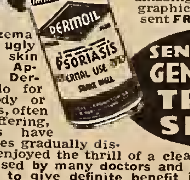

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what I learned from women

(*Continued from page 55*) about life and how to live it.

Mom, of course, contributed the most. I don't know who writes Mother's scripts, but they hand out a lot of fine advice. "Soap and water are cheap," Mom used to tell me. She taught me to try to learn a little bit every day. I used to clam up with strangers, but Mom loosened me up. "When you meet people, speak up," she said. "You're as good as anyone else—we all come from the Infinite." Because Mom thinks good thoughts, she's a good woman. I've tried hard to have some of those thoughts rub off on me.

There are females of all ages who've been sprinkled through my life and I've come away a little wiser by knowing each one of them. Some guys in their teens have a lot of trouble talking to girls, but I never did. I always felt at home with them. Even when I was a little kid I'd walk home from school with a girl, and lots of times pick a flower for her. The gesture never was awkward for me. When I got older I sort of slid into friendships with girls without any self-consciousness. I never had to go through that stiff-necked stage in which a guy has his first real date and regards the girl as a frightening creature from another world. Maybe it was because I was lucky enough to have interests in common with girls. For instance, I was crazy over horses. I dreamed about them at night and drew pictures of them in class when I should have been tending to my algebra. There was a bunch of girls who used to go riding after school from a barn in the neighborhood. I learned to know them easily because all we ever talked about was horses. Mary Lou lived around the corner from our house, so I'd usually ride with her and always walked her home afterward. It wasn't what you'd call a romance—I guess I had a crush on her—but I always relaxed with her.

IT WAS THE same way with Joyce Lockwood, only with her, it was ice skating. We skated as partners. I think Joyce was the first woman whose quality of beauty from within struck me. It was something you couldn't quite put your finger on. When she walked into a room everyone turned to look at her as though she had some magnetic force. Maybe it was because of her remarkable outlook on life, but whatever it was, Joyce always expressed pure beauty when she was on ice, and also when she wasn't. From her I learned that you get beauty out of life if you put beauty into it.

Barbara Jones was another skater, a girl who was really dynamic on ice. We used to work out in the afternoons, and since she was a far better skater than I ever hoped to be she really put me through my paces. It was the way she did it that made working with Barbara such fun. She never nagged, but if she saw a point that needed improvement she put it over to me in such a way that my male ego wasn't offended. That took some doing, considering the fact that I was painfully aware that this girl was a champion and that next to her, I looked like a Tahitian who had never even seen ice. Barbara taught me how to put both my pride and my humility in their proper slots.

Miss Joost was a plump, jolly music teacher in high school. Instead of joining the guys in batting practice during recess, I used to hang around Miss Joost's classroom where a gang of us played the piano and sang. My voice wasn't any better then than it is now. I knew how bad it was and I kept it down to a whisper. Then Miss Joost gave me a cue that I have found applicable to many things. "Let yourself go," she said. "Relax and sing the best you can. Let your voice and yourself be free." If she had kidded me or let the other kids do it, I'd have shrunk right back into my shell. This way she helped me to get over being self-conscious, and without that, I'd never had had a chance in the acting game.

Last December I toured with the play *Our Town*, playing opposite Marilyn Erskine. In that brief run I learned more about the movie industry than I'd ever known and most of what I learned came from Marilyn. I'm a greenhorn at this business. It's all so new to me that I go around waving my ears like an elephant trying to pick up valuable advice. I've always been impulsive and forgetful, and spent money as soon as I had it. Marilyn advised me to plan my career carefully, setting a goal and working toward it step by step. While she was at it, she explained that this can be done without stepping on other people's necks. She taught me how to be selective about parts that are offered to me. Through her tutoring, informal lessons over coffee cups in assorted towns, I learned to be more critical of performances—including my own. Marilyn is a great actress and a fine technician. I listened and listened until I thought I couldn't absorb another idea.

The nice part of listening to Marilyn was that she didn't try to change me in any way—she only pointed out ways to take advantage of what I am and what I have to offer. I notice lots of guys trying to change their girl friends and vice versa, and I don't go for that. It isn't right. It's like telling Deb Reynolds not to be so happy all the time. You can't tell the sun not to shine.

Debbie is one of my favorite people in this town. Underneath all that crazy gaiety of hers she's a warm, sensitive person. I don't think I realized this until the night I took her to see Jane Powell at the Coconut Grove. I was watching Janie who was singing the last song of her opening night there. Suddenly I looked across the table and there was Debbie, crying softly.

"Well," I said, "this isn't the Debbie Reynolds *I* know."

She laughed through the tears and threw her napkin over her head to hide her confusion. Deb is like that—all heart. And despite her great success she still has a fine sense of values. She instinctively knows what's right and what's wrong—which is as it should be, considering her wonderful family.

LORI NELSON is like that, too. I guess I like Lori better than any girl I know. At first glance she looks like the drawing room type who'd feel uncomfortable without her pearls. She isn't like that at all. She rides and swims like a demon, and wants to learn to ice skate. I might add, I'm just the guy who would like to help her. And I want to take her up to the mountains and teach her to ski. Lori looks wonderful in old clothes, blue jeans and shirts and stuff, just like Deb. And like Deb, Lori is one of the best sports I've ever known. One of the best little actresses, too. I watched her act in the dress rehearsal of *Inside U. I.*, the live talent revue her studio puts on every year, and she was unrecognizable in the role of a metallic, disillusioned woman. I was so proud of her that afterward I rushed into the dressing room and picked her up and whirled her around. "You were *wonderful!*" I yelled, and I was so excited that I didn't even notice that the other girls were screaming and ducking for cover. Lori is wonderful. She's intelligent and hardworking and soft-hearted, and she has the same quality I admired so much in Joyce

Lockwood; a true beauty from within. Plus which she's a good listener, an attribute that builds my confidence.

Looking back over this it occurs to me that I'm giving the impression my life so far has been filled with nothing but romances. I don't mean to. These are girls I've known who have taught me something or helped me in some way, girls to whom I'll always be grateful. The idea seems to have got around that I'm fickle because I date so many girls so often. Actually, I date once, maybe twice, a week and as far as dating different girls is concerned, I never did go steady and don't think I shall until my marriage is in the offing. Joyce Lockwood's dad, a man I look on as a second father, told me long ago, "I don't believe in this steady routine when you're young. Go out and meet a lot of girls. You'll be more sure when you finally decide to get married." I've stayed with his advice and so far it's working out fine. I figure that people change a lot when they're young, and it's better to get yourself settled before you get hooked up. Of course, I do want to get married some day and have three kids. As the line in *Our Town* goes, "people are meant to live two by two—it ain't natural to be lonesome." I remember once when Mom and Walt and I lived down in Long Beach, Walt had a date to take a girl to the movies and for some reason I tagged along with them. I remember how cute she looked in her new Easter hat and how lonely I felt when Walt wouldn't let me sit with them. I vowed to myself then (I guess I was about eight) that soon I'd have a girl, too.

I HAVE BEEN lucky, I guess, not to have tied in with any women who are schemers. I don't like women who play games, or women who are cheap or vulgar, and if I don't like them I'm not apt to get mixed up with any of them. I've met a lot of types, and I've learned what I don't want in a wife as well as what I do want.

I remember the girl I met on the roller skating rink in New York when I was in the service. I had a buck to my name and I was lonesome. So I went in and pretty soon I was talking to this girl and I bought her a cup of coffee. That left me with one thin dime. I had to borrow twenty cents from her to take her home and for my own subway fare. I was only sixteen, maybe less, because I lied about my age to get into the Coast Guard. I had a rough time getting up the nerve to ask her for a date. I was to get my paycheck the following week and promised to take her out on the town. Well, we had dinner at a fine restaurant and then went to a lot of nightclubs, all good places, like The Embers, and I was getting a big boot out of just sitting there over coffee and listening to a tinkling piano in the background. It was my first big date and it was just the way I'd always dreamed it would be, sharing a romantic, relaxed evening with a beautiful girl. Then she leaned across the table and said, "I don't know how people can just sit around like this and talk. Let's go someplace where there's some life. Someplace where we can dance."

"Sure," I told her. To myself I said, "This girl has just flubbed the whole thing."

It seems to be a little thing, but I like a girl who can be content with quiet rather than one who has to be chasing around, running away from herself all the time. Like I say, it's what's inside that really counts.

I've known girls who are naggers, whose voices tend to whine, and just having that kind of a thing on a date should steer any guy away from a lifetime of it. I've known some girls I liked very much but somehow I wasn't able to get through to them. Our conversation was stilted and strange, and I sensed a wall around them. Sometimes I've thought perhaps I could help a girl like that to learn how to enjoy herself. After a few dates, if I can't break down the reserve, I've given up.

WALT WAS ALWAYS a little nonplussed at the fact that I went around with so many girls. For Walt it was girl friend No. 1, then girl friend No. 2, and then he got married. "My brother's harem," he used to snort, but our own ways have worked out fine for each of us. Walt got a wonderful wife, and I feel I'm a better guy for having known a variety of girls. They've given me the self-confidence I need in this business. Heavens knows I didn't have it at first. On my first interview, when the reporter asked me to repeat my name, my mouth opened but no sound came out. When I took my first test I was half dead with fright. When I began to meet movie stars and get invitations to Hollywood parties I was petrified. But then I began to think that we're all equal (Mom's advice coming back to me) and if other people failed to be polite to me, all I could do was feel sorry for them. You must care for the *complete* character of the human being in this life.

It's a little easier now, but I have so much to learn that it makes me dizzy to think of it. I'm in sort of a funny position in Hollywood. I've made four pictures but I'm not under contract to a studio. In these days studios aren't rushing to sign up every new kid who comes along. I've been picked for a movie here and there, but in the meantime I'm on my own as far as learning about the business is concerned. Mom's on my side—she's happy as long as I'm interested in something and trying my best to make a go of it. And Walt is interested in my work in his own quiet way. Last time I saw him he grinned and said, "Saw you in *Gun Belt*, kid. How are you?" Which, from Walt, is the same as "Go to it!"

SO HERE I am, on my own two feet, and learning a business that I love. I'm still surprised when somebody asks for my autograph and sometimes, when headwaiters bow and say "Good evening, Mr. Hunter," I have to laugh inside. I say to myself, "Art Gelien, boy skater, lookit *you!*"

If I should ever hit the top the most important thing I'd have to learn is to keep my head out of the clouds. Already I see danger signs. Two years ago I wouldn't even have hoped that I could take a girl to a lush Hollywood restaurant for dinner. Yet just the other night, when I took a girl to La Rue, she mentioned what a good dinner we'd had there last fall.

"Last fall?" I said. "I don't remember being here with you before."

And then I remembered. It had been a great evening, and I had been so concerned since with what I considered a big thing that I had forgot that evening—an evening which should be a big one in anybody's book. I rapped myself on the head.

"What's the matter?" said my date.

"Nothing," I said. "I'm just teaching myself a lesson."

And if I do hit the top, I'll never forget that in great measure it's the ladies who put me there. Not that any girls have taught me about acting, specifically. But we are all composites of those we have known and a lot of girls have, to put it in a corny phrase, made me what I am today.

I've known a lot of men who grumble about women, but as far as I'm concerned, bless 'em all! **END**

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crawford meets the critics

(*Continued from page 57*) whistled. But those of us in the industry just shuddered . . . Apparently Miss Monroe is making the mistake of believing her publicity. Somebody should make her see the light. She should be told that the public likes provocative feminine personalities; but it also likes to know that underneath it all, the actresses are ladies." She added, "I think she'd better become a comedienne —or something."

When this bit of hemlock hit the papers, verbatim, those in the industry shuddered once more. What had happened to Joan, the woman who had made a ritual of keeping within the bounds of good taste, that she should suddenly let fly such an unprovoked attack? When they realized that Joan had been practically tricked into it they first made a mental note to keep their own mouths shut (inasmuch as everybody had been saying the same thing but had had the good fortune not to say it within earshot of a reporter) and then they felt genuinely sorry for Joan.

It put Miss Crawford in a great spot. Everyone was talking about it and Miss Monroe was weeping softly into her mink. The awful part of it was that Joan *had* said it. She told Louella Parsons that she wished she had saved her opinions as a bit of private advice to Marilyn, and she said, "There's still room in this town for both of us. I feel if I were to meet Marilyn face to face I'd say 'Hi, there' and we'd shake hands."

To our knowledge there never has been a direct apology, an omission which may be for the best, as it would have had to be a hollow gesture. Instead Joan said, "I wish I could say I didn't say those things but I did say them. But, believe me, in the future I'll think twice before I talk so openly." That much had a ring of sincerity.

Not one month had passed before Miss Crawford was slogging around in another bit of mire. To make *Torch Song* she returned to MGM for the first time in ten years. She began her career there in 1925 and she spent eighteen years at MGM before career doldrums set in and she left, only to defeat the slump by making *Mildred Pierce* elsewhere and winning an Academy Award.

Metro gave her a cracking big party to celebrate the return of their conquering heroine. It was a neat example of the sticky sentimentality which Hollywood reserves for its own. Verbal flurries of bygone years were forgotten in the blare of trumpets, the expanse of red carpet and the glitter of brass hats on hand to welcome their own Joan. For her part, Joan retaliated with her usual generosity. Her opening day gift to director Charles Walters was a tremendous salad bowl filled with two dozen bird of paradise flowers. On these were hung a cashmere sweater, bedroom slippers, four bottles of lotion and cologne for men, the mixings of a Caesar salad, and two lamb chops. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

Then they began to work on the picture. Miss Crawford's co-star in *Torch Song* was Michael Wilding, husband of Elizabeth Taylor. Mike was visited frequently and lovingly by his wife. According to reports which seeped from the guarded walls of MGM, it wasn't long before Miss Crawford was upset about visitors on the set. No specific visitors were mentioned, but in the process of closing the set to all outsiders Miss Taylor found herself, despite her own importance on the lot, unable to see her husband during his working hours. A new queen had arrived and Miss Crawford's omnipotence, cemented by the fact that at the welcoming party she had been soundly bussed by every upper bracket man on the lot, gave her seniority. The result was that relations between leading man and leading lady in *Torch Song* were strained.

Differences between the two leading lights never came into the open, possibly because of the Herculean efforts of Metro to keep the matter quiet. Witness the reporter who tried to find out if Joan did the singing in *Torch Song*. Somebody had said that India Adams had done the warbling. Joan was not happy over the report. Investigation proved it *was* India's voice when the picture had its first preview, and the story went that Crawford then asked to re-dub it with her own voice. When the movie had been *completely* completed, a reporter phoned the studio with the question, "Whose voice was used for Crawford in *Torch Song?*"

"We do not give that information out," droned the voice at MGM. It is small wonder that the tiff with the Wildings was kept within the confines of Hollywood.

Joan's next picture was *Johnny Guitar*, made at Republic, and since Republic's walls are not so soundproof as those of MGM, the whole town soon knew that Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge were not seeing eye to eye. The story goes that Crawford did not want Miss McCambridge, a magnificent actress, to appear in the picture with her. Miss McCambridge was made aware of this from the first day she reported to the lot. Things grew worse the day Mercedes did a scene so adeptly that the crew gave her a hearty round of applause. It is said that after that the air surrounding Miss Crawford's dressing room was below zero, and the big freeze was on. McCambridge, just as honest as Crawford, did not hesitate to report the shenanigans.

There are many people, however, who find it difficult to accept any criticism of Miss Crawford. One columnist even broadcast an open letter to Mercedes McCambridge, telling her she should be ashamed of herself for saying such things.

Said he: "Ever since Joan Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge started work together in *Johnny Guitar* the gossip columns have been filled with hints of a feud. Joan Crawford has patiently refrained from making any comments, but Miss McCambridge has not hesitated to make sly insinuations, among which was the statement, 'Joan's chief trouble is that she's lost her sense of humor.' Frankly, I'd say this is a case of one actress who always takes her work very seriously and another who takes herself too seriously."

The last sentence stirred considerable speculation as to which was which. Miss Crawford was undoubtedly grateful for the comments on her behalf, and Miss McCambridge was duly unhappy about the partisan pitch, aired throughout the country. *Johnny Guitar* was completed without a mend in the rift, and odds are that the Misses Crawford and McCambridge will never have compliments to exchange.

For Joan, this made three dips into dueling within the space of eight months. Why? It has been said that Joan Crawford, regardless of her huge success, is an insecure woman whose happiness thrives on manifestations of love and perpetual flattery. With adulation surrounding her, she is calm and benign as a June night, softly shedding silvery light on those near her. Allegedly the storms arise only with the suspicion that she is losing her grip on a situation or a person. "Joan Crawford," said one producer recently, "is an angel as long as she's also the whole show." In this sort of thing as in everything else Joan is a perfectionist, and therefore it is believable that she would have wanted, once the news leaked about India Adams' voice in *Torch Song*, to remain replete in the spotlight by singing her own songs.

And so Hollywood pondered the reasons for these recent uprisings. Nobody came up with any answers nor did anyone understand why, last October, Joan Crawford was rude to a member of the press for the first time in her life.

Johnny Guitar was made in part on location in Sedona, Arizona, about 200 miles from Phoenix. With such a celebrity in the vicinity Phoenix's *Arizona Republic* assigned its drama critic, Maggie Wilson, to interview Miss Crawford. According to Miss Wilson, the interview was arranged for her by the publicity director of Republic Studio, and cleared by the unit publicist working with the picture company. It was assumed that Miss Crawford had agreed to the impending interview. Miss Wilson set out for Sedona, via devious mountain roads, and arrived, mussed and dusty, only to be told that Miss Crawford would not submit to the interview. This is known as being stood up, and Miss Wilson did not take it lying down. The following day her column consisted of a violent attack on Miss Crawford.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

When Debbie Reynolds was making a personal appearance in Cincinnati, hundreds of people turned out to see her. We wanted to take pictures of her, but we could barely see her over the heads of the crowd. In desperation, we finally shouted, "We can't see you, Debbie! Get up on the table."

She looked doubtfully at her slim, straight skirt, then grinned and scrambled up on a table to pose for our pictures.

Jane Wehrman
Batavia, Ohio

Miss Crawford said nothing. Two weeks later the *Republic's* competitor, the Phoenix *Gazette*, carried a three-column, five-inch ad written and presumably paid for by members of the *Johnny Guitar* company. It read: "To whom it may concern: anyone who happens to be suffering with what might be diagnosed as chronic sour grapes poisoning:" (To the snubbed Miss Wilson, this was rubbing it in.) "Hear this: We would like the world to know Joan Crawford. We have worked with this great lady in a wide variety of circumstances, in oftentimes difficult and exhausting situations, at all hours of the day and night, and in all kinds of weather. And we are prepared to testify that if there is a more cooperative, charming, talented, understanding, generous, unspoiled, thoughtful, approachable person in the motion picture business, we have not yet met him or her . . ."

The ad was signed "Members of the *Johnny Guitar* company who have previously worked with Miss Crawford."

This ebullient defense of Joan Crawford is a typical reaction. It happens every time a word is said against her. Nevertheless, her refusal to keep an interview appointment made people wonder. The press has always found Joan Crawford the most cooperative soul in the industry. With both the fans and the reporters she has ever been anxious to make friends and influence people. She has personally answered every fan letter written her, and keeps a running correspondence with her admirers that consumes a wad of hours every week. She amazes reporters by remembering their names through long months between meetings. In two consecutive years, 1945 and 1946, she was awarded the golden apple by the Hollywood Women's Press Club for having been the most cooperative star. Each year she accepted the award with a hint of tears in her eyes. It is a systematic thing with her, this minute personal attention to her relations with people who can be her friends, and so it is all the more surprising that she should suddenly put the plan into reverse.

On the other hand, Joan Crawford has never been noted for her stability. She flits and flies as her fancy dictates, and the Crawford part of it is that Joan herself is unaware of this inconstancy. Her interest patterns are kaleidoscopic. One month she will take a passionate interest in her home, regaling friends with her troubles in ironing the children's dresses. The next month she will be determinedly the great lady, and only things of the greatest elegance will catch her attention. During the early days of her marriage to Franchot Tone, dinner was served on a long, candlelit table, with Tone seated at one end and Joan, in the distance, at the other. One night when guests were present Mr. Tone happened to drop his napkin, whereupon Joan leapt from her seat and sprinted the length of the table to recover the linen from the floor and, kneeling, to press it lovingly into his hand. At one time she conceived a deep interest in all things botanical. Learning about male and female trees, she devoted approximately a month to the personal purchase and planting of young fruit trees, determined to create her own orchard. In the romance department it is the same, and while usually she limits herself to one beau at a time there was a period after her divorce from Philip Terry when she seldom went out without an escort of three, four, or sometimes five young men.

In the spring of 1945 when she was awarded the Oscar for her performance in *Mildred Pierce* she did not attend the Academy affair because of illness. Her severer critics hinted that the excuse was a hoax, made to order for the dramatic photograph of the Oscar with Joan at her bedside. It was a cruel suggestion, but these same people hooted triumphantly the following year that they may have been right after all. For in the spring of 1946, when Olivia de Havilland won the Oscar for *To Each His Own*, previous winner Crawford was not on hand to make the customary presentation. The reason given was illness, yet Joan was seen the next day at Palm Springs, attired in tennis shorts and in the best of spirits.

These events with their dramatic possibilities, might conceivably be Joan's own ideas. She is a woman of great imagination and one who understands the ramifications of publicity. And they are things one can expect of Joan Crawford because she *is* Joan Crawford. She is a legend and a myth, in some ways a Rock of Gibraltar, in others as skittish as a horse in a high wind. There is no valid reason for anyone to be too deeply disturbed about what Crawford says or does in a moment or a day or a week, because the following moment, day or week she probably will be a different kind of person, with different points of view. The real Joan Crawford was lost long ago.

Nor is there any real advantage in pressing the point of an altercation, no matter how angry or hurt the antagonist may be. For every single person who attacks her in any way, Joan has an army of faithful friends who spring to her defense. Nothing, by this time, can hurt Joan Crawford. **END**

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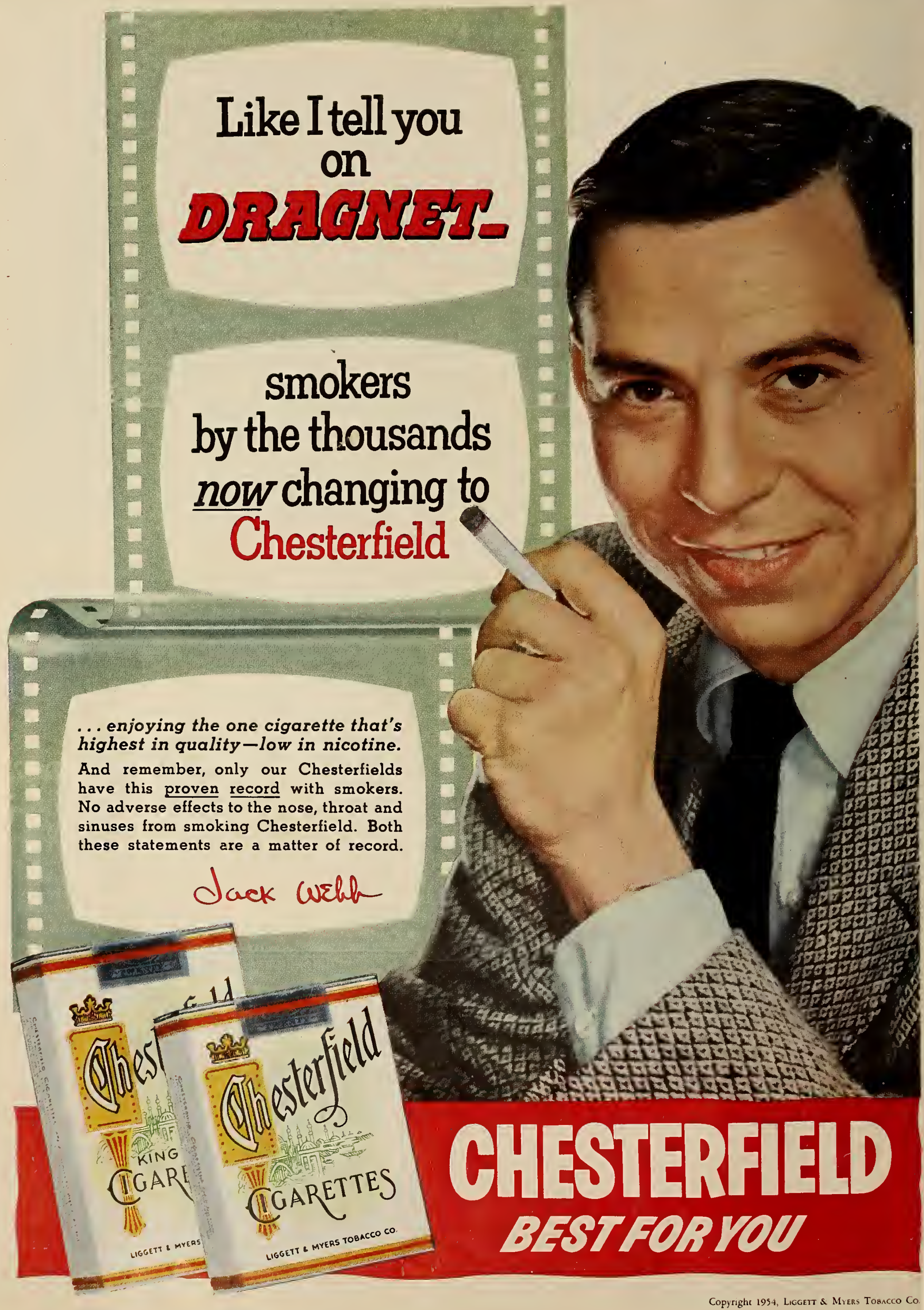
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Jack Webb

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modern screen

DELL
AGAZINE

20c APR

LIZ TAYLOR:
What bust-up?

That Ivory Look

Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!

Babies have That Ivory Look . . . Why shouldn't you? The milder the beauty soap, the prettier your skin. And Ivory is mild enough for a baby's skin . . . in fact, doctors everywhere choose it ahead of all other soaps—for baby's complexion and for yours.

In one week, That Ivory Look for you! It's a complexion that attracts attention. Simply change to regular care and pure, mild Ivory Soap. One week later your skin will look prettier, fresher, younger. You'll have That Ivory Look.

99 44/100 % pure...it floats

Doctors' First Choice For Your Complexion

MAR -5 1954

No dentifrice can stop all cavities—but...

You can prevent up to 60%* of tooth decay

...with new Ipana® containing Anti-Enzyme WD-9

New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. As you know, youngsters don't like to use a tooth paste if it doesn't taste good. But Ipana with WD-9 has a new minty flavor so that children will enjoy brushing with it. In tests, new Ipana was liked 2 to 1 for taste.

Confused by recent promises of tooth-paste "miracles"? Here are facts well worth knowing:

1. No tooth paste can stop all tooth decay. This includes our new Ipana with WD-9.

2. But if you want far fewer cavities, no other tooth paste has ever been proved more effective for helping you.

And you can be sure of this:

***Two-year clinical tests showed that brushing teeth after eating can reduce tooth decay up to 60%. This means when you use new Ipana with WD-9 this way, the Ipana way—you can expect the same results. Be sure to follow easy directions on the package.**

What's more, if you do this, there's an excellent chance that *you will never again be bothered by excessive cavities.*

The way most dentists recommend

We make these statements confidently because the benefits of the Ipana way were proved by two full years of clinical testing. Most dentists recommend this way (ask *yours).*

In stopping bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids, WD-9 in new Ipana is one of the most effective ingredients known.

2-year tests showed 60% fewer cavities than from ordinary methods

One or more new cavities for almost 2 out of 3 using ordinary methods.	No new cavities for almost 2 out of 3 people using the Ipana way.

Don't forget your gums

Only your dentist can correct cavities that have already developed and remove hard tartar that may bring on gum troubles—so see him regularly. Between visits, the Ipana way can prevent most tooth decay from starting. And brushing with Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges of teeth helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

When you can get a tooth paste that does all this without paying a penny extra for it, why not make your next tube Ipana?

Every single brushing fights tooth decay!

Even if you can't always brush your teeth after eating, as you should, new white Ipana with WD-9 still helps you fight tooth decay. Every brushing combats the very causes of cavities . . . checks the bacterial-enzyme action that produces tooth-decay acids.

Best way to stop bad breath all day!

The Ipana way makes it easy to be sure of a fresh, clean breath. One brushing stops most unpleasant mouth odor for as long as 9 hours. Even after smoking and eating anything except, of course, foods like onions and garlic.

Same package
No increase in price

Student nurses are needed
—inquire at your hospital

Put some egg-citement in your hair!
Helene Curtis
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CONCENTRATE
WITH HAIR-CONDITIONING ACTION
*2%

Caress your hair with the magic touch of fresh whole egg in this super luxury lather! See! Suddenly your hair is so silky, so manageable, so glowingly clean you can't believe your own eyes! Even dull, difficult hair is transformed! Try it! From 29c

APRIL, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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CHARLES D. SAXON
editor

DURBIN HORNER
executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

PAIGE LOHR, story editor
BARBARA J. MAYER, assistant editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
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BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BERT PARRY, staff photographer
MARCIA L. SILVER, research editor

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FREE TO BE FREE

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BERT LAHR · MARJORIE MAIN

…AND MORE SONGS

INDIAN LOVE CALL

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THE INSIDE STORY

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.

Q. Does Cary Grant really get irritated when he is asked about his early days as a Coney Island stilts-walker? Is it also true that when he married Barbara Hutton, he signed a waiver of his rights to any of her fortune, just as Porfirio Rubirosa did? —G.U., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *Yes on both counts.*

Q. Has Ingrid Bergman really become an opera star? Has she given up all hope of seeing her daughter Pia again? —M.H., SCRANTON, PA.

A. *Miss Bergman made her opera debut at the San Carlo Opera House, Naples, two months ago in* Joan Of Arc At The Stake, *but she didn't sing. She received twenty-one curtain calls. She expects her daughter to visit her in Europe this summer.*

Q. When *Roman Holiday* was shown in my neighborhood, the advertisements carried Audrey Hepburn's head on top of Terry Moore's figure. What was Audrey's reaction to this? —C.L., SAN CARLOS, CALIF.

A. *Said Miss Hepburn, "It is an indignity and a frightful insult."*

Q. Is there a full-fledged romance between Pat Crowley and Vic Damone or is it publicity? —E.T., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Publicity.*

Q. How old, really, are Spencer Tracy, Fred Astaire, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and Richard Arlen?—V.U., AMES, IOWA.

A. *Tracy, Astaire, and Arlen are fifty-three. Cooper and Gable fifty-two.*

Q. Can you tell me the name of the plastic surgeon who recently "lifted" Sonja Henie's face in a New York Hospital? —H.R., SPRING VALLEY, N. Y.

A. *Miss Henie insists, "I have never had my face lifted."*

Q. Sid Luft, Judy Garland's husband, once worked for Eleanor Powell, now Mrs. Glenn Ford. Exactly what work did Luft do for Eleanor Powell? —E.D., DENVER, COL.

A. *He was her private secretary.*

Q. Is it on the level that Debbie Reynolds has been getting $8,000 a week from RKO for working in *Susan Slept Here?* —T.R., DALLAS, TEX.

A. *No. MGM has received that sum for loaning out Debbie. Her salary is $750 a week.*

Q. To whom was Sir Laurence Olivier married before Vivien Leigh became his wife? —H.O., LONDON, ENG.

A. *Actress Jill Esmond.*

Q. Doesn't Ava Gardner have a secret romance in Madrid? Isn't that why she always vacations there? —E.R., SMITHFIELD, N. C.

A. *No. Ava's close friend in Madrid is Mrs. Doreen Grant.*

Q. Bing Crosby used to own KXLY and KXLY-TV in Spokane. Can you tell me how much he sold it for? —E.R., SPOKANE, WASH.

A. *The corporation owning both properties was sold for $1,750,000.*

Q. I've been told on good authority that all the motion picture fan magazines are controlled by one central organization in Hollywood. Is that true? —E.V., PATERSON, N. J.

A. *No.*

Q. How long was singer Guy Mitchell married and how much did his divorce cost him? —U.G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Mitchell was married to Jackie Loughery, Miss U.S.A. of 1952, for eleven months. He now pays $1500 a month alimony and $10,000 in legal fees to his former wife's lawyer.*

Q. Did Greer Garson's husband really give her a $50,000 fur coat for Christmas? —F.R., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

A. *Miss Garson received from her husband for Christmas a full-length, pale blue mink coat valued by furriers who have seen it at between $10,000 and $15,000.*

Q. Jane Powell has been dating Pat Nerney. Who has Gene Nelson been dating?—V.L., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A. *His wife.*

PARAMOUNT presents

BOB HOPE
JOAN FONTAINE

in

CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT

co-starring

BASIL RATHBONE
AUDREY DALTON
HUGH MARLOWE

Color by TECHNICOLOR

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST LAUGH-MAKER... AS HISTORY'S GREATEST LOVE-MAKER!

It's Hope at his funniest . . . in the role he was born to slay! He'll *murder* you . . . as the imposter who's shy of swords, but a devil with the damsels! Follow his hilarious trail . . . from boudoir to dungeon . . . in Paramount's fun-packed tale of romance and mirth!

Produced by PAUL JONES
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Written for the Screen by HAL KANTER and EDMUND HARTMANN · Based on a story by AUBREY WISBERG

The talk of the town was the huge welcome-home-from-Korea party given at Ciro's for Terry Moore,

Ciro's owner, Herman Hover, hosted the party. Asiatic-style dresses worn by Terry and Susan were created for them on their Pacific tour.

Ann Blyth attended with her husband, Dr. Jim McNulty. Mother-to-be Ann noted that Far Eastern styles made wonderful maternity clothes!

Debbie Reynolds, Terry's best friend, was on hand to welcome her. Deb's escort, Max Anthony, seemed to prefer western attire.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

SHELLEY VS. VITTORIO . . . JUNE HAVER FINDS FRED MACMURRAY . . .

WHAT THE WORLD doesn't know about the blowup between Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman in Italy is that it did *not* originate in Rome as advertised via headlines, but right here in Hollywood as far back as October.

It was on October 17, 1953, that Shelley, sporting a black eye, walked into Jerry Geisler's offices and asked her lawyer to draw up divorce papers.

He advised her to wait. Vittorio was going to return to Italy anyway and their battle might subside during the weeks in which she had to make a movie at U-I.

I guess Geisler knew his client, our gal Shell.

The absence from Vittorio certainly made Shelley's heart grow fonder. She nearly broke her neck and wore out the cast and crew of *Play Girl* working overtime so she could fly to Rome to try to make up with Vittorio. She really loved that guy!

The first shock came when he failed to meet her plane in Rome after she had cabled him the hour. Of course he was on tour with *Hamlet*, but those things can be arranged.

When Shelley finally caught up with the company she was so hurt and mad she completely blew her top, not, believe me, over Gassman's acting in *Hamlet* but over his "acting up" with his eighteen-year-old leading lady, Anna Maria Ferraro.

Reports about Anna Maria had reached Shelley's ears in Hollywood but she didn't believe them.

She returned to Rome and cried her heart out on the shoulder of her old pal, Farley Granger, before she finally couldn't stand it any longer and shouted her heartbreak to the housetops, not to mention the wire services:

"He'll have to give me $95,000 to support our baby and he'll have to marry that Ferraro girl! . . . I don't want our baby to know her father or learn to love him . . . he'd just break her heart by neglecting her. . . . How dare he put me in this unglamorous position because of an eighteen-year-old girl!"—and so on and on.

Vittorio, too, had plenty to say. The parting shot was, "She's a liar."

Certainly it can be said on Shelley's side that she did everything in the world to put Vittorio over in Hollywood, even to paying for his first trip here before he got an MGM contract.

Maybe Shelley is loud. But she's honest and loyal—even to trying hard to protect Gassman when everyone in Hollywood knew how he was neglecting her.

AS THE OLD YEAR died out and the New Year rang in, Fred MacMurray and June Haver were wrapped in a clinch, whispering sweet somethings to each other and completely oblivious of about 200 other guests dancing around them at a "private" party.

These two are the hottest romance in town and seldom have I seen such ardor as they staged, seemingly unable to stay more than two inches apart the entire evening.

June looked like a pretty doll in a very décolleté pink satin gown with her blonde hair in short ringlets all over her head.

I must say that everyone seems very much

Susan Zanuck and the troupe.

Mitzi Gaynor, with Jack Bean, wore Bob Wagner's *Prince Valiant* wig. Ciro's was closed to public for entire evening.

NEWS

. . . DALE ROBERTSONS SPLIT

Bing Crosby brought Mona Freeman to the Pebble Beach Golf Tournament. (See the real story behind their romance on page 46!) Among the stars who played in Bing's Professional-Amateur tourney were Dean Martin, Phil Harris, Randolph Scott . . . the rest of Hollywood watched.

in favor of this new love story between two people who have had such tragedies in their lives. They were two lonely people before they met at the Gay '90's holiday party given for John Wayne by Ned Marin.

Fred had come alone. Junie's escort was A. C. Blumenthal. But just as it happened in the song, "the strangers saw each other across a crowded room," and it was nothing but enchantment for them from there on.

The handsome Fred took Junie home from the party and they have been an every night date since.

Such stars in their eyes!

In addition to the almost visible physical attraction between them, another close bond will be Junie's love of children. Fred is devoted to his motherless youngsters.

In fact, right after he kissed Junie "Happy New Year," he went to the telephone and held a long conversation with his little brood, and June was right beside him.

ALTHOUGH MEL FERRER and his wife separated frequently and spasmodically made up, they seemed to stall on an actual divorce until Mel fell head over heels for charmer Audrey Hepburn.

Then, Mrs. Ferrer took herself to Mexico and obtained a divorce so quietly that nothing was printed about it for ten days.

Since then Mel and Audrey are practically an every night date around New York, chaperoned by her mother!

(Incidentally, for your information, all the time Audrey was supposed to be having torrid romances with Gregory Peck and a couple of other attractive gentlemen in Europe last summer, Mama was also very much in evidence, keeping an eye on her talented daughter.)

Getting back to the Mel Ferrer divorce, I heard an amusing story about ten-year-old Mark Ferrer's reaction (if the remarks of these children of divorce can ever be said to be amusing).

The morning after his mother returned from Mexico, a free woman, young Mark greeted her at breakfast with, "Well, good morning, *Miss Pilchard*"—her maiden name.

DALE ROBERTSON and Jackie haven't been hitting it off for some time. Even so, he was completely taken by surprise when, as Dale lunched in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox one rainy afternoon, a process server up and put Jacqueline's intention-to-divorce papers in his hand.

Jackie isn't being too secret about why their marriage went on the rocks. Her side of it is that Dale took his stardom big, believed everything the fans and his press agents wrote, and was generally a little potentate around the house.

So far, Dale has had nothing to say except that he is sorry they couldn't make a go of it, particularly for the sake of their one-and-a-half-year-old daughter.

You'd be surprised if you knew who was making a pitch for Dale the minute his wife's divorce plans became known.

ABOUT MARILYN AND JOE: He calls her "Baby," but because he doesn't like to be called by smooch names, she calls him Joe . . . He's the boss . . . Every move of

"Doctor,

please tell me"

Countless women have asked their doctors questions like these:

"Is it true that Tampax may be used by any normal woman?"

Absolutely. The principle of internal absorption, on which Tampax is based, was prescribed by many doctors long before the product was introduced. One of them decided to extend the benefits to all women. He would never have done so, had he not been positive Tampax could be used universally.

"I've heard that Tampax prevents odor from forming. How?"

Tampax prevents exposure to the air, which is the chief cause of odor. The product is easy to handle and dispose of; user's hands need not touch the Tampax.

"Will Tampax cause discomfort?"

Many women, whose viewpoints are colored by their experiences with external pads, fear that an internal protection might be even more uncomfortable. Actually, once the Tampax is properly inserted, it can't even be felt!

There is no more reason for modern women to be held to the cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness than there is for them to wear a bustle or hoop skirts. Tampax is available in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug or notion counters. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
Regular
TAMPAX
SUPER TAMPAX
JUNIOR TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Accepted For Advertising by the Journal of The American Medical Association

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

her suspension was dictated by Joe, an old hand at bringing baseball teams around to *his* terms, financially. He used to go into hiding every time his Yankee contract came up for renewal and he always came up with more moola . . . She likes nightclubs and cafes . . . He doesn't . . . So they compromise by eating in popular cafes in off-hours . . . like steak dinners at three o'clock in the afternoon . . . One of their favorite hangouts is the Hollywood Brown Derby . . . They like having breakfast in the bar around two in the afternoon . . . He likes women in black . . . They got a kick out of the fact that while reporters, cameramen and 20th's press agents were staked out in front of her swank apartment, waiting their arrival on their honeymoon, they were secretly ensconced on the secluded Idylwild estate of Marilyn's lawyer, Lloyd Wright. Only the caretaker knew they were there. . . . Her wedding gift to him was a new Cadillac . . . He gave her a new home on the Peninsula in San Francisco . . . She's beginning to love his hometown as much as Joe does . . . They registered at the motel in Paso Robles as "Mr. and Mrs. Joe DiMaggio, San Francisco" . . . When they argue (and they do) Joe gets very excited and waves his arms and talks . . . Baby just gets quieter and quieter and hardly opens her mouth until the battle is over and they kiss and make up . . . Then they *both* beam and laugh and talk and swear they'll never fight again. Which they do—even as you and I.

THE REGISTRAR at Scripps Clinic in La Jolla looked up, smiled, and handed the young man standing on the other side of the desk an admittance blank.

"Just fill in your name and address now," the nurse said, "and we'll get the rest of the information later."

When the patient handed back the paper after complying, the nurse gurgled, "Oh, yes, Mr. Lanza. Just go to your room, please, it's 204. Someone will be with you immediately."

When the "someone" went to the room, 204, he took a look around and walked right back to the desk.

"There's no one there," he reported.

And you know what—there was no one there!

It developed that Mario checked into the famed clinic for a complete overhauling, walked into the room assigned him and then walked out the back door and drove away.

They haven't seen hide nor hair of him since.

One report came that he had gone to Las Vegas, where they also give you a "going over" but not of the type endorsed by Scripps Clinic.

Mario's completely unfathomable behavior would be slightly amusing if it weren't so basically tragic.

MY HEART SALUTES beautiful, brown-eyed Suzan Ball, one of the most courageous girls I have ever known.

As I write this, it is only a few hours after the amputation of her leg. Her doctor just called me to say that Suzan is doing as well as can be expected. Dick Long, who was with her during the surgery, has gone home to get a little rest.

He says, "I am going to marry Suzan the day she leaves that hospital!"

The thing that hurts so deeply is that Suzan had believed right up to the time that the doctor was forced to tell her the bitter truth—that her leg was cancerous—that her faith would cure the malignancy.

And it was this same wonderful faith that gave her the courage to tell them to go ahead with the operation. At the same time she requested that an artificial limb be ordered right away, "so I can get used to wearing it as soon as possible."

The real reason why Suzan broke her engagement to Dick a few months back can be told now, too. She said, "I didn't want him to be saddled with a cripple. I love him too much."

Fred Morin's Gay Nineties party in honor of John Wayne was fun. The barbershop quintet included Fred MacMurray, Jeanne Crain and Red Skelton. Later, at this party, Fred met June Haver.

HAVE YOU SEEN ALL THESE WONDERFUL 20th CENTURY-FOX HITS IN

CINEMASCOPE

The Anamorphic Lens Process . . . on the scientifically created Miracle Mirror Screen . . . in the Wonder of Stereophonic Sound!

The Robe

RICHARD BURTON · JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE · MICHAEL RENNIE

CINEMASCOPE
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How To Marry A Millionaire

MARILYN MONROE · BETTY GRABLE · LAUREN BACALL and WILLIAM POWELL

CINEMASCOPE
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Beneath the 12-Mile Reef

ROBERT WAGNER · TERRY MOORE · GILBERT ROLAND

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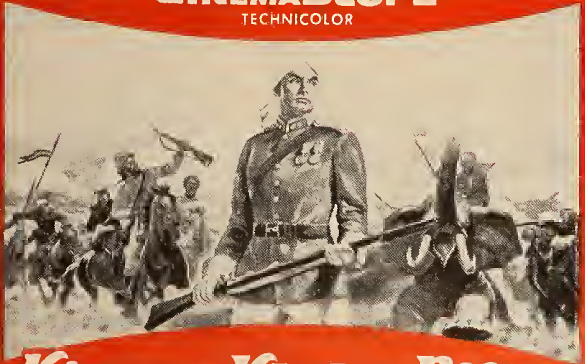


King of the Khyber Rifles

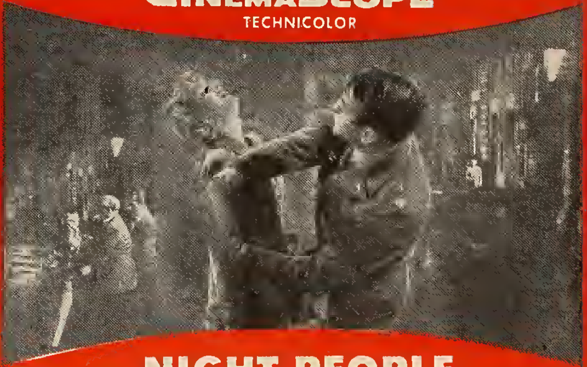
TYRONE POWER · TERRY MOORE · MICHAEL RENNIE

CINEMASCOPE
Technicolor DELUXE

Hell and High Water

RICHARD WIDMARK · BELLA DARVI

CINEMASCOPE
Technicolor DELUXE



NIGHT PEOPLE

GREGORY PECK · BRODERICK CRAWFORD · ANITA BJORK · RITA GAM

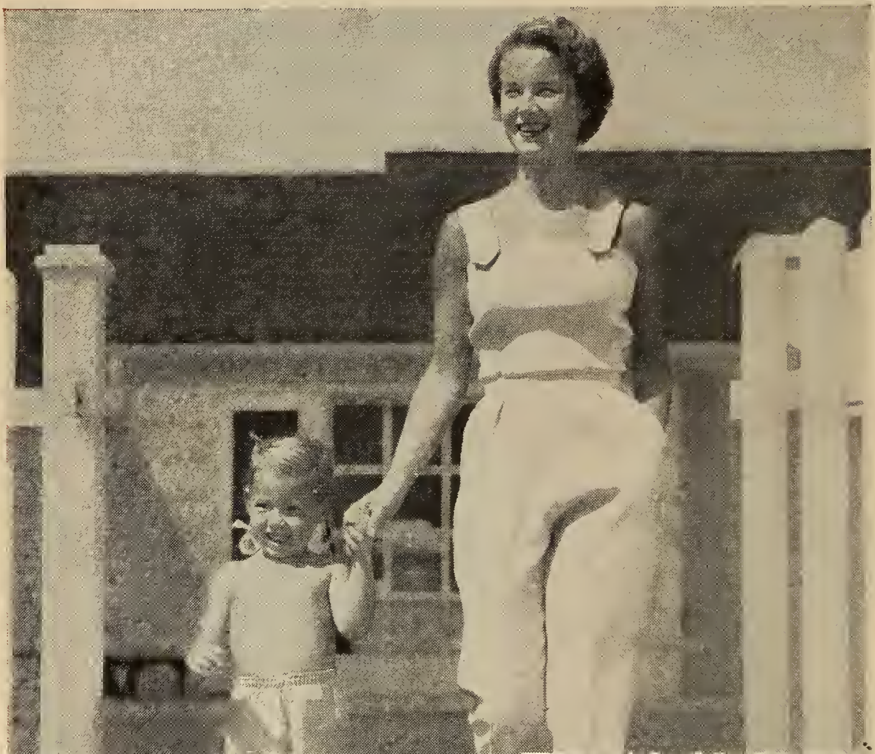
CINEMASCOPE
Technicolor DELUXE

CINEMASCOPE IS THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY IN MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!

Mona Freeman Tells How to

LOSE UGLY FAT

This Easy, Pleasant Way!



Mona Freeman loves the sea and the beach. "If you want to have a lovely figure, I recommend Ayds," says Mona

Swimming is Mona's favorite outdoor sport. She says, "Whenever I am putting on too much weight, I start taking Ayds."

Mona Freeman is just one of the many Hollywood stars—the most figure conscious women in the world—who keep themselves trim with the help of Ayds. You can be certain that if Ayds works for them, it will help you to lose weight just as easily, pleasantly and safely!

Proved by Clinical Tests!

With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without strenuous dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

Guaranteed—A Lovelier Figure!

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. You, too, must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back. At drug or department stores.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

So she told Dick that the doctors had told her that her leg was cured and that she didn't want to get married because she wanted to concentrate on her career and make up for the time she had been forced to lose.

Suzan did such a wonderful acting job that Dick believed her—but not for long. The minute he read she was back in a hospital, he rushed to her side and said, "Honey, you wonderful liar. But don't you ever tell another one to me. You aren't going to lose me for the rest of your life."

Just before the operation Suzan said to a close friend, "Please never feel sorry for me. I don't feel sorry for myself.

"There are still many roles I can play on the screen. I have the love of a wonderful boy. And my studio has assumed all financial burdens and is continuing to pay my salary for life.

"I still have many wonderful things in my life and I am deeply grateful for my blessings!"

God bless you, Susie, and your beautiful, fine spirit.

THE REAL REASON back of the breakup of Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas is that the Señor is not of a marrying frame of mind and Arlene is of a mind to have no more of it—or him.

I had a hunch that all was not well with this romance long before it came out in the open. Arlene had called to tell me goodbye when she was off to New York.

"How can you bear to leave Fernando?" I asked this redhead, who had really been off her rocker about the guy.

"Oh, that isn't hard," she flipped, "all men are a pain in the neck!" When a lady says *that*—she usually has one particular man in mind!

ASKED THE REAL CAUSE of trouble between himself and Leslie Caron, Geordie Hormel said with admirable honesty:

"I haven't accomplished anything in the last eighteen months to win her respect. My career in music has not kept pace with Leslie's career in films and the ballet.

"But she is a changed girl, not like the sweetheart I married. She doesn't want to be married any longer."

I hear there is another big problem between Leslie and her husband. Money.

(*Continued on page 15*)

The guests of honor were John Wayne and Pilar Pallette. Many believe these two will marry.

Time Magazine reports on recent medical findings about

SKIN OF WOMEN'S HANDS DAMAGED BY SOAPS, DETERGENTS!

NOW! YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR HANDS FROM IRRITANTS!

USE PLAYTEX® LIVING GLOVES

LATEX, FABRIC LINED

HAVE LOVELIER HANDS IN ONLY 9 DAYS

- Made of Non-Allergenic "Living" Latex.
- Water-proof.
- Fabric-lined—for "bare hand" comfort.
- Non-slip surface—for "bare hand" grip.
- Extra-long turn-back cuffs to prevent drip, splatter.
- Easy on and off.
- Finger free, can pick up pin or dime.
- Never sticky, never clammy.

Hands protected by Playtex Living Gloves cannot possibly be harmed by soaps, detergents or cleansers.

Strong soaps, harsh detergents *continually* dry out the skin *(see photos at left)*, may even create ugly eruptions. Household cleansers, bleaches, waxes, polishes may *aggravate* already sensitive skins. Lotions, creams may create *fertile "soil" for germs.*

Hot water, oven *heat,* refrigerator *cold,* irritating household *chemicals,* can complete the drying, roughening, cracking — and ruin of your skin and nails.

Yet You Can Prevent It All! Yes, All! Proof In Only 9 Days

Do all your housework — dishes, laundry, cleaning, scrubbing — with Playtex "Living" Gloves. The makers of these gloves, world's largest producers of dipped latex products, give you —

A Daring Promise Never Made Before:

In only 9 days PLAYTEX Gloves can help restore the natural smoothness of your hands.

Playtex "Living" Gloves give your skin's natural oils a chance to bring back the *natural* loveliness of your hands. Give your hands and manicures the protection they can never get out of any bottle or jar. ***And: The very first manicure you save pays for your Gloves.***

Get them today! Have lovelier hands in only 9 days!

The attention of the medical profession is called to the article in Time Magazine, Nov. 9th, 1953, and recent article in Sept., 1953 Archives of Dermatology etc., dealing with the effects on women's hands of soaps and detergents.

$1.39

Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.

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The latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment, written exclusively for MODERN SCREEN by one of America's leading record experts.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS

by George Frazier

TV star Jackie Gleason records favorites on LP.

■ **Of all the performers** I know, the most versatile—except, perhaps, José Ferrer—is Jackie Gleason. Jackie's range of interests and accomplishments is enormous, extending all the way from trying to outdo Toots Shor to composing ballet music. I'm not being facetious. Jackie's problem as well as his great gift is his refusal to adopt partway measures. His drive is prodigious. He wants to do everything and to do everything better than anybody else. Even when he goes to the hospital in an effort to cut down his weight, he does it in a grand way. I'm always astonished when I drop in on Jackie at the suite he retains in Doctor's Hospital. I always thought of a hospital as a place for rest and seclusion, but Jackie destroyed that idea. In the genuine sense of the term, he holds court, lying in bed while a small army of attendants scurry back and forth serving his visitors food and drink. In all the years I've known him I have yet to see Jackie take things in stride. A couple of years ago, for example, he moved into the Park Sheraton Hotel in New York. Most men of his means would have been content with a good suite. Not Jackie. He had to take the fabulous penthouse—at the price, I understand, of $25,000 a year.

That's the lighter side of Jackie. Infinitely more important is his talent—and that is boundless. Singlehandedly, he has succeeded in raising the CBS-TV network to a number one position on Saturday nights. Jackie and I discussed this a couple of weeks ago. What I learned from Jackie should, I think, be of value to anybody who wishes to get ahead in the entertainment business. To paraphrase it he stressed the fact that you must—or you must try to—know everything.

"Look at me," he said. "I'm a clumsy guy, George, but you've seen me on my show. I dance, sing, make jokes, play skits —I lead the orchestra every so often. I even write tunes." Jackie does write tunes —and some pretty good ones. Anybody who is inclined to doubt it should examine a new Capitol LP called "Tawny."

"Tawny" is a ballet which Jackie composed for his Saturday night show. I daresay other people have composed more enduring music, but this is pleasant listening. The other night, Jackie and I spent some time listening and listening again to it. Like all of us, I suppose, Jackie has had his share of shattered romances. And like all of us, he has been affected by them. We all express things differently. Jackie's outlet was in writing "Tawny."

To those who know him only from his television show, Jackie probably seems like the complete clown. He isn't. He is vitally concerned with public affairs. He is deeply conscious of social problems. He reads constantly.

When we discussed "Tawny," he said, "You know Guy de Maupassant. Well, this cat had a line somewhere about a dame. 'She fills you to the marrow with desire,' he said. I had a girl like that and I guess I'll never forget her. But what do you do? You can't go around the rest of your life crying in your beer, can you? My own personal purgatory made me write this music. Maybe it isn't great, but it does happen to be sincere."

I agree with him. If it is nothing else, "Tawny" is sincere. But what always has amazed me—and always will amaze me—is that Jackie cannot read music. In his case, I guess it's a blessing. He does unconventional things that no trained musician would attempt and the results are exciting. Someday, I suppose, Jackie will settle down to what most of us consider a normal life. In the meantime his prodigious drive and versatility will keep him trying rash things that most of us would shun. If Jackie marries the girl with whom he is now in love, we can expect something a lot different from "Tawny." Until then, though, "Tawny" will be the expression of Jackie Gleason's feeling about a beautiful woman. On the other side of this 10-inch LP Jackie and his band play "Little Girl," "If I Had You," "Some Day" and "I Cover the Waterfront."

PROBABLY I've spent more than enough time in recent issues writing about Glenn Miller. You'll have to excuse me if I do so again. I do it here mostly in the interest of economics. As you doubtless know, RCA Victor brought out a Glenn Miller "Limited Edition" (limited, as one executive of the company said, to as many people as will buy it) at $24.95. It is a handsome job, wrapped in simulated white leather and adorned with draw-

(*Continued on page 14*)

For MODERN SCREEN Readers Only!
Jackie Gleason's New LP—Personally Autographed
Plus a Special Discount!

MODERN SCREEN has arranged for you to get Jackie Gleason's fabulous new Capitol LP with Jackie's personal autograph on your copy! You'll get Mr. Saturday Night himself, playing "Tawny," "Little Girl," "If I Had You," "Some Day" and "I Cover The Waterfront" for the special discount price of only $2.50—**including** mailing costs! Send the coupon below (with $2.50 in cash, check or money order) and your autographed album will be shipped to you immediately.

Jackie Gleason
P.O. Box 125
Murray Hill Sta., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Please rush me postpaid my autographed copy of your new Capitol LP "Tawny."
$2.50 is enclosed in cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐

NAME ______

ST. AND NO. ______

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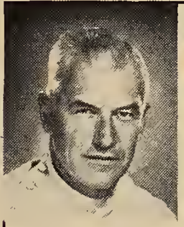
Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol,* Colgate's exclusive anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the best protection against tooth-decay enzymes of any toothpaste!

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF

that brings new hope to millions for

Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!

Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!



A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS APPROVED THIS EVIDENCE . . .

All the facts, published in authoritative dental journals, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE
Offers Proof of Such Results!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE
Contains Anti-Enzyme Ingredient
GARDOL
*SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

PROTECTION THAT WON'T RINSE OFF OR WEAR OFF ALL DAY

Large Size 27¢
Giant Size 47¢
Economy Size 63¢

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

***For* LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES**

Mrs. Georgia Elliot, Tenafly, N. J. uses detergents regularly, yet still keeps her hands soft.

"I wash 24,000 pieces of silverware a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Only 10¢ to $1.00
plus tax

Candlelight and gleaming silver make a perfect setting for Georgia Elliot. But to keep that silver bright, she uses detergents to help her wash and polish thousands of pieces a year. (As many as you!)

Detergents cut grease, but they can also rob hands of natural oils, and leave them rough and red.

But not Georgia's hands! After detergents . . . after any harsh soap or cleanser, she puts on pure, white Jergens Lotion, right away.

It penetrates instantly (doesn't just "coat" her hands) with two important softening ingredients. It actually helps *replace* necessary softening moisture.

Keep your home detergent-bright, by all means. But be sure to use the world's most popular hand care *daily*, if you want to keep your hands soft and lovable.

Use Jergens Lotion – avoid detergent hands

(*Continued from page 12*) ings of Glenn. But here's really good news for the many fans who don't have $24.95 to plunk down for an album. RCA Victor is bringing out the album music on single LP's. The first of these is called "Glenn Miller Plays Selections From the Film, *The Glenn Miller Story*." I'd like to emphasize the fact that *this* is the Glenn Miller band, just as it was in its heyday. The band in the movie, naturally, is a facsimile—and a reasonably accurate one at that. But not the Miller band! (I suppose that this is what has troubled Helen Miller, Glenn's widow, so profoundly. This woman clings so desperately to a memory that she refuses to believe that her husband is dead. And for all anyone knows, he may not be.) The significant thing is that this is part of the Limited Edition at a fraction of the price.

THIS MONTH the good Eartha, which is to say Eartha Kitt, is to be heard in an RCA Victor LP called "The Bad Eartha"—which may be as it should be. This is quite a gal. Just before she left for Europe, Eartha and I had dinner at the new place in New York called the Harwynn. We talked about, among other things, her choice of tunes. She told me that such things as *"C'est Si Bon"* just happen. Dave Kapp, who was then with RCA Victor, suggested the tunes, but it wasn't until they were in the actual process of recording that she and he got the idea of "Cadillac car" and the other English words that have, of course, made it so very special.

Incidental reports on forthcoming items: Decca is highly excited about the faces recorded by Jeff Chandler. My information has it that they are excellent . . . Joan Crawford writes me that she would like nothing so much as to make some "good" recordings . . . For those of you interested in acquiring rare records, I strongly recommend a magazine called *The Record Changer* (address: 125 LaSalle Street, New York City) which carries, among other things, a complete listing of all records up for auction . . . Rosemary Clooney phoned a day or so after she and her husband, José Ferrer, arrived in Europe to say that she was delighted and flabbergasted to discover that she has apparently achieved international fame. Found her records everywhere.

THERE has been a great deal of undependable talk about high fidelity machines. I've spent approximately four months listening to all the new brands and, at this point, feel qualified to pass a measure of judgment. If you can afford something really special and expensive, by all means try a Phillips, which is of Dutch manufacture, or have a set custom-made by a firm like Fisher Radio (41 East 47th Street) which is probably tops among the companies that install equipment. Assuming, though, that you are of more modest means, try any of the sets made by Columbia and RCA Victor. They can be recommended without reservation. You might also listen to a model (at $119) manufactured by Magnavox. It's one of the most exciting I've heard. Last month, I mentioned a tiny portable machine called the Capri. I've listened to it quite a bit in recent weeks and I am able to report that its assets include durability. It is just about the most serviceable portable I've come across. But it's not hi-fi.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

When the petite French danseuse married the scion of the famed meat-packing family, it was believed that the bridegroom was loaded. Most of the Hormels are.

But as their marriage went on, a friend of Leslie tells me, Leslie was carrying more and more of the financial burden—toward the last, practically all of it.

Geordie didn't give up without a struggle. He went to New York to meet Leslie's boat and morosely announced later, "She granted me a ten-minute interview. Since then she hasn't spoken to me. I guess it's all over."

I guess it is.

THE LETTER BOX: To many of you who have written asking me to give you the "confidential diet that keeps the stars thin," I'm obliged to say there ain't such a thing. All the stars who diet sensibly do so under the care of their personal physicians and their diets are made up for their particular dietary needs. You kids get your parents to take you to a good doctor if you want to lose weight. There's no magic formula.

Lisa, St. Louis, writes that she's giving up Frank and Ava, "because they can't give each other happiness or give each other up. How juvenile can two adults be?"

Eleonore Malone, Ottawa, says I never write of Mel Ferrer in this column. Oh, yes I do, Eleanore—this month.

More weight-conscious readers (and writers) this month. Anna Stamonova of Brooklyn wants to know the most I ever heard of any star's weighing at his or her heaviest. Mario Lanza, I believe, who once hit the scales at 235. For a glamour girl, Joan Crawford, who weighed 164 many years ago when she first came to Hollywood.

Mrs. Fred McNamara hears: "Ava Gardner is supposed to be furious because Cyd Charisse has cut her hair like hers (Ava's) and looks so much like her these days. True or false?" This rumor is, at most, only partly true. Ava isn't too pleased over the resemblance but I doubt that she is "furious." Certainly, she has not "ordered" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to "order" Cyd to "look different."

That's all this month. See you next month.

June Haver danced with Laurence Harvey, but spent most of evening with Fred MacMurray.

Ringlet Bra with Dualift-Control...only $1.50

You'd *think* a bra like this would be expensive...from the way Dualift straps lift oh-so-comfortably from center and sides...the way continuous single-needle stitching molds such precious curves. Yet this Lovable RINGLET with so much quality, so much flattery, is only $1.50. Ask for it by name! Other Lovable Bras from $1.

Also in Canada.

The Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. MS-4, 180 Madison Ave., New York 16

New Help

for those 81 girls out of every 100* in despair over

"Young Skin" problems

Out of every 100 girls, 81 have "Young Skin"—blackheads, large pores, oiliness or flakiness a recent survey shows. What is the cause? Is there any help for it?

In the teens, the oil glands start to *over* work. The skin turns too sluggish to slough off dead skin debris. These dead flakes mix with the oil and choke pore openings. Next come large pores, even blackheads.

Dermatologists say oil and dead skin must be cleared off. And now—Pond's brings you a *greaseless* corrective based on this medical theory!

"This treatment works wonders!"

"I saw a change in 3 days!"

"My skin looks clearer, smoother!"

Hundreds of girls with "Young Skin" tested Pond's greaseless treatment! Many saw a real change in under 2 weeks! Just cover face, except eyes, in a thick layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action *dissolves off* dead skin cells! Frees skin glands to function *normally*. After 1 minute—tissue off. Your skin feels smooth, ungreasy. Looks fresher, *clearer!*

For a sheer, greaseless powder base— Use a light *touch* of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Never shiny. *Holds* powder!

HOLLYWOOD ABROAD

AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

ROSEMARY CLOONEY, twenty-five, and her forty-one-year-old husband, José Ferrer, finally got to Europe on their delayed honeymoon. In London, Rosemary demonstrated what reporters described as "slavish devotion to her husband."

When questioned about this, Rosemary said, "Well, why shouldn't I? Joe is a real genius. There's nothing he can't do. I'd like to be in a Broadway musical. What a coach Joe would make!

"My voice? Well, it's just a voice. I never studied. My voice had no training. I just make a commercial sort of sound that sells records. People ask me if I need a warm-up. I've got nothing to warm up!"

Ferrer was then asked if he were really a genius.

"I won't deny it," he said, "if genius is just a capacity for taking pains. The trouble with Rosemary is that she always underestimates herself."

GREGORY PECK, in Ceylon, finishing *The Purple Plains,* visited director John Huston in Kilcock, County Kildare, Ireland, just before he took off for India.

Huston has apparently left Hollywood permanently to settle down in Ireland with his wife Ricki and their two children.

Besides working on the *Moby Dick* script, Huston rides on hunts with the Killing Kildores and tries to talk all of his guests into joining him. When he tried to persuade Peck, the tall, Lincolnesque actor said, "I'll tell you what, John. You go fox hunting on your horse and I'll follow by car." Peck and his son had been skiing in Switzerland, and Peck explained that enough exercise was enough.

That morning, both Huston and his horse landed in a ditch. "Bad break, kid," Huston explained to Peck. "People die in their boots hunting the fox in Ireland, and all I do is wrench my back."

PAULETTE GODDARD, working in London on a film called *The Stranger,* took time out to give her views on life, love, money, work, and husbands.

Said Miss Goddard, now forty-three and still sleek, "I have had three husbands, Charley Chaplin, Burgess Meredith, and Edgar James. These marriages did not work out. I always admit my mistakes. And these marriages are my mistakes.

"I'm without a husband now and that's why I'm working, but as a general rule I don't believe a woman should make a career out of work. All she'll have is a scrapbook, and clippings are no consolation when you're old.

"But every woman should have a hobby. Otherwise, she'll go crazy. My hobby, as you probably know, is acting."

AVA GARDNER, who was dining in Rome with Vittorio Gossman while Shelley Winters was eating with her old pal Farley Granger, has confided to friends that a complete reconciliation with Frank Sinatra is not beyond probability.

"The trouble with me," Ava said recently, "is that each time I see Frank I fall in love with him all over again."

RICHARD BURTON, who couldn't resist the temptation of squeezing Greta Garbo's leg at a Hollywood party, will be leaving London shortly. Burton returns to 20th Century-Fox for *The Egyptian.*

"Frankly," he says, "I have a guilty conscience about taking all that Hollywood money. In the theatre you really get to believe that you're earning your keep. The work is so hard and the strain so great. But in films, especially CinemaScope, it's rather easy. In CinemaScope, as you know, the shooting is so much faster. There aren't so many different angle approaches."

When Burton was last in Hollywood it was rumored that he and Jean Simmons were developing a warm friendship.

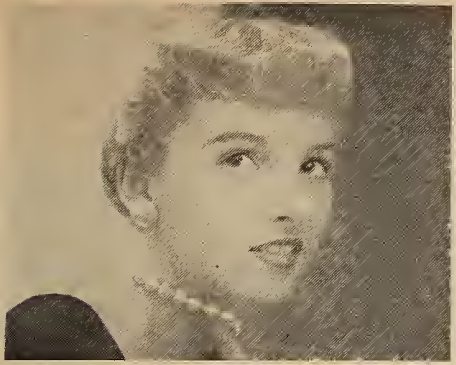
ERROL FLYNN, now the father of a fourth child, would like to return to Hollywood. He's just a wee bit tired of Europe and just a wee bit tired of trying to raise enough money to finish *William Tell.*

What's holding up his return trip? Flynn is afraid of lawsuits. Second wife Nora, for example, claims that he owes her support for their two children.

Says Flynn, "I'm not a millionaire but I like living like one. My main problem is reconciling my gross habits with my net income."

Says third wife Patrice Wymore, "I intend to stand by Errol."

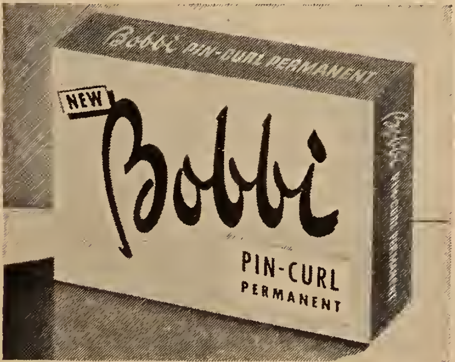
Says second wife Nora Haymes, "I intend to stand by him, too, only in court."



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Bobbi Bob"—the 1920 bob gone modern. Bobbi gives waves exactly where you want them.

Casual, carefree—that's the "Skylark," thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay, casual "Florentine" hairdo, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. No help needed.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Note the easy, natural look of curls in this new "Starlite" style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

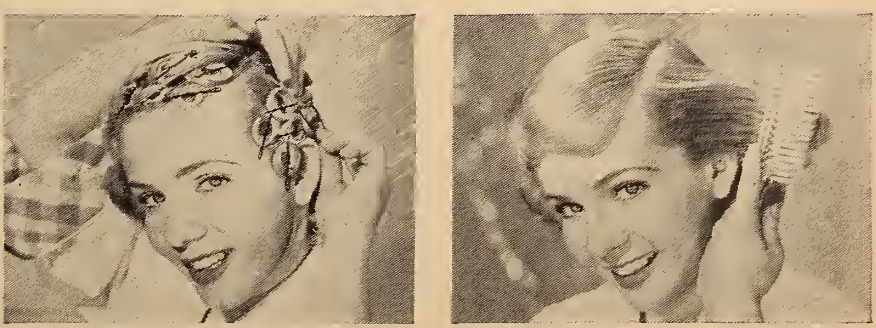
These hairdos were made with Bobbi ...the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Something thrilling happens

Your skin feels soft and smooth as a rose petal

Simple two-way treatment helps blemished skin. Suddenly your skin looks like a little girl's. Gone are hateful blackheads, pimples, oily shine, flaky dryness. That's your thrilling reward for making Cuticura Soap and Ointment your daily routine . . . How does Cuticura work such wonders? Cuticura Soap is superfatted, the mildest, best kind of complexion soap. It preserves the natural moisture as it cleanses. And Cuticura Ointment softens, gently stimulates, visibly improves your skin as it helps clear up externally caused blemishes. Millions of women thank world-known Cuticura for their exquisite skin—why don't you try Cuticura!

Cuticura

Get Cuticura Soap and Ointment —at drug counters everywhere!

movie reviews

by florence epstein

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

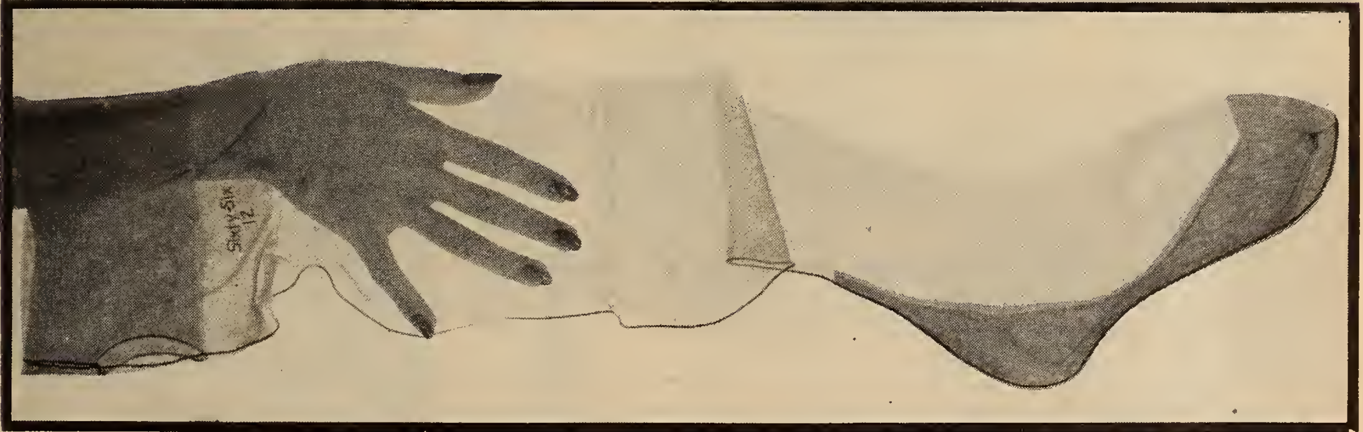
When Tacy (Lucille Ball) fell in love with a trailer, her bridegroom-to-be, Nick (Desi Arnaz) reluctantly gave her one as a wedding gift. They started their honeymoon-on-wheels in the wrong direction—and discovered it's not easy to U-turn a trailer.

Tacy's carefully planned first dinner landed on the floor—with Tacy—when Nick tried to jack up the trailer. They ate bread and cheese.

Trailer camps were too public for the honeymooners so they parked in the woods and sank into a mudhole!

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER TV fans don't have to read this review; they know what to expect of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. A laugh a minute. Sometimes the minutes surely drag, times when Lucy is rolling on the trailer floor wrapped in flour and salad greens. But in general *The Long, Long Trailer* will hit the spot. Desi is a bandleader whose home is any convenient hotel on the road. When Lucy marries him she changes that. She strongarms him into buying a trailer (and a convertible to haul it). Like turtles, they'll carry *their* home on their backs. The trailer is a beaut—looks eighty feet long and is so compact you can serve breakfast in bed without budging from the stove. Honeymooners Lucy and Desi travel across the west in it and everything—but every conceivable thing that can go wrong with a trailer—goes wrong. Through it all Lucy wears this tentative, hysterical smile and doggedly collects boulders as mementoes. Get rid of those rocks! Desi is always shouting, and she's awfully sorry she didn't when they tackle a hill the shape of Mount Everest. I don't know—did you ever live in a trailer when all you ever really needed or wanted was a cot at the Y? That seems to be Desi's problem, and he's stuck with it. Technicolor.—(*MGM*)

Elizabeth Taylor, star of
RHAPSODY,
an M-G-M Technicolor picture,
finds Leg-O-Genic glamour easy
with Bur-Mil Cameo nylons.



"Your shining moments call for misty dull stockings..."

says Elizabeth Taylor. "There's no doubt that when your stockings shine —you don't," says beautiful Elizabeth Taylor. Miss Taylor relies on Bur-Mil Cameo nylons for leg glamour on the screen and off. Cameo stockings, the *only* nylons with Face Powder Finish, veil your legs with misty dullness.

And breathlessly sheer *66 gauge, 12 denier* Cameo nylons are a practical luxury. These new, ultra-twist Cameos assure better fit and longer wear by actual test. Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. Full-fashioned 66 gauge ...$1.65. Other full-fashioned and seamless styles from $1.15 to $1.65.

BUR-MIL
Cameo
the stocking with exclusive
Face Powder Finish

ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY BURLINGTON MILLS HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.

Double-Crosser!

Sue blamed Marge for dancing half the night with Joe while she stood on the sidelines. She blamed Joe, too. But Sue was wrong. She had only herself to blame . . . but she would be the last to suspect why. Nobody wants to spend an evening with anyone guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And it's so foolish to risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is such a pleasant precaution.

No Toothpaste Kills Odor Germs Like This

Germs are, by far, the most common cause of halitosis. They're troublemakers because they start fermentation of proteins in the mouth. That's why research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No toothpaste, of course, is antiseptic. No toothpaste kills germs as Listerine does. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs . . . instantly . . . by the millions! Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath . . . instantly. (And not just for minutes but usually for hours on end!)

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Toothpaste

Toothpastes don't do for you what Listerine does. Recently, this was dramatically proved in scientific tests made on Listerine Antiseptic and leading toothpastes. The results: In an average of test after test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath four times better than the toothpastes!

Don't ever "double-cross" yourself by taking a chance on your breath. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to gargle with Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

A Product of The Lambert Company

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any toothpaste!

movie reviews continued from page 18

RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO Audie Murphy looks mild as baby food but try to outdraw him, brother, and you're dead. That's the thing crooked Sheriff Kenyon (Paul Birch) doesn't realize the first time he sets eyes on him. Murphy is in town to nab the rustlers who murdered his father and brother. Sure, kid, says the sheriff, tossing him a deputy's badge. Bring in Whitey Kincade (Dan Duryea); he probably did it. Whitey is a killer who resents being classed as human. Shoots everybody in the back and laughs like Richard Widmark. Wouldn't you know Audie drags him back alive? All through this movie Audie keeps bringing back everything that got lost or stolen away, and does it with such gentle manners it's no wonder Susan Cabot gives up her murdering fiancé (William Pullen) for him. Well, it gets so bad that the sheriff, Susan's uncle, is nearly driven to distraction. If Murphy hangs around any more there's liable to be law and order in the town. (First guy to hang would be old sheriff.) So there's nothing for it but to wipe Audie out. My money's on him and his (by now) best friend, Kincade. Technicolor—and good, too. With Abbe Lane, Russell Johnson.—Universal-International.

THE COMMAND Here is Warner's first film in CinemaScope. They'd better try again. 1878 it is, in Wyoming and danged if they have run out of Indians yet. Must be thousands of 'em swarming across the plains, screaming their heads off. And shooting arrows. An arrow in the back of Captain Gregg Barton turns Doctor Guy Madison into Commander. All the way home Harvey Lembeck mixes wry comments with his chawing tobacco about this indignity. Indignity of a cavalryman obeying a doc, that is. Seasoned James Whitmore just braces himself for the ordeal. They come to this town where they're attached to Infantry troops and a wagon train filled with Joan Weldon and various children succumbing to smallpox. Pretty soon the Infantry commander has a stroke. If that Madison doesn't watch out he'll be in charge of the entire American Army, but he takes his responsibility with aplomb. He has to escort the whole kit and kaboodle to Paradise River, Indians notwithstanding. I'll tell you one thing: those Indians aren't standing long—there's a pox on 'em.—Warner Brothers.

BAIT For fifteen years Marko (Hugo Haas) has been pointing vaguely at a range in northern California and shouting, Dere's gold in dat hill! Once someone believed him and shortly died. Not only do people think Marko's cracked but they're admitting he's a murderer. However, farmer John Agar is broadminded. He and Haas drive up a mountain and scuttle to find the stuff before snow sets in. Agar has beginner's luck. Walks around back to chop some firewood and elbows right into a mine. Haas nearly chokes with rage; now he'll have to split fifty-fifty with Agar—unless. The devil, who's been lurking around in Cedric Hardwicke's clothing (Hardwicke introduces the film), enters here. He plants Cleo Moore in Marko's shifty brain. I'll marry that gorgeous, starving waitress, bring her to the cabin as bait for the farmer, thinks he. If the farmer makes a pass—and considering that there's barely eight feet of space to dodge in it's likely—Marko can kill boldly in what you may laughingly call a crime of passion. But that devil's work is sure undone—by that farm boy.—Columbia.

MAN IN THE ATTIC Anyone interested in terrorizing a city can take lessons from Jack Palance. Here's a boy who murders his own mother—and five or six other chicks who live alone in London. What a cut-up he is! They don't call him Jack the Ripper but *Man In The Attic* is a remake of that famous horror. Palance rents a couple of attic rooms in the home of Rhys Williams and Frances Bavier. He says he's a medical pathologist, that he works at night and that the odors that come from his room aren't burning flesh at all. Constance Smith, a beautiful music hall star, niece of the couple, comes to stay with them. She and Palance get along swell even though he breaks into cold sweats and hot rages at the oddest moments. Scotland Yard Inspector Byron Palmer is less susceptible to Palance's unique charm but you can't arrest a man just because he gives you the creeps in broad daylight. You've got to watch and wait.—20th-Fox.

EVERY PASSIONATE MOMENT OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE EVER TOLD!

He followed the lure of her lips across half the world...to conquer and rule a forbidden land...to steal his love from the hidden harems of mysterious Morocco!

Universal-International presents

JEFF CHANDLER
RHONDA FLEMING

YANKEE PASHA

COLOR BY Technicolor

with LEE J. COBB • MAMIE Van DOREN • BART ROBERTS
and the MISS UNIVERSE BEAUTIES

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Produced by HOWARD CHRISTIE

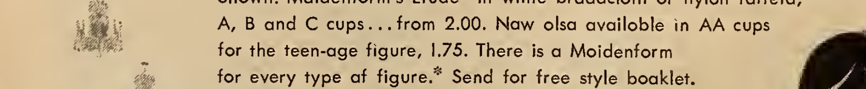
I dreamed I went to the opera in my

maidenform bra®

I'm the darling of the diamond horseshoe, the ràge of the dress circle—lilting, lyrical, fabulously composed in my Maidenform bra. Lifted so high and loving it, I'm the most spectacular figure in the audience! And listen, the bra-vos are all for Maidenform and me!

Shown: Maidenform's Etude* in white broadcloth or nylon taffeta; A, B and C cups ... from 2.00. Now also available in AA cups for the teen-age figure, 1.75. There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.* Send for free style booklet. MAIDENFORM, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1954 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. FUR: MAXIMILIAN TIARA: JOHN FREDERICS CHANDELIER: LIGHTOLIER



HAMLET If you didn't catch Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* first time round, here's your chance. Or if you've seen it once, see it again—the magic of Shakespeare never fades. You know the plot. The ghost of Hamlet's father appears at Elsinore to assure the young Dane that something's rotten in Denmark. Namely, Hamlet's uncle, who murdered dad and married mom two months later. Hamlet seeks revenge, but he's one of those neurotic boys always caught halfway between thought and action and for a while all he can do is drive himself nuts with these desires, giving his uncle plenty of time to plot his—Hamlet's—sudden demise. Olivier as Hamlet, Jean Simmons as Ophelia, Felix Aylmer as Ophelia's platitude-happy father, Polonius, give stirring performances. Others in this beautifully staged production are Eileen Herlie, Basil Sydney, Terence Morgan, Stanley Holloway.—Universal-International.

RED GARTERS Movies ought to be like life? ask the makers of *Red Garters*. No sir, they say, life ought to be more like the movies, with which sentiment I can't fully agree, although *Red Garters* is a very entertaining musical. Rosemary Clooney is in it. She's Calaveras Kate, dance hall queen and sweetie of Jack Carson. Carson is a funny man who spends his time enforcing "the code of the west." Shoot first and dance at the funeral is the code as I found it. You may have gathered that this is not an ordinary film. It's a satire on a lot of worn out westerns. There's a little boy who runs around picking off strangers with what he takes to be a Colt .45. And there's Guy Mitchell who rides into town to avenge his brother's untimely death. Guy falls for Pat Crowley. Joanne Gilbert is paired with Gene Barry. It's all kind of gay in candy Technicolor.—Paramount.

SAADIA Mel Ferrer is a moody doctor in Morocco. His eyes keep saying some woman wrecked his life but his lips are sealed. Another fellow whose lips are sealed is Cornel Wilde, a native ruler of a province. They're both in love with Saadia (Rita Gam) but if you think they're going to let her know it you're mad. She's a village girl, ostracized by her countrymen because she's supposedly under the spell of a witch called Fatima (Wanda Rotha). Wanda lives in some sort of cave and is forever sticking pins into little dolls and falling into deep comas. When Saadia's appendix starts acting up her neighbors would like to burn her but Mel and Cornel take her out of that backward environment, cure her, set her to work in a hospital. Saadia, who is beautiful, silent and brave, performs a couple of heroic feats and wins the natives' respect. She wins a husband, too. Technicolor, with Michel Simon, Cyril Cusak.—MGM.

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES Here's Tyrone Power stretched across a CinemaScopic screen and they'll have to think up a new process to top that. The setting is India, 1857, and the British Army is becoming very irritating to certain violent insurrectionists. Guy Rolfe, an Indian with an unnatural lust for power, has holed himself up in a hill from which vantage point he kidnaps and tortures young soldiers. Captain King (that's Power) arrives at the Army post to help stop all that nonsense. He's proud, handsome and a cinch to knock out Terry Moore, fair daughter of commander Michael Rennie. It's a set up, or would be, if Ty weren't a half-caste. His mama was a Moslem so he can't go to any of the officers' dances and pure white girl Terry is taboo. Also, Ty and Guy Rolfe were kids together, practically brothers, and you have to have a lot of conviction to kill your own brother. There's plenty of action, loads of color and spectacle in this film which happily doesn't claim to be anything more than fun (although some of that bloodletting is a little much). —20th-Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE GLENN MILLER STORY *(U-I)*: A tender, moving tribute to the memory of a great bandleader, this film will let you laugh and cry to your heart's content. Jimmy Stewart does a great job as Miller, and June Allyson, as the girl he married, contributes a delightful performance. If you liked Miller's music, you'll love the soundtrack. Louis Armstrong and Gene Krupa help out. Technicolor.

MISS SADIE THOMPSON *(Col.)*: Rita Hayworth, as the movies' most famous bad girl, does some dancing that tops anything you've ever seen before for sheer, sultry excitement. Among those impressed are Marine Aldo Ray, who likes Rita just as she is, and reformer José Ferrer, who discovers to his horror, that he likes her too much. Technicolor and 3-D.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU *(Col.)*: One of the most delightful comedies of the normal (that's 2-D) screen, this one stars Judy Holliday as a startlingly average girl who indulges her craving for fame by renting a huge billboard and emblazoning her name thereon! Peter Lawford plays the worried representative of a soap company desperately in need of the billboard and Jack Lemmon is the young man who loved Judy before she was famous.

ACT OF LOVE *(U.A.)*: This is the poignant story of a soldier and a girl who meet and love in a world of blackmarkets, police and war. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the G.I. who offers shelter to the frightened Lisa (Dany Robin) and tries to protect their romance in the face of impossible odds. Irwin Shaw wrote the fine script.

"GO, MAN, GO!" *(U.A.)*: Dane Clark is immensely charming as the man who dreamed up, organized and made famous the Harlem Globetrotters, professional basketball's most amazing team. Even if you are not a rabid basketball fan, you'll enjoy this story of a wonderful bunch of guys—and the people who helped and hindered them.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE *(MGM)*: Mel Ferrer as King Arthur, ruling the heroic Knights; Ava Gardner as Queen Guinevere ruling the romantic heart of Sir Launcelot (Robert Taylor). Also decorative in costume, CinemaScope and Technicolor are Ann Crawford and Maureen Swanson.

THE MAN BETWEEN *(U.A.)*: James Mason and Hildegarde Neff meet and fall in love in postwar Berlin. Like most pictures turned out by Carol Reed, this one has excitement, suspense and tenderness.

THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY *(Warners)*: Sure to be one of the year's big hits. The story of Eddie's rise to fame stars Keefe Brasselle and Marilyn Erskine as the understanding Ida plus Cantor's own singing on the sound track. Exceptionally fine performance by Aline MacMahon as Grandma Esther. Technicolor too.

AN 11-DAY, EXPENSE-FREE
Win VACATION for TWO in Hawaii

Or One of 35 Other Prizes!

(2nd)Diamond-studded Lucien Piccard wrist watch. (3rd)Crosley TV set. (4th)Solid gold bracelet from Marchal of 5th Avenue. (5th)Pedigreed French Poodle from Wilson (makers of Ideal Dog Food). (6th)$100 U. S. Savings Bond from Doeskin Tissue. (7th)$100 Jantzen Sportswear Wardrobe. (8th-12th)Elgin American Compact, Lighter, Lipstick Holder Set. (13th)Lady's Suit by Rosenblum of California. (14th)Crosley V.I.P. Radio. (15th)Luxite Lingerie Wardrobe of Gowns, Negligees, Slips. (16th)Sportswear Separates by Tabak of California. (17th)Leather Makeup Case filled with Max Factor Cosmetics. (18th)Shoe Wardrobe (3 pairs) of Grace Walker shoes. (19th-24th)Three Pairs of Luxite Hosiery. (25th-30th)Two Pairs of Harms Gloves. (31st-36th)16 oz. Tabu Cologne by Dana.

ENTER THIS EXCITING CONTEST!

Just name the Gayla Golden Jubilee hair style! You can win a luxurious 11-day, expense-free, vacation for two in enchanting Hawaii! You'll fly by Northwest Airline Stratocruiser to and from romantic Honolulu, stay at the palatial Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach...eat exotic foods...dance...swim...and relax under the stars! Hurry! Enter today...*you* can be one of the lucky winners!

Gayla® HOLD·BOB®
World's Largest Selling Bobby Pin

To mark our 50 years of hair-accessory leadership, we introduce the newest, most startling bobby pin creation! It's the new, improved Golden Jubilee Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin with new *Flexi-Grip*, the patented, *exclusive* Gayla scientific design that makes the world's *best bobby pin even better!*

Enter Today! It's Fun..So Easy to Win!

NEW! rubber tipped
Also available in 25c cards
Gayla HOLD-BOB BOBBY PINS
Gayla 10¢ HOLD-BOB
DU PONT NYLON Gayla HAIR NET WITH ELASTIC

NAME THIS HAIR STYLE
created by
JOHN ROBERT POWERS
World's Foremost Beauty Authority John Robert Powers and his famous Powers Models have selected Gayla HOLD-BOB as *the* perfect bobby pin.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!
1. Suggest a name for our "Golden Jubilee" hair style.
2. Print the suggested name on a plain piece of paper. Each entry must include *the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or Gayla Hair Net envelope*, 25 words or less, telling why you prefer this Gayla product, your name and address, and the name and address of the store where you purchased the Gayla product. Submit as many entries as you wish, but *each entry must consist of only one name suggested.*
3. Mail entry to CONTEST, Gaylord Products, Inc., 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Make sure your name and address and that of the store are legible. *Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.*
4. John Robert Powers and his staff will be the judges and their decisions will be final. Entries will be judged solely on basis of originality and aptness. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries become the property of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, and none will be returned.
5. Contest is open to all except employees of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, their advertising agency, and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, and local regulations.
6. Contest closes June 30, 1954. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight of the closing date and received not later than July 7, 1954.
7. Winners will be notified by mail within a month after the closing date. A complete list of winners will be sent to persons sending a stamped self-addressed envelope.

MAIL THIS ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

"CONTEST"
Gaylord Products, Incorporated, Dept. DM-4
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois

Here is my Gayla Contest entry. I am enclosing my name suggestion for the Golden Jubilee hair style, the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope, 25 words or less telling why I prefer this Gayla product, and the name and address of the store where it was purchased.

Name..
Address.......................................
City....................Zone....State..........

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Jane's last marriage, to Fred Karger, seemed idyllic but lasted little over a year.

through with love?

By Jack Wade

More than a marriage may be over for Jane this time. How often can a loser pick up the pieces and start all over again?

■ On January 4, Jane Wyman celebrated her fortieth birthday in what seemed to be matrimonial harmony.

On January 5, Louella Parsons reported that Jane and husband Freddie Karger had separated and that Jane had instructed her attorney to file for divorce.

Since Miss Wyman took home her Oscar in 1948 her private life, which was once free and open, has become almost cloistered as far as her public is concerned. It has become, in fact, her private life. Her marriage to musician Karger in November, 1952, took everyone by surprise and her decision fourteen months later to call the whole thing off was equally surprising. During their marriage Jane and Freddie had been hand holders. That tends to discourage gossips from hints of rifting. If two people hold hands all the time, says Hollywood, they must be in love.

And Jane and Freddie did hold hands. They held hands while they looked at houses for sale, they held hands at cocktail parties and they held hands when Freddie visited Jane on the set. They were a charming couple. Hedda Hopper said this was a popular union and the next day she received a note from the Kargers. "Happiness is difficult to find, and having found it, it is our turn to say best wishes and thank you."

Late in 1953 Hopper had something else to say. "The marriage of Jane Wyman has hit the rocks. Freddie, who has moved into his mother's home, verified the situation but said, 'Please, no comment.' Jane *(Continued on page 99)*

New! a shampoo that *Silkens* your hair!

You'll be head over heels in love with the way your hair shines and shimmers . . . silky soft, silky bright, silky smooth—after you've used new Drene. So gleaming, *so* glamorous . . . your *silkened* hair!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

Lathers like lightning—

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.

This is a *New* Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S

COLD CREAM

NOW IN

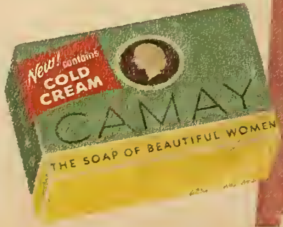
CAMAY

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care!"

Mrs. Robert Steller, an exquisite new Camay Bride says, "New Camay with cold cream is *so* luxurious! I love it! It's the only beauty soap for me!"

NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST! Women everywhere tell us they love the added elegance of cold cream in Camay—the *only* leading beauty soap with this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry *or* oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed, marvelously refreshed. And, of course, you still get everything you've always loved about Camay—that skin-pampering mildness, silken-soft Camay lather and exquisite Camay fragrance. Try exciting new Camay tonight. There's no finer soap for your beauty *and* your bath!



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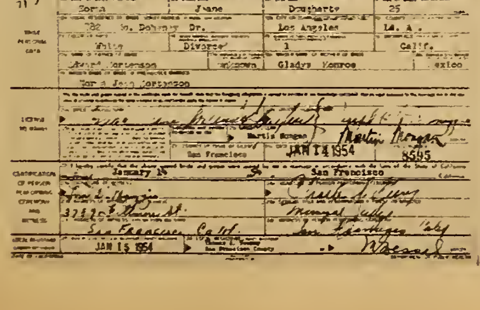
the only complete story of

MARILYN MONROE'S HONEYMOON



268 CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRY OF MARRIAGE 1074 195

Joseph | Paul | Di Maggio | 39
2150 Beach | San Francisco | S. F.
White | Divorce | 1 | Calif.
Joe Di Maggio | Italy | Rosalie Mercurio | Italy
Norma | Jeane | Dougherty | 25
882 No. Doheny Dr. | Los Angeles | L. A.
White | Divorce | 1 | Calif.
Edward Mortenson | Unknown | Gladys Monroe | Mexico
Norma Jean Mortenson
Martin Morgan | Martin Morgan
San Francisco | JAN 14 1954 | 8595
January 14 | San Francisco
San Francisco Calif.
JAN 15 1954

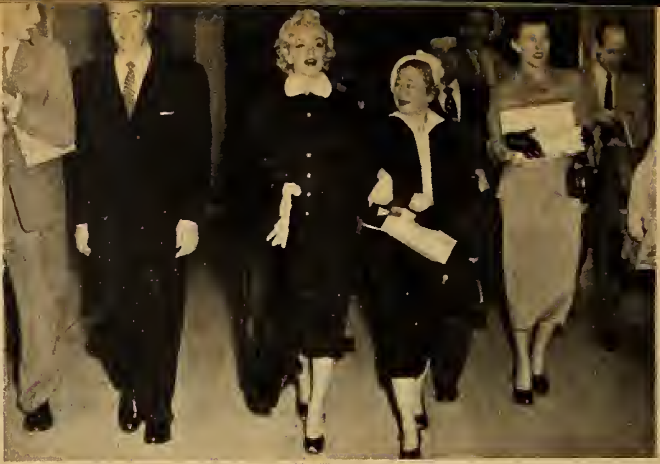
BY ALICE HOFFMAN

■ Joe DiMaggio made up his mind to marry Marilyn Monroe last Thanksgiving.

He had fallen in love with her and she with him two months after they met in June, 1952. But Joe is a shy, emotionally inhibited man and Marilyn has always been a skittish, constrained sort of girl, despite her calendar art and her sexy buildup. Although they loved each other and spent as much time together as their careers would permit, they retreated from discussion of marriage.

Both of them remembered their first marriages with regrets. Joe had been married to Dorothy Arnold and Marilyn to Jim Dougherty. As Joe says, "Each of us *(Continued on page 30)*

FOUR MORE PAGES OF SCOOP PHOTOS →

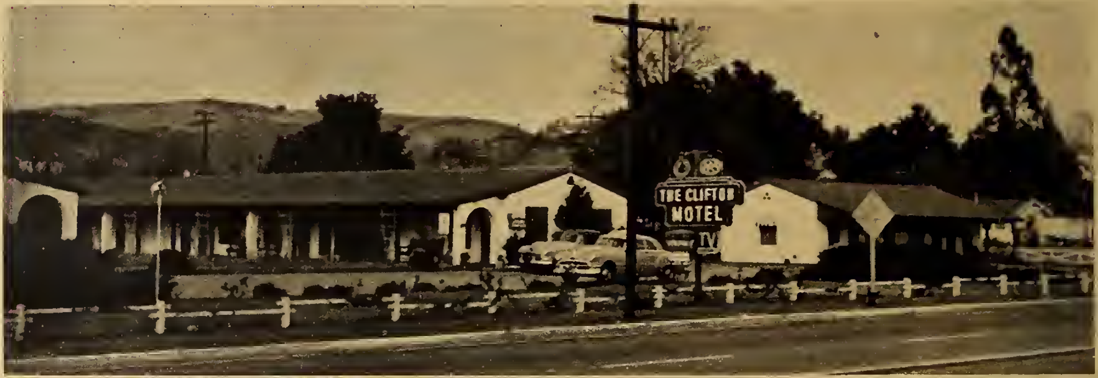


Joe and Marilyn, with Betty Barsocchini, wife of Joe's best friend and Marilyn's matron of honor, plus newsmen tipped off by 20th Century-Fox, walked to Judge Peery's chambers, where wedding took place.

Wedding was delayed while typewriters and marriage licenses were located. Newsmen fussed impatiently; Joe and Marilyn were calm.

The first 24 hours were joyful bedlam for Marilyn and Joe—their honeymoon began in a motel by a roaring turnpike.

Joe signed guest register "Mr. and Mrs. Joe DiMaggio," at honeymoon motel.



After a candlelight-and-steak dinner at the Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel, Joe and Marilyn remarked that they were heading for Los Angeles. They drove away in that direction, then, to avoid publicity, doubled back for a wedding night at the Clifton Motel in Paso Robles. They left the following morning in Joe's '52 Cadillac.

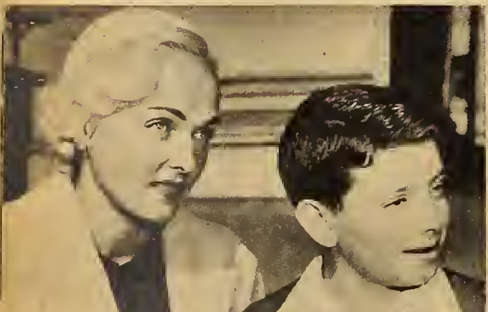
Manager E. B. Sharp and wife kept newlyweds' whereabouts a secret overnight.

Typical of the many attractive motels along the highways of California is the well-kept cottage in which Joe and Marilyn began their marriage—the second for each.

The DiMaggios preferred their municipal ceremony and this quiet motel room to the elaborate wedding on the Hayworth-Haymes style offered them by a Las Vegas hotel.

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF JOE'S SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT ON PAGE 31 →

"We want six kids," the happy bride announced. Joe, who comes from a huge family, was less specific but guaranteed at least one.



Joe's ex-wife, actress Dorothy Arnold, is mother of his son, 12-year-old Joseph Paul. Joe, Jr., and Marilyn are good friends.

In San Francisco the newlyweds hid in Joe's

(*Continued from page 27*) wanted to be sure."

Marilyn's warm, folksy, unpretentious behavior at the DiMaggio Thanksgiving Day dinner convinced Joe that he must have Marilyn for his wife.

Joe loves kids. When he saw how his twelve-year-old son, Joey Jr., reacted to Marilyn, when he saw her on her hands and knees playing with the children of his brother Mike, the fisherman who died last year in Bodego Bay, his eyes grew moist. He edged over to Marilyn and lovingly passed his arm around her shoulder.

"You're okay," he said softly.

Marilyn looked up at Joe and smiled her gratitude. In that moment, the great baseball player knew in his heart that his days of loneliness were over.

But Joe didn't ask her to marry him until New Year's Eve. Marilyn had to fly back to Hollywood. He had to take little Joe back to Black Foxe Military Academy. The time wasn't propitious and Joe delayed his proposal.

Marilyn returned to San Francisco on Christmas Eve and drove immediately ou the now-familiar road to Joe's three-story ten-room house on Beach Street. Now it her house, too.

She brought a sweater for her sweetheart and gifts for the rest of the DiMag

Joe DiMaggio's Famous Restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf is managed by his friend Reno Barsacchini, who served as best man at the wedding. Photos of ball players line the walls.

Newsmen established a 'round-the-clock dragnet around Marilyn's Hollywood apartment—but the honeymooners were safely hidden in Idylwild, tiny San Jacinto mountain resort.

They expect to spend much of their time in the three-storied Beach Street home Joe shares with his sister, Marie DiMaggio.

Marie, who could not attend the wedding because of an attack of the flu, keeps the house filled with pictures of her brother.

Avid TV fans, Marilyn and Joe spend many evenings in traditional livingroom. BELOW: For family dinners, Marilyn sets the table.

s home—here photographed for the first time!

io family. They are a tremendous clan, our brothers living, four sisters and a ozen children.

She was very tired. "They kept me at e studio until the very last minute," she xplained to Joe. She told about posing or stills and retakes for *River Of No eturn.* "But now I'm going to take it sy."

When Marilyn takes it easy in the Di aggio household—well, listen to Marie iMaggio, Joe's older sister who has kept use for him. She is closer to Marilyn an the other relatives are—"She doesn't ep very late, maybe until nine, occa nally until nine-thirty. But it's her job to get breakfast, and she always does her job.

"She puts on the coffee, although she usually doesn't drink any—Marilyn is a tea and milk girl—and then she squeezes the oranges and cooks up the bacon and eggs. She's really very handy in the kitchen.

"When Joe first started going with her, a few of us in the family wondered what sort of girl she really was. Maybe she was one of these stuffy, conceited stars.

"Not Marilyn. You couldn't ask for a sweeter sister-in-law. You can go all over this town—Joe's introduced her to all his friends and all our relatives—and find nobody who will say one unkind word about that girl. (*Continued on page 84*)

All Hollywood wants to know what happened to Jane and Gene. Here at last is Jane's answer—in one of the frankest interviews ever given.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

"I loved and lost" says jane powell

■ In Hollywood's hectic, passion-ridden history there have been countless victims of countless unhappy love affairs. For years the community has been dotted by tear-stained actresses who have picked up their shattered hearts, cemented them with their own will power, and faced the world anew with hope and faith.

Yes, Hollywood has seen many such women. But rarely have we seen anyone with the guts and honesty and indomitable courage of little Jane Powell.

Last year when she was twenty-three, this petite, lively, singing star happened to fall in love with Gene Nelson, a blond, blue-eyed dancer in his middle thirties.

Both of them were married, unhappily so; both were parents. Both were and are respectable and both were starring in Jane's first loanout, *Three Sailors And A Girl.*

Both knew they had no right to fall in love. "I did everything to avoid it," Jane says. But the chemistry of attraction and the propinquity—"I'd just look at her across the table," Gene recalls, "at the cute little face and my heart would start to beat in double time"—all of it seemed to be a manifest destiny, a conspiracy of circumstance to throw them together.

Studio executives told them their behavior was adolescent. Friends warned them not to break up their separate homes, but passion was spinning the plot. The hope for the future was laden with promise. ("Gosh! When I think of how well it might have worked out. We could have had a husband-and-wife dance act. We could have done so much together. After all, Gene is such a sincere person.") It's hard to condemn Jane Powell for divorcing a husband she no longer loved.

But Hollywood does not have as many understanding people as you might imagine. Furtive love and infidelity might *(Continued on page 65)*

ABOVE: At Palm Springs Racquet Club Janie primps with Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck. LEFT: Then joins new romance, Pat Nerney, for the day.

LEX BARKER:

"I didn't marry an angel"

Determined to save money, Lana and Lex bought little in Europe, rejoice that Lana didn't sell her California home; too big for just Cheryl and her, it will be perfect for three.

Lex prefers his wife as a natural brunette, observes that her eyes change color to match her clothes (or his)! Admiring Italians predict their children will look like young gods.

When love is blind, lovers get hurt. But Lana and Lex have their eyes wide open—and they love what they see!

JIM NEWTON

■ When I asked Lana and Lex if they used "Until love do us part" in the marriage ceremony, as Eugene O'Neill did for his second wedding, I saw right away I was downbeat.

They both looked solemn.

"How could love part us?" asked Lex, casting an ominous glance at a long, antique Sikh sword with blade thin and supple as a Gillette.

"Oh, ha," I said lightly. "It might not be an outside job. Might be too much love inside."

Lana looked perplexed. Lex was still looking at the slicer.

"With too much love," I plunged on, "husband gets jealous, wife possessive. The old green dragon stuff."

Lex said: "I am not jealous. You can look at her. But don't wink unless you want to lose your arms and legs."

I looked at Lana and tried to control the right eyelid, but it was difficult.

Lana said: "I am not possessive. Lex asked if I would mind if he flew to Paris for a few days. I said, 'Of course not, dear.' He said, 'Are you sure?' I said, 'Certainly, provided you leave your arms and legs with me. But would you have a nice time in a basket, sweetie?' "

In their amputating mood, they weren't fooling. They did not want this marriage to get away from them. They slipped on a double wedlock, and they aim to make it burglar proof with bambini and Sikh sword.

They married first in Europe. To make sure (*Continued on page 63*)

TO MILLIONS OF TEEN-AGERS, EDDIE'S THE MOST. BUT

why Hollywood is sore at Eddie Fisher

by Alice Finletter

Ruckus started when Eddie, usually cooperative, ran out on photographers trying to snap him at Mocambo with Mamie Van Doren.

■ Eddie Fisher, the hottest kid in show business, flew out to Hollywood on a business trip. He was going to make a guest appearance with Eddie Cantor on the Comedy Hour and discuss signing a motion picture contract with Paramount.

Eddie Fisher spent his early working years singing in New York nightclubs. Since nightclubs feature beautiful chorus girls and chorus girls have a way of turning up in all show business centers, while Eddie was in Hollywood he did mix business with pleasure.

It turned out to be a sour concoction. As one of Eddie's many admirers pointed out. "This is the first time since he got out of the Army last April that the kid has loused it up."

Unwittingly, he gave the impression that he thought he was too big for Hollywood. Too big for the studios and too big for the citizens.

Paramount offered him $75,000 per picture but the twenty-five-year-old TV and recording star blithely spurned the offer because the studio wanted him to submit to a screen test.

"I'd like very much to sign with Paramount," Eddie said, "but I've (*Continued on page 94*)

Mamie had dated Eddie when both were trying to crack New York nightclub circuit, thinks success has changed him a little.

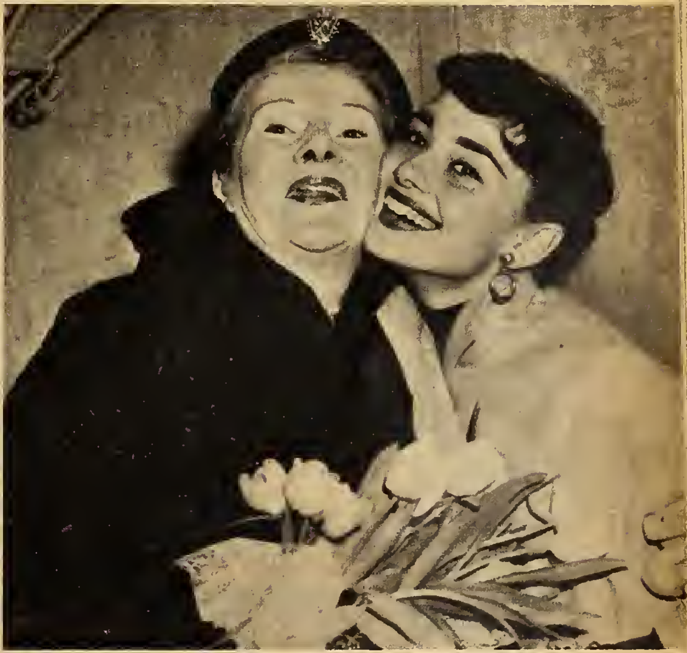
Paramount believes that Eddie, very popular with fans, could become a top movie star but balked at signing him when he refused to take a screen test. Eddie claims he's only following his manager's advice.

IN FILMLAND HE ALMOST BECAME *PERSONA NON GRATA*—IN OTHER WORDS: THE LEAST!

Still writing to European friends, Audrey calls London, New York, "home."

As a girl she didn't learn to drive or play tennis, saw few movies.

After childhood privations, rich food makes Audrey very happy, very sick.



Her mother, Baroness Van Heemstra, came to U.S. to visit Audrey.

Dutch Treat

by Kirtley Baskette

From Europe's Netherlands to Hollywood's Never-Never Land comes a pixie queen, a stately sprite, a shy cosmopolitan—Audrey Hepburn!

■ One fine spring day, a few years ago, a slim, fifteen-year-old girl called Edda van Heemstra slipped on a sunsuit and crept out of the cellar of her house near Arnhem, Holland, into the garden where she wasn't supposed to be.

She breathed deeply and, because she hadn't sampled any fresh air for weeks, she found it intoxicating. Then she stretched out on a pad in the sun and the bees in the orchard blossoms buzzed her to sleep. But she dozed fitfully because in her dreams the "whump, whump, whump" of artillery seemed to march up the River *(Continued on page 91)*

Rumor says the Wildings are no longer happy. Rumor says there may be a divorce. Rumor says so—but the Wildings don't! ■ BY HERB HOWE

LIZ AND MIKE:

EVERYTHING'S OKAY!

Mike, Jr., has been called a trouble-maker by self-styled experts who claim that he has replaced Mike, Sr., in Liz' affections. Liz replies, "Rubbish!"

■ A threatening cloud over the marriage of Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding was reported by a weather witch in America, while in London a magazine seer went so far as to finger The Other Man.

Liz was in London at the time, working in *Beau Brummell* at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. She and husband Michael I and son Michael II, were living in an apartment in the Dorchester hotel.

Plans for the future, according to the Wildings (who claim to be the world's laziest couple) include some work and a lot of loafing at home.

When this investigating committee of one knuckled their door he was received by Michael, looking debonair and carefree in old tweed jacket and flannels. Appearance, as we all know, is often treacherous. The waistcoat of gay tartan may conceal a bleeding heart. Mike wore no waistcoat and his shirt was free of bloodstain.

At the far end of the large room on a davenport Liz was holding The Other Man in her arms. The amber light from a standard lamp made an aureole. Liz was smiling down upon the face of her baby. It was a Raphaelite study of Madonna and Child.

Intent in her rapture she did not seem to notice Michael and me until we had crossed the room; then she looked up with a smile.

Michael I presented me to his son, Michael II. The blue eyes of the baby looked straight into mine and his handclasp was firm. His smile reflected his mother's. Little Mike is magnetic. He is more than a baby; he is a personality.

He is also a threat, according to the London writer who said Michael I felt Liz was absorbed in the baby to the exclusion of every other interest, such as papa.

Having known and adored Liz when her love was a scampering chipmunk and her chief interest in *(Continued on page 60)*

The den, equipped with private bath, cabinet space, entrance to patio, will eventually be converted to a nursery, Tony and Janet hope.

The large livingroom is set two steps below level of other rooms; there Janet hangs Tony's paintings and keeps his favorite loose candy!

Although perfect for big parties, the livingroom is seldom used; the Curtis' busy work schedules prevent large-scale entertaining these days.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

The Curtis' Spanish style, California bungalow occupies a corner lot.

Bungalow big enough for two

by Marva Peterson

The old apartment was fine for parties, but now home is casual. Janet and Tony can kick off their shoes and say, "Our very own!"

■ The bright blue truck from the Elgee, Beverly Hills' fanciest meat market, pulled up sharply in front of a picturesque brown and white California bungalow. The delivery boy checked the information on his order slip: "Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis, one block east of Doheny, corner house." He backed his pick-up truck into the patio entrance around the corner and hopped out. Then he heaved the meat bundle to his shoulder and whistled as he walked to the kitchen door.

"Elgee!" he called, beating a fast tattoo on the screen door.

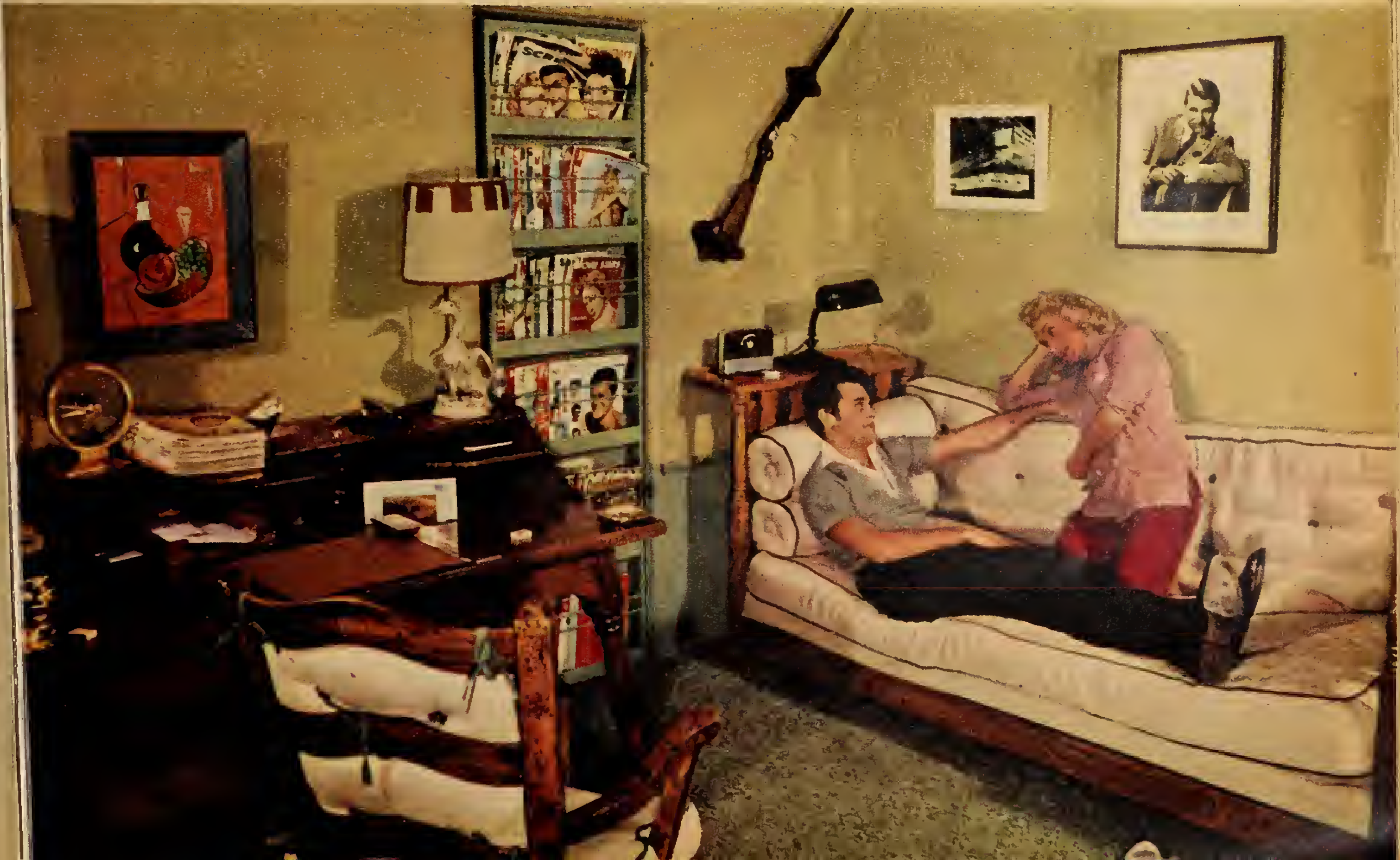
Janet Leigh answered the knock.

"Hiya, Mrs. Curtis," greeted the smiling delivery boy. "How you like the new house?"

"We love every inch of it," Janet said. She opened the door. "One more month of climbing those steps to the penthouse, and we would have had it." *(Continued on next page)*

More pictures on next page

The comfortable, shuttered den boasts sturdy custom-made furniture, framed photos and a magazine rack cleverly built into the door.



The paneled bar is the most popular room in the house because the cork and wood surfaces can take punishment. Tony and Janet eat dinner-on-a-tray there nightly because the room holds the family TV set.

Bungalow big enough for two

continued

(*Continued from page 43*) The delivery boy grinned. "Me, too," he said. He looked around the kitchen. "Say!" he exclaimed. "Two refrigerators! That's pretty neat."

Janet smiled. "We've got so much ice-box space we'll only have to order food once a month."

"Now, you wouldn't do that," the delivery boy kidded. "You'd get lonesome without my daily visits."

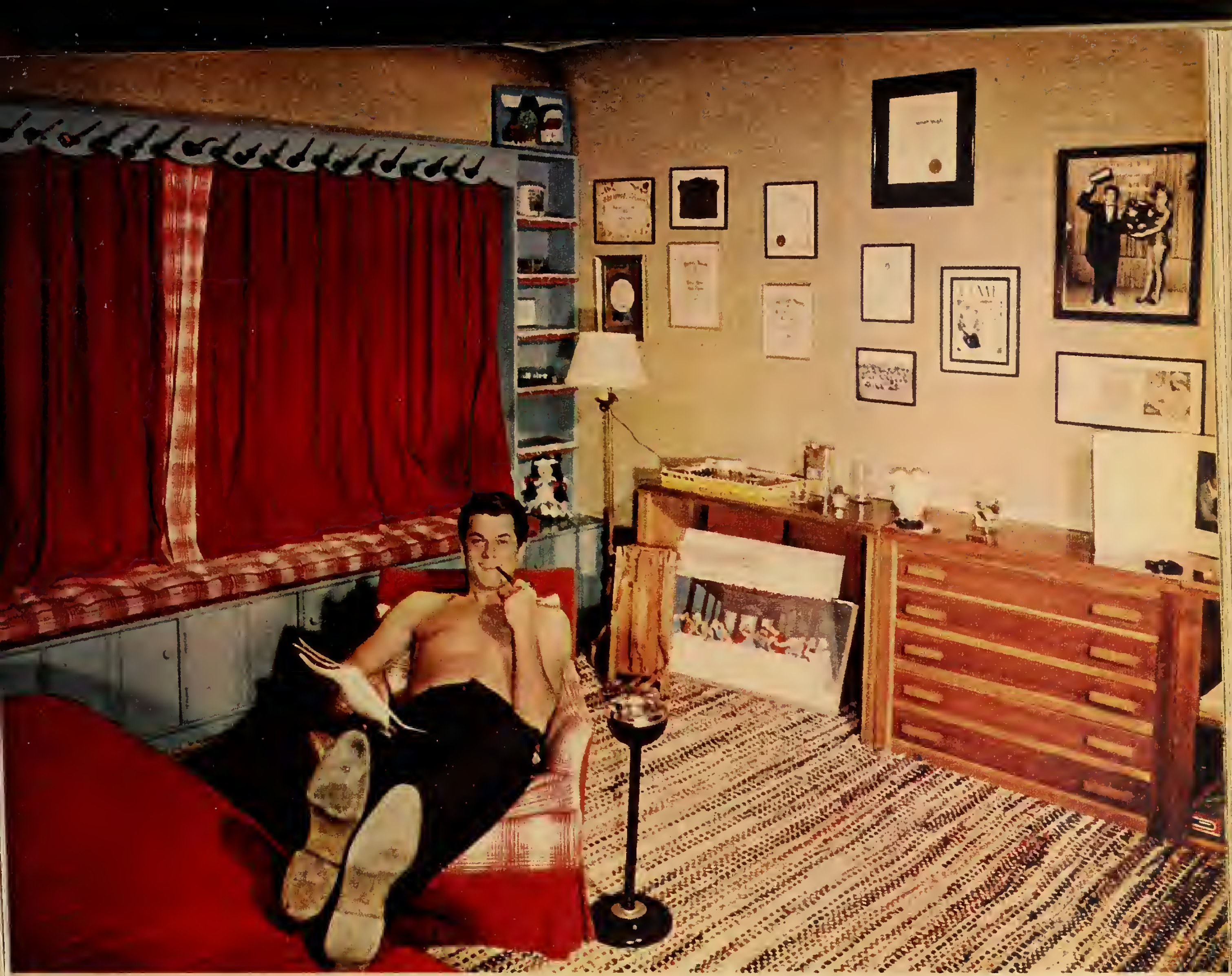
"At Elgee prices?" snapped Janet. "I can afford to be lonesome!" She reached for the receipt and signed the tab. "So long, Charlie."

Last year when MODERN SCREEN showed the Curtis home, Janet and Tony had just settled into a spectacular, $400-a-month, seven-room penthouse with a roof garden and a three-year lease. They intended to remain in an apartment for at least three years. According to Janet, who loves to plan, they would then be ready to build a home of their own. She estimated that by 1956 they would have enough money to build a really large house to meet the potential needs of an expanding family.

The news early last summer that Janet was pregnant upset the timetable. All thought of three-year leases and waiting for the fat bank balance disappeared.

Tony put his foot down and said, "When the baby arrives we must have a house. That's all there is to it." In (*Continued on page 88*)

Well-loved diningroom has Janet's favorite hand-blocked linen draperies (ABOVE) and crude-finish furniture. Hanging rack, sideboard (BELOW) display wedding silver; screen hides the kitchen entrance.



Tony's hobby room holds his pipe collection (above curtains), rag rug that won't show paint spots, family collection of awards and photos.

The quiet pink and green master bedroom is simply furnished and contains many adored stuffed animals. Janet's newly-acquired love for fine woods is indulged in the attractive, light-colored cabinet.

Comfortable, brightly-patterned chairs enliven bedroom corners. The mirrored doors conceal a large walk-in closet and the light curtains are drawn to show part of Janet's convenient little dressingroom.

Meet Margot James, the girl Bing *has* been dating. She looks like Mona and shares her measurements; met Bing when she was Everett Crosby's secretary.

If you saw it in a movie, you wouldn't believe it. The Crosby-Freeman romance is merely a case of mistaken identity! ■ BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

BING'S SECRET LOVE'S NO SECRET ANYMORE!

■ For eight months, Hollywood's Monday-morning quarterbacks believed that little Mona Freeman had the inside track in the Crosby Marriage Sweepstakes. Supposedly, she and *der Bingle* saw each other privately and occasionally went out to some quiet, unobtrusive restaurant.

At least, they were seen together in such places. But now it turns out that there has been a mistaken identity.

Bing Crosby hasn't been dating Mona Freeman often. He has been dating his brother Everett's former secretary, a charming girl named Margot James who happens to be a dead ringer for Mona Freeman.

Mona is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 110 lbs., has a thirty-four-inch bust, twenty-three-inch waist and thirty-three-inch hips. Margot James has exactly the same measurements. The only very noticeable dissimilarity is that her hair is darker than Mona's. Like Mona, she is a one-time loser in marriage. She was born in New York, brought up in Los Angeles, and she went to work at the Crosby office some six years ago when she was nineteen.

A few months ago when she began to date Crosby, she resigned from his office and took a job with a theatrical producer.

Asked about her association with Bing, she said "Why, it's (*Continued on page 89*)

Mona Freeman has been "seen" constantly with Bing . . . only it wasn't Mona!

the case of the SMUGGLED ERMINE

—or—

Terry and the Irates

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

by John Maynard

■ About the middle of December, Johnny Grant, an amiable Hollywood disc jockey and banquet emcee, decided to take off a dozen pounds, no more, no less. His chances of doing so were thin, since he was about to make one of his periodic USO tours of Korea where, he says, a man can eat like a horse. Grant, no fellow to disdain the table in any climate, sighed then and bowed to the inevitable. As he had after other Korean junkets, he would return looking like a barrage balloon and quite possibly he would have to be tethered to his microphone to keep from floating out the window.

He was wrong. He did not—in a deceptive manner of speaking—even have to worry. Five days after his arrival in Seoul, he had shed twelve pounds plus three and was still dwindling. Worry had done it.

As boss of the troupe, Grant was smack dab in the middle of the greatest fuss and fury—or so it seemed at the time—to come out of Korea since the Inchon landings. At the core of his trouble was a white ermine bathing suit, and at the core of the bathing suit a pint-size, irrepressible beauty named Terry Moore, who was about to push Vishinsky and guided missiles off the front pages for a few days. The whole episode was real George, characterized then (*Continued on page 74*)

PROLOGUE: With Bob Wagner's help, Terry chooses warm clothes for Korea, displays leanings toward striptease.

Bob says goodbye to Terry's mother, who went along because "The Army thought it would be wonderful for the boys to see a mother!"

Susan Zanuck, who toured Korea with Terry, almost wore controversial ermine bathing suit; suit fit Terry better so she was the one to step into it—and trouble!

Respectably clad in long red flannels, Terry is confused about the fuss. "Why, one corporal told me that whoever ordered me home must have rocks in his head!"

LOVE IS WHERE YOU

Jeanne and Paul brought a sports car home with them from England and celebrated their family reunion by taking the kids for a long drive in it. Left to right, the young Brinkmans are: Jeanine (called Dolly), Michael (in front), Timothy, and Paul, Jr.

The big packing box in which Jeanne and Paul shipped their belongings was promised to the boys as a playhouse; as a result, they showed eagerness to help with the unpacking.

Wooden cabinets for their home are among the finest of the Brinkmans' imports. The fact that she and Paul chose them together makes them doubly beautiful for Jeanne.

■ Some years ago a boy and a girl in Hollywood found themselves considering a unique romantic problem—they were so much in love with each other that they were beginning to wonder if it would be wise for them to marry.

It was the girl who was first so disturbed that she put her fears into words. As she talked, the boy began to realize she was bringing something to light which had been bothering him, too. What she was saying was that she thought they might be too infatuated to see what they should be seeing in each other. Their love was growing but, curiously enough, not their actual knowledge of each other. Aspects of character which should have been apparent were overshadowed by the fact that they had stars in their eyes when they were together. Facts they should have been exchanging about themselves and their attitudes were never gotten around to.

Therefore, in the courtship of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman there came a pause. The hand-holding was skipped while they discussed themselves as individuals whose habits and ideas were part of their personalities. They tried to examine these in a sober, analytical light instead of a love light. Getting down to brass tacks when they were so much in love wasn't easy.

And if today Jeanne and Paul and their four children are one of the happiest families in Hollywood, it is not altogether a break of fortune. As well as they could

FIND IT

"Whither thou goest I shall go also" might be the Brinkman family motto. They won't allow any separation, however temporary, to endanger their perfect marriage.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

A huge, elaborately scrolled silver server was discovered by Michael and commandeered as a helmet. Jeanne, proud of her purchases abroad, rescued it.

ne hand-carved oak door they bought in England reputed to have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, ears his famous coat of arms on the lower panel.

ith a lot to consider, Jeanne and Paul anned it that way.

Jeanne was frightened by the failures of e Hollywood marriages around her. It thered her particularly because so many the principals were people she had known ll and considered level-headed. It seemed t there was little one could be sure of.

"When Paul and I had our talk," Jeanne alls, "we dug up differences, all right. d that was the time to get them out and go r them. If we *(Continued on next page)*

MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE

Hunter George Michael worked with Jeanne on *Duel In The Jungle* in Africa's Kruger National Park.

"You'd look sveldt in the Veldt," Jeanne's studio said. So she and Paul departed on a safari built for two!

In a Mukumba River village, Jeanne made friends with native children while Paul and George hunted. Snapshots and letters kept the Brinkman kids, at home with their grandparents, in touch with Mom and Dad.

Jeanne frequently took packages of badly needed food to the African natives in the areas she visited. They were "so polite," she reported to friends, and always thanked her for the gifts

Steaming tropical weather sent Jeanne frequently to the Zambesi River for a cooling swim. Flying over the Nile was another thrill.

rom a famous native hunter, M'taka, Jeanne received ssons in holding and throwing the traditional African pear. Paul preferred to do his hunting with a gun.

(Continued from page 51) accepted them then, we would not be so easily inclined to resent them later. But, heaven be praised, on most things we found ourselves in accord, particularly the most important things. We had a common religion which would give our union a good foundation, and each of us had projected a pattern for marriage that was not unlike the other's. I don't mean that we planned all our steps ahead. You know no one could. But we did know the kind of home we wanted and we wanted the same relationship to each other and to our home. It cut down the unpleasant surprises that can come up when two people begin to live together. We knew where we were going with our marriage."

Jeanne and Paul still know where they are going. And if they feel that they won't go the way of too many wedded Hollywood couples it isn't a case of being too sure of the unsure. It is rather a quiet confidence based on the fact that the security of their marriage is something they have guarded from the very beginning. A lot of people remember that Paul was an actor when he met Jeanne and think that he switched to manufacturing because he wasn't catching on in the movies. The real story has never been told before.

Paul was considered a fine prospect by RKO. He has a nice personality and is not only handsome but *(Continued on page 79)*

MODERN SCREEN proudly

presents a truly brilliant profile

of one of the screen's

greatest, most glamorous women!

BY JOHN MAYNARD

What makes Stanwyck tick?

■ Those spooky members of the motion picture industry known to the public as "star makers" must have gotten something of a jolt from this magazine's recent poll showing its readers' 1953 favorites.

The amiable youths, male and female, did not exactly bulk large in the proceedings. Some might say that they hardly bulked at all. Among the gentlemen preferred by blondes were such downy-cheeked upstarts as John Wayne, Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby, fast-greying Jeff Chandler, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and Gregory Peck. And sandwiched among the ten most admired of the ladies, up or down a trifling notch from the likes of June Allyson, Susan Hayward, Lana Turner and Betty Grable, was Barbara Stanwyck, who is not only fast-greying but greyed. You might call Miss Stanwyck's close-cropped hair "silvered," but not through any preference of hers.

Miss Stanwyck was a little surprised by her appearance on the list again, although she took it in her stride, having in the past been acknowledged as rather more than competent. But in this, the era of the star makers and the time of the Jaguar, she didn't seem to have done anything to deserve so handsome an accolade.

No artillery division had voted her "Girl We Would Most Like To Shoot Out Of A Howitzer." She had not become embroiled with a single Hollywood committee over what she did or didn't wear. And she absolutely did not sashay up and down the length of any continent with a man to whom evidently she was not wed.

All in all, Miss Stanwyck's contribution to her own career was neither more nor less than it always has been: she continued to be one of the best, if not indeed *the* best, actress in the business.

"That," said Miss Stanwyck recently, "I don't admit for a moment, although I'm so moved by your saying so that I would buy you a lunch if you hadn't eaten. But even if it were true, doesn't it sound sort of immaterial? I've been having a hunch that talent, as a barometer of popularity, has ceased to exist. Or maybe it never existed. Don't think for a moment I'm carping. The men who run this industry usually know what's best for the boxoffice. But there was a time—when I broke in, around 1932—when you weren't a star until you became a star. It may sound a bit medieval and fuddy-duddy now, but it was true. We thought of it then as orderly progression, like building a house from the foundation up. It never seemed practical to start with the roof. First you learned to act, then you became an actress; then if you worked very hard and if you were lucky and if the breaks came your way, you finally were called a 'star' or a 'name' and at the very end, if you keep right on doing your best year after year (*Continued on page 96*)

by Steve Cronin

MARRY THE GIRL!

HOLLYWOOD'S WEIRDEST DIVORCE CONDITIONS

■ In her room in Rome's fashionable Hassler Hotel, Shelley Winters had cried her heart out the night before. Now there were no tears left, only pain, anger and the soul-racking hurt of a rejected woman.

Defiantly, Shelley turned to the reporters at her press conference. Her eyes flashed as she spat out her announcements.

"Tomorrow morning," she said, "I'm having my lawyers file for legal separation from Vittorio Gassman. The suit will be filed in Los Angeles."

"Are you Catholic?" Shelley was asked.

The blonde firebrand shook her head.

"Then, why a separation? Why not a divorce?"

"I'll divorce Vittorio," she virtually shouted, "just as soon as he pays me $95,000. And he'll have to guarantee in writing that right after the divorce he will marry Anna Maria Ferrero."

The reporters looked at each other in consternation.

"Does your husband owe you $95,000?" one of them asked.

"I want $5,000 a year for my little girl until she's eighteen years old."

"But that's only $90,000," a newsman interjected. "What's the other $5,000 for?"

"Expenses," Shelley snapped. "My daughter is now ten months old, and I don't want her to know Vittorio or to love him because all he would do would be to neglect her and break her heart."

The photographers at this point began to shoot. Shelley held up her hand. "Please," she said. "You'll have to shoot from the left. I have a bad eye and I don't want it to show."

Vittoria, 13 months, knows her grandmother, Mrs. Jonas Schrift, better than her father. Shelley's divorce terms, indignantly rejected by Vittorio Gassman, refused him the right to visit his baby daughter.

Anna Maria Ferrero, playing Ophelia to Vittorio's Hamlet, reports from Milan that Shelley has no cause for concern. But Shell reports telephone calls from Anna's mother to complain about Vittorio.

HAVE BEEN SET BY A FURIOUS SHELL: $95,000 AND VITTORIO'S PROMISE *TO WED THE OTHER WOMAN!*

"Is that the result of too many tears?" a reporter asked.

"It's a little infection," the actress said.

"Do you want your daughter to grow up without a father?"

Shelley thought for a moment. "I'm sure I can still find a better man to be a day-to-day father to her and accept his responsibilities."

"Didn't Mr. Gassman accept his?"

"No," Shelley said flatly. "He did not."

"Isn't it true," one reporter interrupted, "that you and your husband started this whole fight because you didn't like the way he played *Hamlet* in Genoa last week? Isn't it merely an artistic difference? That's what your husband told us in Padua."

Shelley bristled. "I know. That's what he's been saying, and it's not true. He asked me to say nothing, and until now, I haven't. But he's been running off at the mouth, giving out lengthy statements.

"I guess his business is bad, and he needs the publicity. But I've been made out to be the heavy. I'm not.

"Two years ago when I met Vittorio he told me that he was one of the greatest actors of our time. I believed him. He told me that he was as good as Laurence Olivier and almost as good as Barrymore. I told this to everyone in Hollywood. I even hired a press agent to tell the people I couldn't tell.

"But our fight is not about artistic interpretations or how he plays Shakespearean characters. He has made it seem that I wanted a divorce because I didn't like his work. That's ridiculous. He has placed me in a very unglamorous position because of an eighteen-year-old girl." Shelley referred to Anna Maria Ferrero, Gassman's leading lady in his stock company. Actually Miss Ferrero is only seventeen.

Long before Shelley arrived in Rome after the Christmas holidays, it was rumored that Vittorio was quite taken with Anna Maria and she with him. When Shelley insisted that she would not divorce Vittorio without his promise to marry Signorina Ferrero, people started asking questions. Embarrassing questions.

Had Gassman compromised the seventeen-year-old dark-haired Italian beauty? Once she divorced Vittorio, was it any of Shelley's business whom he married?

In Milan where Anna Maria was working with Vittorio, each of them made it clear to the press that Shelley's unusual protection of Miss Ferrero was unnecessary.

In Hollywood, Jonas Schrift, Shelley's father, tried to explain his daughter's demands.

"Shelley has always been for the underdog," he said. "She always wants to help people. I can't tell you how many starving actors she's supported.

"If she insists that Vittorio has to marry this girl she must have a reason. She can't stand injustice, my Shelley.

"I was puzzled, too, when I read that she wanted Vittorio to marry this Ferrero girl. I asked myself why.

"The answer must be that it is the right thing for Vittorio to do. I'm sorry that this marriage hasn't worked out. He's an intelligent boy, this Gassman. Very cultured. But he's European. You know how those Europeans are. They don't believe a woman should be treated as an equal. (*Continued on page* 101)

Rock's religion has little to do with ritual, yet he finds strength and love in many churches, and God in every facet of his life.

the HAPPY FAITH

by Rock Hudson

■ I promised to talk about my faith and it is too late to go back on my word. But I surely wish I hadn't. Discussing his spiritual beliefs, a man really leaves himself naked. Even though I did give my word, I don't think I'd go through with it if it involved an affiliation with a particular church. Every member of that church might get the feeling I was talking for him and explaining his views. This, I have no right to do.

It happens, however, that I cannot label my religion. I can hardly explain it, to tell the truth. The best I can do is define it as a sort of warm feeling within, mysterious but helpful, and in its essence optimistic.

It cannot be classified by its doctrine but I can say that its effect on me is to create the feeling that *no matter what happens, all is for the best, all will be all right.*

I suppose this sounds terribly informal as a religion; too simple, perhaps, or even too easy to follow, but there it is and it has given me all the spiritual comfort I have ever wanted.

It should be plain that I have great confidence in my belief.

There have been bad times in my life. But never, because of my faith, have there been any hopeless ones. There never will be.

I think the groundwork on which I have built my spiritual views was started with an incident that occurred when I was six years old. After a Sunday lunch my grandfather went out to burn some prairie grass off his land and I tagged along to watch. Somehow, I found myself with my back against a fence, angry, crackling flames closing in on me. I could not escape. The fence was too high for me to climb and everywhere else were flames as high as my head. It takes a six-year-old to get himself into a mess like this. Yet, as I remember, I wasn't worried. I just knew that I had to be saved and I knew that someone certainly would save me. I didn't understand then that this somebody should really be designated Somebody, a deity. God was just a word to me then, and not a particularly significant one, I think. But I was certain that someone was looking after me. And I was right.

What actually happened was that my grandfather came charging through the fire, caught me up and slung me over the fence—and then he managed to climb over after me.

BUT THERE remained in my mind the feeling that Grandfather had just been the agent of the Someone I knew I had relied on. And between myself and this Someone, at that moment, was fostered a very personal relationship. At least, I have always felt this. It has seemed to me that the intimacy of this relationship is threatened every time I begin to think of this Someone as One to be identified only with this or that religion. Many religions tend to consider Someone their personal property.

I know perfectly well that this sounds rather selfish, like an exclusive arrangement between God and me. But perhaps in this regard, and only in this regard, every man has a right to exclusive relationship. Considered this way, I hope it doesn't sound too bad. In any case, I didn't plan it this way. This is how it came about; this is how it is and must be with me.

I remember that my grandmother used to talk to me a great deal about the church into which I was born and which I used to attend. She made it come alive for me, made it a place where I felt I could belong. But my grandmother died when I was eleven. I remember that at her funeral I had my first and last (I hope) case of ysterics. After her death, I couldn't con-inue any longer as a member of any specific hurch.

The religious ritual of any church in-erests me and often inspires me. I never ount myself a stranger when I attend ervices; I believe that prayers offered p to the Lord encompass all and not just selected few.

As I interpret my own particular faith, t is a benevolent one, completely. It has o fear or threat of any kind. It may be hat I have conceived for myself a very onvenient religion, but I have never had he sense of creating it; it has taken what-ver form it has naturally.

My faith to me is like the water I swim n. I do not see water as an element in hich sinking is possible, but as one which as the power to buoy me up. How else ould anyone swim? How else and why se would I trust myself to Someone reat and beyond if I were not certain of is love and support? Before I got to inking about this, such phrases as Love is strength” meant nothing to me; terward, they meant everything.

The help I get from my faith is posi-ve. My confidence in it has helped me say, during a bad crisis, “Okay, let ings turn bad. There'll be good to llow.”

NCE (anyway) I fell in love. I found out that I am pretty much of a wreck at ch a time; all I did was stand around d moon. I couldn't do anything else. was awful. So you can imagine how rd I was hit when we decided it would best if we parted.

I can't remember any time in my life r anyone else's I ever heard about) en life seemed so empty, so useless. t, away off in the distance, was the omise of good days, conveyed to me ly by my faith, and though it has taken ne time for them to arrive, those days here at last.

To replace the love I lost came a freedom; not only the passive freedom releasing me from the heaviness in my heart, but an active freedom to go out and experience again the great wide world I had lost sight of during my love and heartbreak.

IT SEEMS to me that one of the greatest signs of the existence of a divine plan in our lives is the way hard luck and suffering can return unexpected compensations. Whoever invented the wheel must have had a backache first from the strain of the heavy loads he was carrying on it. And by his inspiration the backs of countless millions of men have ached that much less. Many of mankind's problems and troubles are well-disguised blessings.

I remember last summer thinking that I should take some time off and away from the studio to think over my life in general and my career in particular; I needed some objective thinking and planning. In acting, the lucky break is very important, but it never hurts to look ahead and lay a course. The trouble was that I never could seem to get time off to do this.

Then, one fine afternoon, I had a bad accident. I went swimming at Laguna Beach, tangled with a rock, and broke a collarbone. After it was set I was resting and wondering why my luck was so stinking, when I suddenly realized that the convalescent period facing me was exactly what I had been looking for. It meant time, time to think ahead and do my planning. It may well be that some of the decisions I made during this period are among the most important ones in my life. (One of them was to stay away from rocks when swimming in the ocean. The wave that threw me in on my shoulder could just as well have tossed me in on my head!)

the adorable queen

of the **may** issue,

esther williams,

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at your newsstand

april 6

I have had the experience of losing out on a role I wanted in one picture, only to get a better role in another picture—because I was available. It's getting so that when anything bad happens I find myself automatically awaiting the good break which always seems to follow naturally on its heels.

Down through the ages, religious arguments have turned on one question—can God be proved? Never, apparently, has one man proved this to another man. But there are many men, I believe—and I am one of them—who are confident they have felt His existence as a palpable force in their lives.

In many ways, at times of emergency and even in quiet periods, I have been utterly conscious of a Presence. I remember when I faced an abdominal operation. With modern day surgery there would seem to be little danger. Yet, like most people, I did have to say to myself, “Well, I could die. It is possible.” Having said I could, I was quite convinced, warmly and serenely convinced, that I wouldn't. It is hard to explain how sure I was; surer than I am of my name.

In *Magnificent Obsession* I play the part of the surgeon. For technical advice we engaged a nurse from the county hospital and I asked her a lot of questions about surgery procedure. One of the things she told me which I shall never forget is that at all operations the doctors and nurses sense a spiritual presence.

“When a surgeon finishes an operation he feels that he deserves neither credit nor blame. He has only been an agent of the real Doctor,” she said.

It reminded me of my grandfather's rescuing me from the fire and that I had the feeling then that he had been delegated by the Someone I had depended on to save me.

ALTHOUGH I do not belong to any specific church I am strongly attracted to them when I travel. When I was in England one of my first visits was to St. Paul's Cathedral. I also attended services at Westminster Abbey. Standing in St. Paul's I found myself thinking not so much of the church as of the people who had built it. As I watched them in their house of worship, quietly praying, as they had through all the bombings, through the years of their austerity economy, and even now when things were easing up a bit for them, I began to get a small measure of the strength of their character and their devotion.

When I get a yearning for this sort of spiritual inspiration in Hollywood I generally pay a visit to one of the big churches in the old part of Los Angeles, often the Third Congregational Church. I think that which I am seeking (that which we all seek, probably), is confirmation that life is a blessed experience and not just a phenomenon that could have no ultimate meaning.

I never wanted such assurance so badly as when I attended the funeral services of a beloved friend and teacher, Sophie Rosenstein, who had been the drama coach at Universal-International. Her appreciation and understanding, not only of talent, but of the hopes and fears that fill the heart of a young newcomer to the studios, was, it seemed to me, and I believe the others would agree, almost Heaven-inspired.

Standing there in Forest Lawn with the other boys and girls who had known Sophie, I recalled the warmth of her voice, the sympathetic, inspired insight into human nature she had revealed, and I became convinced that no mere combination of chemical elements called the human body could produce this kind of personality. There had to be something more to make a Sophie Rosenstein, and that something could never be destroyed.

The moment this thought came to my mind the sadness of the occasion lifted. If *that* part of Sophie, the best and most significant part of her, were not gone, we need not feel bereaved. Rather, we should think of her in terms of the living qualities she had left with us. There was no death as long as these lived on as they did in our hearts. **END**

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Never Dries—
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Jane Powell co-starring in A BRIDE FOR SEVEN BROTHERS
An M-G-M Production. In CinemaScope. In Color

everything's okay!

(*Continued from page 41*) life outside the studio was roller-skating madly with chums along Elm Avenue in Beverly Hills, I exercised the paternal privilege of speaking freely. I asked her if the old German philosopher Schopenhauer was right in saying, "With woman, man is only the means; the end is always the child."

"Rubbish," said Liz.

With Schopenhauer smacked to the floor, Liz looked across the baby to her husband, relaxed in a deep chair.

"Do you suppose Mike's love of the baby makes me think he cares less for me? How silly. It shows that he cares more."

Baby Mike laughed and lifted a small fist of applause. He is a scene-stealer, little Mike. His eye was on the camera every minute when Cecil Beaton, the London photographer, made pictures of him. Beaton declared Mike knows all the angles.

"A real hambone," said Mummy Liz, smiling over him.

"A born actor?" I asked.

"I hope not," said his father. "There are more important vocations."

"Such as?"

"A doctor," replied Michael *père*.

Liz murmured, "Doctors are most important."

Michael got up and crossed the room to a desk. He came back with a sheet of letter paper.

"This is Michael's first letter," he said with controlled pride. "He wrote it to me when I was in Ireland."

The first two lines of the letter read: "dear daddy come home soon

"love from michael and mummy."

Following these was a cryptic line, apparently code. Mummy said, "I guided his fingers on the typewriter for the first lines. Then he took over and wrote the third."

Sure sign that Mike is a writer, the kind of genius who is impatient with editorial guidance. As if to confirm the portent, little Mike nipped a bright red pencil from my pocket.

"A writer!" I said.

"A pickpocket," said mummy.

Whatever profession Mike elects, his precocity marks him a genius. At age three weeks he looked around and uttered his first observation. "Okay," he said.

His philosophy, summed up in a word, is likewise his mother's. Everything always has been "okay" with Liz. She never has been known to quarrel or complain.

At three months Mike was swimming.

At eleven months he walked twelve steps. His father counted each step aloud. At the sixth step Mike took a spill, got up quickly and said, "Seven!"

Liz chortled softly. "It sounded like seven."

"He *did* say seven distinctly," said Michael turning to Liz. "You could not mistake it."

Liz continued to smile. She did not dispute.

The baby's nurse, an Australian girl named Yvonne Lang, entered the room quietly. It was the young genius' bedtime. Liz kissed him. Then he said goodnight to all with a smile and wave of his fist.

"He is very good," Liz said. "He never protests when we put him to bed. He smiles and falls asleep at once. He is no trouble at all."

She added, without tone of complaint or even of wistfulness, "We lead a regimented life. I get up at six in the morning to go to the studio. I don't get back until seven-thirty at night. I have just forty-five minutes with the baby when I'm working."

When she was not working, and during his first few months, Liz fed him. The first time she fed him the food smelled so good she ate half of it. Now the nurse prepares enough for two.

Mike has eaten like a man practically from the first. His real interest in life, says his mother, are his three square meals. His menu is typed each day and after it gets his okay it is presented to the hotel kitchen.

Mike had an angel food birthday cake with lighted candle in January. Mummy ate the cake, all but one slice. Mike settled for the lighted candle but got sold down the river. Mummy blew out the light just as he reached for it. Mike was mystified.

Liz shares Mike's love of food. She eats everything.

"I never worry about my weight. I gained forty pounds," she said, then added, "That was when I was pregnant."

She lost it all in two months, she observed, a bit wistfully. She also lost, during pregnancy, the wave in her hair. But it is returning now.

Liz and Michael had a big wedding in London. When they got to their apartment in the Berkeley Hotel at eleven o'clock that night they had a nuptial feast of pea soup and bacon and eggs. Michael is a pea soup fiend.

"I can't cook," said Liz, "but I open a nice can of pea soup."

The most striking thing about Liz, to one who has not seen her since her racing girlhood, is her composure, a serene stillness. But the subject of food quickly animates the calm queenliness and the enchanting child comes through.

"My favorite dish is brownabona," she said warmly. "I don't know how it is spelled. It is a Dutch peasant dish. My mother used to make it. You cook dark kidney beans and crisp bacon. Over them you pour the boiling fat from the bacon. You cover with diced dill pickles and diced Spanish onions, and drop a big blob of French mustard in the center. Yum-yum!"

Liz was all but overcome with the fragrant memory. Turning to Mike she said, "Do you think the hotel could prepare it tonight?"

Another delirious recollection was the hot garlic toast with raw tomatoes she had on the island of Capri. Liz ate two platters. They threw her.

"I never was so ill in my life," she said happily.

A favorite dessert is *zabaglione*, the nourishing Italian *dolce* made of eggs, cream and Marsala wine.

"And Gaelic coffee. Have you had Gaelic coffee?"

In the bottom of a tall glass you pour Irish whiskey, add coffee, top with cream. It's heartening after a hard day at the office—or at the studio.

The dignity of her twenty-three years slips again at the sight of beautiful clothes. Liz loves clothes. Again she favors the Italians. Her two favorite outfits were designed in Rome. From the celebrated couturier Fontana she got a black velvet coat trimmed with fur and lined with white satin to wear with a white satin off-shoulder gown he designed. Her other favorite is a ball gown from Antonelli—pink chiffon trimmed with straw lace, pearl and sequin diamante. With this she wears six petticoats to give flare and bounce. While bouncing—but not in the ball gown—over the hills of Capri she bought fisherman's jerseys, cardigans and tight trousers. (*Continued on page 62*)

Leaving baby Britches in their London apartment, Liz and Mike headed for the continent where they shopped and sight-saw with well-traveled Liz playing guide for her British husband.

¡ QUAPISIMA ELIZABETH !

The Wildings took Spain by storm—a storm of roses, cheers and beauty!

■ Bullfighting is more than the Spanish national sport. It is a rite signifying man's supremacy over beast. From April to October on late Sunday afternoons and sometimes on Thursday, the only place to go in Madrid is the *Plaza de Toros*. There are other bull arenas in and around Madrid, but this is the biggest. It seats 25,000. It is the most desirable, because only the top *matadores* can fight there.

All visitors to Spain are expected to attend a bullfight. The gracious, hospitable Spanish people expect you to go and they get tickets for you before you can say no, even if you should want to.

There is as much excitement at the *Plaza de Toros* as there is at Yankee Stadium during the World Series. In a way, bullfighting is more exciting. It moves faster and it's always a fight-to-the-death. The bull is the loser 999 times out of a thousand.

One lovely September afternoon a flower-festooned box in the *Plaza de Toros* was conspicuously empty in the fully-packed arena. Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were scheduled to arrive in Madrid on Monday. But in case they should arrive early the *Madridleños* were prepared. A box for the bullfight was decorated and reserved.

Flash rumors spread around the bullring. Elizabeth Taylor might be coming in. The *aficionados* would rise *en masse*, look toward the vacant box and yell, "Elizabeth Taylor! Elizabeth Taylor!" with as much enthusiasm as they yell "*¡Olé!*" when a *matador* has bested a bull. It's a rare day when a bullfighter must share the attention of the crowd with a beautiful woman.

But that Sunday the crowd was disappointed. Elizabeth Taylor did not reach Madrid until Monday. She was received with a warm, in fact a rousing welcome, and further endeared herself by her charming and gracious response.

The Spanish have a word for a woman who has beauty, sex appeal and style—*quapa*. It sounds like wah-pah, with accents on both syllables. When a woman is *quapa* and has charm and graciousness besides, she is *quapisima*, wah-pee-see-mah.

A Madrid movie critic telephoned Elizabeth's hotel:

"*Quapisima*," he crooned. "I worship Elizabeth Taylor and I am going to ask her if she is interested in divorce." —*Wanda Hale*

it's a secret...

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Now at last the secret's out! After years of research, Max Factor has developed an amazing new non-smear type lipstick with "stay-on lustre" that won't blot away, won't fade away, won't wear away. You smooth on this lanolin-rich, creamy, non-drying lipstick. Hours later... after dinner, after coffee, after that last kiss... its satiny "stay-on lustre" will still be on your lips! In 9 glowing fashion shades. Only $1.10 plus tax.

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Her favorite flowers go well with her complexion and eyes, and her husband keeps her supplied. They are lilies of the valley and violets. Though her eyes actually are a deep cornflower blue they appear to be violet in the shadow of the thick black lashes fringing them.

Press reports of her great jewel robbery amuse her.

"My jewels!" she chortles.

Somewhere between the Rome airport and her hotel in London a pair of earrings, a bracelet and clips vanished from the bottom of the vanity case. Total value, $1200.

Her treasured pieces, of great value, are gifts from Michael—two antique diamond and ruby brooches, designed in the nineteenth century by the famous Parisian jeweler Faberge. They come from the household of Nicholas II, the last of the Russian czars.

Liz was born in England of an English father and an American mother, but she went to America when she was eight and she thinks of herself as American. Still, London is home, too. She has visited England every summer since she was a child and she has countless relatives and friends there.

"Every place is home if you are happy there," she says.

Liz is happy everywhere. Rome is one of her happiest homes. Mike said he might do a picture in Rome. Liz was elated at the thought of spending a month there with him.

"I might make enough to buy you a Roman villa," he added.

Liz tossed him an indulgent smile.

"We haven't paid for our house in Beverly," she said.

Their house in Beverly is situated in the hills above Pickfair and Fred Astaire's mansion.

"We bought it for Mike," Liz said.

Mike was not yet born but he was on his way and already making friends and winning property. The people who sold the house to the Wildings presented Mike II with a pre-natal gift of one and a half acres.

The house is composed of two bedrooms, a livingroom and kitchen.

"A huge kitchen," said Liz. "Kitchens are so important." There is also a guest house with a kitchen and two rooms of less importance.

Mike's domain comprises playground, gardens and swimming pool. Besides this he has his own private property. Four dogs and four cats form an entourage for the young Wilding heir.

Liz said she wants to retire before age takes its toll. She has no ambition to die in harness.

"Career is interesting but anyone who thinks it's more important than home is plain silly," said Liz.

Husband Mike would retire with her. Their aim, she said, was to loaf.

"We are the laziest people, Mike and I. We are content just to sit."

When someone asked her to make a wish she said, "I would like another baby."

Mike nodded: "Boy or girl, doesn't matter."

"Then you have everything," I said.

"I have everything," Liz repeated, looking at me with steady, beautiful eyes.

As for Mike: "I only wish that everything continues as it is," he said.

Liz looked child-size, without shoes, standing with her tall, charming husband at the door, bidding me goodnight.

Congratulating them, I quoted the first word of a certain genius: "Okay. Everything is okay."

"Okay," they said together. **END**

(*Elizabeth Taylor can be seen in MGM's* Rhapsody).

"I didn't marry an angel"

(*Continued from page 34*) the marriage was made in heaven they flew there. To Italy, that is, which is heaven in a way, because Italian marriages stay stuck. At Italian weddings the guests do not speculate on how long the marriage will last, but on how many bambini will bless it.

In Turin, the beautiful Italian city where Lex and Lana first plighted troth, the copious bosoms of old signoras heaved rapturously. *"Bellissima! Bellissimo!* Venus e Appollo *vero*. All their children will be little gods and goddesses."

The prophecy of the old Italian soothsayers is supported by advocates of eugenic marriage who declare that when men exercise as much sense in mating as they show in the matchmaking of livestock they may produce a race of gods. *Vero, vero.*

Moved by the auguries, Lana said earnestly: "If wanting will do it, we will do it."

Lex said, "You can't foretell the sizes the bambini will come in. I am tall but my father is a little man. Every fourth generation you get a small one."

Lana's face clouded.

"I feel ours will be a shrimp," she said.

"Shrimps are all right. I like them," said Lex, always on the upbeat.

SOME EIGHT years ago, I met Lex. He had just arrived in Hollywood. Sol Lesser, impresario of the Tarzan classics, had scrutinized two thousand photographs of muscular males, sent scouts to college campuses, model agencies and gyms full of muscle men. He wanted the All-American Apollo for the next Tarzan. "Because," said Sol slyly, "we find women are coming to see Tarzan along with the kids."

When Lex was unveiled the old Tarzan studio hands agreed he was a production to beat the Greeks. They were staggered when they found he could give the jungle scream in French as well as in literate English.

Apollonian of brow as well as of torso, Lex, a son of wealthy parents, had lived abroad with a tutor and taken on a load of culture. Consequently, he knows art and antiques and how to bargain sharply for them in the flea markets of Europe. That's how he came by that old Sikh pruning knife.

With the Tarzan jungle well behind him, he is a star of rising stock because of his linguistic talent. Wearing a tweed jacket and grey flannels, clear-eyed and fresh of complexion, he had the bounce of a cheerleader.

"You look younger than when I first saw you," I said.

"I'm happy," he said.

He was alone. Bride Lana was working with Gable in *Betrayed* at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Lex suggested lunch. Over steak and kidney pudding and a glass of English lager which he recommended, he briefed me on the bride.

Only after lunch was safely tucked in was I so rash as to ask if Venus had no law.

Startled, Lex said: "Of course she must have. I could not live with an angel."

The effort to specify threw him into the tance of Rodin's *The Thinker*. After ogitating he said, "She will give you an rgument."

"Has a mind of her own, hm?"

He raised an emphatic hand and laughed. That she has. She can get mad. But he cannot hold a grudge. If we have an rgument at night, each tries to be first o say hello in the morning."

Carefully summing up the faults she did ot possess, he said, "Lana is not small. There is no pettiness about her. She is incapable of meanness, envy, malice, scheming."

Agreeing that this was my impression of Sweetie Pie, I got invited for cocktails in their apartment.

LANA WITH her own lustrous rich brown hair seemed to me a lot warmer than the blonde she used to be, and that blonde was salutary to the circulatory system. Lex prefers the brown hair to the blonde.

"It softens her face. The natural thing is always best," he says. This explodes the theory that gentlemen prefer blondes. Gentlemen prefer Lana.

Lana's eyes have the chameleon's gift for changing color naturally. At times they are green, other times blue or grey. They accommodate by matching the color she wears. When she wears grey they are dovey. With a blue dress she says they look like the eyes of a china doll. This day they were grey. Lex was wearing a grey suit.

"If you want to see her blue eyes I will change to my blue suit," said Lex obligingly.

"I can think of something better," Lana said.

She was wearing a Christian Dior dress of Chinese red, no jewelry except her wedding ring, a plain gold band. When she disappeared from the room I assumed she was changing to a blue frock. But she was gone only a moment. When she sparkled back the room was flooded in blue radiance from a ninety-five carat star sapphire, guarded by a squad of diamonds.

(*Continued on page 64*)

LANA'S SECRET MARRIAGE

The Barkers aren't looking for loopholes in their wedlock!

■ The "It-Will-Never-Last Club" has suspended operation. If Lana Turner and Lex Barker are not happier now than they were the day they were married, they are giving Academy Award performances. Lana, it seems, is not a "new" Lana, but an "old" or original one. Her hair is as brown as it was before she became a star. And that's not all.

Time was, when Lana returned to Hollywood after a long absence, she made her first appearance in a night club. This time, she was not seen at all until she turned up in the marriage license bureau in Santa Monica. She and Lex filled out the necessary papers for a second ceremony, just on the chance of legal loopholes in their European "I do's."

Not one reporter was present when Lana and Lex took their vows again at her home on Beverly Glen Drive, although Lex's press representative was his best man. An unusual switch—a press agent keeping Lana's name out of the papers. Lana provided the topper when a photographer did a double-take and touching her on the shoulder exclaimed, "Hey, aren't you Lana Turner?"

"Me? *Lana Turner!*" Lana laughed merrily as she took Lex by the arm and waltzed to the elevator. Later, the photographer was kicking himself for being so naive.

He needn't have. A MODERN SCREEN reporter who has known Lana more than ten years, failed to recognize her. At the Cock 'n Bull restaurant, a friend introduced his luncheon companion.

"You remember Lana Turner, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the MS man. "How are you, honey?"

Lana laughed. "You *don't* remember me, do you?"

She was right. He had failed to recognize this face, famous the world over. He pulled up a chair and talked. He felt that for the first time, Lana has found a man she loves and will be married to for a long time. In fact, your reporter would like to stick his neck out and predict that it won't be long before a little Tarzan is on the way.

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"My engagement ring," she announced. Lex discovered it in Capri and it looked like a piece of Capri heaven at the deep blue twilight hour with the single evening star.

Lana looked long at it, and when she looked up at Lex, sure enough, she was starry-eyed. He was too. They were co-starry. They'd like to be that way in a picture.

Only the night before, a student of Shakespeare and of Lana who had seen a performance of *Antony And Cleopatra* by the Stratford-on-Avon players, declared that Lex and Lana would surpass in the roles.

"I should be terrified of speaking the lines," Lana said.

"Your lines," said the authority feelingly, "are letter perfect."

The Shakespeare pun goes for eye and for ear. Although Lana says she still suffers tension during the first couple of weeks in a production, her voice is beautifully modulated and under control. And though she was wearing this Christian Dior garment comprising more material than Cleopatra would approve, it was obvious to the naked eye that her lines might make Marc Antony go A.W.O.L. and lose an empire.

"She was wearing a swim suit the first time I saw her," said Marc Antony Barker. "I was in a pool at Palm Springs. Behind me I heard a chug-chug-chugging. I looked around and there she was."

"It was then you first met her?" I asked.

"No. It was then I got the gleam in my eye," Lex said.

Lana in a swim suit weighs 118 pounds.

"Just right for her height, five, three-and-a-half," Lex said. "She takes bending exercises every morning with me. I am ten pounds over my average 202."

"So I take exercises," said Lana, "to reduce him."

THEY WERE sitting on a davenport, Lex with one leg crossed horizontally over the other. When tea arrived with a tray of pastries Lex reached for an éclair and Lana reached for a smack at Lex's ankle.

"I thought you were keeping to 750 calories a day," she said.

Lex said: "You can eat what you like so long as you keep your stomach muscles hard."

"He eats like a horse," Lana said.

He passed her the pastries. She said she never ate them, had not touched sweets since she was a girl.

"Sugar is not as fattening as salt," Lex countered.

"I don't eat salt, either," said Lana.

Lex said salt is fattening because it calls for liquids, and liquids make you bulge. He reached for another pastry and got another smack.

"We will play a lot of tennis and eighteen holes of golf," said Lex. "Lana and I like the same things."

"Eighteen holes of golf," said Lana. "I can barely walk around nine."

I asked Lana what her favorite exercise was.

"Lying in bed," she said.

"With me," said Lex.

"With a book. You!" said Lana, smacking hard.

"With a book, me!" said Lex, getting up from the davenport to escape a busted ankle. From the secure height of six feet, three, he again helped himself to calories before resuming his place beside her.

Speaking of lying in bed, an exercise beloved by all book lovers, I was reminded of those New York socialites whom an advertising man approached for an endorsement of mattresses. He told them they would confer a great favor if they permitted a photograph of their bed in an advertisement. In return for this great favor his company was prepared to offer them five thousand dollars. He awaited their reply with trepidation. It was not slow in coming.

"For five thousand dollars you can have a photograph of our bed with us in it," they said.

Lex and Lana laughed. Under cover of the laughter I suggested that a photograph of the Lex Barkers in bed with their favorite books would be inspirational in the promotion of the classics, such as MODERN SCREEN.

"Are you offering us five thousand dollars?" asked Lex who has a sordid side.

"The studio allows us to endorse only soap. And we get paid in soap. I have two rooms filled with soap," said Lana. "I would like to endorse stoves. I want a new stove."

Lex said they should endorse automobile tires. The Jaguar needed two new ones.

ASKED WHY they didn't just endorse checks, Lex said, "We endorse them over to the tax man. I divide my salary by three, figuring a third for us."

Lana remarked impressively that she had saved money while working in Europe. She bought only two little wool dresses which she needed when weather over there turned cold. She got the Dior dress she was wearing in America. Simple frocks in Paris cost from three hundred to seven hundred dollars. "That," she said practically, "is for the birds."

Her greatest stroke of fortune, though, was in saving on her house. She would have taken a loss had she sold it.

"I didn't want to sell it; I love it. But it was much too large for Cheryl and me. Luckily I found a big man to fill it." Her hand reached Lex's ankle but this time it was a caressive pat.

The big house should bulge with bambini, if wanting will do it. And they'll all be little gods and goddesses, if prophecies are fulfilled. **END**

I loved and lost

(*Continued from page 32*) be understood. But when Janie announced that she was going to divorce Geary Steffen and Gene announced that he was contemplating a divorce from Miriam, how the high and mighty bellowed!

"You're out of your mind," Janie was told last spring, "to even think of divorcing Geary. Don't you realize that all over America you have been played up as the happiest couple in Hollywood. You have two darling children and a great career. People everywhere remember you as that sweet little darling from Portland. How can you do this? You're ruining your life. For what, Janie? In heaven's name, for what?"

For love, she said. On August 6, 1953, Suzanne Burce—Jane's real name—filed for divorce.

TOWARD her husband, a pleasant, garrulous young man addicted to surf-skiing, she demonstrated good will. She gave him more money than he had contributed to their four-year marriage. She gave him real estate, a promissory note for $16,000, a promise to pay the income tax—everything he wanted. She did this because her heart was running over with love for Gene Nelson.

When her lawyer, Sam Barchis, said, "Now, wait a minute, Janie. Let's fight some of Steffen's demands," Jane shook her head. "No, Sam. Give him everything he

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I came down here on one of Greyhound's new "Air Suspension" buses (no metal springs in them!) and it was the most comfortable, scenic trip I've ever made. The people you meet on a bus seem to be more informal, neighborly—lots of fun...and the service was just grand all along the line.

Lots more to tell you about people and places when I get back!

Irene

P.S. You and the Mrs. ought to try a Greyhound Tour! Here's the kind of coupon that got me started...

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GREYHOUND

wants. I must have my freedom at once."

Freedom for what? Freedom to be with Gene Nelson, freedom to sit at his table and watch as he danced for the nightclub crowds, freedom to snuggle up in his arms on the dance floor, freedom to go to the races with him, to be next to him, to look into his eyes and feel his presence and know all his hopes and desires and dreams —freedom to be his wife.

For a few fleeting months Jane Powell knew most of this freedom and luxuriated in her love. Spending her spare time with her children and Gene was a kind of paradise. These were the three people she loved best in all the world.

Gene's wife Miriam went to see her lawyer, Bernie Silbert, to discuss financial settlement preceding the anticipated divorce. Miriam is a fair and understanding girl. She and Gene had separated before. If Gene wanted someone else for his wife she would not be the insurmountable obstacle. She told her lawyer that all she wanted was a guarantee of $400 a month, less than $100 a week for herself and her son Chris. This was to come out of 25% of Gene's gross income. But it must be remembered that his net income is small by Hollywood standards.

Fred Martino, Gene's lawyer, thought this was too much to ask. Gene began to think so, too. And from that moment on the great, overpowering love he had felt for Jane Powell began to change. Gene began to ask himself questions. In leaving Miriam and Chris was he doing the right thing? If he married Jane Powell, wouldn't people always refer to him as Jane Powell's husband? Wouldn't she be the big breadwinner?

If love starts to wane, it's hard to hide the waning from the girl you loved if she has any perception at all. Jane Powell knew instantly that something was wrong.

Jane began to ask questions. "I couldn't help myself. I'm that kind of a person. I've got to know where I'm heading. I need a goal. I just can't live in a vacuum. I could tell from Gene's behavior that he was having a lot of problems. Finally, I asked him if he wanted to stay or go.

"He said that he wanted to go. There was nothing I could do. I let him go."

"Perhaps you put too much pressure on him at the wrong time?" Janie was asked.

"Perhaps I did," was her reply. "But I had a lot to consider. My children, my future. I had to bring the whole thing to a head. I forced the situation and I admit it. I began to ask questions and Gene couldn't answer them."

"What questions?"

"Questions about the future. You see, in many ways Gene is a wonderful person. He's self-sufficient, for instance. I'm not."

"Do you need a lot of people?"

"No, just one. Just one and I'm fine. But I'm not happy alone. I need someone."

"Do you think you've found that someone in Pat Nerney?" (Mona Freeman's former husband.)

"Well, he's very nice."

"Are you planning to marry him?"

"I can't say. I wouldn't dare say. My divorce isn't final until August. He's nice to go around with. I'm very funny. I don't like to be a girl around town. It's nice to have a steady escort."

"There's a rumor that Pat is going to Africa on a safari this summer with the Pat Di Ciccos, and that he plans to take you along as his bride. What about it?"

"This is the first I've heard of it."

"It *is* all over between you and Gene, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, in retrospect, would you say that what you felt for Gene was more infatuation than it was love?"

"It was a real love affair. I'd never chalk it up to infatuation. It was love, all right. I loved and I lost."

"Are you heartbroken?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. After all, you can get over pretty nearly everything."

"Even love?"

"Even love."

"Have your feelings for Gene changed?"

"He is one of the most sincere people I've ever known and I'll never change my feelings about him."

"Have you seen him or spoken to him since you broke up?"

"No, I haven't. He's a quiet sort of fellow and you don't hear much about him around town. Have you seen him?"

"He was in New York for an *Omnibus* TV show, you know, and he's been down to the desert and down to Balboa and on the Ethel Merman TV rehearsals— If Gene were to come back tomorrow and say, 'Let's take up where we left off,' what would your reaction be?

A NEW LOVE FOR JANE

■ As soon as Gene Nelson stopped seeing Jane Powell, Pat Nerney, the thirty-three-year-old former husband of actress Mona Freeman, moved right in.

Nerney makes no secret of his love for Jane and his wish to marry her.

"I think she's wonderful," he says. "I've known her five or six years and I've always thought so. I first met her while I was married to Mona. We just ran into her at different places.

"A few months ago I took her to Chasen's. I haven't dated anyone else. I haven't found a girl like her for a long time. She's one in a million.

"When we were out a few weeks ago we saw Pat Di Cicco and his wife. I had seen Pat last year in Europe and we began to talk about different places we had been and wanted to go and Pat said, 'How would you like to go on a safari to Africa this August?' Jane got very excited. She said that had always been one of her secret desires. If things work out, maybe we can go together. Her divorce isn't final until August 7."

Nerney, who owns a Ford dealership with his brother, was married to Mona Freeman for six years. He has a daughter by that marriage, little Mona, five, for whose support he pays $75 a month. The Nerneys were divorced in 1952. Pat began an active social life and Mona began to concentrate on her career at RKO.

About his feeling for Jane Powell, Pat recently told newsmen, "I'm madly in love with her. We're just friends."

After August 7, he hopes to say, "We're just man and wife."

"Would you take him back?"

"Well, I just don't know. This whole thing upset me very much. I was very much in love with him. I guess I still am. I thought we would have a very wonderful life together. If he was worrying about being the top man in our house—I'd never have made him feel anything else. The difference in earning capacity—well, I've never worried about money. You just have to go out and do your work as well as you can. With a man I guess it's very difficult. I guess Gene had a lot of things on his mind."

"It was he, then, who suggested the break?"

"Yes."

"But would you still take him back?"

"Is Miriam going to take him back?"

"She has taken him back before. She'll probably take him back again. I think she understands that he's a complex man and in the past she has always been patient and forgiving. But would *you* take him back? That's the question."

"I just don't know. Just don't know. I hope Gene will straighten himself out and find happiness."

"Are you happy?"

"I'm very happy—don't have the time to be sad. I'm finishing a picture, *A Bride For Seven Brothers.* Then I fly to Italy and sing there at a benefit for crippled children; then I fly to Brazil for the film festival. I won't be home before March, and then we're moving into a new house, so you can see."

"You're sure you're not running away from something?"

"What do you mean?"

"Aren't you carrying a torch for Gene?"

"I guess I am."

"If Gene hadn't come along, would you have divorced Geary, anyway?"

"It would have happened sooner or later. This I know. If I really wanted to go back to the old ways, I could have, couldn't I? I'm glad it happened when it did because now it's better for everyone concerned. And I'm still young and have my life before me. No, I don't regret the divorce one bit."

"Does Geary visit the children frequently?"

"Yes, he's very good about that."

"Don't you ever look back and wonder why you ever got married in the first place?"

"I was insecure and always afraid of loneliness. And there comes a time in every girl's life when she feels that she simply must get married."

"How do you feel about the future?"

"I feel wonderful about it, especially about all this travel. When I was a girl in Portland I used to say, 'My, if some day I could only get to New York.' And now I'll be traveling all over the world. It's really very exciting."

"Maybe you'll find some exciting new man overseas. Have you got your eyes open for that?"

"In the future I hope to pick the right man. I certainly don't want to go through this again."

"Deep down in your heart, do you think the decision that you and Gene arrived at —not to see each other any more—was the right decision? Don't you believe that perhaps you have thrown away the one great love in your lives?"

"That's hard to tell. It's difficult to evaluate anything when you're close to it. And love is hard to sustain when there are so many obstacles. After a while they just wear you down. And one shouldn't live in the past. I'm going right ahead and I guess Gene is, too."

That conversation with Jane helps to show why many interviewers say that no actress in Hollywood is more candid, more honest or more lovable than Jane Powell. Hurt and disappointed she may be, but there is no bitterness toward anyone. She doesn't permit herself to brood.

The wonder of it all is that any man could give her up. In relinquishing his hold on her heart, Gene Nelson gave up a young woman who has sex appeal, top-flight talent, a sunny disposition, a tremendous earning potential and the respect and admiration of her fellow-workers.

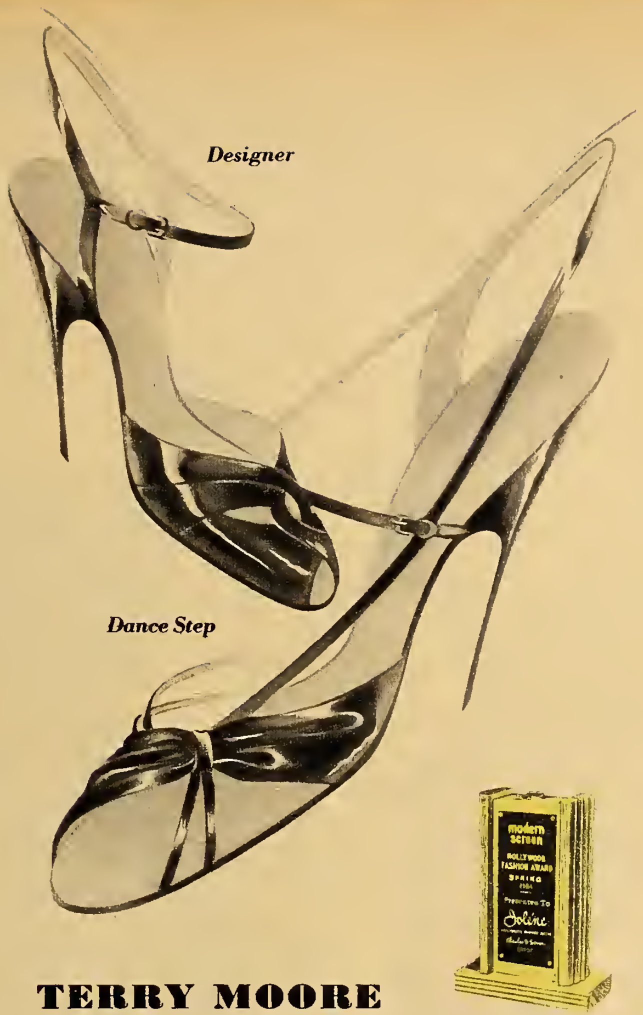
In the years to come Gene Nelson may look back and wonder—and this wondering, this pondering, this debate between heart and mind, this pent-up anguish may be the price for Jane Powell's love, once his, then discarded. END

(*Jane Powell can be seen currently in MGM's* Athena.)

TERRY MOORE *starring in*
KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

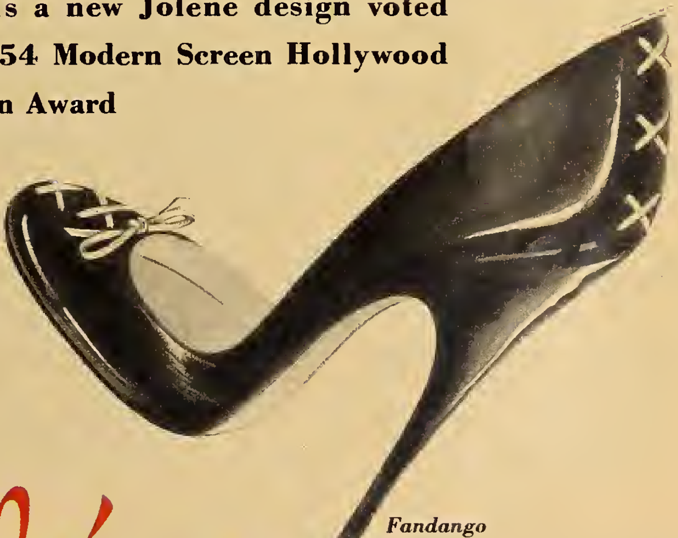
A 20th Century-Fox production in CinemaScope

Color by Technicolor



TERRY MOORE

models a new Jolene design voted the 1954 Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Award



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Left: Here's rayon and silk . . . powdered with a crisp white print. American Silk Mill's washable Siltussa in navy, lilac or aqua. Sizes 14½ to 24½. **About $9.** Right: All-over embroidered cotton schiffle on Belding Corticelli's "linen-look" rayon. Hand washable, with a high resistance to wrinkles. Navy, lilac, blue or shrimp in sizes 14½ to 22½. **About $9.**

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HOLLYWOOD LOOKS TO SPRING

■ Filmland takes its fashion straight—loves *basic* clothes that can be glamourized with accessories and jewelry. This spring's fare includes full, full skirts, classic blouses and a blossoming of colors. Shoes, smartly styled but practical. Jewelry exciting. Dainty underpinnings, of course, complete the perfect wardrobe.

1. Terry Moore models a colorful, clock-printed cotton frock. Sleeveless with a princess waistline and full skirt. Black braid trim. 10 to 16. About $13. By McArthur, Ltd. At Gimbel Brothers, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh; J. Magnin, San Francisco and branch stores; John W. Thomas, Minneapolis. Capri's startling white sharks tooth earrings ($1*) and bracelets ($1* each). Dorset-Rex bag. See Terry in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope films *King Of The Khyber Rifles* and *Beneath The 12-Mile Reef.*

2. Terry poses in a colorfast cotton broadcloth skirt and blouse outfit. The blouse has saddle-stitch trim and comes in a dozen wonderful colors. About $3. By Ship 'n Shore. The skirt has unpressed pleats, a wide waistband with a deep V yoke in front. Wide color range. About $8. By McArthur, Ltd. Separate belt, Caldernon. The blouse and skirt are at leading department and specialty stores. Capri's gold ball drop earrings ($1*) and fabulous bead bracelets ($1* each). Terry takes time for college courses along with her career—we caught her doing homework at her Underwood Finger-Flight Champion portable typewriter.

3. Debbie Reynolds chooses a spring costume of navy blue—full, pleated, crepe skirt, blouse with white scarf accent. Debbie wears Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. She puts her best foot forward in her handsome pumps of navy calf called *Nina Hi,* also smartly accented with white trim. Shoes by Jolene (for complete details see next page). Skirt from Saks Fifth Avenue. Blouse by Lanz of California. See Debbie Reynolds in her new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Technicolor films, *Athena* and *Give A Girl A Break.*

**plus taxes*

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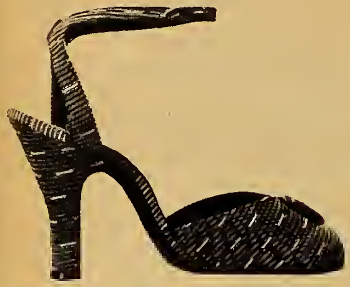
modern screen fashions

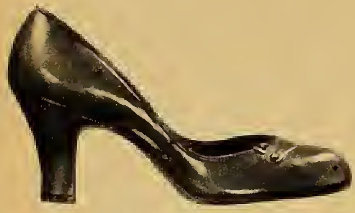
3

MORE>

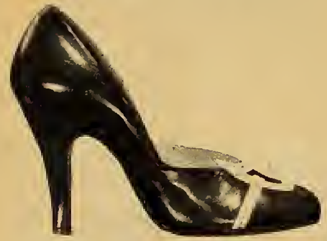
JOLENE HOLLYWOOD APPROVED SHOES



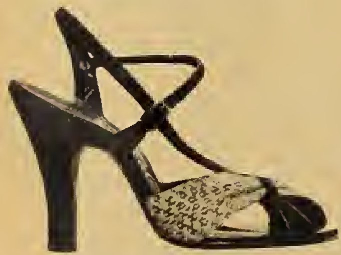
DASH HI—corded faille ankle strap high heel sandal, button on vamp. Black, brown or navy with white. About $9.



LA PETITE—calf pump with rhinestone trim on vamp collar, high heel. Benedictine, black, blue or red calf. About $9.



NINA HI—navy calf pump with white stitching and trim. Also black, red or eggshell calf or black patent. About $10.



DANCE STEP—halter sandal, high heel, cobra trim. Blue or red calf; black or blue suede; or black patent. About $11.

Board members Mr. and Mrs. John Ericson look at Jolene shoes from two viewpoints—a man's and a woman's—and seem to agree.

Eleanor Parker, with hair cut short and caree stretched long, selects a two-color pump, a practical shoe, right for almost any costume.

Whether she dons dancing shoes for fun or for her salary, dancer Ann Miller chooses a pretty, comfortable shoe for a glamorous foot.

Another long-stemmed MGM dancing star, Cyd Charisse tries to make her choice between two good-looking, easy walking Jolene shoes.

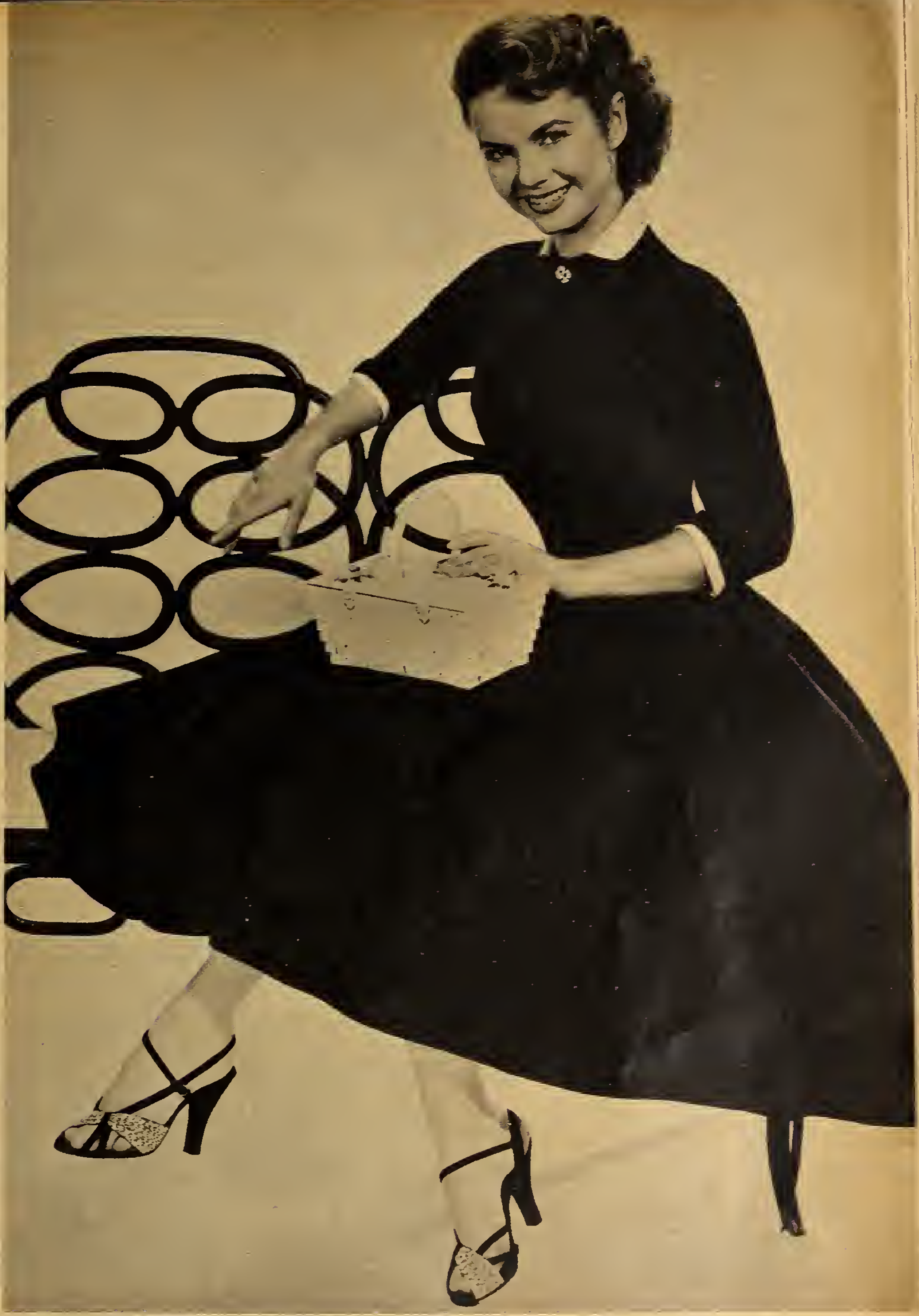
Hollywood Looks to Spring

ALL ABOUT

Star film credits, page 81

Metro's lush beauty, Elaine Stewart, displays two sandals from the winning shoe designs lined up at the left for your inspection.

Chairwoman of Modern Screen's Fashion Board, Metro's Debbie Reynolds detains Dick Anderson for comment on her new shoes.



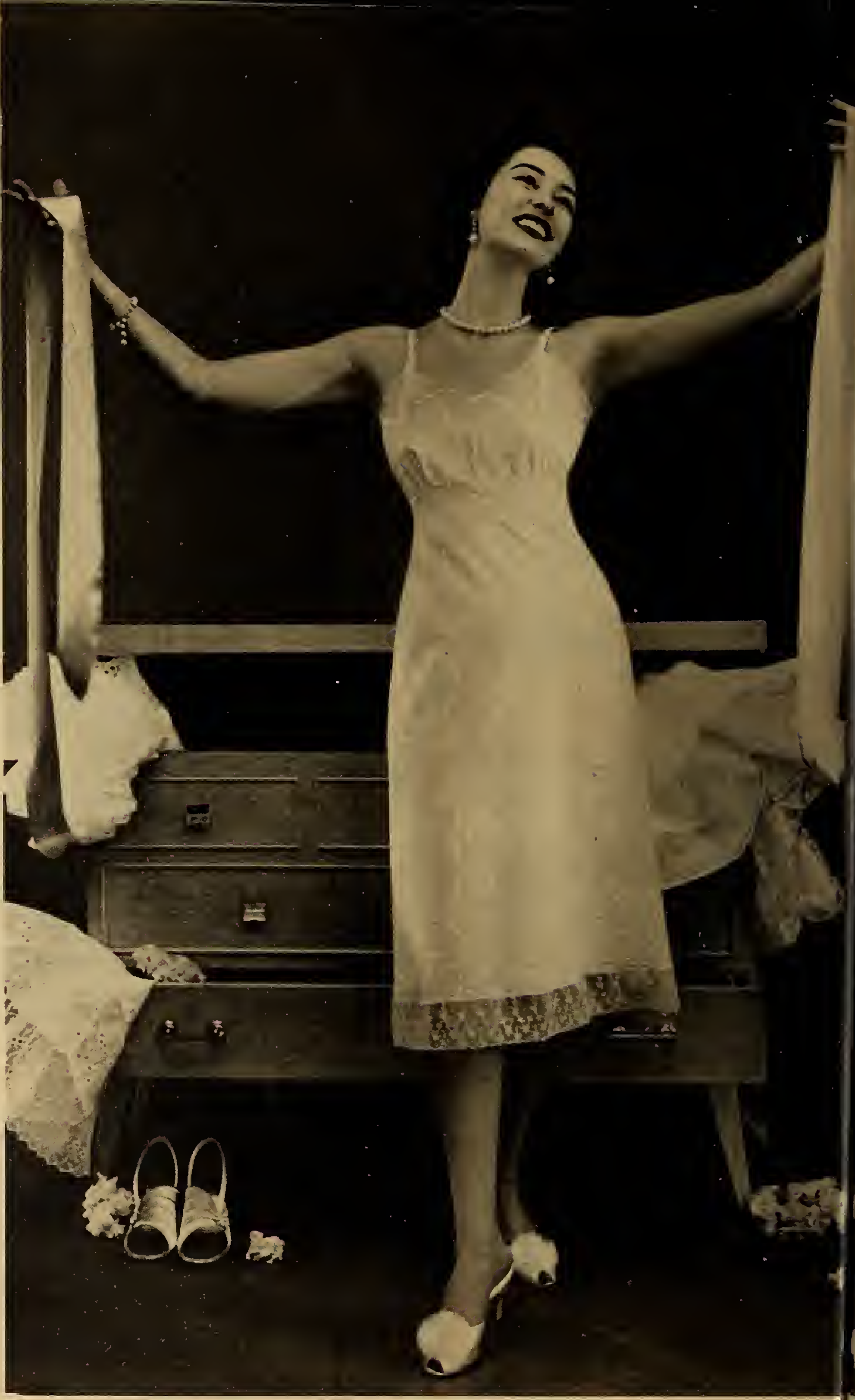
The Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board (left) and Debbie Reynolds, Chairwoman, awarded Jolene shoes the M. S. Fashion Trophy for spring. Debbie models Jolene's sandal, *Dance Step* (see opposite page). Dress by Lanz of California. Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. Dorset-Rex bag.

SHOES

JOLENE SHOES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 81.

MORE➤

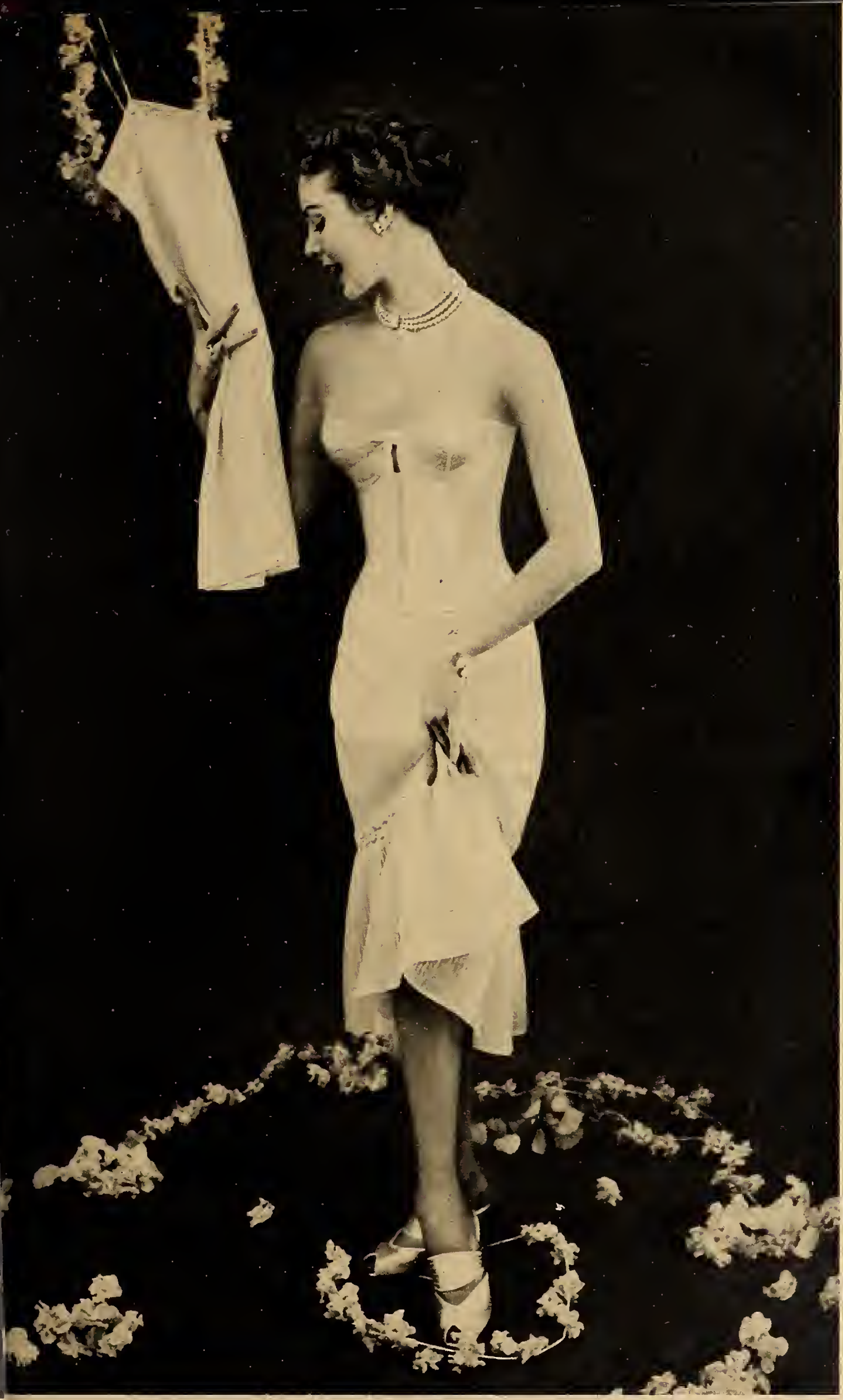
Hollywood Looks to Spring



Right out of heaven—Stardust lingerie. Long known for beauty, it is practical, too—guaranteed for one year's wear, no ironing and so economical. The slip shown is cotton plissé—the bodice and hemline trim are of beautifully embroidered nylon sheer. White only. At about $2. In the cedar chest more Stardust lingerie, nighties and petticoats also of cotton plissé with embroidered nylon sheer trim. Pearls by Richelieu. Holeproof hosiery "Personally Yours" for brunettes, *Parisian Nude.* Satin mules, *Powder Puff* with nylon net frou frou trim—the slippers on the floor, *Sibyl.* Both by Daniel Green. Cedar chest—Lane Company.

STARDUST LINGERIE AVALIABLE AT LEADING SPECIALTY, DEPARTMENT AND VARIETY STORES

SPRING LINGERIE



Today's young figure is exquisitely molded to give even more glamour than Dame Nature endowed—direct contrast to the feminine fripperies of grandmother's time (note old-fashioned chemise, far left). The "Three-Quarter Time" bra shown here is by Hollywood-Maxwell. It has a built-in nipper waist that extends three inches below the waistline. It is made of nylon lace and fine *Nyacel Leno* elastic—wire support and supple steel boning for complete freedom of movement. White or black. About $11. Pearls by Richelieu. Holeproof hosiery "Personally Yours" for blondes, *Champagne*. Satin slippers, *Sabot*, by Daniel Green.

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL BRAS AVAILABLE AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

NEWS

More fashions on page 76

the case of the smuggled ermine

(*Continued from page 48*) and thereafter by almost impenetrable confusion.

Modern Screen, after consideration, undertakes to put history back on the track.

The legal mind probably would break the business down in concise and orderly fashion: The Case, The Prosecution, The Defense, and The Summation. But the legal mind wouldn't have much fun and would be courting a nervous breakdown. This way looks easier: In the drama, lasting not much more than ten days, there is a prologue and three acts. The two pertinent scenes are Los Angeles International Airport, whence the troupe took off, and Korea, where ultimately it landed. Props and personnel include:

The bathing suit.

Miss Moore.

Grant.

George Murphy, screen star and head of the Hollywood Coordinating Committee (USO Camp Shows).

General Maxwell Taylor, commandant of the Korean Theatre, and subsidiary brass.

A lieutenant (unnamed).

A sergeant (unnamed).

Mrs. L. W. Koford, Miss Moore's mother.

Abandoning Grant for the moment and trotting around to that which touched off the mine, the camera focuses first on a Los Angeles hotel one night last autumn. The occasion was the annual Hollywood Press Photographers Ball, the action a skit Miss Moore had agreed to do.

The skit was just a little more forthright than Korean camp shows would have permitted. And it involved The Ermine Bathing Suit. These two points, and these alone, are undisputed. In the following few days, things got pretty weird.

Newspapers reported that (1) the bathing suit was a Bikini, (2) Miss Moore had done a striptease, (3) she was going to do the same skit in Korea.

"Look at it," demanded Miss Moore, a few days after her return from Korea. She had twice been ordered to leave Korea and twice held fast to have the order rescinded, while Stateside newsrooms whirred and boiled and got out the red type. She held The Ermine Bathing Suit at arm's length, spilling mothballs like marbles. "Is that a Bikini?" It was not. It's just a little old run-of-the-mill ermine bathing suit, and a cute one, too. "A Bikini," expounded Miss M., "is—is nothing but a G-string for the underneath part, and—and a kind of a wispy bra. Why, I wouldn't wear one!"

It had not been altered since?

"Certainly not! It is not now nor has it ever been a Bikini? Look, it's even cut extra high on top so there's no cleavage. *I* saw to that."

Well, how about the striptease business?

"What nonsense!" said Miss M. "For the skit at the ball, I wore a coat at first. Then I went offstage and took off the coat and came back in the bathing suit, but you don't call *that* a striptease! Do you? And anyway, it was especially written material, nothing to do with what I was going to do in Korea."

Johnny Grant confirms this categorically. "She didn't do a thing risqué there. Sang a couple of songs and worked in a clean little skit with me. The boys loved her. She's a good trouper. But the first part of the mix-up—I just don't know."

The first part of the mix-up occurred at International Airport early on the morning the troupe took off. George Murphy, speaking for the Coordinating Committee, was heard by responsible newsmen saying to Miss Moore: "If you're going to wear that bathing suit, you might as well turn around and go home right now."

More important, he was admittedly heard by Miss Moore to say the same words. She laughed and answered: "Oh, George, you don't have to worry. It isn't even packed."

But it was.

Miss Moore, for defense summation: "Here's the way that happened. Mother and I had talked about the suit, and then decided to leave it behind. But at the last minute, mother thought she'd pack it for—you know—some publicity shots, or something like that. But she forgot to tell *me*. So when George was talking to me at the airport, mother had already got on the plane, and I thought I was speaking the truth."

On the flight from Los Angeles to Tokyo, there was friction between Terry and Grant, whatever the affability of their relations afterward, and Grant stalked out of one of their post-flight discussions at a Korean base. Let the door slam while he was about it.

And for five performances, Miss Moore wore the ermine bathing suit, to the piercing delight of the soldiers. "Some of them," Terry has said since, "go for months without seeing an American girl. Imagine how long they go without seeing an ermine bathing suit!"

Their pleasure was not wholly shared by the guiding hands of what their entertainment should consist of. On Christmas night, Grant dragged his weary, hungry frame into an enlisted men's mess, where he was told that Tokyo was frantic to get him on the phone, had called five times. Experiencing a premonition and an abrupt loss of appetite, he called the operator.

It was a wire from Hollywood. Miss Moore later was to tell the Los Angeles *Examiner* in an exclusive interview that the first notice of her recall came from the Army in Washington. That is not Grant's recollection. He can quote the wire, addressed to him, word for word, today. As a document, it perhaps should be offered in somewhat immaterial evidence:

"USO Camp Shows and George Murphy request the return of Helen Koford, known as Terry Moore, to the zone of the interior immediately for violation of an agreement with George Murphy. She is not to appear before any more U.N. troops." It was signed by the Coordinating Committee.

Rather regretfully, Grant delivered the tidings to Terry and her mother.

After that, somebody kicked down the barn door.

At least one person, presumably close to the chain of events, has said it was Terry herself: "She and this sergeant in the Public Relations Office got together and called United Press. U.P. had five stories out before any other wire service got off its duff. Last I heard of the sergeant, he was loading ammunition within whistling distance of Manchuria."

Terry says positively no. "U.P. called *me*. There was a sergeant who was sympathetic toward me, but if he'd done anything like that, he would have been court-martialed."

In addition, she says, that night was a tough one. "Mother and I cried and cried. How can they say it was for *publicity!* Why, that would have been the same as a dishonorable discharge! It could have ruined my career! It almost did! I guess it's mostly blown over now, but for a little while it could have gone either way."

Rescue came the next morning. An hour after the rest of the troupe had been flown out for a point further north, the ejection order was countermanded. Terry and her mother were put in two separate planes to follow them, and Terry arrived in time to walk on-stage just as Grant had introduced Penny Singleton, another member of the company.

"Surprised?" said Terry to Grant, as Grant remembers it.

"Very," said Grant. "Shall we dance?"

But at noon that day, Grant received another call, and had to give Terry the bad news all over again. "I don't know," he told her, "where this one came from. But you'll still have to go."

But a second countermand came through, and that was the clincher. Terry had won out—but not the bathing suit. The bathing suit was through.

This final countermand reputedly was the doing of General Taylor himself, who was supposed to have called Grant and asked in bemused exasperation what in the world was going on up there. Grant told him, as well as he was able, and Taylor asked him: "Listen, is everything all right? The girl and the show and everything?" Grant assured him that everything was. "Okay, then," said the general. "Stop worrying."

It was too late. Johnny had shed fifteen pounds, already.

The papers Stateside—or "zone of the interior"—continued to yodel and click their heels. Korea had at last broken out something divorced from grief, stagnation and death.

Immediately on her return to Hollywood, Terry was inclined to blame the Army for her humiliation. A few days later, though, she had switched to the view that darker and less identifiable forces were to blame—not the Army nor the USO, but a kind of pressure lobby she labeled feelingly as "You know." "Everybody," she said, "was pressurized."

That is not impossible. "Even before she left the country," a man well acquainted with the shambles has deposed, "people were sending wires and letters to the War Department protesting against what she hadn't even done yet. They were misled by the Bikini and striptease talk. I wish the joes who write these stories and captions would find out what a Bikini bathing suit is before they begin to use the term."

"I wish they would, too," Terry Moore said, again in summation. "I'd never wear one of those because I think the more you have on, the sexier it is."

Terry Moore lives a nice family life on a nice family street in the part of West Los Angeles called Westwood Hills. It is not far from UCLA, where she is studying for a degree and may well have one in a year or a year and a half. Four days after her return, a friend and occasional historian of hers drove up to her house, blew the horn and invited her to come down and tell him all about it. The two have an informal working basis, wherein he drives her around the neighborhood while she thrashes her verbal way out of whatever buzzsaw she has encountered recently.

She is difficult not to believe. She is small, earnest and cute, and she does not hide behind double-talk. On the contrary, she may well talk herself into a kind of film purgatory one of these days. And if once in a while there comes into her voice a crisp, hard undertone when she speaks of publicity values, the tendency is just to imagine you heard it.

This day, there was no doubt that her feeling was genuine.

"The terrible thing is," she wailed in part, "that from now on anything I do will be tagged, 'publicity,' and they'll be saying I'll do anything for it."

Do not write Miss Moore off as a prophet. A powerful columnist wrote: "Somebody, but *somebody*, should talk to Terry Moore. The ermine bathing suit episode has gone to her head (*Continued on page* 77

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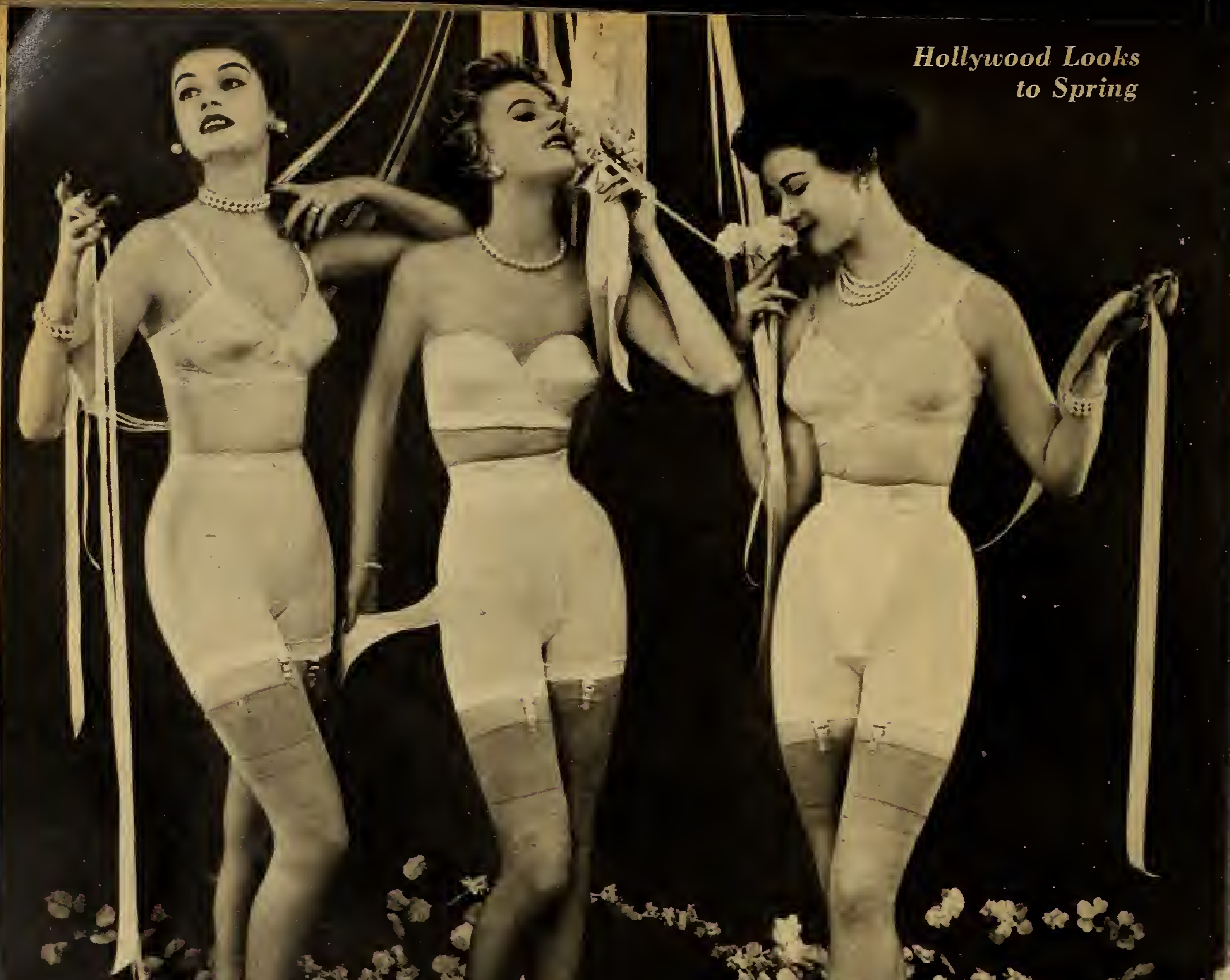

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(*Continued from page 74*) and now she'll do anything for publicity!"

The day after that, the columnist had mellowed, attributing to Terry a sense of humor. She had received, she wrote, a letter from Miss Moore bearing the post script: "I'm majoring in psychology, but I guess it didn't take."

"Publicity!" now chirped a distraught Miss M. for the second time. "That's what really hurts—their saying that. Look, I gave up my Christmas to go over there! Couldn't I have got more publicity right here at home, posing for magazine layouts and doing interviews?"

Fortunately for *auld lang syne*, the question was a rhetorical one. But the answer is no.

Not everyone did think Miss Moore made the trip for publicity. Another faction, not conspicuously more charitable, thought she'd gone to see a Texan friend, a lieutenant now stationed over there. What was there to that?

"Nothing," said Miss M. flatly. "I know him, sure, and we had a couple of dates in Tokyo, but there's nothing to the story. And I don't want to mention his name because his family wouldn't like it. Nobody would care, anyway."

But the romance was over?

Said Miss M., "It never began."

And what of the report that she'd had some difficulties getting home (via a stopover in Honolulu) but had them straightened out by a powerful business acquaintance in Los Angeles?

"Who, me?" said Terry.

And all that over a bathing suit!

"All that over a bathing suit!" she echoed. "And I almost didn't wear it. It would have been Susan Zanuck, but it was a little too small for her. I had a dress I'd much rather have worn, one that Mother made for me, with Christmas decorations and spangles all over it. I guess my good deed for 1953 backfired, all right." Susan Zanuck, daughter of 20th Century-Fox production chief Darryl, was part of the troupe, and a much liked and respected part. Grant nearly blew a fuse in his relief that this was so. He confessed to her that he had a phobia about bosses's daughters, and had prepared for the worst. Then he barely stopped short of throwing his arms around her.

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OTHER post storm rumbles were not so unequivocally cordial. Murphy was accused in some places of having blown his stack because the bathing suit bit could have put a crimp in Washington political ambitions he is reported to harbor. An opposite and larger faction contends he not only did not authorize the telegram of recall, but did not even know about it, and was embarrassed when he found out. This school of thought believes another USO officer primed the whole deal, using Murphy's name.

While Terry stoutly maintains that the entire troupe stuck by her, one or two of the troupe were heard to snort that to salvage any personal mention out of the ermine bathing suit ruckus, they'd have had to wear sable-tipped antlers and swallow thousand-dollar bills.

Among other exhibits for the defense, Terry is able to offer a tape recording of an Army radio commentator's rhapsodic review of her performance, a high-ranking chaplain's approval both of the bathing suit and her act, and a mass of shoulder-patches, insignia and medals, and badges bestowed on her by a grateful encampment. Of this, there can be little doubt—they loved her in Korea. She murdered 'em in Seoul.

But that still left unexplained the go-for-broke question: Why, when in effect it was agreed between her and Murphy that she would *not* wear the bathing suit, had she gone ahead and worn it?

Terry blinked once, and said: "They ordered me to!"

Eh? Who?

"The Army!" said Terry. "The *chaplain* approved the bathing suit. And a general. And Johnny Grant said I should go ahead and wear it! Wouldn't you call that an order?"

On the other hand, there is one other possible solution, perhaps not too far-fetched. It is that Terry didn't know whether she was wearing a bathing suit or a dress. At least once she has demonstrated alarming myopia toward large, flashy objects.

A few weeks ago she was out driving with a friend in a sort of beige-colored, unwashed Cadillac convertible with red leather upholstery and a back seat that suggested he had been using it to transport sheep. Bear the description in mind.

By and by they stopped at a newsstand where Terry expressed the wish to pick up a couple of magazines. She picked up $2.75 worth and staggered beneath this load back toward the car. But she got into the car parked next to it—a robin's-egg blue Ford station wagon, impeccable and glossy with pearl grey upholstery and a back seat as pristine as Tiffany's window.

Hey, called her baffled escort. Wrong car.

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"Oh, really?" said Terry, changing cars with no apparent awareness of the difference between them.

Of course her mind was on something else. She had to take a final exam at UCLA that night and she had been cramming most of the day.

What was the subject?

"Oh, it's a play by Bill Saroyan. I'm supposed to read it and write a review."

Which one?

"I forget the name. Something about 'happy.' *Happy World*—something like that."

The Time Of Your Life?

"That's it," said Miss M. "You know. Happy."

So it could have been this cram-session that had distracted her. But the cars *were* spectacularly dissimilar, almost like an ermine bathing suit and a long dress with spangles. It might have helped if the Army and the newspapers and the USO and all had known of this myopia. It might have saved everybody, notably Terry Moore, a lot of grief.

And it could have saved her a few surplus pounds. For Terry does not, like the luckless Mr. Grant, shrivel in adversity. She expands. Let the ominous frown of impending misfortune show itself, and Terry begins to pack away the victuals like an escapist going for the needle.

"It's simply terrible," she has said. "My stomach goes *boinnggg*, and I have to eat to pacify it. Just like ulcers, only I haven't got ulcers. But when I'm worried, I eat like mad, and when there's a crisis—oh, my! If things get bad enough, I won't be able to get out a door without turning sideways."

Things were no more than moderately bad at that moment. The tumult and the shouting were dying down, and Terry had obliterated just two modest chili hot dogs, two root beers, and a small stack of potato chips. Dinner was a good hour and a half away, long enough for any solid eater grappling with catastrophe to work up an appetite.

She and the MODERN SCREEN operative were sitting in the open inner patio of the Brentwood Market, a charming establishment where screen stars are a dime a dozen and potato chips not much more. It seemed a good place to be winding up The Case Of The Ermine Bathing Suit—too hot next to the fire and chilly and indifferent once you were away from it.

"I'm cold on my right," said Miss M., "and toasted on my left. Let's go." **END**

anatomy lesson

It may be comforting to bury your head in the sand, but personally, MODERN SCREEN prefers to stick out its neck and take it on the chin. Take what? Why, your criticism, of course—if you have any you'd like to deliver. On the other hand, if you'd rather award a pat on the back, we'll be starry-eyed over it and all ears for your compliments. Just let us know what's on your mind by filling out the ballot below. Then hotfoot it to the mailbox, because if yours is among the first hundred forms we receive, we'll send you a crisp, new, one-dollar greenback!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ Through With Love? (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ The Complete Story of Marilyn Monroe's Honeymoon
- ☐ I Loved and Lost (Jane Powell)
- ☐ "I Didn't Marry an Angel" (Lana Turner-Lex Barker)
- ☐ Why Hollywood Is Sore At Eddie Fisher
- ☐ Dutch Treat (Audrey Hepburn)
- ☐ Everything's Okay (Elizabeth Taylor-Mike Wilding)
- ☐ Bungalow Big Enough For Two (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis)
- ☐ Bing's Secret Love's No Secret Any More (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ The Case of the Smuggled Ermine (Terry Moore)
- ☐ Love Is Where You Find It (Jeanne Crain)
- ☐ What Makes Stanwyck Tick? (Barbara Stanwyck)
- ☐ Marry The Girl! (Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassman)
- ☐ The Happy Faith (Rock Hudson)
- ☐ ¡Quapisima Elizabeth! (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ He Didn't Carry The Ball (Aldo Ray)
- ☐ Power-ful Dynasty (Tyrone Power)
- ☐ The Tryst That Foiled (Donald O'Connor)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Just For The Records
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad
- ☐ Movie Reviews
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ TV Talk

Which story did you dislike?

Which 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

Which FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

Who is your favorite MALE television star?

Who is your favorite FEMALE television star?

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love is where you find it

(*Continued from page 53*) quick and intelligent. But when he decided to marry Jeanne, they agreed that two public careers in one family was an invitation to trouble. A month before the wedding Paul quietly got his release from the studio. He is head of his own plant today, manufacturing electronic and radar equipment. He likes his work and believes that he has had far greater and more stable success than he would have had if he had remained an actor.

Jeanne has always been thankful that Paul has had studio working experience. "He knows that making a picture is hard work," she says. "He knows what an actor must contribute in terms of nervous energy and he knows that when I go to the studio I don't just sit around trying to look glamorous."

NEITHER Jeanne nor Paul takes any stock in reports about marriages that have blown up overnight; they cannot believe that this actually happens.

"No one breaks up because somebody has danced too long with somebody or smiled too often at them," Jeanne has declared. "This can't be. There is a bigger and deeper reason. There was something basically wrong that should have been attended to. But it was allowed to grow until it overcame the bond of attraction the husband and wife originally had for each other.

"As a matter of fact, I can't persuade myself that people who get divorces within three years were ever really in love. I don't mean that my marriage has made me an expert. But in my judgment, anyone enough in love to get married, and enough in love to stay married for three years, could not have gotten over that love overnight. On the contrary, a marriage is or should be just beginning to knit in that time. Love doesn't just fly out the window; it is killed or allowed to die little by little. That's why I wonder if they ever could have been in love.

"I remember that when I was a young girl my fanciful conception of love was a wonderful musical composition with the sweetest of that music played at the very beginning. It didn't strike me then, as it does now, that if this were the case the music would have to peter down to a most insipid melody. Marriage *can* be like a symphony, opening on a theme of love, and then developing and exploring this theme in ever finer and more soaring passages."

Not long ago Jeanne was saddened by the divorce of a couple who had been married for three years and had two infants. When she and Paul discussed it they both remembered that right from the start this marriage had puzzled them. In the first place, both husband and wife seemed bent on going out to seek social gaiety. They appeared happy, but they seemed to need the stimulus of convivial society to keep them happy. By contrast, Jeanne and Paul remembered, they had retreated from their everyday world during the first months of their marriage; it had seemed natural to require no other amusement.

"It seemed to us they were getting little out of their marriage," commented Jeanne. "They were awfully casual, even cold, about something which should be the most important and exciting event of their lives!"

NO ONE has yet asked Jeanne for advice on marriage but she is accumulating quite a stock of it—for good reason. She is the mother of three boys and a two-year-old girl.

When Little Jeannie gets around to ask-

The Cocktail Veil '54 — interpretation by John Frederics

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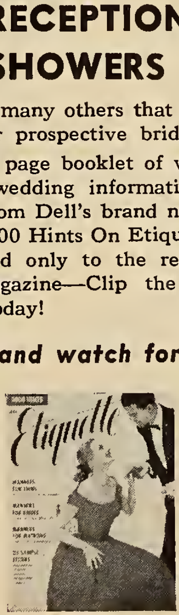

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ing questions she is going to find her mother prepared to elucidate. The first piece of advice she will hear, probably, is that girls romantically touched should make sure they are really in love and not playing a game. (Later on, when Little Jeannie is married, her mother will have something to say about developing her life in all possible ways and avoiding reducing wifehood to a routine of checking the power of her femininity.)

The advice about playing games will go something like this in her mother's words: "A girl may have all the boys in the stag line climbing over each other in their efforts to win her favor but this doesn't necessarily mean that the fellow who beats the others out is automatically Number One choice for a husband. He may deserve a dance, but not her whole future. She may make a good dancer, but not a good wife. Sometimes there is a little confusion about this which, sadly enough, isn't straightened out until after marriage.

"Without a whole stag line to play to, with only her husband's attention to get and to hold, she may find herself getting a little bit uneasy. Now, she learns, the job is not just that of giving a smile or a clever word. She is no longer just the person she dressed herself up to be. It is time to be the person she really is.

"I think the tip-off Paul and I had that we had a good chance for a successful marriage is that we didn't have to make any special adjustments—love made our little individual sacrifices easy; it was fun fitting one's plans to please the other fellow's. For us it still is."

Anyone keeping an eye on the Brinkman family would soon note that they follow another wise policy—they do not subject their marriage to undue strains. For instance, take the matter of enforced separations, a common evil in the home life of a movie player in these days of location shooting or filming abroad. These days a husband or a wife leaves Hollywood for far-away work every day. Always there is a statement, issued jointly by the one leaving and the one staying, that the parting in no way affects their marital status. Both express perfect confidence in each other and make sure that every columnist in town gets this straight. What is six months, or a year, or two years apart when there is perfect love? Sooner or later the answer to this question is publicized in legal terms. Inevitably, "unavoidable separation" is listed as part of the story behind the end of the marriage.

It isn't happening to Jeanne and Paul. Her career has sometimes threatened to keep them apart for long periods, but it never has. Last August she had to go to Africa to make *Duel In The Jungle* with Dana Andrews. The trip and filming would take months. The very length of her absence from home was the best reason for her going without Paul. He had his business to handle, it was inadvisable to take young children all the way to Africa, and if they were left home for such a long period one of the parents should be with them. They considered Paul's staying behind. But when departure time neared—well this is how Jeanne tells it:

"We looked at each other and knew this couldn't be! We were not worried about our love for each other fading. But when you *are* in love and that love is important to you—you just don't take chances! Besides, this was one of the most romantic journeys on earth—a trip to fabled Africa—a place that had always intrigued us. This was exactly the sort of wonderful experience two people in love should share. We weren't going to miss it.

"If ever Paul and I made a wise move it was this one. There are unforgettable sights and imperishable moments on this sort of trip and Paul and I had them together. When someone mentions Africa, I don't remember it only through my own knowing but through Paul's as well. This, I know, is what is meant by an extension of one's personality in marriage and is, of course, an extension and enrichment of one's life.

"I think of the night we reached Africa and flew over it. It was midnight when we got to Cairo and knew the Dark Continent lay ahead. The pilots told us that their course would follow the ancient Nile south for hours to the very heart of Africa. They didn't have to tell us that there was a full moon overhead. This is a phenomenon Paul and I still have eyes for. Neither of us could think of sleeping. We sat up the whole night through, the only passengers awake on the plane, peering down at the Nile. At such a moment—mystic, exciting, romantic—it was a privilege to be together; it would have been a tragedy to have been apart.

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Jeanne and Paul were away four and a half months while she made *Duel In The Jungle*. Jeanne had to work quite steadily, but she did manage to get away to tour and camp with Paul in Kruger National Park where Africa's wild game can be seen in its natural habitat. They slept in the little thatched huts that accommodate travelers and cooked their dinners over open fires. On the way back from Africa they spent three days seeing Rome, on foot and by horse and buggy.

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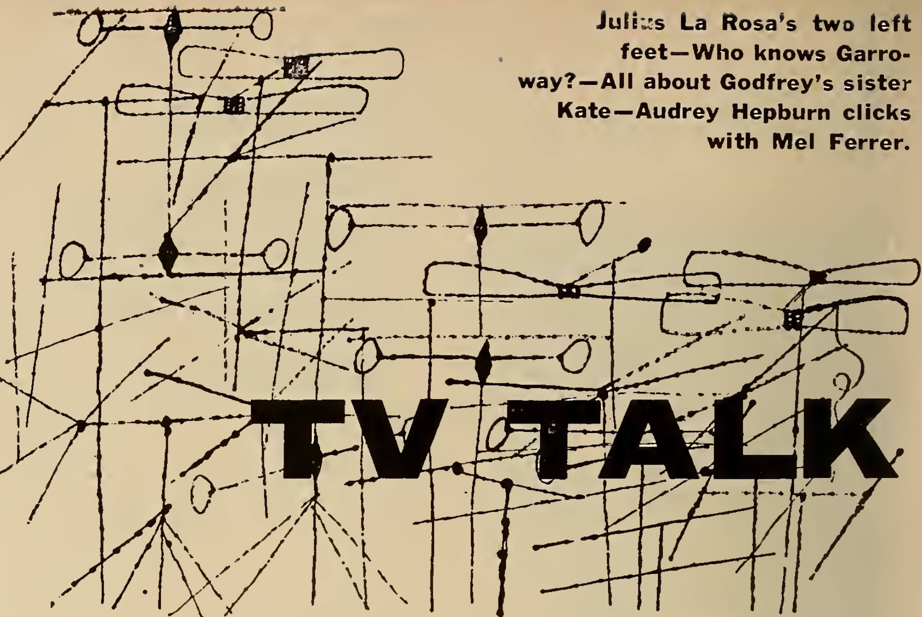

TV TALK

When **Arthur Godfrey** fired **Julius LaRosa,** he claimed that the young singer had been playing hookey from the ballet sessions all the little Godfreys have to take. To top it off, Arthur said he'd caught Julie *practicing* being *awkward.* But the people who work with Julie on *Toast Of The Town* swear that he doesn't have to practice: He was born that way. One of the girls from the dancing line has to take Julie's hand and guide his steps around the stage during rehearsal. There may be a lot of singing, but there's little hoofing in Julie's future . . . Everyone in TV circles is wondering why Arthur's sister **Kathy** came to New York. She has a good-looking doctor husband and two children—a boy, nine, and a girl, fifteen—in Phoenix, Arizona. And she had a very successful radio and TV career there. Her husband can't leave his pediatric practice to live with her in New York, and she can make it home just once out of two or three weeks. But Kathy seems determined to carve out a network career for herself, and New York is the place to do it. So she lives all alone in a hotel and orders all her meals from Room Service. The closest thing she has to home is a refrigerator stuck in a closet. Kathy is better looking than you'd think from seeing her on television; she's a very handsome forty (ten years younger than Arthur) with a figure that would look good on a woman of thirty. Her limp is quite noticeable, although not so bad as Arthur's has been since his operation. She had polio when she was a girl, and uses a cane for most of her walking . . . Speaking of the Godfrey family, the little-publicized mother of Arthur and Kathy (and three more non-show business little Godfreys) lives right in midtown New York, and is just as busy as her son and daughter. Mrs. G., who is nearly eighty, composes music, plays bridge, and goes to concerts and lectures all the time. She doesn't see too much of her busy son, and neither does Kathy. Kathy, in fact, hardly knows Arthur. He had left home by the time she was six, and she has gone as long as four years without seeing him. Now that she's in New York, too, she visits him once in awhile at breakfast. Arthur eats a big meal in his office right after his morning show, and sometimes spends as much as an hour and a half being sociable before he goes back to work . . . His health, by the way, has everyone worried. His hip just isn't mending fast enough, and people wonder when he'll get off his crutches and into a better mood. One reason Arthur got so much bad publicity when he buzzed the control tower in his DC-3 is that reporters were still rankling over a similar incident in Boston last summer. When he landed at the airport there, his plane came a little too close to the newsmen for their comfort. They thought it was deliberate but when they interviewed him in his hospital room the next day, Arthur almost charmed them out of their bad moods. But not quite . . . Some observers think that all the bad publicity is going to boomerang. People might start feeling so sorry for Godfrey with all his troubles (and he does have them) that he would become more popular than ever before—and that's popular! . . . **Peter Lind Hayes** is the heir apparent, of course, in case anything should happen to Godfrey (like his taking a leave of absence). Peter's probably going to have a hard time switching from his sophisticated type of nightclub humor to the folksy kind he has to come up with when he replaces Godfrey. He has already been given a long list of things that are "not done" on the Godfrey shows—it took two hours for Arthur to itemize the list. But Peter took the job because it will leave him some time at home with his wife, **Mary Healy,** and their two children—and more time on the golf course . . . **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** are pretty inseparable these days, and have been for longer than you think. Audrey's mother is usually with them, though. When she isn't, Audrey is her vivacious self; when mama is around, she's as quiet as five mice. Audrey, as you know, is a little lady, and when she is unhappy about something in *Ondine,* the play in which she and Mel co-star, she tells Mel and *he* tells the bosses. Mel's divorce, incidentally, came as a complete surprise to his family. They read about it in **Louella Parsons'** column. It's not the first time Mrs. Ferrer has divorced Mel; she did it once several years ago when they had just one child. Then Mel married another girl, became a father again, got divorced and remarried the first Mrs. Ferrer. *They* then had another child. But they had been having troubles for a long time before Audrey entered the picture. Mel is not the easiest man in the world to live with. He even insists that his wife iron his shirts herself; no laundry can measure up to the Ferrer standards . . . You don't see him much on television, but CBS board chairman **Bill Paley** is ultimately responsible for every Columbia show you hear or see. He takes his job so seriously that he once wore one of those new-fangled vest-pocket radios to a dinner party. The other guests noticed that he wasn't paying any attention to their conversation, and they finally discovered that he was sitting there eating—and listening to the radio! He was tuned in to the competition, too! . . . **Barry Nelson's** wife is so jealous of her husband that he sometimes can't pose for publicity pictures with his *Favorite Husband* co-star, **Joan Caulfield.** Mrs. N., who used to work for MGM, allows Barry and Joan to be photographed on the set together, but she draws the line when it comes to any pictures away from the set. Won't even let Barry and Joan pose in the restaurant across the street from the studio. Barry doesn't seem to mind, though. He told the network before he started the show that he wanted it that way . . . **Vanessa Brown,** whose feud with **Tom Ewell** has finally quieted down, wins the prize for baby-talking. When she walks into a cocktail party in an elegant, low-cut dress, it's mighty incongruous to hear those little-girl words and that little-girl voice . . . **Celeste Holm** has never been a small woman, but you should see her now! She has it all over **Jane Russell.** Celeste's hit play *His And Hers,* is all about a woman fighting with and reconciling with her ex-husband. One of the members of the first-night audience was Ralph Nelson, who directs *Mama* and who used to be married to Celeste. But he went and married someone else about a month after the play opened . . . **Nina Foch** is seen everywhere with a young actor named **Jimmy Lipton** who plays young Doctor Grant on the TV soap opera *Guiding Light.* This is a long-standing romance . . . Even **Dave Garroway's** admirers admit that Dave is a hard man to get to know. They say that he doesn't have any really close friend—that even singer **Jack Haskell** and **Betty Furness** have trouble knowing Dave's innermost thoughts. They claim that you can get close to him only up to a certain point; then Dave lowers the curtain and withdraws behind it. He's one of TV's few real mystery men.

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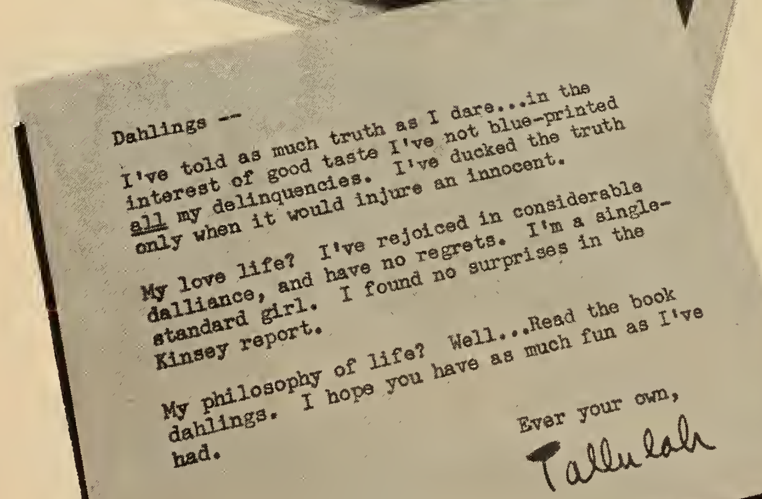

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DELL BOOKS

(*Continued from page 31*) "She's plain and honest and warm and shy. Just like Joe. They were made for each other. I know it sounds corny, but it's true. They like the same things. They never go out to night clubs. They hang around here watching television, making idle talk.

"Marilyn washes and sets her own hair. She's always thinking of doing something nice for someone. When she was up there in Canada working on location she bought me a compact and a cashmere stole.

"I knew she was a good girl the first time Joe brought her up. Right away she was helping with the dishes. All she wants to do is to be with Joe. That's a good sign. And another thing, so much of the stuff that's been written about her is just bunk. It really gets me mad.

"That stuff about her not wearing any underclothes. I've spent a lot of time with Marilyn. We've had a few heart-to-heart talks and we've also gone shopping. And I can tell you that she wears bras and panties and a girdle and all the things other girls wear.

"We went shopping for her wedding suit in San Francisco. She bought two suits, one at Joseph Magnin's. I think she paid $149.50 for it. It was none of my business. I mean the price. But it was a lovely suit. Of course, she was recognized and mobbed by all the people in the store. She wouldn't leave until all the little girls who wanted her autograph got it.

"I'm glad Joe married Marilyn. Best thing in the world for both of them. I'm just sorry I wasn't at the wedding. I had the flu. But I was one of the few people who knew they were going to do it.

"They told me a couple of days before, and of course all the arrangements were made from here. And Marilyn was so happy. 'Marie,' she said, 'Joe and I have decided to get married.' I kissed her, and tears of happiness came into my eyes, and I said, 'I'm so glad, Marilyn. I'm so honestly and truly glad.'"

JOE ACTUALLY proposed to Marilyn on New Year's Eve.

Earlier that evening he and Marilyn had been at DiMaggio's, the famous restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf run by two of Joe's brothers, Tom and Dom, and Joe's closest friend, Reno Barsocchini. They had gabbed with the boys and then Joe had said, "Let's go back to the house."

They got into Joe's 1952 Fleetwood Cadillac and drove home. They climbed the flight of stairs to the living room and sat on the rose-colored sofa before the bay window.

Joe turned on the television set. Then, he came and sat down beside Marilyn. The TV program showed various New Year's celebrations. Presently, Joe turned it off.

"It's 1954," he announced.

Marilyn looked at him expectantly. "Here's a kiss for the New Year," he said. Then "How about getting married real soon?"

Marilyn's answer was a long embrace. When she decided to speak, Marilyn said, "Whenever and wherever you say, Joe."

She made no demands, set no requirements. She knew Joe would want a simple ceremony—quiet and tasteful. Joe, of course, tried to keep the whole thing private. He did a masterful job.

"We planned to get married first," he explained, "and tell all our friends afterward. But Marilyn had promised the studio she would notify them of her marriage. A half hour before the ceremony she did. In that half hour, the studio had time to notify most of the world.

"We were amazed when we walked into

the City Hall and saw that mob of people."

Marilyn's failure to report to her studio on January 4 for the start of *Pink Tights* caused many movie-goers to suspect that Marilyn and Joe were planning to be married. Some columnists said that they were already married. Marilyn's agent, however, said that the only two reasons Marilyn didn't report for work were money and script approval. She wanted her contract re-negotiated and she wanted to read the script of *Pink Tights*. The real reason was that Marilyn needed time in which to get married, time to shop for a trousseau, time for preparation.

From January 7 to January 14, she and Joe were working out the details of the ceremony. In those seven days, all sorts of ridiculous rumors about them spread.

One wire service reported that "Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio accompanied by Rock Hudson arrived in New Orleans last night. They were met by a chauffeur and limousine and scurried away five minutes after alighting."

Joe and Marilyn read this item in San Francisco and smiled.

A day later, there was a story from Las Vegas. "George Solotaire, old friend of baseball star Joe DiMaggio, arrived at El Rancho Vegas from New York this morning. It is believed that Solotaire is setting the wedding arrangements for Joe and Marilyn Monroe. He spent the day conferring with owner Belden Katelman."

A few hours after this item appeared, most of the hotel managers in Las Vegas tried to get DiMaggio on the phone. Abe Schiller, who helps run The Flamingo, called Reno Barsocchini.

"Now, look," Schiller said, "we have word that Joe and Marilyn plan to get married in Las Vegas. You know what the Sands did for Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes. Well, we're willing to take care of everything for your two kids if they'll get married here in The Flamingo."

"I don't think they plan to get married in Las Vegas," Barsocchini answered. "I don't know anything about it at all."

Schiller, however, stuck to his guns. "I know they plan to drive to Las Vegas," he asserted. "Tell them we'll charter a plane. No one will know."

A few hours later, Schiller was back on the phone. "We think those two are on the way to Las Vegas. In fact, we know it."

"I don't think so," said Reno Barsocchini. "Joe is here in the restaurant right now, eating."

"Oh," Abe Schiller said. "Oh!"

AT THE TIME, Joe was lunching with an old friend, Judge Charles Peery, of the San Francisco Municipal Court. Joe had called the judge a day before and had invited him to "have a bite with me down at the restaurant. I'd like your advice."

Joe, always direct and simple, told Peery, "Marilyn and I would like to get married. Very quiet. What's the best way?"

Judge Peery suggested that they take their blood tests and keep it very quiet. He advised Joe not to apply for a license. "We'll have the marriage license typed in my chambers," he said. "Then none of the reporters will find out." He also suggested that the ceremony be held between noon and two P.M. "when there's a lunch period and a court intermission."

"When do you plan to do it?" Judge Peery asked.

"Tomorrow," Joe said.

"The thirteenth?"

Joe shook his head. "Gee! I didn't know tomorrow was the thirteenth. How about Thursday, the fourteenth?"

"All right," the judge said. "In my chambers at one P.M."

They shook hands. Joe told his brother Tom and Reno Barsocchini.

"Reno," he said, "I want you as my best man. And Tom, will you be a witness? Tell Lee." Lee is Tom's wife.

In the meantime, Marilyn called Patty Barsocchini. She knew Patty and liked her. When Joe had been godfather to Patty's little girl, Rena, Marilyn had attended the christening. After it was over, she had said to Patty, "If I ever get married I'd like you to be matron of honor." She reminded Patty of that conversation. Patty was overjoyed. The details of time were worked out.

Tom and Lee DiMaggio with Mr. and Mrs. Barsocchini were to meet at Joe's house at twelve-forty-five Thursday.

These two couples would leave the house first. Marilyn and Joe would follow in their Cadillac. The whole wedding party would slip into City Hall by the basement entrance. None of them would be seen. Top secret.

Joe and Marilyn almost got away with it. But Marilyn is a young woman of honor. She had promised the studio that she would announce her marriage.

At twelve-thirty she called the studio from San Francisco. "Joe and I are going to be married in some courtroom in a few minutes." Then she hung up.

When Joe and Marilyn arrived outside Judge Peery's chambers, reporters, photographers, newsreel men, and movie fans were waiting. There were about 440 uninvited guests.

Tall and erect, wearing a blue suit, white shirt, and blue polka dot tie, Joe didn't seem to be ruffled.

Marilyn, in her dark broadcloth suit with ermine collar, laughed as someone told her that she and Joe would have to wait until an official came with the marriage license. During that wait, the photographers and reporters went to work.

"Do you two expect to raise a family?"

"We expect to have at least one child. I guarantee that," Joe said, grinning.

Marilyn giggled. "I'd like to have six." She blinked her false eyelashes.

The photographers asked them to move closer together. "Kiss her, Joe. Kiss her."

Joe kissed her and the bulbs flashed.

"Are you going to give up your career for marriage?" Marilyn was asked.

"What difference does it make?" she answered. "The studio has suspended me."

"When did you and Joe meet?"

"Two years ago on a blind date."

"Okay, fellows," interrupted Joe. "I don't want to rush you. But we've really got to get on with the ceremony."

JUDGE PEERY came out. "Everyone out," he said goodnaturedly. "Everyone out. Just the principals."

The judge's chambers were cleared and the door to the sanctum sanctorum closed. One reporter jumped on a desk and looked over the transom.

He called back, "They're not getting married. They're all in there drinking martinis." The wedding party was waiting for the man with the marriage license.

Presently David Dunn, the deputy county clerk, fought his way through the crowd and into the chambers clutching half a dozen marriage license blanks. Only there was no typewriter. Out he came again. The cry went up for a typewriter. One was found and the marriage license filled in. It shows Marilyn's age as twenty-five, Joe's as thirty-nine.

Marilyn signed the license first. Then Joe signed it.

Judge Peery called, "Quiet," just as they do in movies when an important scene is to begin. As the silence settled, the judge began the single ring ceremony omitting the word "obey." Marilyn smiled all through the ceremony which lasted exactly two minutes and twenty seconds. Joe was serious. After the marital pronouncement, he took Marilyn in his arms

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and kissed her. The room was stuffy and the judge turned to open the windows.

As he did, the door was thrown open. Photographers swarmed in. Joe kissed Marilyn again for their benefit. Tiring of the fuss, he clutched her hand and said, "Okay, let's go."

Joe's brother Tom and Lefty O'Doul, the baseball manager who had given Joe his start, formed a flying wedge and began to move down the corridor. Marilyn and Joe followed behind. Scores of persons tried to beat them downstairs.

"This is a fine thing, Marilyn," someone called, "dodging your loyal fans."

Marilyn waved with one hand, the one that clutched her bridal bouquet of three white orchids, but hung on to her husband's coat tails with the other. Unfortunately, Joe went the wrong way and headed for the Real Estate Department.

The flying wedge thereupon reversed itself and fought back through the crowd once again. This time Joe and Marilyn reached the elevator. They were about to disembark at the first floor, but Joe saw another tremendous crowd waiting and said, "Let's keep going to the basement."

There was still another crowd in the basement, but the newlyweds fought through to Larkin Street where Marilyn jumped into Joe's baby-blue Cadillac.

As they left, Marilyn smiled and shook her head. "And this," she remarked, "was supposed to be a quiet wedding."

Upstairs, Judge Peery was also shaking his head. "I forgot to kiss the bride," he muttered. "Gosh! I'm sorry."

The Di Maggios spent their wedding night in the Clifton Motel in Paso Robles. Their wedding supper, just for the two of them, was served at the Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel.

Both Marilyn and Joe are heavy eaters. They ordered thick steaks. In a few minutes other diners recognized them and the manager diplomatically moved them to a secluded corner, providing them with privacy and candlelight.

Supper over, Marilyn told Ned Lutz, the coffee shop manager, that she and Joe were driving south to Los Angeles, that she had to report to her studio for work.

Joe and Marilyn started down the highway and doubled back and took a room at the Clifton Motel. When Manager Ernest Sharp saw their name on his register he congratulated them on their marriage. Joe exacted from Sharp the promise that he wouldn't notify newsmen.

Sharp promised. Not until the Di Maggios had left the next day did he reveal their whereabouts. He released his secret to radio station KPRL. By then Mr. and Mrs. Di Maggio were far away.

Actually, the honeymooners continued south. They came through Los Angeles but decided not to stop at Marilyn's apartment or the Hotel Knickerbocker just off Vine Street in Hollywood, where Joe hung his hat in his bachelor days.

This was lucky for them, because dozens of reporters and photographers were camped out waiting to interview them. In fact, the publicity men from the studio spent the entire weekend in shifts patrolling Marilyn's apartment house, and every half hour or so phoned Harry Brand, publicity director of Twentieth Century-Fox, with the same sad report—"No sign of life."

Meanwhile, reports began to emanate from various parts of the country from Joe's and Marilyn's friends saying that the couple had gone fishing off Ensanada in Mexico, that they had secretly flown to Hawaii, that they were hidden in a cabin in the High Sierras. Reporters scoured the countryside in the greatest manhunt Hollywood has ever known.

The plain truth was that while they had

HE DIDN'T CARRY THE BALL!

When Aldo Ray plays football—it's kept a deep, dark secret!

Aldo's best girl, Jeff Donnell, approves of his gridiron maneuvers, but studio bosses say, "Too dangerous."

■ Although the San Francisco sports writers overlooked the matter, a semi-pro football team up that way called the Crockett Rockets had a ringer in the lineup one day last fall, a line-backer named Aldo Da Re.

Da Re used to play with the Rockets but then he got mixed up in the picture business down in Hollywood, turned in his last name for a model spelled simply Ray, and turned in his helmet.

This fine autumn weekend, Ray had turned up in Crockett for auld lang syne, and was pressed into service again. Seems the Rockets were up against a deadly rival named the San Francisco Windbreakers and their regular line-backer was in no condition to perform—was, in fact, what pro football calls "racked up."

Aldo received an inquiry flavored with tart guesses about the inroads the life of a film star might have made on his physical shape.

Ray, the shape of whose nose presumably is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to Columbia Pictures, suited up and went forth to do battle, schnoz or no schnoz. If Columbia President Harry Cohn had known, he might have blown his stack, Mr. Cohn being a stack-blower of considerable dimensions under less trying circumstances. But Mr. Cohn didn't know. Neither, fortunately, did the San Francisco Windbreakers quite get hep to Ray's identity until the closing seconds of the game. If they had, things could have been different. Pro footballers are said to have a peculiar antipathy toward film actors, even film actors from their own ranks. This may stem from the ease with which stars make 98-yard touchdown gallops when Everything Is At Stake.

Aldo didn't do much galloping that day. Line-backers are for defensive action, a bruising chore with little or no headline glory in it. He turned in a good game, and he was happy. The only flaw was that the Windbreakers turned in a better one.

It is Ray's contention to this day, however, that if the Crockett Rockets had turned him loose on offense, giving him a football to lug from time to time, the outcome would have been different. It wasn't the second billing he minded, just the Rockets' refusal to make the most of their opportunities.

If Columbia's pride and joy had been given a football to lug, he might possibly have returned to Hollywood looking just enough like Rocky Marciano to be out of a job, while Mr. Cohn and his stockholders went out and got crying drunk together.

Nor is all over. The Da Re football dynasty lives on because Aldo's kid brother, Mario, is playing a lot of line for the University of Southern California under the proper family cognomen.

Meanwhile, Aldo and Jeff Donnell, who sounds like somebody's kid brother herself, continue to be a Thing. Aldo has made his stage debut in La Jolla in *Stalag 17*, and she was there every minute to catch him in case he fainted, which seemed altogether likely. It was another case of premature tension. Once the curtain was up, Aldo played the part as if he owned it, and the notices were superb.

Let the San Francisco Windbreakers put that in their pipe and smoke it.

dropped from sight, they were in a mountain retreat less than a hundred miles from Hollywood enjoying a rapturous honeymoon on the Idylwild estate of Marilyn's lawyer, Lloyd Wright.

After leaving Paso Robles they drove to Palm Springs, then traversed the winding icy road which leads up the San Jacinto mountains overlooking Palm Springs.

While some reporters looked for them there, Joe and Marilyn were secretly laughing up their sleeves only a stone's throw away—but some several thousand feet *up* in "a poor man's paradise" which few movie stars have ever seen.

It had snowed the week before and the road was covered with ice, but Marilyn and Joe made it and no one recognized them en route to Idylwild, or even in the tiny resort town, except Harry Gibbons, caretaker of the Wright estate, who had been notified that they were coming. Gibbons, however, would tell no one, and even today if you ask him about his famous honeymooners he clams up and refuses to confirm or deny.

Oddly enough, the most publicized of all actresses has given her sister stars a great lesson in how to disappear and behave sedately on a honeymoon.

When MODERN SCREEN finally was first to break down her secret, Marilyn confessed, "That's right. Joe and I spent our honeymoon there, and it was heavenly. We had absolute privacy and no one disturbed us. How did you find out, anyway? We kept it a big secret for more than a week and never suspected anyone would find out, including Joe's family."

The fact is that a publicity man living in Idylwild was driving by the Wright estate late one morning, and saw a tall, well-built, family-looking type man sitting next to a snowbound swimming pool with a beautiful blonde taking a sunbath. The publicity man didn't recognize the nearly undraped lovely, but did recognize Joe because he was a baseball fan. He told nobody but his wife who is a MODERN SCREEN reader—and the secret was out!

Romping in the snow and taking rides down into the desert at night, completely undisturbed by studio, family or friends, these two had a honeymoon of which Marilyn says, like any other bride, "It's something I'll remember the rest of my life."

When he read the news of the Di Maggio wedding, Hollywood business agent David March smiled and felt "good and warmed and fulfilled." It was he who first brought the lovers together.

"In view of what's happened," March says, "I'll never forget the sequence of events. It was June, 1952. I was leaning against the bar at the Villa Nova on Sunset Boulevard. Joe happened to walk in. 'What's cooking?' he asked.

"'Nothing much,' I answered. 'I'm trying to drum up a little business, trying to get Marilyn Monroe as a client.'

"Well, Joe was kind of taken back by that. 'Listen,' he said, 'Do you really know Marilyn Monroe? I sure would love to have a date with her.'

"'I'll try and fix it,' I said. 'But I'm not guaranteeing.' Then I phoned Marilyn and said, 'How'd you like to meet a really nice guy?'

"This wasn't one of her good days. I guess she was moody and depressed and she came back with, 'Are there *any*?'"

"'This guy's name is Joe DiMaggio,' I told her. 'He's a gentleman, Marilyn, in every sense of the word. I think you'll like each other.' She agreed to give it a try.

"On the afternoon of the date, however, she changed her mind, tried to track me down all over. No luck. That night she walked into the Villa Nova. I was sitting there with my date, Peggy Rabe, and with Joe. She was wearing a low-

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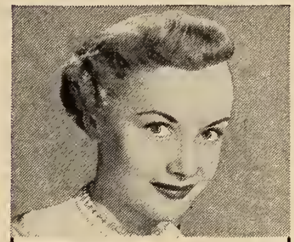

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■ Tyrone Power comes from a dynasty of actors, famed for good looks, stubbornness and charm—not to mention ready wit.

Although great-great-grandfather Power was a minstrel of sorts in County Waterford, Ireland, it was his son Tyrone, taken to England after his father's death, who really established the Powers professionally and financially. Success did not come to him until he was middle-aged, but when it came it was solid. He was lavish in his care of his lusty family of four girls and four boys.

But the theatre wasn't considered respectable. Although many a proper young man boasted of his acquaintance with pretty chorus girls, the girls were seldom invited to his home for dinner. With one accord, the young Powers, established financially and socially, turned their backs on the theatre, looking down their elegant noses at the profession that had made their father both rich and famous.

All, that is, except Harold, grandfather of the present Tyrone. Grandpa was bored with the stuffy London life. He married a pretty actress and then decided to have his fling on the stage. The family was aghast but neither threats nor pleas could move him. To soften the blow, he agreed to carry out his degrading experiment on the other side of the Atlantic and to bill himself as Harold Page.

In New York Harold Page and his wife were an instant success. Their skit was a take-off on modes and manners then current in London and it kept their audiences rolling in the aisles. But back home the rest of the family didn't think it was funny. They hadn't anticipated that grandpa would title the skit, *An Afternoon With Mr. And Mrs. Power!*

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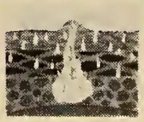

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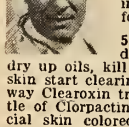

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cut dress and she looked the berries. I could see that Joe was flipping his lid.

"He was really impressed and I think she was, too. They hit it off right from the start. They were just getting warmed up, conversationally, when Mickey Rooney came over.

"Well, Mickey starts talking to Joe about baseball. This was one time when Joe didn't have his mind on baseball, but Mickey keeps yacking away, yack, yack, yack, and finally Marilyn, who didn't know a squeeze play from third base, gets tired of it all and says she has an early morning call and has to go home.

"You know what Joe did? He jumped up. 'Dave,' he said, 'take care of everything.' And then he turned to Marilyn. 'Would you mind driving me to my hotel?' he said. She just smiled and they left.

"A day or so later when I asked her what she thought of Joe, she said, 'He seems to be a real nice guy. But maybe he doesn't like me.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Well,' Marilyn said, 'he asked me if I'd drive him to the airport today and I said yes and I waited all afternoon but he hasn't called.'

"'Don't worry,' I told her. 'He'll call. He's real gone on you.'"

A few hours later Joe called from San Francisco, and from that day on Marilyn Monroe has had a steady boyfriend.

The courtship was slow, steady, and even paced. DiMaggio is neither fast nor slick. He got to know Marilyn gradually. He refused to take her to premières and big Hollywood parties—Sidney Skolsky escorted Marilyn to those—but the young actress didn't mind. She came to understand his shy nature.

Marilyn knew Joe was in love with her when he began to take her with him to San Francisco to see his family. The first time, she went fishing with Joe and Tom.

"We just trolled," Tom recalls, "and caught our limit of salmon. Marilyn was tops. Never a peep or a complaint out of her. When I came home that night, my wife Lee said, 'What do you think of Joe's girlfriend?' And I said, 'Funny thing. She's just like Joe. She's quiet and plain and shy and I like her very much.'"

The entire DiMaggio clan feels like that about Marilyn. Now that she's in the family, Marilyn says, "It's hard for me to believe that I have so many friends, so many relatives in the world. When I was very little, I had no one. Now I have so many fine people to love."

The DiMaggios will divide their time between San Francisco and Hollywood.

In San Francisco, Joe owns a large white house overlooking the bay. It is jammed with his baseball trophies. His sister Marie has been taking care of it ever since his mother died three years ago. She will probably continue to live there.

In Hollywood, Marilyn rents a small, tastefully furnished apartment on Doheny Drive. Joe describes it as "cozy."

One of Joe's brothers says that he thinks it will be too small very quickly. "Especially," he adds, "if Joe is half the guy our old man was. Pop had nine kids, all big, healthy, and strong." Whenever Marilyn is reminded of this, she breaks into a broad grin.

"I said when we were married that I'd like to have six kids. I know that's not as good as Mamma DiMaggio. But would you call it bad?" **END**

bungalow big enough for two

(*Continued from page 44*) a pink and blue fog, Janet agreed.

But before they could execute their new plans the anticipated event was canceled. Janet lost the baby. It was a terrible disappointment. The sudden end of hope and the mounting fear for his wife's health frightened Tony badly. During the ordeal he was on location in Honolulu, and he was frantic. Janet refused to let him quit the picture and fly home because, as she puts it rather shakily, "These things happen in the best of families."

She was right. Her obstetrician explained that miscarriages are fairly common in a first pregnancy, particularly when the mother is an intense, active person like Janet. The doctor reassured the young couple and advised them not to be downhearted. "You're young," he said. "There's plenty of time, so let's wait and see what next year will bring."

"Of course," Janet explains, "we listened to him very carefully. But mentally we were already parents. After the shock of losing the baby wore off a little and we could talk about it—that is, without my crying—Tony suggested that we go ahead with our idea of getting a house. He thought we had both outgrown the glamorous penthouse. It had been good for a year and marvelous for parties and wonderful as a showplace but it was no home for people who intended to become parents."

Fully aware that it would be at least a year or so before they might realistically expect a baby, Tony and Janet set about looking for a house. They scaled their desires down. They expected to find not the house of their dreams, but simply a livable place that would be a convenient home for children.

"What we want," Janet explained to her mother (who has always done most of their house-hunting) "is a place around Beverly Hills near all the studios.

"We made the usual list of impossible demands," Janet recalled. "We were having a pickup dinner with my folks one Sunday, and we told them all about our requirements. The only thing Tony and I don't have strong feelings about is architecture. I told Mum the house could be anything on the outside—English, modern, Spanish. Just so long as the inside fitted our needs."

"Once Janet put the housing project in her mother's lap," Tony says, "she felt much better. She had something to look forward to and she forgot about the miscarriage. It's a wonderful thing to have a family helping you all the time. We knew that Janet's mother would keep going and looking until she found something that would make us happy."

With her "outline for a home" in trusted hands, Janet plunged into work. She was playing in *Prince Valiant* with Bob Wagner and this absorbed most of her energy. From time to time her mother would report on the housing situation and on several occasions, her "kids," as she likes to refer to them, inspected vacant houses. For one reason or another, Janet and Tony rejected them.

Finally last October, after Janet had finished *Prince Valiant* and had flown to Detroit where Tony was making *Johnny Dark* on location, her mother found what she thought was the right answer to the problem.

"Mother met me at the airport," Janet remembers, "and when she started telling me about a little remodeled California bungalow, I knew intuitively that it was the place for Tony and me. I was so sure she was right that I made her stop and phone the people who owned the house to ask if I could come right over and see for myself.

"They said sure and we went. Of course it was exactly what we needed. The location was perfect and the Spanish style—well, it's a lot like the house I grew up in when we were living in Stockton.

"My only dilemma was to stall the owners until Tony could give his approval. I needn't have worried. Tony took one look at the place and signed all the papers. For the last six months we've never been happier. We look upon this as our first real home."

THE EIGHT-ROOM house that Tony and Janet refer to as "our first real home" is a fine example of the type of compact, one-story house that everyone was building along the palm-lined streets of Beverly Hills in the early thirties. It earned the deceptive name of "California bungalow" because of its single story, but most of these houses occupy a considerable area. They aren't bungalows like those east of the Mississippi.

The Curtis residence, for example, boasts a large livingroom, a diningroom, a kitchen, two bedrooms and baths, a bar, a book-lined den, and a glassed-in breakfast room. Some bungalow!

All the rooms are high-ceilinged and there are such conveniences as a special dressingroom for Janet, a roomy service porch, linen closets, and a sky-lighted central foyer.

Traditionally, the California bungalow features an entrance garden and an enclosed patio in the rear to allow for outdoor living. Set on a corner, the Curtis place contains a lawn larger than most and several big old trees.

"Matter of fact," Tony comments, "it's a nice neighborhood. The fellows around here take pride in their gardening. To most of them it's not a chore, it's a hobby."

Mention of "hobby" brings up the fact that Tony Curtis is one of the busiest hobby men in the film colony. Janet decided that the second bedroom would be Tony's hobby headquarters. She and Tony moved in the sectional cabinets in which he keeps his paints and modeling tools, and later Janet talked her mother into helping her line the shelves with a red and white plastic paper. Then she covered one wall with framed photographs and awards which she and Tony have won.

"It's a cheerful room for Tony to enjoy all by himself," Janet explains. "If he spills paint and glue anywhere I can hardly tell."

The room they have ear-marked for the baby is the den. This restful, shuttered room is in one corner of the house, away by itself. It has its own bath and a door that leads to the patio. There are plenty of built-in cabinets and it's close to the kitchen. It would make a perfect nursery. In the meantime it is fine for studying scripts, reading and practicing magic tricks, another Curtis specialty.

Of all the rooms in the Curtis house the richly-paneled bar probably gets the most use. Not that Tony and Janet are heavy drinkers—Tony specializes in carbonated beverages—but merely because this snug little room boasts the only television set in the house.

Tony and Janet eat dinner-on-a-tray here every night as they watch TV. If their friends—Jeff Chandler, Marge and Gower Champion, or the Jerry Lewises—wander in no one ever suggests moving elsewhere. The bar's cork floor, natural woods and oatmeal-colored upholstery make a pleasant, easy room.

THE CURTISES do not go in for elaborate, formal dinners or large parties of any kind. Six days a week they are up by five-thirty A.M., gulping coffee and rushing to their studios to report to "make-up."

"Of course," Janet says, "our schedule could change. It's nice to know that we have a large livingroom and a large diningroom, just in case we wanted to invite ten or twelve for dinner!"

About the livingroom Janet admitted, "I just don't know what to do with it. I guess I'll leave it alone unless Tony gets some idea for it. The diningroom, though! I really love it. The hand-blocked linen draperies and the silver lighting fixture—you know, it's not until you've rented badly-furnished places that you appreciate a good one. This one shows real taste."

In the last year or two Janet has learned to like the feel and looks of hand-hewn furniture. She dotes on unique pieces like the hanging rack in the diningroom on which she displays some of her wedding silver. And she's learned how to bring out a room's strong points and hide its weak ones. The white woven screen in the diningroom, for example, masks the entrance to the kitchen. It's her idea.

Fortunately, the kitchen is practically perfect. It has counters of yellow and white tile and a big bay window to let in the sunlight. There are the two refrigerators. Ida Mae, the housekeeper, always has one of them stocked with Tony's beloved soda pop. Now that they have known the luxury of two refrigerators Janet and Tony swear they'll never have less. "In fact," Janet says, "we're thinking of putting in a third, probably behind the bar."

Tony grins. "Everyone knows," he says, "that's the best place for a baby's bottles. Kidding aside," he adds, "we've learned that it's not really living until you're living in a house. There's no one underneath to complain about the noise."

Wait until Mr. Curtis hears the cries of an infant demanding his two-o'clock bottle. Only then will he know what real noise is.

"Even so," they answered, "it's the only noise we need to make our happiness complete. We'll welcome it with happy hearts and open ears." **END**

(Janet Leigh is appearing in MGM's Athena, *and Tony Curtis in U-I's* Johnny Dark.*)*

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bing's secret love's no secret anymore

(Continued from page 47) ridiculous! It really is. He took me out to dinner and right away the newspapers were playing it up as a big romance. It's no such thing. It's just that Bing has known me a long time and we went out to eat. And really! I don't know how this whole thing got started. I'm not a movie star. Nobody ever heard of me. How did they find out who I was?

"We went to a restaurant and the next day a reporter was sitting in my office waiting for me to get back from lunch. And when I did, right away, 'Are you Bing Crosby's new girl friend?'

"As I said before, I'm nobody and I'm not used to that sort of questioning. Bing is just an acquaintance.

"Can't a girl go out? Does it have to be a big romance? This whole thing is ruining my social life. Other men don't call me up. They think I'm Bing Crosby's girl. I'm no such thing. I guess Mona Freeman is his real girl friend."

Mona, however, denies this. "I've seen Bing maybe two or three times since he got back from Europe last summer," she asserts. "People keep calling me up and saying, 'I saw you with Crosby the other night.' I must have a double. I wasn't with him. All of these stories about my

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marrying Bing are just bunk. Bing and I are—well, I guess you'd call us pals. But there isn't the slightest chance of our getting married.

"He sent the cutest little puppy over to our house for a Christmas present. It's a little white Maltese dog. We've named him Smog. I did date Bing New Year's Eve but not since then."

Crosby left Hollywood after the various New Year's celebrations to take care of his golf tournament up at Pebble Beach. Mona Freeman was his guest there, in spite of having denied any close friendship with him. One amateur photographer got a picture of them together, although they tried to avoid photographers. Before Miss Freeman was recognized, Bing was his usual nonchalant self.

"Of course I know Margot," he admitted. "And of course I've taken her out. She's a fine girl—wonderful secretary, too."

"Are your intentions serious?" Bing was asked.

"I'd like to take her out to dinner again." He chuckled.

"Would you like to marry her?"

"I'm not marrying anyone right now," he answered.

"How long have you known Margot James? Is she your girl?"

"We've had wonderful weather up here," Bing said. "Just perfect for golf."

A few minutes after that conversation Bing called Margot James in Hollywood.

"Reporters bothering you?" he asked.

"They sure are," Margot said good-naturedly.

"See what you're up against," Bing offered, "when you go out with me."

"I've got the answer," Margot said. "Don't go out. Just die."

Bing chuckled.

"How did they find out?" Margot asked.

"They find out everything," Bing said. "Next time we'll have dinner under my car."

Just how serious they are about each other no one knows, perhaps not even Margot and Bing. All Hollywood knows is that Crosby apparently prefers young, beautiful, refined women.

As he approaches fifty, a young bride might help him to feel that he is younger. Conceivably, that young bride could be Margot James, Mona Freeman, or any girl of their type. Bing may not have stated his intentions, but certainly he has shown his taste—at least in dinner dates.

Certainly Crosby needs a wife. Although he has thousands of acquaintances there is something about his nature that forbids very close friendship.

He keeps people at arm's length. Basically, perhaps, he is a sentimental Irishman embarrassed by sentiment. That might be why he has adopted a nonchalant façade.

In the presence of women he does not exude warmth. He is a fast man with a *bon mot*, but he gives the impression that he will bare his soul to no one.

Young women like Rosemary Clooney and Audrey Hepburn are attracted to Bing immediately, perhaps more because of their veneration for him than because of his personal magnetism.

Besides his wife Dixie, Bing has never had any really close women friends, never any confidante to share his problems.

Bing's close friends have always been men, fellows like his gag-writer Bill Morrow and his attorney John O'Melveny.

O'Melveny says quite frankly, "From here on in, Bing plans to taper off. He and I are working out his gradual retirement. We've set up trust funds for the boys. We've taken care of the other business angles. And one of these days, Bing will just slip out of the limelight. His career is fulfilled and he has plenty of money, and my own opinion is that he wants to play a little and work a little. Eventually, he'll probably abandon his radio show. Every now and then, if he particularly likes a script, I think he'll make a movie."

BING CROSBY'S ASSETS

Bing Crosby has one of the largest personal fortunes in show business. By 1954, he was worth an estimated $14,850,000.

Most of his money comes from the following sources:

1. Oil wells in Scurry County, Texas, which he owns jointly with Bob Hope and millionaire Texan Monty Moncrief.
2. Decros Corporation, a partnership with Decca Records.
3. Crosby Investment Corporation, a holding operation for securities, real estate, and the trust funds of the four Crosby boys, plus a 20% investment in the Pittsburgh Pirates.
4. Crosby-Jayson, Inc., a partnership with a shirt company that makes the Bing Crosby Casual Shirt.
5. Bing's Things, Inc., a company which produces toys and children's games.
6. Bing Crosby Enterprises, an organization which owns the existing contracts between Bing and CBS, Paramount Pictures and General Electric. For those three companies Crosby turns out radio programs, motion pictures, and TV shows.
7. Bing Crosby Enterprises, Inc., another corporation with an electronics division and a TV film production division. The TV division produces films, already more than 150 half-hour jobs for Procter & Gamble and other sponsors. The electronics division distributes Ampex Tape Recording equipment.
8. Bing Crosby Minute Maid Distributing Co. which owns the distribution rights in five western states for frozen fruit juices. Crosby also owns 20,000 shares of the parent company, Minute Maid, Inc.
9. Bing Crosby Ice Cream Sales, a licensing operation for the use of Crosby's name on ice cream items.

Crosby used to own radio and TV stations in Monterrey, California, and Spokane, Washington, but these have recently been liquidated to pay the inheritance tax on the estate of the late Dixie Lee Crosby.

Crosby says that of all his enterprises he personally takes care of only three. "I look after the golf tournament up at Pebble Beach, the ranch in Elko and my own personal expenses. Jack O'Melveny takes care of everything else."

No one in the entire Crosby organization will dare to comment on Crosby's marital intentions, his dates with Margot James and Mona Freeman and Ghislaine de Boysson in Paris last summer.

One brave girl who has worked intermittently for Bing, says, "I feel very sorry for him. Every time he goes out with a girl the eyes of the world are upon him.

"I guess he likes young girls. He's rarely seen with anyone over thirty. But how would it seem if he married a girl who was only a couple of years older than his oldest son, Gary?

"I guess you know that he takes a dictaphone wherever he goes. When he has a spare minute he answers his personal mail. Maybe if he married a secretary he'd have more time for golf!

"Choosing a wife is a private decision, and most men can marry any girl they choose. But Bing has such tremendous fame that it impinges on his private life, and that's what he hates the most. For twenty years, he has been hounded and followed and tracked down by the press. I think that's why he goes to Europe so much. Nobody bothers him over there."

The girl who marries Crosby will have her hands full. Aside from the many Crosby business enterprises, there are the four Crosby boys.

"Now that Dixie's gone," he has said, "they really need a lot of attention. They're normal, healthy youngsters. If they're not taken care of, they'll run wild."

Bing's wife would necessarily share in raising the Crosby clan. This would call for tact and diplomacy, since all four boys remember their mother with overwhelming love. Certainly, no one could substitute for Dixie.

Bing also owns a few homes. There's the mansion in Holmby Hills, the big house in Pebble Beach (known to real estate men as "Everett's Folly"—brother Everett took bids for its construction and the house has been up for sale for more than a year with no buyers). There's the summer lodge at Hayden Lake, Idaho, the tremendous ranch at Elko, Nevada, and the newest Crosby house in Palm Springs.

That makes five residences. To move in and become mistress of these properties takes courage, knowledge, experience and background. A wife who could do it would be extremely difficult to find. Bing's friends are mostly athletes, show people and plain, unsophisticated people. Where is he likely to meet a girl able to help him to oversee his vast holdings?

A girl who wants to continue a career would hardly be suitable. When he took out Audrey Hepburn one time, there was speculation that Audrey was one of the few young women in the movies with the proper background for a Mrs. Crosby.

As far as it went it was true, but probably Audrey Hepburn would not give up her career at this point for anyone. Bing has always insisted that two careers in one family are one too many. Dixie abandoned hers although she was much more famous than Bing when they married.

Bing knows that he must be extremely careful in choosing his dates. That is why there have been so few. Bing likes to hunt, fish, ride and golf. Few girls are able to keep up with him in these. Presumably, they wouldn't be expected to.

A girl who has sung on Crosby's radio show many times says, "I'd be scared silly to marry Bing. To begin with, he's settled in his ways. That means the wife would have to do all of the adapting.

"Then, too, I'd always know that people were staring at me to see if I measured up —to see if I were good enough for him. Everyone would compare me to Dixie.

"Bing is almost fifty years old. In another ten years he'll be an old man, probably a grandfather. He should marry a woman who is forty, at least, maybe a little older. He needs a woman of experience who can cope with things.

"I can see his going out with young girls for kicks, but I'm sure he's not thinking of marrying them. He's too sensible."

What does Bing think of a future marriage? What does *he* have to say?

"I might get married again," he admits, "if I could find the right girl, and if the right girl would have me. It's all up to God." **END**

dutch treat

(*Continued from page 39*) Rhine right to her garden which was smack in the Nazi battle lines. Only when the earth shuddered beneath her and a blast tumbled her off the pad did she wake up and realize this wasn't her routine nightmare. It was real. Bits of gravel peppered her skin and shell fragments whined wickedly past her ears.

Edda dug the earth with her nails. For agonized seconds she quivered there expecting to be blown to oblivion. Finally the barrage moved on and she crawled back to her cellar door, shaking. She never wanted to try that again.

Edda van Heemstra shed her Dutch alias after the war. She uses her real name now—Audrey Hepburn.

Last October Audrey faced another kind of bombardment in Hollywood where she was making her first American movie, *Sabrina Fair*. This time the big guns could be labeled Skepticism, Challenge, Envy and Resentment. They were loaded, aimed and set to wham away at her. After all, Audrey was a foreigner, also a one-picture sensation with a royal aura collected in *Roman Holiday*. She was young and deliciously attractive. Worse than that, she was extravagantly hailed as the new wonder of the film world. There were rumors of attractive Hollywood men like Gregory Peck and Kirk Douglas going mushy over the girl abroad. What a target!

But the battery never opened up. Audrey spiked it. When she flew away to Broadway in December, Hollywood had capitulated. Audrey Hepburn did more than conquer Hollywood. She enchanted it.

Humphrey Bogart, who usually snarls at his colleagues on the set, especially if they seem high and mighty, cooed like a turtledove when Audrey was around. He gave a dinner party in her honor and Baby Bacall loved her. Hepburn's other co-star, William Holden, who can be belligerent about his privacy, even served tea (which he hates) to Audrey and her friends in his dressing room. Bing Crosby, who never visits any sets around Paramount, visited Audrey's like a little boy lost with the excuse that he wanted to keep his French from getting rusty. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, on one side of Audrey's dressing room, lapsed into reverent sanity for the entire two months. Danny Kaye, on the other side, confined his brash gags to one mild attempt. "I'm going to bore a hole through this wall," he threatened. "How nice. Please do," invited Audrey.

No one was exempt from Audrey Hepburn's amazing spell. Director Billy Wilder, who spends his days prodding stars into performances over their heads, raved, "She's Mickey Mantle. She can do anything. There's no one like her." Hardbitten grips, props and juicers conducted themselves like courteous pageboys around Audrey. "I don't know exactly why," one confessed. "Here this kid has the red carpet rolled out all over the place, and ordinarily that's a sickening sight to a working stiff. But for her it looked right." Disillusioned Paramount press agents mooned like schoolboys and dug the dictionary for high flown adjectives. They produced "mesmerizing, fey, stately, elfin, wise, ravishing and vibrant." Everyone else on the Paramount lot, from studio chief Don Hartman to the lowliest messenger boy, sang praises and cooked up excuses to collect a glance from her tilted eyes or a phrase from her Mona Lisa lips. Cynical reporters arrived primed to debunk Audrey and departed as putty-noodled as the newshawk Greg Peck played in *Roman Holiday*—and with blank notebooks.

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THE TRYST THAT FAILED

The O'Connors tried, but their reunion laid a bomb!

■ At the moment, Donald O'Connor is the box office champ of Las Vegas, having topped both Red Skelton and Marlene Dietrich in the Sahara Hotel's Conga Room. For each two-week engagement the attendance score reads—Red Skelton: 18,011. Marlene Dietrich: 17,800. Donald O'Connor: 18,466.

Donald's achievement is unique in that his fast moving show was not naughty. The public is convinced that young Mr. Show Business can do no wrong.

Backstage, viewpoints differ. Don's friends agree that he is a confused young man, much of his confusion coming from his soon-to-be-former wife, Gwen. She came to his opening performance and word got out that the O'Connors would reconcile. Photographers and newsmen gathered outside Donald's dressingroom as Gwen entered—shyly. Twenty minutes later, she burst forth, a violently angry young lady. "There's going to be no reconciliation!" she snapped, slamming the door behind her.

Moments later, the door opened again and Donald peered out. Grinning sheepishly, he exclaimed, "I wonder what she's so upset about!" Then he withdrew.

What Mr. O'Connor said to Mrs. O'Connor may never be known. All sources refuse to comment. Some say Donald stipulated that Gwen must never see Dan Dailey again.

On Gwen's flying trip home from the reunion that didn't jell, Mr. Dailey met her at the airport. There are those who add that jealous as Don may be of Dan, Mrs. Don is more jealous of the ladies with whom her husband cavorts in his dancing acts and the money he gambles away.

Psychiatrists are now trying to untangle this unhappy situation for the young O'Connors. Perhaps Don loves Gwen and Gwen loves Don, but neither of them can understand it.

drey Hepburn said and did nothing provocative enough to make the "Personals" column of a weekly paper. She never entered a nightclub. She attended four dinner parties—at the Bogarts', Jack Bennys', Billy Wilders' and Stewart Grangers'. She went to the Ice Follies and the Sadler's Wells Ballet. On these occasions, Audrey's escorts were men much older than she. Groucho Marx took her to Bogey's and Bing Crosby to Benny's. Funnyman Phil Silvers beaued her to the ice show. Audrey took herself to the ballet.

She did nothing more startling than wearing pink matador pants a time or two and riding around the Paramount lot on the green bicycle Billy Wilder gave her. A studio limousine whisked her to and from a modest two-room penthouse apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, where the only verified steady visitor was a stray cat. There she cooked most of her own meals and usually sacked in from Saturday to Monday watching TV, listening to records, snoozing and reading scripts. Her free days around Paramount she trotted over to the dance barn and worked out with ballet exercises. A couple of times she went swimming in Jean Simmons' pool.

In short, about all Audrey Hepburn did in Hollywood was to make *Sabrina Fair.* By the time she left she was the most talked about actress in modern Hollywood history.

How come? What is this Hepburn magic? How can a girl on the spot spend nine weeks in a sensation-jaded place like Hollywood and, by doing nothing spectacular, leave it babbling poems of praise in her wake? How, for instance, could she make a glamour-gorged guy like Bill Holden get lyrical about her "elegance and fascinating formality?" Or a vet like Joan Crawford, who only caught a glimpse of her, call her "the greatest thing to happen to Hollywood in years." How, for that matter, could fans all over the land boost Audrey to the top box-office ten after only one picture? What's the girl got?

A first impression of Audrey is that the girl could stand a square meal. Five, seven, but only 110 pounds and with a twenty-inch waist, Audrey sports nothing up and down her chassis that would make the boys in the front row cheer. She wears a size eight shoe and she has a small face perched on a long, gazelle-like neck. She holds her back straight and her slightly slanted nose seems always to be pulling everything up. She looks like one of those Pharaoh's daughters on an ancient papyrus scroll.

Looking at Audrey carefully, you can see that her teeth are not perfectly aligned, her nostrils flare and her dark hair seems to be carelessly cut. She has deep brown oversize eyes that come across in a curve, high and outside. Her black eyelashes are long and the thick eyebrows are perfect. The effect adds up to a new deal in Hollywood glamour. Neither pure beauty nor raw sex is what Audrey Hepburn gets across. Her personal charm is elusive, sophisticated and subtle. It's continental but cute—dignified but disarming.

AUDREY is gracefully informal. She takes you in but holds you off. The Dutch treat with the English accent talks well but tells nothing. If you ask a personal question she smiles sweetly and is silent as the sphinx. You wonder how you could ever, ever have been so *gauche.* She can sit as primly as a princess, wearing a suit by de Givenchey and kicking off her patent leather pumps to reveal pink toenails peeping through her nylons. It seems so correct that you wonder if you shouldn't kick off your own shoes. She can slop her coffee over the cup and it looks as though that's the only proper way to handle a teacup. She's in command of every situation all of the time. Audrey's undeniable attraction, in one word, is presence. Most Hollywood stars affect it but never quite attain it. That's why Audrey Hepburn has bowled them all over. With her it comes naturally, as it does with some other girls known as princesses. Playing a real one flawlessly, of course, is what brought Audrey to Hollywood.

Because that stock title sheet line, "resemblance to any living person is purely coincidental," is a joke when applied to *Roman Holiday.* It's common knowledge that the story was inspired by the English Princess Margaret's frolics on the Isle of Capri and the picture was released when the rebellious young lady's romance with Commoner Peter Townsend was hot news. Choosing Audrey Hepburn to play Princess Meg on the screen was a happy piece of casting. In *Roman Holiday* you watched Audrey romping around Rome but you were also seeing Margaret Rose.

It wasn't all illusion. Audrey's resemblance to Princess Margaret was good luck. But a lot of what came across in *Roman Holiday* was the result of the same sort of disciplined, tutored childhood that the British princess had.

Audrey's mother is the Baroness van Heemstra, of a noble Dutch family. At one time their ancestral castle was Doorn, where the exiled Kaiser Wilhelm spent his last years chopping wood. Audrey's ancestors served Holland's royal house for generations. One of them, Baron Aernoud van Heemstra, governed the colony of Surinam for Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina. A cousin was adjutant at the royal Dutch court. Audrey's father was J. A. Hepburn-Ruston, an Irish-English businessman. Her parents were divorced when she was ten, and since then Audrey has had practically no contact with her father, who lives today in Ireland.

Audrey Hepburn was born in Brussels on May 4, 1929. Her first memories are of a big comfortable estate outside Brussels with servants, governess, pets and plenty of room to race around, playing with her two older half-brothers, by her mother's first marriage. Serious whooping cough almost killed her at six weeks. Later, she became a skinny kid, but healthy and never coddled for a minute. Her program was rigorous. She learned French as well as English. At four she was sent to school in England as her parents shuttled between the British Isles and Holland. Audrey's clothes were especially made for her; her behavior carefully coached. She was introduced to opera and ballet as soon as she could sit still in a theatre seat. She traveled all over Europe with her parents.

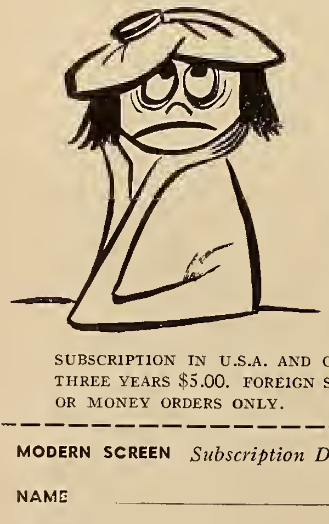
This left little time for play or such frivolities as the movies. "I never knew what a 'fan' was or what the word 'star' meant until I made pictures myself in England," Audrey confesses. "Until I was eighteen I had seen only three—and they were Austrian or German."

So you couldn't call Audrey Hepburn's childhood normal in the American sense. It was sheltered in the aristocratic European manner, with emphasis on training in the arts. There was something to study and master every minute. Soon a determined passion for ballet dancing and then the war made her all but isolated.

SHE HAD started dancing classes at five. At ten she attended a performance of the Sadler's Wells Ballet and walked out with visions of a ballerina's career dancing in her head. But the thunderclouds of war were already rolling up, and before them the violent gusts of political struggles. They swept away Audrey Hepburn's security. Her father joined Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascist Black Shirts. Her mother soon divorced him and took Audrey back to Holland and the family home outside Arnhem. Then one day the Nazi tide swept across the Low Countries and remained for six years.

At first the conquerers were painfully correct. Audrey's life went on about as planned. She studied violin, piano, singing and, of course, dancing. She was one of the first pupils at the Arnhemse Dansschool, whose leading ballerina, Madame Winja Marova, still sighs regretfully, "She should never have entered pictures. A fine ballerina was lost." Maybe so. Certainly Adriaantje (Dutch for "Little Audrey," as they called her) was as graceful as a sprite and for a long time lived the almost

the soothsayer said it



■ And you've got to give him credit, because the Ides of March are absolutely no fun! Chances are someone is wandering around your house right now with an icebag on his forehead and a "We must save money!" look in his bloodshot eye. But don't despair. Just whisper soothingly that by subscribing to MODERN SCREEN you will save the family exchequer forty cents over the newsstand price. All you have to do is fill out the coupon below and mail it to us with your check or money order. Then fill the icebag up again and settle down to wait for your monthly copy of MODERN SCREEN—delivered right to your *happy home!*

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cloistered life of a ballet novice. Soon she used her dancing in another way—to help raise money for Dutch resistance.

The Nazi screws tightened. Hobnailed boots clattered over the brick pavements at night and people Audrey knew vanished as the terror spread. Her cousin was executed and her uncle was shot for implication in a sabotage plot. Audrey changed her name to Edda van Heemstra and spoke only Dutch in the streets. At night she slipped out to *verboten* gatherings at homes of underground leaders, dancing and passing the hat for money to help carry on the resistance. By day, sometimes, notes that could have sent her to prison nestled in the toe of her stocking—messages to Dutch underground leaders.

Understandably, Audrey Hepburn doesn't like to talk about those days. Besides the Nazi terror there was the hunger and cold, the desperate problems of trying to exist in a plundered land. The winters were bitter with no coal and often only runty greens to eat. Audrey still drools when she sees rich food—but she still gets a stomach ache when she eats it.

The worst time of all came right before liberation. Around Arnhem hopes leaped wildly when the British picked that town for the first airborne landing. The Union Jack came out of hidden places and people cheered as Tommies dropped from the skies. But somebody blundered. A Nazi panzer division, undetected, was waiting and moved in. It massacred the British in one of the greatest fiascoes of the war.

"After that," remembers Audrey, "we lived in a ghost town, although you couldn't say we lived. We stayed alive."

The Germans evacuated the city, taking everything. Arnhem was dead. Audrey's house was outside Arnhem, right in the German lines. For seven months she huddled with her relatives in the cellar as bombardments made the earth heave around her. She risked her life every time she popped her head out. That's when the craving for fresh air overcame the fear of being blown to bits and she took that sunbath and almost got killed.

In April, 1945, Arnhem was liberated by General Montgomery. Audrey could breathe again, but she was a different person. Maybe it's that background that makes Audrey Hepburn a baffling personality in Hollywood, surprisingly mature in some ways and shyly naive in others.

Things were easier for Audrey Hepburn after V-E day, but the family fortune was wrecked. Her mother went to work as a decorator helping to restore ruined Dutch homes. Audrey went back to ballet school. She studied in Amsterdam and The Hague, helping to pay her way by working as a fashion mannequin. At nineteen, when she had made enough progress and saved a small stake, she went to London alone to try out for Madame Marie Rambert's famous advanced ballet school. She bought a round trip ticket in Holland, but tight money restriction allowed her to take only five pounds—then about fifteen dollars. Madame Rambert took her into her own house with some other promising pupils. There was no money from home. To keep her body, soul and ambition together Audrey didn't act like either a princess or a *prima ballerina*. She acted like a chorus girl.

AUDREY landed first in the second row chorus of the English production of *High Button Shoes*. Even in that obscure spot, both her grace and appeal stood out. She kicked her willowy legs in other spicily titled revues like *Sauce Tartare* and *Sauce Piquant*. She picked up jobs in night clubs and bits around London's movie studios. It was a big moment for Audrey Hepburn when she actually played a talking bit—as the cigarette girl in the opening shot of *The Lavendar Hill Mob*.

She landed a honeymooning bride bit in a minor British film romp called *Monte Carlo Baby*, mainly because she could handle both the English and French versions. That took her on location to the gamblers' Principality of Monaco. The day Audrey played her quickie role in the lobby of the Hotel de Paris she also hit the jackpot.

The aging French author, Colette, whose novel, *Gigi*, was being dramatized for Broadway, spied Audrey from her wheelchair. There was the teen-age heroine of her sophisticated book. "There's *Gigi*," she said. Colette was right.

A few months later Audrey opened in *Gigi* at the Fulton Theatre in New York, playing the title role. She had never before acted on the stage. Besides a few dramatics lessons in London she had no training for such a debut. She had never been to America and knew no one. The pressure on the twenty-two-year-old untried, unknown girl was terrific. If she flopped . . . .! But Audrey Hepburn didn't flop—she made a hit. The first night, walking off stage, the manager complained, "I don't know how you're going to get inside your dressing room. It's full of flowers." When Audrey did get inside there were Helen Hayes and Marlene Dietrich, fabulous names to her, waiting to hug and congratulate her. Critics raved about the new star. They've been raving ever since. It looked easy for Audrey Hepburn. But it wasn't.

Butterflies fluttered in her flat tummy then. The next day Producer Gilbert Miller said, "Audrey, may I see you for a minute, out in front of the house?" She remembers thinking, "This is it. I'm going to be sacked." Miller gravely walked her out under the marquee. Then he grinned. "Take a look!" Workmen on ladders were hanging up new letters. They spelled out, "AUDREY HEPBURN."

LATER in London director William Wyler was poking around for a girl to play Princess Anne. He has said frankly, "When she first came to see me I thought she was skinny and colorless. I didn't think she had a thing." He granted a short film test anyway—the bed scene from *Roman Holiday*—but he wasn't interested enough to stay in London and see how it came out. If the camerman hadn't kept shooting after the scene and caught Audrey hugging her knees with a relieved giggle, Paramount might have scribbled "N.G." on the effort back in Hollywood. But in that brief flash the real Hepburn charm came through and Don Hartman has a quick eye for charm. He cabled, "Sign her." The butterflies are still with Audrey. "Every night is opening night to me," she says. "After all, you have to deliver the goods." They were there when she delivered the goods in Rome for a notoriously

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critical director, William Wyler, and in spite of a very sympathetic Gregory Peck. They were with her when she stepped on the set of *Sabrina Fair*. They're with her right now on Broadway playing in *Ondine*. They're always with Audrey Hepburn beneath her cool, calm exterior. They are with most champs. But they never make her lose her head.

Audrey Hepburn may become the biggest star in Hollywood, as William Wyler has predicted. Or she may be only a morning glory as far as Hollywood is concerned.

"This is the most trying time of my life," she says. "I'm just a publicity star now. I've been made by good writers and directors, but I'm still a shadow. I can't have substance until the public gives it to me."

Well, the public gave it to her in both *Gigi* and *Roman Holiday*. But the sensitive European girl of Colette's play was almost Audrey Hepburn herself. And so was hookey-playing Princess Anne of *Roman Holiday*. Will there always be naturals like that for her? The odds are against it. Audrey Hepburn is so extraordinarily fascinating because she is unique. First reports on *Sabrina Fair*, where Audrey plays a chauffeur's daughter, say she's every bit as enchanting as in *Roman Holiday*. But Audrey herself has admitted, "I haven't any real acting ability. I'm still learning." And her staunchest supporter at present, Billy Wilder, has said, "I don't know. Maybe she's too good for the general public." In short, the jury is still out on whether or not Audrey Hepburn will continue to be a Hollywood sensation. There are a couple of other things that could line up against that prospect, too: Absence—and a heart that has no trouble growing fond.

Audrey left Hollywood last December and she may not return until 1955. That's when her next picture commitment comes up at Paramount. Her contract binds her to only one a year and she has already made it for 1954. It may be a full year or more before Hollywood sees her again. Few great movie careers have been built that way. Audrey herself has shown no burning desire to concentrate on one. "I don't want to stay in one place. I want to go everywhere and do everything," she has said. "It's the only way you learn." One ambition is to do a musical in London or New York. That's why, even as she made *Sabrina Fair*, Audrey worked on her dancing and singing.

Asked when she would return, she shrugged. "I don't know. It depends on how long my play runs and whether I'll make a picture in Europe after that or not. But I think I'll take a holiday—perhaps in Italy, or in the south of France. Or maybe I'll take a long trip."

"Alone?"

Audrey smiled. "With my mother perhaps," she said. "I might visit relatives." Audrey still has relatives scattered all over, as far away as Indonesia where her two half-brothers, Ian and Alexander, work for the Royal Dutch Oil Company.

SINCE CHRISTMAS, Audrey has lived with her mother in a New York apartment. She has no other home. She isn't planning to have either a husband or a home soon. Audrey is very positive about that in a general sort of way. "Not with a career," she explains. "I don't want a sloppy, long-distance marriage. You have to give up something." If she does fall in love, she says, that will come first and a home and the hope of children will end her career—like that—the minute she says, "I do." On her record, you might not buy that. But it's a possibility.

Audrey Hepburn has already demonstrated that she is no cold potato beneath her placid poise. She has already been engaged to James Hanson, an attractive and wealthy young English businessman. She was picking out her trousseau in Rome during *Roman Holiday*. But when she went back to London—and returned to Italy for retakes—the marriage was off.

At the same time it was noted that Gregory Peck and Audrey were having fun together in the Eternal City, not all recorded by a camera. Greg was then estranged from his wife Greta—and people put two and two together. They didn't quite add up to four and there's no indication that they ever will.

The Pecks seem to have made up and Audrey says she didn't even get a postcard from Greg in Hollywood. But if Audrey is as free as the birds right now, no one who knows her expects her to stay that way. Every man she works with gets gone on the girl and already rumors are that Mel Ferrer, her co-star in *Ondine*, is no exception. Audrey will be twenty-five this May and it's hard to imagine her winding up playing *The Old Maid*.

But whether all these ifs and buts keep Audrey Hepburn away or bring her back to Hollywood, the town will never be quite the same. On her Hollywood holiday, Audrey may not have lighted up the playgrounds of the movie capital the way she revved up the ruins of Rome—but the general effect was the same. The girl who arrived on the spot left in the spotlight—simply by doing and being nothing but her own enchanting self. **END**

why hollywood is sore at eddie fisher

(*Continued from page 36*) been advised against taking a test."

Why should Eddie Fisher refuse a screen test? Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Rosemary Clooney, Nelson Eddy, practically everyone in the business has gladly submitted to a test. Not Eddie.

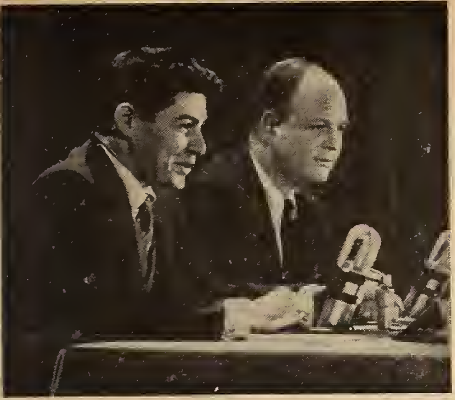
One Paramount executive who had talked with Eddie and his representatives said, "It sure beats me. We explained to the kid that the screen test would serve as a protection for him as well as for us. 'After all,' I said, 'you wouldn't want to be in a picture if you looked silly or your real personality didn't come across.' He just wouldn't give ground."

Fisher's representative, on the other hand, retaliates with, "Why should he take a test? He's on television twice a week. Anyone who's interested in buying him can see exactly what he looks like, exactly how he projects his personality, exactly how he delivers a song. What else could be necessary?

"Besides, I think it's pretty important that the studio offered to sign him without a test a year ago. I think that was for some picture Freddie Finklehoff had written. Now all of a sudden they want to test him. Eddie isn't an unknown quantity. They can see what they're getting."

STUDIO executives insist that you can't see anything until it's on film shot at the home base in Hollywood. "There was plenty of film on Audrey Hepburn," one of them remarked, "stuff made of her in Europe. But we wouldn't take a chance on her for *Roman Holiday* until a top-notch director like Willie Wyler tested her himself.

"I know Fisher has made plenty of money. His records have sold more than five million copies. I know he doesn't



Eddie Fisher, on TV's *Youth Wants To Know,* with moderator Chuck Saxon (Modern Screen ed.) said he was eager to be in movies.

need the job. But I still can't understand why he won't go for a test.

"He says he doesn't need one, but how does he know? He's never been in pictures. He's only a kid. We think he's making a big mistake. His agents say that we're making a mistake. Maybe so. Only we can't afford to invest two million dollars in a picture and have the singing star come out a great big flop.

"I remember only a year or so ago when Metro brought out a kid, Russell Nype, who starred with Ethel Merman in *Call Me Madam.* He was great on the stage but on film his personality didn't come over. He's good on TV but on TV the problems are different."

In all fairness to Eddie, it must be said that the young crooner finds himself in an awkward spot. He's in the middle of an argument which he didn't start.

He keeps saying, "I've got unlimited faith in my manager, Milt Blackstone. When I was really down on my luck and things looked blackest, he's the guy who set me up. A couple of years ago when I went back to Philadelphia convinced that I'd never make a go of it in show business, it was Milt who got me back in at Grossinger's, and it was Milt who helped me get most of the breaks.

"It would be stupid and ungrateful of me not to follow his advice."

Fisher is also represented by MCA, the largest talent agency in the world. These men know most of the answers. Probably they want Paramount to sign Eddie first; then if his screen test should not turn out well, he'd still get a lot of money.

So Paramount is testing another TV singer, Julius LaRosa; and it may well be that if he gets the right roles, LaRosa will develop into the motion picture star that Eddie Fisher might have been.

Some think Julie doesn't sing as well as Eddie, but he *does* have warmth, good looks and an electric charm.

THIS IS not to say that Hollywood has irrevocably turned thumbs down on Eddie Fisher. The kid from Philadelphia may yet wind up on the Paramount lot. But right now the negotiations are finished, and the studio is looking elsewhere for young talent. And there's an unkind rumor in the wind that Eddie's success has gone to his head.

A Hollywood photographer who covers the nightclub beat, says, "He acted like a prima donna out here. One night he came into Mocambo with Mamie Van Doren and some other people. Naturally, we moved in and began to focus.

"Next thing you know, he jumped up and yelled, 'None of that. No pictures.' And he ran out of the room.

"We were kind of flabbergasted. He'd flown out here from the east to appear on a TV show with Eddie Cantor and Frank Sinatra. The network boys took pictures and he had no objections. We want to photograph him with this babe and he balks.

"All I can say is that if Eddie Fisher doesn't want to be photographed with any of his dates, particularly a luscious armful like that Van Doren doll, then he shouldn't be taking them to the Mocambo."

Mamie Van Doren, the Universal-International starlet who dated Eddie in Hollywood, says, "Of course he's changed. He has more confidence in himself—more assurance. It's only to be expected.

"I first met him in New York when we were doing *Million Dollar Baby,* a Monte Proser show in his Cafe Theatre. I was a showgirl and I think this was Eddie's first show. He was very sweet and I guess maybe a little scared, but he'd been around and he knew the big city. I was from South Dakota. I wasn't in love with him—it wasn't anything like that—but we did go around on dates.

"He didn't have much money and someone, I think it was a girl in the line, told me Eddie was crazy about a little Irish girl named Joan Wynne, who was working at the Copa. But I didn't mind.

"Eddie has always been a nice guy. His career has always come first with him. I knew that right away. Girls were just incidental to him.

"We used to take walks near Central Park and down Broadway at midnight. And with all those neon signs and the crowds milling around and the restaurants open, it was very glamorous, very big-time, and it was wonderful being with Eddie.

"I'll tell you this about Eddie. He's got a very warm personality and he's very lucky because he's always known what he wanted in life. He wanted to sing and to entertain, and that's what he's doing.

"After he went into the Army I came out to Hollywood. One day he called. He was in uniform and I can't remember if he was on his way to Korea or coming back from there. Anyway, he said he was down at the Beverly Hills Hotel and wouldn't I go out with him. And of course I did. He looked fine.

"And then this last time a few weeks ago. He was here for the Eddie Cantor show and after it was over he called me again and asked, 'How about dinner?'

"I'm always glad to hear from Eddie and I said, 'Sure.' First we went to Romanoff's. After that we drove with another couple to the Mocambo to hear Eartha Kitt. Eddie was absolutely a perfect gentleman. He always is. The captain seated us, and then in a little while the photographers came over and began to take pictures of us. All of a sudden Eddie jumped up as if someone had lit a fire under him. He pushed the table away and ran out in the lobby, and there I was, sitting by myself and wondering what was wrong with the guy.

"Afterward he was sore at himself and felt kind of silly for behaving that way. He tried to make up for it. 'Look,' he said. 'I promised Guy Mitchell we'd go over to Ciro's and catch his act.' But by then I'd had enough. 'Just take me home,' I said. 'This isn't our night.'

"He apologized again and took me home, and he was just as sweet as he could be.

"Do I think he's changed? Of course he's changed. He's got more money for one thing. He can take a girl to Romanoff's for dinner. When I met him, Romanoff's was just a place he read about in a movie magazine. And naturally money has done things for his ego, his security.

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But it hasn't given him a big head or anything like that. He's always had both feet on the ground. He never puts on airs and I don't think he ever will.

"Eddie is loaded with common sense. I hope we'll always be friends. The thing to remember is that he's under a lot of pressure. And when a guy is under pressure he's bound to flip his lid once in a while.

"I'm sure Eddie would never do anything to harm anyone. He'll do anything to be cooperative and running away from those photographers—well, it was just one of those things."

Another of Fisher's friends interprets the Mocambo incident differently. "This kid," he says, "is blessed with a lot of professional wisdom. There he is in the Mocambo with one of the sexiest starlets in the business. He is sponsored on radio and TV by Coca-Cola. He realizes that his following consists mostly of teen-agers. How are these teen-agers going to react to a picture of him in their newspapers with a sexy blonde at his left, a scotch and soda at his right? (Fisher doesn't drink.) How will his sponsor react? He can't take chances on a question like that.

"He did the right thing. He got out before the photographers loused him up. No one is going to look after Eddie unless he looks after himself. This boy lives a clean life. The only thing he's interested in is his career. Anything you hear that conveys a different impression is 100% wrong.

"For some reason everyone seems anxious to marry him off. He's young. He's got plenty of time for marriage."

Eddie himself says, "I think thirty might be a good age for marriage. But who knows? I'd like to find a girl who was right for me. Just what she'll be like or where I'll find her I don't know. I certainly don't expect to remain a bachelor or to rule out marriage because my career takes so much of my time."

Eddie Fisher has been fabulously lucky in that he came on the show business scene at a time when the younger set was ready for a new singer. Most of his popular recordings were originally scheduled to be sung by Mario Lanza, one of RCA Victor's top money-makers.

For the last two years Lanza has been unable to do any sustained work. He has recorded only four sides.

In that same two years Eddie Fisher has been busy. He not only took over Lanza's number-one recording berth at RCA, but he replaced Mario on the Coca-Cola radio show and inherited his tremendous teenage following.

Should Lanza ever return to the recording wars, should he start making motion pictures again or go out on personal appearance tours, possibly Eddie Fisher would lose some of his amazing popularity. Although Eddie is a competent baritone, his voice has not developed classical range yet. Music lovers don't make the concentrated rush for Eddie's discs that they once made for Lanza's.

Eddie hopes to come to Hollywood and to make motion pictures. He is sorry for his behavior at the Mocambo. In the future he will be more circumspect. But right now he is riding the crest of his popularity. The whole world seems good, golden, and glorious. Teen-age girls outside the stage entrance of New York's Paramount Theatre are still writing on the walls in red crayon, "Eddie Fisher is the most."

Under these circumstances it probably doesn't seem too important to Eddie that he has ruffled Hollywood's sensitive feathers. Next time he will straighten out everything. And there undoubtedly will be a next time. Hollywood doesn't give up easily on money makers. **END**

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what makes stanwyck tick?

(*Continued from page 54*) and got to know your business cold, you were a success. After that, there are no problems except staying a success—and that's no more a problem than walking a tightrope across Niagara Falls. But it helps—it does help—if you know one helluva lot about tightrope walking."

Miss Stanwyck paused, considered, stubbed out a cigarette, got a light for another, sat back in a modified lounge chair with the prim, straight-backed posture of a little girl whose mother has taught her to sit like a lady at all times, and considered some more. She was wearing a short, full skirt and a sweater, a hunk or two of casual jewelry and a somewhat furrowed look around the brow.

"No doubt," she said after a while, "I've gone on about this before. You might even call it one of my favorite go-on-abouters. But probably there's something to it. Look, you take a man, a young man—or a girl—who has been in your particular shop for, say, a year, and say to him suddenly: 'You are now our star salesman.' Or your star front man, or what have you. 'We will send out a barrage of letters and fanfare,' you say, 'announcing you as such. Thus customer resistance will be beaten to a pulp before you even show your face. From there on all you have to do is keep breathing.' Well, it isn't as easy as that. Or if it is—and once in a while it is—it shouldn't be. Where does the poor kid stand? He doesn't know—oh, shipping—he doesn't know production, he doesn't know the clerical end, he doesn't know tooling or purchasing. He just doesn't *know*. But he's Mr. Big. Without the background. So if he falls on his face, who's to blame? A person? A system? I don't know. But I'm not sure it's the best way in the world to run a railroad."

Nor even the second best, offered another person, muttering about balloons. A balloon was a little, limp nothing. You blew it up and it was a big, fat nothing. But it was still nothing.

"That's true and it isn't," said Miss S. "Because sometimes they shoot it full of helium instead of just air and it keeps rising. It's a funny thing, but the phony inflation of a personality *does* sometimes work, and all your arguments fall apart. You're right but you're wrong—and they can prove it. Pictures are no business for the scientific minds or the engineers. They'd go berserk in no time. There are stars, big stars, out here who have traveled to the moon on nothing but a gimmick—and more power to them. May I make a point of that, by the way? I wouldn't want you to think that as one of the busy beavers myself, I envy or—or deplore success of any kind. That's not Girl Scout talk; it's true. I like to see it happen, whether it's rigged to a gimmick or what they call in the front office, genius. But you have to feel sorry for the youngsters who haven't got genius or a gimmick either, because then there's nothing left to fall back on but the things in the middle—*some* talent, a capacity for hard work, genuine ambition. And those things, all three together, aren't common. And even if the kid does have them all he's pretty vulnerable to premature publicity."

Vulnerable how?

"The talent's vulnerable because it's brought along too fast, like a flashy young fighter being overmatched. I could name you names, but what would it prove? Please don't conjecture. I'm *not* talking about Marilyn Monroe, for instance. She's trying hard to leave the launching phase of her publicity behind her and she's developing into a fine comedienne. She's *really* ambitious. I'm coming to that. All right. The capacity for work is blunted by a kind of surface success being handed to you before you know what work is. You see? A youngster makes two pictures, has umpty-ump magazine stories written about him, gets the A-treatment at Mocambo and he's *in*. Without working. So why work? And in a little while, when he's out again, he won't know why and perhaps he's incapacitated from ever learning, which is even worse. He's been a star, even if he wasn't really one. What is there after that?

"And ambition. By ambition, I mean wanting, truly wanting, to *act*, not simply to be an actor, a star. There's a world of difference. One wants in his heart and in his mind to learn to move an audience. The other wants only to sign autographs and be pointed out in nightclubs. That's not an ambition, it's a daydream. What the second wants may come to the first in the natural, healthy order of events. But the second should never leave home. They start with nothing, seek nothing and will get nothing."

MISS STANWYCK, as the foremost exponent of the husky, breathless, catch-in-the-throat delivery, has a bit of a gimmick of her own, but on her it looks incidental. Now in her twenty-second year of unquestioned stardom, she has incited inestimable millions of people to tears, wrath and the deepest sort of male breathing (e.g., *Double Indemnity*, in which Miss S. portrayed a trollop so artfully as to make the Johnston Office uncertain whether to write a new rule or just wash its hands of the whole business). For such undeviating polish, Miss Stanwyck has a word of her own, which covers all the adjectives in splendidly succinct fashion. She necessarily does not apply it to herself—although it certainly does apply—but to such highly respected colleagues as Shirley Booth, Thelma Ritter, Clifton Webb, Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, Ralph Bellamy and many others. The word is "pro."

"It says everything," avers Miss Stanwyck. "There are the pros and the non-pros. The pros have it. *They* are the actors. One of the classic examples here in pictures is Bill Holden. I'm prejudiced, sure. The Holdens are dear friends. But Bill did it the slow way, the sure way, the quiet way. He had good pictures and fair ones and bad ones. The bad ones got him down. I told him to forget it and learn from them what he could. He would have anyway, but I told him. He plugged ahead, another beaver like me. Bobby-soxers didn't mob him. He didn't get umpty-thousand letters a month before he'd opened his mouth on a screen. But he learned and he grew. Now look at him, this wonderful run of great pictures, beginning with *Stalag 17*—and you won't mind my mentioning *Executive Suite? That's* what I'm talking about. Bill can be around forever if he wants to, just because he built and was built from the bottom instead of the top. It can be cruel the other way around and sometimes needlessly so. I'm not trying to tell the masterminds how to run their business, because they *know* how. But what can be good for the business can be bad, very bad, for the player. I have no reforms. It's the way it's done. The rules of the jungle didn't come from Frank Merriwell. But, now and then to survive you've got to be good and tough. Or tough and *good*."

Well, who, for example, had been clawed and survived?

"Bob Taylor was one," said Miss Stanwyck without breaking stride. "He had this 'Pretty Boy' label pasted on him. Girl fans hiding under the bed. It was nonsense and all the wrong kind. It antagonized people more than anything else. It almost knocked Bob cold. He'd come home some nights and— Well, that's beside the point. But he stuck with it. Because he's an actor, a *good* actor, and now he has proved it. But I don't think those days were easy."

Miss Stanwyck would please excuse it, but there had been reports that—

"No," she said sharply. "We're good friends again. At last. It took some doing. But—no. A flat and final no. I am good and sick of conjecture, too. Conjecture is the cheapest thing in the world. We'll eat dinner together or go out to a nightclub, and yackety-yackety-yack. People simply don't know what they're talking about. *I* know what I know; Bob knows what he knows. *They* don't."

But a partial reconciliation had been affect—?

"I don't know what you call a reconciliation. We've gone back to getting on well, that's what I'm trying to say. And that's all."

But even that much had not been easy?

"Easy? It was terrible. For a year I was so bitter, I—I— Well, I don't know. Bob wanted to be friends right along. Not me. Then gradually— Well, he's a nice guy to be with. Always was. You've got me off the track, though. My point was that Bob was exposed to cheap publicity and ridicule, and survived it. Not many do. The ones that can survive are the *good* ones. Vic Mature. He got off to a bumpy start. Too fast, too bumpy. The beautiful hunk of man and so forth. It might have seemed great then but he knows better now. But Vic got by it, too, because he's a fine actor and he's proved it and it can't be denied. But take those two and only a handful of others, and I can't name you a single player who was victimized—and I do mean victimized—by freak promotion who's up there today. Up there solid, I mean. It just doesn't do them any good."

THE CAUSE of Miss Stanwyck's decision to divorce Robert Taylor after more than eleven years of marriage is not, of course, wholly unknown, but neither are any of the guesses notably documented or authorized. A close friend of Miss Stanwyck, queried point blank on the subject, has said with a kind of tired frankness: "Certainly I know the answer. Why should I lie to you? I'm one of the very few who do. And to provide it to you or to anyone else would be an inexcusable invasion of privacy. And that's about the truest statement you can hear or read on the matter."

As to whether Miss Stanwyck has a new male interest, the reply is substantially the same. That portion of her private life open to general survey these days does not tend to encourage any reckless chitchat about romance. When she's not working—which is rare—she's up at about eight-thirty in the morning, in her pool by eight-forty-five and tearing into a breakfast steak by nine. A little later she'd just as soon play tennis if her partner will swear not to hit her over the head with his racket, because Miss Stanwyck's tennis isn't what it once was. Nor her golf. In fact, her golf never was. Golf looked like a cinch to Miss Stanwyck after tennis, merely a problem of hitting a little old stationary object from here over to there. But first there was the problem of hitting the little old stationary object in the first place and that was the one she failed to master. Always raising her head to gaze with the look of eagles down the fairway to see where the ball had gone, which was nowhere, largely because she'd raised her head.

"In golf," Miss Stanwyck has snarled on

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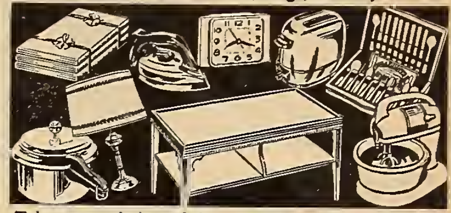

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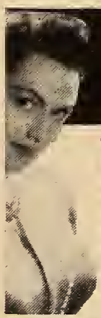

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occasion, "either you hit it and can't see it or you see it and can't hit it."

Evenings, she likes to have friends in for music and conversation but absolutely no word games like Scrabble. They set Miss S.'s teeth on edge. Maybe an early movie with her close friend and personal publicist, Helen Ferguson, one-time screen star who now operates a glossy public relations salon in Beverly Hills. Maybe reading until four A.M. Miss Stanwyck is an omnivorous reader, who'll sail happily through anything from a pocket whodunit to Arnold Toynbee. She has no taste for nightclubs and will go only to hear a favorite entertainer—and then only to the early show. Then back to West Los Angeles as fast as her very fast car and the Los Angeles ground rules will permit.

She is a woman to whom "order" is a word with obsessive overtones. She clocks her engagements and diversions to split seconds and is actually pre-punctual for dates. "You wouldn't think," a friend has said, "of dropping in on her without calling first. It would shatter her schedule." With intimates she is utterly relaxed; with strangers or casual acquaintances, shy but with a shyness she contains well under surface volubility and a trace of discernible tension. Like so many persons with neat minds, she is a furious ashtray emptier. Let more than one-and-a-half butts sully a tray the size of a wagon wheel, and swoosh! It is emptied, wiped and in position for the next trip.

THAT IS Miss Stanwyck away from a studio. When she works—she works.

Ruby Stevens, as the kids around Broadway correctly called Miss Stanwyck in the latish Twenties, was born in Brooklyn one hot July 16, 1907, and was orphaned four years later. She did not, however, go to an orphanage or to any other charitable institution, no matter what you may have heard to the contrary. She was boarded out by her sister Mildred with various families. First she wanted to be a dancer like Isadora Duncan. Second, a missionary to China. Then she went back to Isadora again and at the distinctly tender age of thirteen, Ruby was hoofing on Broadway's Strand Roof.

In those days she was one of an inseparable triumvirate, of which the others were Mae Clarke, later to crack pictures herself, and Wanda Mansfield, today the widow of songwriter Walter Donaldson. While at liberty (a near-chronic condition then) the three hung around a tavern run by Billy LaHiff (whose niece got to be known here and there as Nancy Carroll) until Billy, apparently in self-defense, decided to get Ruby a job. Willard Mack, a top producer of the day, was the lad who took the chance and presently he had promoted Miss-Stanwyck-to-be from a chorus slot to a poignant and juicy role. This she performed right tastily and that was that and has been ever since. But while he was about it, Mr. Mack took care of her name. The story is that he was standing near an old playbill reading, "Jane Stanwyck in *Barbara Frietchie*." And that he just took one fast look, held out his hand and said, "Hello, Barbara Stanwyck." Well, it could have been like that.

The Noose ran a year in New York and led to *Burlesque*, a sad and tender play in which Miss Stanwyck and the late Hal Skelley sustained two performances which couldn't have been much better or more affecting. Then came Hollywood.

The roll of drums that accompanied Miss Stanwyck's entrance made the sort of noise that indicated that the drummer had gone out for a smoke. She tested for nine roles and got none of them. Her tenth time at bat found Director Frank Capra looking for someone for an item titled *Ladies Of Leisure*. Would Miss Stanwyck test? "No, thank you," said Miss Stanwyck. "I've already had some." According to Miss Stanwyck's official biography this moved Mr. Capra to hire her on the spot, and if that is not precisely so, it's too much trouble to check right now.

Ladies Of Leisure was a good picture (although two predecessors resisted the strongest deodorants with total success) and Miss Stanwyck, in it, a brilliant actress.

Nor has she been anything less since. Just—even in the misfires—better and better and better.

Such whole-hearted conscientiousness and application deserve a footnote. A few weeks ago Miss Stanwyck was asked, as she is frequently asked, if she hadn't had enough, if she wouldn't care to get out while she was on top and raise Herefords in Calabasas?

"Nope," she said. "Herefords and I aren't *simpatico*. Besides, I love to act."

Or return to the stage?

"Nope. Not enough variety. In this business it's always something different."

What, then, if she did slip, if recession, as it must to all, came to her?

"Slip and act at the same time."

And if the point came when she were forced to take character roles with sleazy, run-down studios?

"Try to make it the best character performance the sleazy, run-down studio ever had."

SALT OF THE EARTH

Lunching in the Astor Pharmacy one noon, I overheard the man next to me order a malted milkshake. To my surprise, he asked me to pass the salt and started to add it to the malt. I naturally took a second look at the man and saw that he was Frankie Laine. I must have looked pretty startled because he started to laugh—and then he paid my check!

Joan Fitzpatrick
New York, New York

NOT MENTIONED by Miss Stanwyck's current history, but an item of record nonetheless, is that before Taylor she had been married to Frank Fay, a superb master of ceremonies and later a gifted serious actor, but not a fellow of predictable behaviour. Miss Stanwyck once pronounced her own epitaph on this union.

She was asked if she wished to attend *Harvey* in New York, a spectacularly successful play in which Mr. Fay played in triumph an amiable souse opposite a non-existent, six-foot bunny.

"I think not," said Miss Stanwyck. "I've already seen all the rabbits Mr. Fay has to offer."

Miss Stanwyck, for all her perfectionism in the professional sense, is not one to raise much of a rumpus while her picture is in production. She raises it all beforehand and gets it out of the way. She's impatient of small talk, would as soon not use the telephone if it could be avoided and has managed somehow to channel her tensions into creative endeavor.

The chances are, moreover, that she is quietly really happy over your citation to her, via MODERN SCREEN. She likes to have accomplishment designated as such. **END**

through with love

(*Continued from page 24*) Wyman does not answer her phone."

On December 7, Louella reported their reconciliation. "Jane and Freddie have kissed and made up and I told them they were equally to blame. There were a few problems, but not important ones. It looks as if everything will be all right because they were holding hands when they left."

There it was again—hand holding. It fooled everybody except Jane's closest friends. They know her too well to be duped by a gesture. During the Christmas holidays she was as nervous as a cat in a cage. When her son Mike accidentally set the dining room on fire it was several days before Wyman got her feet back on the ground. Admittedly, a fire in the home is enough to upset anybody, but Jane was out when it happened and the fire was out by the time she got home. An exquisite table was damaged beyond repair and the ceiling was blackened. Mike was duly penitent, having only lighted the candles of a centerpiece to show the maid how pretty it was. There was no reason, under normal circumstances, for more emotion than downright remorse for the table. But Jane blew sky high and friends noted that she shook like a leaf at the slightest disturbance all through the holidays. There was even a rumor of a second blow up with Karger but if that was fact, it was kept from the press.

IT CAME to a head just after the start of the new year. Jane arranged to file for divorce, charging grievous mental suffering, and Freddie took his own action, filing for legal separation, to be followed by suit for divorce, charging mental cruelty.

"What's the matter?" Louella wanted to know.

"The same old thing. You know," replied Miss Wyman. "We just weren't able to work out a reconciliation. However, believe me, we parted very amicably. We both realized our problems couldn't be solved so we decided to go through with the divorce."

"Any chance of making up?" inquired Miss Parsons.

"Absolutely not," said Miss Wyman. The way she said it left no doubt.

Said Mr. Karger, "I don't want to say anything. I'd rather Jane made all statements. Anything she says is all right with me."

All of this conversation left unanswered the big question in any Hollywood divorce. Why?

Part of the answer might be found in a list of names by which Jane Wyman has been known in the past: Sarah Jane Fulks. Jane Durrell. Jane Wyman. Jane Futterman. Jane Reagan. Jane Karger. With this new divorce, she is asking to resume the legal name of Jane Wyman.

Obviously, this list shows a restless nature. She was born Sarah Jane Fulks but the rest of the names were taken on voluntarily. She called herself Jane Durrell when she came to Hollywood twenty years ago. Eventually, she became Jane Wyman. Some say the Wyman was acquired through an early marriage, but Jane has always denied it. The next, with Myron Futterman, ended with divorce in 1938 when Jane was twenty-four years old. She refuses to discuss this marriage or the one rumored to have taken place when she was in her teens. Two years after her divorce from Myron Futterman and a stormy romance with Tyrone Power, Jane married Ronald Reagan. Although this was a marriage blessed with a home and children and regular church attendance—all the things the books say will make a lasting marriage—it, too, came to an end after eight years.

Then came a four-year stretch in which Hollywood said it was worried about Wyman. She wasn't showing any signs of wanting to marry again, and Wyman, they said, was a girl who has to be married in order to be happy. There was a fiasco with a young man named Travis Kleefeld, a boy whose family had enough money to permit their son to play the Hollywood field. 'Trav' and Jane dated steadily and nightly and after an acquaintance of ten weeks became engaged. Three weeks later, when they became un-engaged, Jane explained the betrothal. Pressure from friends and from the press had led her to think a marriage with Kleefeld would be advisable. Those same pressures had influenced her to break her engagement.

This is a strange statement from a woman who takes marriage seriously. Such an attitude could not possibly stem from reason; it must necessarily have been emotional. There are those who insist that Jane's near-tumble into another mistake was the result of a rebound from Greg Bautzer. Mr. Bautzer is the man-about-town lawyer who has squired practically every glamour girl you can name, but married none of them. Each new fancy thinks *she* will be the one to land him, and each new fancy eventually learns the awful truth; *i.e.*, Mr. Bautzer is not about to marry anybody.

WITH ALL this going on, small wonder Jane's friends worried about her. Most of them, along with all of Hollywood, were stunned by the restless Miss Wyman's marriage to Karger. Not that anyone disapproved. It was the suddenness of it. She had known him three months. She had rehearsed with him her musical numbers for *Let's Do It Again*. Fred Karger is an able musician, employed as a musical supervisor by Columbia Pictures when there is a musical film in the making. He comes from a family in comfortable circumstances. His father was a businessman; his mother had been in vaudeville. He and Jane seemed to have a great deal in common, and this time she didn't consult anybody. "When you're going to get married," she said, "you don't need opinions. You have your own." And so they went to Santa Barbara to be married, with Freddie's friend, Dick Quine, and Jane's hairdresser, Betty Lou Fredericks, as witnesses.

The marriage had a good chance. Both Jane and Freddie were very much in love. Both of them are thoroughly nice people. Jane's two children, Maureen and Mike, got along famously with Terry Karger, Freddie's daughter by his only previous marriage. Said the new Mrs. Karger: "It must have been a kind of providence that brought Freddie and me together. He not only thinks the way I do, I find myself agreeing with him as soon as we begin to discuss something." She was objective enough to refuse to live in the house she had shared with Ronnie. Following the breakup with Kleefeld she had said, "I would certainly never subject a new marriage to the pressure of living against an old background. You know how that can ruin things. I began to wonder where we would live—" With Karger there was no hesitation. They rented a house on Beverly Glen Boulevard. It was big enough to hold their collection of pianos (three) and children (three).

THEIR CAREERS went booming along. Jane made *So Big* the following summer and *Magnificent Obsession* the following fall. Freddie was out of Columbia with the fin-

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ish of *Let's Do It Again* but back to write the theme song for *From Here To Eternity* and back again at the end of the year for *The Pleasure's All Mine*. Between picture assignments he had his orchestra, a band much in demand for private parties.

The marriage should have gone along swimmingly. Instead, within the space of one year, something went terribly wrong.

At first there had been a tremendous physical attraction. If that were the sole basis of their love it would naturally lead to trouble. When attraction wanes the problems seem bigger than they do in the first flush of a marriage. Jane herself has said, "I'm madly impulsive. I do things and then I think, 'What did I do?' When I have that doubt I must pause and get things straightened out."

Did Karger's health have anything to do with it? It is said that his doctor has warned him against strenuous physical exertion because of his heart. Did this mean any loss of activity for Jane, who loves activity? After her marriage she said, "I'd like the chance to travel now. I've been too busy up to now." Instead they stayed home, pinned down to her work or his, and somewhat confined because of his health.

Was the financial situation too difficult to bear? In his capacity of musical supervisor, on and off, Karger's income did not nearly measure up to the sums brought in by his wife. There must have been the old Hollywood bugaboo of the husband who ran second as a breadwinner. The man whose wife receives a jeweled bangle as a Christmas gift from her agent, while the best he can afford is a nightgown, must always be in a difficult position.

The Kargers were on an eternal house hunt but they never bought a house. While house hunting one day the Kargers looked at a mansion priced at $96,000 and Mr. Karger said, "Now, this is one I can afford." This leads to speculation about Karger's attitude and income, and whose money the Kargers were living on.

It must be remembered that it is hard for any man to be married to a woman so prominent that he himself must be self-effacing. To be Mr. Wyman is no fun. It was embarrassing when the Kargers were invited to a party and Freddie Karger's band was invited to play for the same occasion. It happened several times and Karger had to turn down the job. This meant less income provided by him.

You will recall that Jane told Louella Parsons, "Believe me, we parted very amicably." 'Believe me' has the sound of a plea and suggests that the lady doth protest too much. It could not have been so very amicable when both parties, within the space of a few days, filed for divorce from each other.

Freddie Karger is, above all, a gentleman, and a gentleman does not file for divorce unless he is very, very angry, or unless he is a publicity hound. Karger is far from being a publicity hound. He has always been the kind of man who shrinks from the glare of the spotlight. So it must be assumed that Mr. Karger had reason to be angry.

A lawyer who handles many Hollywood divorces has said, "Whenever two people file simultaneously for a divorce, it's a sure bet their respective attorneys have had a finger on the failing pulse of the marriage. They know it is spoiling for a fight and when the moment comes for it to break into the open it becomes a race to see who can file first."

Karger's lawyer, Milton Cohen, said: "There will be no fight. All Mr. Karger is interested in is his freedom."

It would appear that Freddie Karger is a proud man who wants to live again in a house that belongs to *him*, that he is a man who believes in an old-fashioned marriage. And that Jane Wyman is a proud woman who is not going to give in to circumstances, a woman who admires a modern marriage. It is possible that she realizes that sooner or later such a marriage would reduce Karger to a man without self-respect. Perhaps, in a way, the divorce will be the best thing for both of them.

Karger might have had a better chance if he could have married Sara Jane Fulks. Jane Wyman has changed a great deal since her initiation into Hollywood. In the early days she was a bouncing blonde known by everyone from the gatemen on up. She was in love with life, merry and unspoiled by success. She wanted desperately to do a dramatic part rather than the chorus cutie bits that were handed her, and when she got her first crack at it, in *Johnny Belinda*, she walked away with an Oscar. They say this did something to her. She became inaccessible, aloof, and suddenly highstrung. In short, Jane Wyman fell victim to what ails most of its stars. She had so much that there was little left for her to want.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

At a party I once gave for the drama department students at the University of Miami, I tripped and fell down several steps and cut my face on a tray I was carrying. A guest named Bob came to help me clean the cut. I was about to wash it with tap water, when, remembering his Army medical experience, Bob stopped me. He looked over the contents of the medicine cabinet and chose some articles with which he made a dressing. My doctor later told me that Robert Horton had probably saved me from having an ugly scar on my face.

Nancy Chapman
New York, New York

This sort of thing lies coiled behind almost every Hollywood divorce. Divorces here are asked for and granted on the same grounds as in the rest of the country; adultery, alcoholism, mental cruelty, etc. But in Hollywood there is something else, something that doesn't go into court records. Many of the plaintiffs aren't aware of it themselves. It is a restlessness that underlies the lives of stars, an unhealthy restlessness that comes when there is nothing left to want. It comes, too, because a star is accustomed to having every wish granted, and when a mate refuses to agree with him or her, the star blows a gasket. When you are a movie star there is less inclination, to buckle down to working out disagreements than there is when you are a housewife dependent on your husband's weekly take-home pay.

Hollywood feels sorry for both Freddie and Jane. It was a good try, but it failed. Like every divorce, in its wake lie a lot of bitter memories, as well as the sweet ones that are even harder to bear.

We wish Freddie good luck. And we hope that Jane is not yet through with love, that she will find what she is looking for. END

marry the girl

(*Continued from page 57*) My Shelley says what's on her mind, what's in her heart.

"She was very much in love with this fellow. But after all, he's an actor. You know how actors are. The whole world revolves around them. Very selfish, these European men.

"My Shelley, she says what she means and she means what she says. At least she has a wonderful girl out of the marriage. Of course the baby from the nose up looks just like the father. But even so, she's a wonderful child. Not because she's my grandchild. Ask anyone. You just have to look at her and you know that she is a superior child."

In Milan Gassman heard Shelley's stipulations for a divorce: (a) $95,000, (b) marriage to Miss Ferrero, (c) abandonment of all visitation rights to his daughter. He clenched his teeth in anger, his face reddened and for a few moments he couldn't talk.

When he could, he exploded. "Absurd! Who ever heard of such a thing! She must be out of her mind. I don't object to her financial demands. But this business of not letting me see my own child is crazy.

"As for my marrying Miss Ferrero, why, that's absurd, too."

"Maybe you and Shelley will reconcile," a reporter suggested.

"Not likely," Gassman snapped. "Not after this."

"I am a friend of them both," interrupted Pietro Ardenzi, Gassman's manager, "and I will try to reconcile them. But many of these things Mrs. Gassman has said about her husband are not true. Not true. He has never used a publicity agent in the United States. Vittorio is a great artist. You cannot deny such a man the right to visit his child."

When Shelley read her husband's statement, she summoned reporters again and told them that she would fight tooth and nail and exhaust every legal possibility to retain complete custody of her child.

"Vittorio was too busy acting on the stage in Italy even to come to Los Angeles when Vittoria, our little girl, was born," she thundered. "Then he finally did come. He stayed with us for a couple of weeks, and in all that time, he played with her maybe for five minutes.

"It has always been his work—his work and himself—that mattered. Nothing else.

"Why, I had to throw his clothes out on our front lawn before he finally agreed to take out any life insurance. There isn't a judge living in America who would give him custody of the child after I get through testifying."

While Shelley was discussing the legal aspects of the case, her attorney in Los Angeles, foxy old Jerry Geisler was saying nothing. Instead, he drove down to the Superior Court House in Santa Monica and unobtrusively filed, on behalf of his excitable client, a suit for separate maintenance.

In that suit Shelley charges mental cruelty and agrees that her husband is entitled to reasonable visitation rights. She wants custody of the child, which is all right with Gassman.

The truth of the Shelley-Vittorio battle is that Anna Maria Ferrero had little to do with it, although she undoubtedly aroused Shelley's jealousy. Before Shelley left for Rome, she had a pretty good idea that her marriage was finished. She had battled with Gassman all over Beverly Hills, accusing him of selfishness, egoism, lack of consideration, conceit and a dozen or two additional inadequacies as a husband.

Most of all, she could not tolerate Vittorio's seemingly cold attitude toward their child, about whom she is completely daffy.

Gassman is not an emotional man. "I don't get excited," he once said. "I am logical and self-controlled. Shelley is just the opposite. I put my work first. A man does not throw away his life for love or the lack of love. My work dictates to me how I must live. My work, not my love.

"I always have been calm. I practice intellectual control. Other people say that show business is hectic, all mixed up. Not for me. I like to know what I am doing and what I am capable of doing.

"To me love does not mean childish things. It means companionship. But I cannot remake Shelley's personality, and she cannot remake mine."

Vittorio has another daughter, Paula, eight, by a previous marriage, and although she lives in Rome, Vittorio's headquarters, he sees relatively little of her. He is always working. As a member of his troupe put it, "He is married to the stage. He is not the perfect father."

Shelley tried to mask her feelings but when Vittorio failed to show up for the birth of their child last February she was badly hurt.

She felt in her heart that he no longer cared for her. Perhaps she was right. Apparently, she has always loved him infinitely more than he loved her. The sad part of it all is that she still loves him.

Perhaps by now they have reconciled or are planning to. Certainly it's not beyond them. Shelley will take her Vittorio on practically any basis, even one which permits him the privilege of being a part-time husband, which is exactly what he has been.

Shelley's lawyer, Jerry Geisler, admitted that "Shelley is still in love with that guy. I think she hoped for a reconciliation when she went to Italy. That was my understanding. But after she left this country in December I didn't hear from her.

"Not until the middle of January. Then she called from Rome and said, 'Go ahead with the suit. I want you to file it first thing Monday morning.' "

Gassman has said many times that Shelley, a great saleswoman, has tried to Americanize him too quickly.

"She wants me to dress like an American, to talk like an American, even to drive like an American. After all, I am a human being, entitled to retain my own nature.

"The demands of my work have kept me very busy. But in eighteen months I have spent $3250 in long distance calls to Shelley and more than $6500 in plane tickets. How much can you ask of a man?

"I cannot help it if the movies I have been in have been shot in Mexico and New York. I cannot tie myself to Shelley's apron strings.

"That I love our daughter just as much as Shelley does, I swear. I cannot get as emotional about her as Shelley does because that is just not my nature."

Shelley and Vittorio were an unlikely combination from the beginning. It is not true that Vittorio married the blonde bombshell merely to gain entrance to the United States and Hollywood. But perhaps their great love for each other wasn't quite that.

Shelley was ripe for marriage. For years she and Farley Granger had been involved in a phony love affair for publicity. She had really loved Marlon Brando and Liam O'Brien. Those loves came to nothing in 1950 and 1951. She had played according to their rules, and was left with memories, presumably not happy. The happier Shelley's professional life, the emptier her private one.

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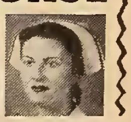

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In November, 1951, when supposedly she was touring Europe with her "Farfel," her favorite name for Farley Granger, she left him and flew to Rome. Frank Lattimore, the English actor, introduced her to Vittorio.

He moved in quickly, with charm and tact. Poor Shelley's Hollywood romances had hardly prepared her for such an approach.

Gassman took Shelley to the Passeto, then to the Caballa, another wonderful little café on the banks of the Tiber. He introduced her to his mother and sister. Soulfully, he confessed that although he was separated, he was still married to the daughter of Italian actor Renzo Ricci. He told her about his seven-year-old daughter, Paula. He told her how he had been drafted into Mussolini's army. It wasn't long before Shelley was giving out with her biography. They stayed up until five-thirty A.M.

They spent one week together in Rome. In that one week, Shelley fell for Vittorio like an atom bomb. When she got back to the States, she sent him a cable: "I'm lonely and I'm sending you a kiss."

"I'm lonely, too," he cabled back, "and I'm returning your kiss." Then he walked down to the TWA office in Rome and got a reservation on a flight to Los Angeles.

When he turned up in Hollywood, Shelley was overjoyed.

"But I can only stay six days," Vittorio said.

"You mean you flew six thousand miles just to spend less than a week here?"

Vittorio nodded.

"It must be love," Shelley cracked. And she really felt that way. She took Vittorio around to all her friends, showed him off with great pride. Before he left to make a film in Spain, they discussed his impending annulment and their subsequent marriage—by proxy in Mexico, or a regular marriage in Mexico. Shelley wasn't sure of the details. "All I know is that I'm going to marry him."

Vittorio is sharp and observant. In his first week in Hollywood he learned a lot about Shelley. He saw that she was aggressive and verbose in order to hide her insecurity. He learned that childhood rejection lay behind her unbridled ambition. Stories of her childhood in St. Louis and Brooklyn meant relatively little to him but he was impressed because Hollywood respected Shelley as an actress. Maybe she *was* sloppy; maybe her posture and her frankness left much to be desired. But certainly she was a grade A actress. To Vittorio that was 90%. He loves talent.

Shelley was nominated for an Academy Award for her performance in *A Place In The Sun* and that, too, added lustre.

Vittorio was sure he was right in obtaining his annulment. Presently Shelley joined him in Italy. Then they flew to Hollywood and when the annulment came through, down to Juarez, Mexico, where they were married. This was in April, 1952.

People are optimistic everywhere, but especially in Hollywood. They believe that marriage changes the partners involved. It doesn't change their basic personalities, although after her marriage Shelley kept saying, "I'm a new person, a new woman. Honestly. You have no idea how much I've changed," she elaborated. "I guess it's because I'm in love with an extraordinary man. He's given me security. For the first time in my life I have security.

"I'm not so frantic any more. I wasn't upset when I didn't win the Academy Award. Two years ago I would have cried my eyes out. Now I just don't care. I see everything in its proper perspective.

"Remember how scared I used to be about money, how frightened when they took me off salary? Now, I don't worry. I have someone to take care of me, and he's just wonderful. In all the time we've been together we haven't had a single fight."

Soon the fights began. Shelley tried to get Vittorio to take an American haircut. "Those Italian barbers cut hair so funny," she said. Vittorio told her to mind her own hair.

She said she loved Italian food and was going to specialize in learning how to prepare it. Vittorio said, "Never mind. I really prefer French cooking."

In a little while it became obvious that he preferred Italy to California. He agreed to sign a contract at MGM but only if he could have six months free to return to Europe and his stock company.

Shelley, of course, went all-out for her new husband. She praised him to the skies. She took advertisements in the trade papers. She told everyone who would listen that he was the greatest actor Italy had ever produced. She clung to him with a desperation that was almost pitiful, as if she secretly knew that her time and her happiness with him was limited.

There were many quarrels. Presently, she was pregnant. It was a miserable pregnancy, and most of the time Vittorio was out of the country. When the child was finally born, she almost choked to death and had to be put into an incubator. Shelley needed help and encouragement and a husband. But the husband was 6,000 miles away.

"Shelley is a mature young woman," Gassman told a reporter. "I know she will understand. I will be in Hollywood in a few weeks." His encouragement was entirely by telephone.

When Vittorio arrived last spring and saw his daughter, Vittoria Gina, for the first time, he was pleased but not overdemonstrative. Shelley was bitterly hurt. In a voice that might have been heard in Cucamonga she gave vent to her feelings. Vittorio began to look at timetables. He went to Switzerland after he finished *Rhapsody* with Elizabeth Taylor. Then he told Shelley he had to return to Rome. She recognized an awful truth—that her husband seemed always anxious to leave.

Hollywood suspected last December that the marriage was almost over, but Shelley publicly refused to admit its failure. After Vittorio left town she insisted that their relationship was excellent and that she would follow him in a few weeks and that they would co-star in a picture, *Mambo*.

Then, just before she left for Rome, she asked Jerry Geisler to draw up separation papers and hold them until she telephoned from Europe. If she didn't phone, everything was fine. She and Vittorio had worked out their differences. If she did phone then Geisler would file the suit.

On January 16, the call from Shelley Winters in Rome came through. **END**

DRESS REHEARSAL

When the Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassman separate maintenance suit comes up in the California Superior Court, it is going to be a vindictive battle. But the dialogue will be clever. Here is a prelude to that battle staged by the two participants in Rome a few weeks ago. Point for point, Shelley commented on Vittorio's remarks.

GASSMAN: *Unfortunately, it is all over. Once two lovers have separated their friendship is finished.*

SHELLEY: *Bunk. We were never two people in love. I was in love with him. And he was in love with him.*

GASSMAN: *Divorce is now the only possible solution.*

SHELLEY: *He can have a divorce when he agrees to support our baby. Until then it will remain a separation.*

GASSMAN: *In letters to each other almost six months ago, Shelley and I agreed upon a divorce.*

SHELLEY: *Baloney. He asked me for a divorce when the baby was 11 weeks old. I told him I'd come to Italy with the baby and that we'd try to make the marriage work. Then I came and found he had another interest. He was the one who asked for the divorce. I loved the guy. But now all of that is in the past tense.*

GASSMAN: *From now on I am more interested in art than finance.*

SHELLEY: *That's a hot one. I got two Academy Award nominations and now I'm more interested in finance.*

GASSMAN: *I will never, however, drop my rights as a good father to my 10-month old daughter.*

SHELLEY: *As a good father he should know his baby is now 11 months old.*

GASSMAN: *I want people to know that it was only after a long series of quarrels that I asked for a divorce.*

SHELLEY: *We were never together long enough for a long series of anything. The only time he stayed at my house was when he was making a movie—and probably only because he wanted to save rent.*

GASSMAN: *I must say something in defense of Anna Maria Ferrero. I have only a sincere friendship for this girl.*

SHELLEY: *Then why did he ask me to leave him because—and these are his own words—he had "an important sentimental relationship with the girl." I insist that he must marry her. Something must be done to compel him to treat her as a human being instead of a toy. I cannot blame her for what's happened, and I don't. But the truth is that their affair goes back a long time. I'm no dummy and I know they were constantly seen together last summer at the film festival in Venice.*

GASSMAN: *From now on, my main interest will be the theatre, not the movies.*

SHELLEY: *That's great. As you probably know, Metro dropped his option.*

GASSMAN: *A lot has been said about my not being in Hollywood when our baby was born. That was because I was working in a play here in Rome.*

SHELLEY: *He asked me to stay out of Italy because he didn't want to be bothered with a pregnant woman. As soon as he had a picture offer he dropped his play like hot cakes and hustled right over.*

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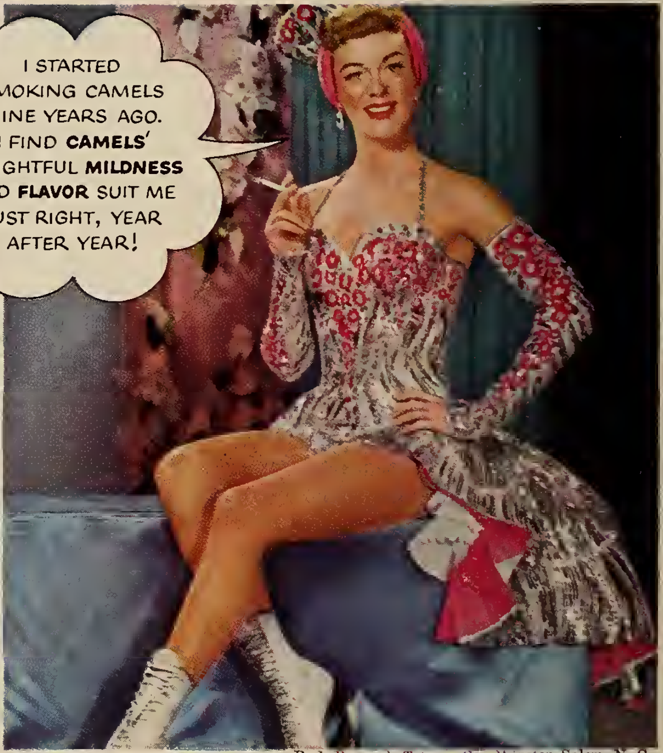

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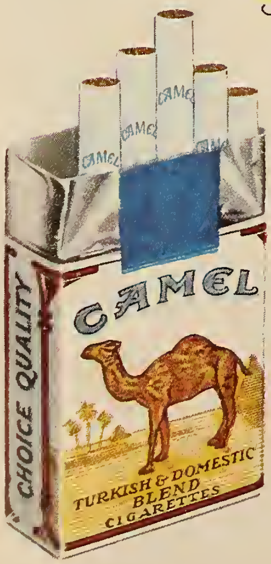

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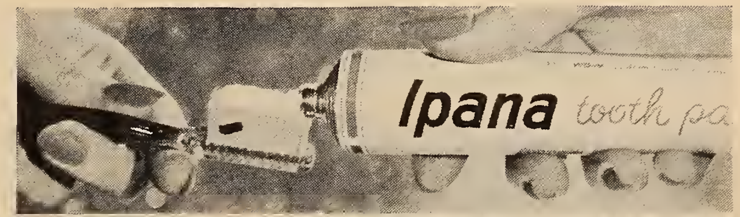

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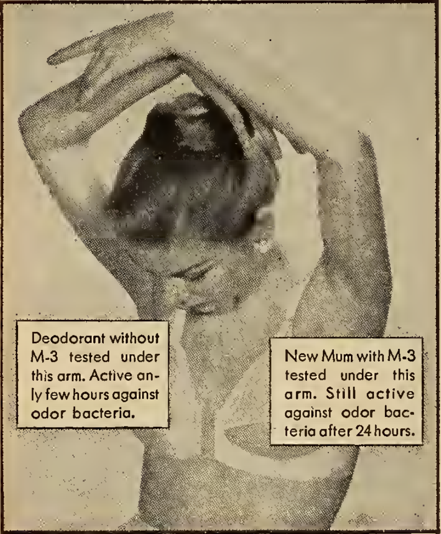
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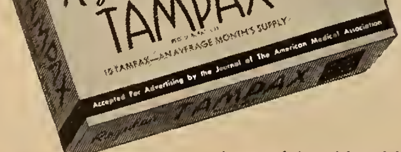
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THE INSIDE STORY

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angles 48, Cal.

Q. Stewart Granger is supposed to be such a he-man. How come he was invalided out of the British Army?
—T.E., New York, N. Y.

A. *Stomach ulcer.*

Q. Is it true that Bob Wagner and Dan Dailey double date, and that Dan taught Wagner everything he knows about women?
—H.C., Salinas, Calif.

A. *No.*

Q. I've been told that Red Skelton is impossible to live with, impossible to work for. How much of this is true?
—B.Y., Chicago, Ill.

A. *A lovable character, Skelton is nevertheless eccentric and difficult to live with.*

Q. Is Jackie Gleason a tyrant in the Arthur Godfrey sense of the word?
—B.E., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. *Gleason rules his* TV *show with an iron hand.*

Q. Does Judy Garland see much of her five-year-old stepson, John Luft?
—B.W., Atlanta, Ga.

A. *Yes. He plays with Judy's two daughters at the Luft home several days each week.*

Q. Is there anything to the Fred MacMurray-June Haver romance, or is it publicity? —C.I., St. Paul, Minn.

A. *There is a genuinely warm friendship between these two.*

Q. Does Burt Lancaster really hate fan magazine writers?
—V.L., Indianapolis, Ind.

A. *No; he recently held a reception for them.*

Q. In *Moulin Rouge*, did Zsa Zsa Gabor really sing? If not, who did?
—K.T., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Muriel Smith.*

Q. Is Jack Benny's daughter who just got married a natural daughter or was she adopted?—E.O., Milwaukee, Wis.

A. *Joan Benny was adopted.*

Q. Does Terry Moore ever talk about her first husband, Glenn Davis?
—N.Y., Richfield, Utah

A. *No more than she can help.*

Q. Doesn't William Holden see to it that his brother gets a part in each of his pictures? —B.D., Denver, Col.

A. *No, although his brother, Richard Beedle, did have a small part in* Stalag 17.

Q. I recently saw Jack Palance in a picture that reminded me of *The Lodger* with Laird Cregar and Merle Oberon. Can you tell me how many versions there have been of this picture?
—N.F., Detroit, Mich.

A. *Four.*

Q. Is there any chance of an eventual marriage between Shelley Winters and Farley Granger? Is it true that Vittorio Gassman married Shelley so that he could get into the United States?
—B.V., Perth Amboy, N. J.

A. *No on both counts.*

Q. Who is the Hollywood executive with whom singer Eartha Kitt has been seen?
—K.G., New York, N. Y.

A. *Arthur Loew, Jr.*

Q. Is it true that the wives of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis don't mix socially? —H.F., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Will John Wayne marry Pilar Pallette when his divorce becomes final?
—E.L., Dallas, Texas

A. *Probably.*

Q. What is Rock Hudson's real name, Roy Scherer or Roy Fitzgerald?
—J.U., Columbus, Idaho

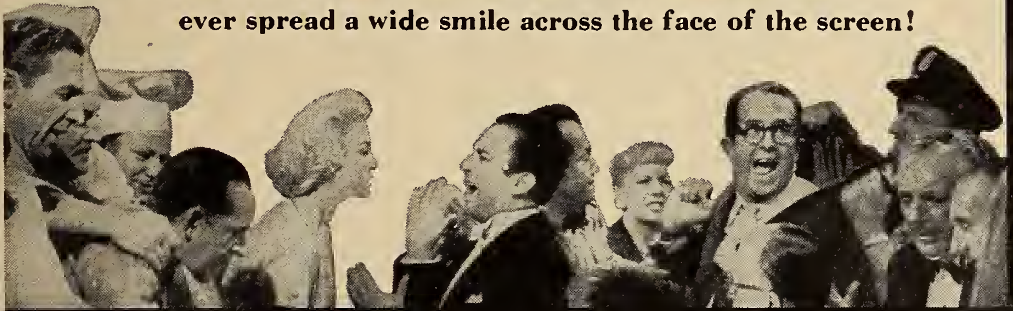
A. *His father's name is Fitzgerald; his stepfather's name is Scherer. His stepfather brought him up.*

Q. I heard a rumor that Doris Day dislikes Bob Hope and will never work with him again. Why is this?
—C.L., Lincoln, Neb.

(*Continued on page 28*)

DORIS DAY AND CINEMASCOPE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

A gal is just a girl until a guy starts chasing her . . . a song is just some notes until a doll like Doris sings 'em . . . and this is just a hint of all its huge happiness—the fastest-paced pleasure that ever spread a wide smile across the face of the screen!



WARNERS' "LUCKY ME" IS ULTRA-NEW LOOK IN MUSICALS!

"Lucky Me" STARS **DORIS DAY · ROBERT CUMMINGS · PHIL SILVERS** **CINEMASCOPE**

AND **WARNERCOLOR** *With these all-pop all-top new hits:* 'I SPEAK TO THE STARS' 'LOVE YOU DEARLY' 'TAKE A MEMO TO THE MOON' 'MEN' 'I WANNA SING LIKE AN ANGEL' 'HIGH HOPES' 'BLUEBELLS OF BROADWAY' 'SUPERSTITION SONG' 'PARISIAN PRETTIES'

SCREEN PLAY BY JAMES O'HANLON, ROBERT O'BRIEN AND IRVING ELINSON · FROM A STORY BY JAMES O'HANLON · PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE · DIRECTED BY JACK DONOHUE · MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

The talk of the town was *The Toast Of The Town* telecast from Hollywood celebrating MGM's thirtieth anniversary.

Emanating live from Hollywood, the full-hour Sunday night telecast was hailed as the most ambitious collection of top performers ever seen on TV.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

ARLENE DAHL HAS A NEW ROMANCE . . . PROPER PETER LAWFORD . . . ROCKY

When Arlene Dahl broke up with Fernando Lamas, the redhead said, "I'm through with love."

But love, apparently, isn't through with Arlene.

Head over heels in love with her is Rudolph Schirmer, son of famed music publisher Gus Schirmer. Arlene and Rudolph did not date for months after he was separated from his wife and he thought the lady had obtained her Reno divorce before he and the Dahl doll started going around in Hollywood.

But after more than seven weeks in Reno—Mrs. Schirmer changed her mind for some reason (you can guess why) and for a rather frantic forty-eight hours denied that she would divorce Schirmer.

Arlene was really frantic at the implication that she had broken up a marriage—which she certainly had not.

"I know both Mr. and Mrs. Schirmer," Arlene told me, "and it was *she* who first told me that she and her husband were separated."

Whether or not he and Arlene will be married all depends on the lady.

If there were hard feelings between Doris Day and her boss, Jack Warner, you'd never have guessed it at Jack's beautiful party for Pierre de Gaulle, former Mayor of Paris.

Just twenty-four hours previously, Jack had blown his top when Doris failed to show up to record the final musical number in *Lucky Me*.

He ordered the cast dismissed, said the song would be cut from the picture, and also said quite a few other things about temperamental stars and one star in particular!

What got Doris' nose out of joint was that Judy Garland had been given four days of rest at Ojai Valley before she (Judy) recorded her songs for *A Star Is Born*.

When I first heard that Doris was AWOL, I called to get *her* version.

"I have an earache," she said, "but really I've had no trouble with the studio." Oh, Doris!

"When Mr. Warner hears I've been ill, I'm sure he'll change his mind and put the song back in the picture," she opined. You were right, Doris.

Doris went on, "Also, I wish you'd deny for me the silly talk that I'm unhappy about Judy Garland. Or that I am trying to copy her by arriving late on the set—or staying home.

It starred Jane Powell, Ann Blyth, Esther Williams in dances, songs and skits . . . all this and Ed Sullivan, too!

Gene Kelly, Lana Turner and Walter Pidgeon were among the stars. Lana's routine, "Gentlemen Of The Press," was her TV debut, won raves.

No novice on TV was Ann Blyth, who recently starred in a successful telecast of *A Place In The Sun* with John Derek, Marilyn Erskine.

Esther Williams and Van Johnson were a twosome, having recently co-starred in the Technicolor hit, *Easy To Love,* with Tony Martin.

Stars watched fellow-stars on monitor screen.

Ed Sullivan, TV's most famous mc and guiding light of *The Toast Of The Town,* gave last-minute instructions to the stars, remained unsmiling as usual. Fears that the show might become a hodgepodge of uncoordinated acts proved false; critics acclaimed fine direction and handling of talent.

NEWS

COOPER SOUNDS OFF . . . MARTHA HYER'S LOST LOVE . . . DORIS DAY IS EMBARRASSED . . . PARTYING PAIRS

"It's the same old talk that went the rounds when Peggy Lee made a picture at Warners. It's all so embarrassing."

TO GET BACK to the Warner party, it was a dilly.

The surprise twosome was Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess, back together, holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes as ardently as though Ursula had not said a few weeks back, "Bob and I are washed up."

Scott Brady's former heart, Dorothy Malone, danced almost every number with millionaire Alfred Vanderbilt and I must say his taste is good. Dorothy was one of the loveliest girls present.

Vera-Ellen wore one of her fabulous costume jewelry necklaces, this one of brilliant orange-colored stones which matched her orange-colored bouffant gown.

Merle Oberon's glittering emeralds were not costume but the real thing, and they were beautifully set off by the stunning green gown she wore.

There are few girls in our town who have blossomed out more than Jeanne Crain. Formerly very much an ingénue despite her status as a married woman with four children Mrs. Paul Brinkman has suddenly become one of our wittiest girls. Jeanne's new touch of sophistication in her talk and dress is *très* becoming.

Mari Blanchard, the sultry siren of U-I, is one of the lovelies I admire just as much with her new dark tresses as I did when she was blonde. She's a blonde naturally, but the dark hair is becoming.

The newest divorcée, Corinne Calvet, was escorted by producer Mike Todd, but I noticed that Carlos Thompson, who came stag, cut in on several of their dances.

All in all, it was a *big* night.

ALL RIGHT, all right, so Peter Lawford wanted to be socially correct and have the announcement of his approaching marriage to Patricia Kennedy come from the Kennedy family.

But did he have to go to such extremes in denying my scoop as to say:

"Hah! Absolutely nothing to it. I enjoy my freedom too much."

And, the very next day, former Ambassador (to England) Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy confirmed my story that Pete and Pat would be married the week after Easter.

"The "Young Skin" Treatment" that works!

Hundreds of disturbed complexions clearer, smoother—often in less than 2 weeks

Are you panicky over "pores" that look bigger and bigger . . . oiliness that gushes through make-up . . . a new crop of blackheads every day?

The *cause* of "Young Skin" problems is often this: the oil glands start *over* producing. At the same time, the skin's normal casting off of dead cells slows down. These dead flakes pile up, *choke* the pore openings. Then "pores" start to enlarge, blackheads appear.

The corrective, say skin doctors, is to *clear* off dead skin and excess oil. Now —Pond's brings you a treatment based on this medical theory. Hundreds of girls with problem skin say it *works!*

"Tightens" large pores reduces oiliness leaves skin soft—never flaky!

For a clearer skin—every day cover face deeply, except eyes, with cool greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action dissolves away oil and dead skin, *frees* the tiny skin glands. Leave on 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. *See* the results! Girls say: "It really *helped.*" "Pores look much smaller." "My skin feels so *clean!*"

AND—for ungreasy powder base—a *touch of* Pond's Vanishing Cream.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

IT TAKES just one good argument to start divorce rumors in our town, and Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall had that one good argument right in front of Chasen's, one of the top spy spots of the town.

The following morning, when reporters checked the Halls to find out which one was going to Las Vegas, Morty got on the phone and said:

"Listen, fellas. It was two-thirty in the morning. My wife said to me, 'I wish you hadn't had that last drink.' If there is a wife in the world who, at sometime or another, hasn't said this to her husband he's got to be a teetotaler or else he's dead!

"Ruth and I are very happy. We'll probably have a few more disputes in public. Think nothing of it."

JANE POWELL, who had a terrible time getting out of the ingénue class on the screen (she got out off screen when she broke up her marriage), says to all girls who have a yen to be sophisticated:

"Wear red. I'm sure you'll find it's more effective than black in causing the boys to turn their heads."

GOSSIP IS THAT one of the reasons Marlon Brando walked out on *The Egyptian* is that he is "emotionally upset" that his long time girl friend, Movita, walked out on him.

The story goes that Movita is tired of holding his hand—and head—unless a wedding ring goes with the job. And Marlon just can't make up his mind to get married.

Somebody said that marriage would have been a lot cheaper than the $2,000,000 suit slapped on him by 20th Century-Fox after Marlon came to the coast, had wardrobe fittings, sat in on a rehearsal with the entire cast—and then suddenly blew Hollywood without even a wave of the hand to the studio which already has $1,000,000 invested in this film without a camera turning.

In these times of tight budgets, there's nothing funny to the studio about Brando's disappearing act and the abrupt communiqué from his New York psychiatrist that he is "too muddled" emotionally to work.

But one of the executives piped up, "When he reported wearing a Homburg, a clean shirt and his pants pressed, I knew *something* had to snap!"

EVERY TIME the phone rang at Zsa Zsa Gabor's "Come-As-Your-Favorite-Person" party, someone would crack that it was George Sanders asking if he could send over a butler (presumably the same one Zsa Zsa accused him of "stealing" when he moved out of her home).

There was a photographer for about every three guests, which isn't too surprising, Zsa Zsa being Zsa Zsa.

Ann Miller and her beau, Dr. Al Mietus, created the biggest sensation as the *Male* and *Female Kinsey Reports*. (Just evening clothes with signs, kids.)

Geary Steffen came as the White Rabbit, a bit of subtlety which eludes me.

Exotic newcomer Bella Darvi was a Rainbow and Brad Dexter her Pot o' Gold.

John Ireland, and four other gents, came as Howard Hughes!

Mrs. James Mason wore a nightgown with oodles and oodles of jewels which she said represented the hostess going to bed.

Everyone thought Zsa Zsa was a cinch to come as herself. But she fooled 'em and came as herself as Jane Avril in *Moulin Rouge*.

What a gal. But never let it be said that she isn't good copy and doesn't supply color to the Hollywood scene.

IN A WAY it's more like a movie plot than any movie she's ever played in.

I mean beautiful Martha Hyer's real life romance with a man who is not free to marry her.

She did not break up his home. She didn't meet the handsome actor until he and his wife decided to separate hoping the "time out" would help them to solve their problems. Neither the husband nor the wife wanted a divorce because of their two children whom both adored.

It's the irony of fate that during this estrangement Martha should have met the man and fallen very much in love with him.

He didn't try to fool her. He didn't say he wanted or expected a divorce from his wife. He told her truthfully that he didn't know whether they would be able to work it out—or not.

Martha herself was just recovering from the wounds of a broken marriage to Ray Stahl. She had been dreadfully unhappy until this new love came into her life.

If this were a typical Hollywood story about people who throw themselves headlong into an emotion, the ending would be that the man divorced his wife and married Martha.

Instead, it is a different story about a girl who doesn't want a broken home on her conscience nor could they be happy with each other when both were conscious of his

Terry Moore, escorted by Tab Hunter, arrived at the *Red Garters* première in a horse-drawn carriage. And of course, she wore one red garter!

Still a frequent twosome are Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor. Gwen's Las Vegas tiff with Dan seems to have ended reconciliation hopes.

New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

You'll be head over heels in love with the way your hair shines and shimmers . . . silky soft, silky bright, silky smooth—after you've used new Drene. So gleaming, *so* glamorous . . . your *silkened* hair!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!

Lathers like lightning—

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.

This is a New Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

I dreamed I went to a masquerade
in my maidenform* bra®

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette in fine white cotton broadcloth, acetate satin, or nylon taffeta . . . from $2.00. There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure.*

COSTUME BY JOHN FREDERICS **JEWELS BY TRIFARI**

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

Popular pair June Haver and Fred MacMurray were among the Hollywood delegation which flew to the first annual Brazilian Film Festival at Sao Paulo.

The largest official group ever sent to an international festival by Hollywood, it included 18 stars as well as top executives. Among the stars were Jane Powell, Edward G. Robinson, Rhonda Fleming, Ann Miller, Bob Cummings, Irene Dunne, Joan Fontaine.

strong obligations to the family he left.

When there was a chance of a reconciliation, even though it broke her heart, Martha told him, "Go home to your wife and children—and never regret that you did the *right* thing."

WHEN BEAUTIFUL Lorraine Chanel, the luscious model Gary Cooper dated in Mexico City, arrived unexpectedly in Hollywood just a few days after Gary landed here, Mrs. Cooper (Rocky) said:

"So what? Suppose Gary did take her out in Mexico. I don't expect him to sit home nights when we are parted. We're much too civilized for that."

But Rocky wasn't so civilized at a recent party that she didn't tell off in no uncertain words a certain charmer who seemed, at least to her, to be occupying too much of big Coop's attention.

Eavesdroppers were enthralled by Rocky's choice of words to the belle as she took her husband's arm and steered him to a neutral corner of the room.

AVA GARDNER and Shelley Winters have struck up a friendship in Rome and Shelley writes: "Both Ava and I are getting fat on this Italian food."

Shelley on the plump side I can imagine. But *Ava*? This belle has always had trouble keeping her bones covered.

THE LETTER BOX: "You don't like Lana Turner's dark hair and you've been very skeptical about her marriage to Lex Barker," chides Vera Campenelli of Dallas. "Is there anything you like about Lana?" Yes, Vera—I like Lana.

Johnny Laliberti, Montreal, Canada, writes: "I am employed as a bellhop in the Hotel De La Salle where Miss Dorothy Lamour and her troupe stayed during her nightclub appearance at Chez Paree. May I say, Miss Parsons, that this lovely lady, so kind, so gracious and so cordial to everyone, is the best ambassador from Hollywood who has ever visited our town."

"It makes me laugh to read that Marilyn Monroe has pushed Betty Grable off the throne as Queen of Hollywood musicals," writes Robert McArdy, San Antonio. "Wait until Marilyn equals Betty's record as Queen of the Box Office for six years straight before such extravagant claims are made for her."

Many, many letters from all over the world, Sweden, Ireland, Australia and Italy, all asking in effect: "What is the *real* trouble with Mario Lanza? Please tell us the truth." The truth is, no one knows what is the matter with Mario. His closest friends admit that he is "mixed-up" and some of them go so far as to say he needs psychiatric aid.

Frank Sinatra's fans have had a sticker printed which they paste on all their letters, reading: FRANK SINATRA'S FANS WILL LOVE HIM "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY." And no doubt they will!

Mrs. Alice Hakarine, of Virginia, Minnesota, is just one who writes this month with raves for *The Robe* and special raves for Richard Burton.

Ignaeio Aurrecoechea sends a blast from Manila, Philippine Islands, "Why you insult Liz Taylor? Always you print nothing nice about Liz." Is that so? I challenge you, señor, to send me a clipping in which I have insulted Liz.

After getting the above off his chest, Ignaeio calms down and tells me about the American actors and actresses who are popular in his country. "The box office draws here," he writes, "are Virginia Mayo, Ann Blyth, Eleanor Parker, Susan Hayward, Gregory Peck, James Mason, Liz Taylor, Ricardo Montalban, Martin and Lewis, Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie."

I've used more letters than usual in this month's LETTER BOX because the mail from all over the world was particularly heavy—and interesting, don't you think?

That's all for now. See you next month.

Jeff Hunter and his pretty wife, Barbara Rush, brought their own movie camera, hoping to get a picture of Brazilian President Vargas.

Pat Nerney escorted Jane Powell to the plane. Group was joined by Eric Johnston, named official U.S. delegate by President Eisenhower.

Are you in the know?

For a good Spring tonic, try —

☐ *Sulphur and molasses* ☐ *Shreds and patches*

Has Spring turned the gang into social sluggards? Get 'em stirring—on a Hobo Hike. Boys to be rigged in old, beat-up togs; girls in jeans 'n' jackets with gay, sewn-on patches. Bring a kettle. Have everyone tote a can of eats, for stew; then use the emptied tins instead of plates. It's fun! And instead of being a mope-at-home on trying days—choose Kotex. See how *comfortable* you can be with this softness that *holds its shape!*

Should you use an antiperspirant —

☐ *Before bathing* ☐ *Instead of bathing* ☐ *Like a bunny*

If underarm moisture baffles you, do you use an antiperspirant *properly?* After bathing, towel your armpits pronto. Then apply the dryer-upper *quick like a bunny*—to close your pore "doors" before perspiration starts! But in *sanitary* protection, *absorbency* is what you need—and get (non-fail!) with Kotex. Those special flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines.

Which would improve this duet?

☐ *Clothes harmony* ☐ *A harp* ☐ *Ear muffs*

Vocally, these hopefuls may rate. But to style-sharp eyes, her outfit's off key. What's wrong with that newsworthy print? *Nothing*—if she'd worn an "*un*busy" hat! Follow the single feature plan, costume-wise. Just as in buying Kotex you select the *one* size that does most for you: Regular, Junior or Super.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue? It's the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues. Each tissue tears evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. What's more, *now* you can get Delsey in your favorite bath towel colors: pink, yellow, green, blue—as well as white. Ask for Delsey where you buy Kleenex tissues.

ROMANCE OF THE YEAR

All the world loves these two lovers—June Haver and Fred MacMurray!

June and Fred met at Ned Marin's party.

■ Hollywood has never had a more popular romance than that of June Haver and Fred MacMurray.

In the prolonged illness and death of his wife last year, Fred MacMurray's life was filled with deep sorrow. June Haver was forced to abandon her life as a novitiate after she had decided to dedicate herself to a religious life.

For more than two months they have been constant companions, and they were together in Brazil and Argentina for the film festivals.

But Fred says nothing about June unless he is more or less trapped into it. And June appears to be frightened of public reaction. She'll never know whether it is favorable or not unless she goes back to her old practice of giving out honest interviews. Apparently, she feels that her interest in Fred MacMurray has been too brief to be the subject of prolonged interviews. And until recently, she has had no career to talk about. But she has hardly been away, and now she has started her comeback with her fine performance in the CBS television show, *Trouble Along The Way*. Unless there is a last-minute hitch, she will be one of the stars in Columbia's *My Sister Eileen.*

June has dropped ten pounds and is as trim and pretty as she was at the height of her career. As pretty, her friends think, as a bride. And she might be just that before the year goes by.

YOU'VE GOT A FRONT ROW SEAT AT THAT FABULOUS BROADWAY MUSICAL REVUE... WITH ITS STARS, SONGS, DANCES, FUN...ITS THEATRE EXCITEMENT INTACT! AT POPULAR PRICES... FILMED THROUGH THE MAGIC OF

CINEMASCOPE

EDWARD L. ALPERSON
presents
LEONARD SILLMAN'S

NEW FACES

in glorious COLOR

in the wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND

Hear **EARTHA KITT** sing
C'EST SI BON, SANTA BABY,
USKADARA,
MONOTONOUS, BAL PETIT BAL,
LOVE IS A SIMPLE THING!

Starring
Ronny **GRAHAM** · Eartha **KITT**
Robert **CLARY** · Alice **GHOSTLEY**
Directed by HARRY HORNER · Co-producer BERMAN SWARTTZ

also starring
JUNE CARROLL · VIRGINIA DE LUCE · PAUL LYNDE
BILL MULLIKIN · ROSEMARY O'REILLY
ALLEN CONROY · JIMMY RUSSELL

Did he have a right to suspect her?

Dunbar was in a troubled state of mind. The honeymoon was scarcely over, but, lately, his wife was acting strangely indifferent. She responded reluctantly to his affectionate advances and seemed repelled by his kisses. Was she tiring of him? Was there another man? He suspected everything . . . everything that is, but the truth.

One of the worst things about halitosis is that it is so easy to offend without even realizing it. Halitosis comes and goes . . . absent one day, present the next . . . and you may never know when. So why rely on lesser precautions when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a record of *proven* performance.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

A Product of
The Lambert Company

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

I LOVE YOU—TODAY

But tomorrow Corinne and John may be finally divorced.

■ A California divorce doesn't become final for twelve months. This affords Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield plenty of time to reconsider.

Corinne has filed for divorce but she admits, "I still love John."

Bromfield says, "I not only love her but I can't get her out of my blood."

"But," says Corinne, "I don't believe John knows what he wants. I can't seem to make him happy. I offered to give up my career even though he never asked me to."

Parisienne Corinne came to Hollywood to work for Paramount Pictures in 1947. Dropped because she didn't learn English fast enough, she was "discovered" by actor John Bromfield. He introduced her to Hal Wallis who promptly signed her.

A few months later John and Corinne were married. Whereupon Corinne announced, "I used to think European men were the best lovers in the world. Marriage to John has changed my opinion. In every American there is some European. All a wife has to do is to wake it up."

While Corinne was doing this, her career was zooming. But husband John was dropped by Wallis and took small parts in B pictures.

"Two careers in one family have nothing to do with it," John says. "Corinne's return to Europe to make some films broke up the rhythm of our marriage.

"When she got back we separated, and I missed her terribly. We reconciled but then we started fighting again. After five and a half years we had grown more apart than together.

"I'm still crazy about her, and maybe we'll reconcile."

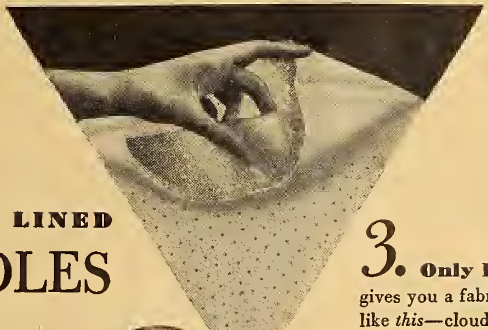
As for Corinne: "All I want for my Johnny is to be happy, if not with me, then with someone else."

Which is why John and Corinne will probably wind up together. The California divorce law is a wise one for impetuous people.

NOW! 3 Great Exclusive Features in One Sensational Girdle!

1. Only Playtex gives you the fabulous fit and control of latex, without a seam, stitch, stay, or bone!

2. Only Playtex gives you adjustable latex garters that let you stand, sit, stoop, or stretch in complete freedom!



3. Only Playtex gives you a fabric lining like *this*—cloud-soft and cloud-comfortable!

Playtex® FABRIC LINED GIRDLES

with 4 durably reinforced adjustable garters

No other girdles like them! Smooth latex with cloud-soft fabric lining, these sensational Playtex girdles are invisible under the slimmest clothes, and they have the world's only adjustable latex garters that give custom fit with a touch!

Enjoy these great exclusives in Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles. Discover the fabulous fit, the fabulous freedom only Playtex can give you. The comfort of that fabric lining. The 4 adjustable garters so firm yet so flexible that stockings are held with just the right tension whether you stand, sit, stoop or stretch!

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles are all one smooth figure-slimming piece. They're second-skin comfortable, wash—dry in a flash!

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

Playtex Fabric Lined Garter Girdles and Panty Girdles with adjustable garters—*at a low, low* $5.95. Extra-large size, $6.95. Fabric Lined Panty Brief (without garters), $4.95.

At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

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Life's going to be Different!

With a smooth, blemish-free skin that invites romance

No More hateful blackheads, over-oily skin or pimples to keep you from having fun. You *can* be lovely, alluring. It's easy if you take these 3 steps:

Step One: Cut down sweets, pastries, starchy foods. Eat sensibly.

Step Two: Get your skin really clean.* *Hundreds of doctors* advise Cuticura Soap because it is *superfatted* and contains soothing, healing Cuticura medication.

Step Three: At bedtime smooth on Cuticura Ointment. This softens and improves your skin as it helps clear up blackheads and externally caused pimples.

In 7 Days you'll begin to see fresher, clearer, smoother skin, radiant new complexion tone.

Keep It Up. Cuticura Soap and Ointment make your skin lovelier as they help clear it up. What's more, they also help protect and preserve.

Want Faster Action? *During the day* use new "invisible" Cuticura Medicated Liquid under your make-up. Many doctors report results *in 1 to 3 days!* Get Cuticura at your druggist today!

Cuticura

***FREE** Soap sample and Skin Care leaflet giving correct face cleansing techniques. Write Cuticura, Dept. DM-5, Malden 48, Mass.

TV TALK

Jackie Gleason's private life . . . Jeanmaire meets New York . . . Robert Montgomery in the White House . . .

No one has yet figured out why there was so much publicity over **Jackie Gleason's** admission that he was in love with **Marilyn Taylor,** the dancer sister of **June Taylor,** the choreographer on the Gleason show. Jackie's been in love with Marilyn for a long time, and he and his wife Genevieve have been separated for five years. The last time Jackie and his wife were seen together in public was a year and a half ago, the night Jackie's show started on CBS. Genevieve and their two daughters went to the big opening-night party. But Mrs. G barely smiled all evening, and sat at the far end of the table from Jackie drinking black coffee. Jackie introduced her to the other members of the party, but didn't spend any time with her. He did, however, take his shy, thinnish daughters around and show them a good time. But you could tell it was not a happy family reunion. Jackie would be a hard man to live with as he'd be the first to tell you. There are few men alive who have more ego and more energy than Jackie Gleason. His ego shows all during rehearsals for the show. He insists on directing the orchestra, directing the sketches, changing the lines—on doing everything himself. Just like the old Milton Berle. And when he's relaxing he tries to hold the center of the stage no matter where he is. He will talk louder, laugh louder, and try to top anyone else's jokes. He always tries to get in the last word—even if he has to shout it down the hall after people. Even when he's on one of his diets—consisting of graham crackers and beer—he keeps having ideas for something else he can do. Already loaded down with his TV show—which is enough to wear out six men—he insists on composing music, recording music, thinking up new ideas for new shows, and—of all things—writing. He had an idea for a novel not long ago, and was determined to get it down on paper. But even he had to admit he didn't have the time. So he spent several days interviewing writers. He'd tell them his idea for the novel, and ask them to whip it up for him. So far, no one's taken him up on it. The main reason he's moving to California (besides the climate) is that he wants to get into movies more than anything. And—as you'd expect—he doesn't just want to star in them. He wants to produce them.

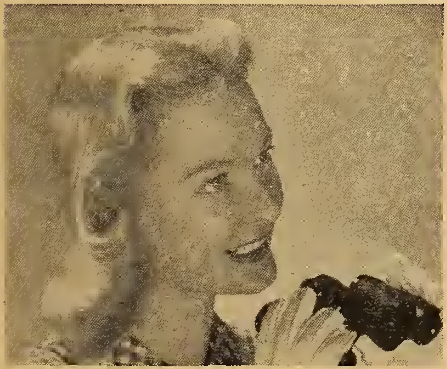
You'd never know it from watching him walk slowly through his Sunday afternoon TV show, but **Eric Sevareid** is scared to death of the cameras. He's literally in a sweat for the entire thirty minutes. But watch him steal some of **Ed Murrow's** thunder as the TV glamour boy at CBS. Come to think of it, you could line up the CBS newsmen and a bunch of movie actors—and you'd have a hard time deciding which group is better looking. Sevareid, a huge hulk of a man, also has one of the handsomest wives in Washington . . . Don't think that **Jeanmaire** (or "Zizi," as everyone calls her) looks much like she did in *Hans Christian Andersen*. She's *much* more vivid and striking and was horrified when she saw herself on the screen. But she liked making the movie because she met Danny Kaye that way. He's about her only happy memory of Hollywood. She was almost a recluse when she went out to make *Hans Christian Andersen* because she still didn't speak any English. And, for seven months of her stay, she was laid up in bed recovering from an operation on her leg. She's miserable when she isn't dancing. You've never met a girl who loves to work as much as Zizi does. And you've never met anyone who looks more lovely close up. There isn't a flaw on her face. It's hard not to just sit there and marvel. And she's so tiny, it's unbelievable. She always looks much bigger on the screen or on TV or on the stage than in person. She's a five-footer. Now that Zizi speaks English—quite well, in fact—she's come out of her shell. (*Continued on page 78*)

No new romance is Jackie's recently publicized love for dancer Marilyn Taylor, but his religion forbids his getting a divorce from present wife.

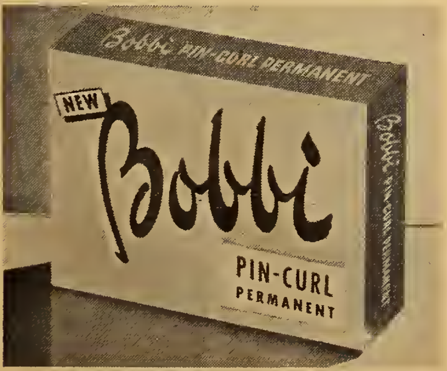
Ed Murrow, CBS' prize newsman, narrator and dignified glamour boy, is top personality on TV hits *See It Now* and *Person To Person.*

Bobbi is perfect for this soft, casual "Chantilly" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give natural-looking curls. Easy . . . No help needed.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the natural look of the curls in this new "Tally-Ho" hair style. No nightly settings needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft curls needed for the delicately sculptured "Diana" hair-do. Bobbi gives you curls exactly where you want them.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Like the casual, spirited look of this "Robin Hood" hair-do? Bobbi does it! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree waves like these.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

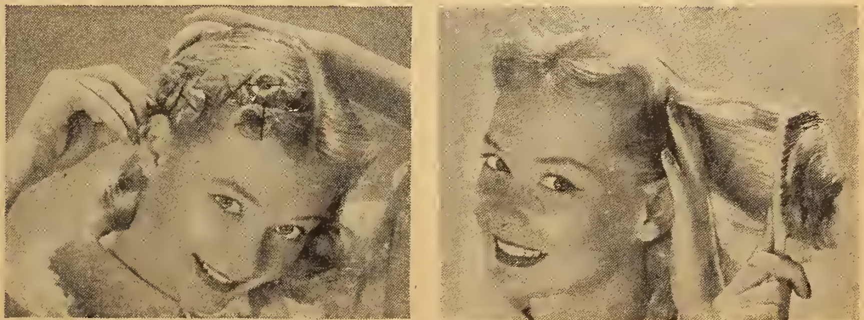
These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

Replacement or Refund of Money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If Not as Advertised Therein



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

new...for a lovelier you!

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with a complete inside lining that improves uplift, comfort

At last ... a 4-section bra that positively assures better uplift ... rounds out the figure beautifully ... creates an entirely new conception of fit in motion.

But more—the unique petal-smooth inside lining of self material eliminates chafing and irritation, guards health as well as beauty! Discover what Stardust's 4-Section Bra can do for you!

Rich acetate satin or fine pre-shrunk cotton; A, B, or C cups. $1.00

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A new, exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature: a nationally-known record expert gives you the latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS

by George Frazier

■ The Columbia LP of the tunes from Paramount's *Red Garters* can be recommended on several grounds. For one thing, the Livingston-Evans score is, for the most part, a catchy one. For another, the quality of the recording is high. But what is probably most important is that here, on a single record, are three of the ablest popular vocalists around — Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell and Joanne Gilbert. They do handsomely by such numbers as the title song, "Bad News," "Man And Woman," "Good Intentions," "Brave Man," "Meet A Happy Guy," "A Dime And A Dollar," and "This Is Greater Than I Thought."

There probably isn't much that has been left unsaid about Rosemary Clooney. That she is a fine interpreter of popular music is undisputed. There are times, in fact, when she is a great one—her Columbia recording of "Mixed Emotions," for example. But it seems to me worth mentioning that her marriage to versatile José Ferrer has imbued her with a sense of well-being that was sometimes lacking in her earlier efforts. The last time I talked to her was more than a year ago. We were having dinner together one night in the Hampshire House in New York. Usually a talkative girl, she seemed troubled and reticent that evening. Two days later I discovered that she had fallen madly in love with Ferrer and was worried about her ability to make a good wife for a man of near-genius.

Guy Mitchell, unlike Rosemary Clooney, has yet to achieve peak success on the order of that won by Sinatra or Tony Bennett or a few other male vocalists of recent years. He is an engaging performer and a good-looking boy. Mitchell certainly deserved sharp criticism last February when, as a participant in a good will junket for *Red Garters,* he showed up in Sackowitz' chic department store in Houston and, after inspecting the guests at the party, testily demanded, "Where are the dames?" Shortly afterward he departed without any regrets on the part of those in attendance. I'm inclined to be tolerant because he was then going through the sorry ordeal of being divorced from a former Miss America. Since he's still young and gifted with authentic talent, he'll probably come to realize his folly. His contributions to this recorded portfolio from *Red Garters* (which, in its movie form, is one of the most engaging spoofings of westerns I've ever seen) are splendid.

Joanne Gilbert is the prettiest and youngest vocalist on the *Red Garters* LP. This very young girl, who has a lovely figure and flashing black eyes, can become very important. If you hear her on this LP you can't doubt that.

A movie name, but of another sort, can be heard on an MGM recording of "Three Coins In The Fountain," a pleasant number from a new Metro picture. The singer is beautiful Marti Stevens. Miss Stevens' real name is Schenck and she is the daughter of Nicholas Schenck, who runs Leo the Lion. Having the powerful connections that are naturally in the possession of the child of the head of MGM, Marti could have taken the easy course by using her own name. When she opened at the Maisonette in the St. Regis last February, she demonstrated that she needs no assistance.

For those who (*Continued on page 20*)

Rosemary Clooney heads the list of singing stars who reproduce the songs from their musical, *Red Garters,* on a new Columbia LP.

Guy Mitchell, young recording star, joins Rosie in this take-off on western movies. Their singing co-star, Joanne Gilbert, is on the LP, too.

Dry skin: "Before I used Noxzema, my dry skin actually peeled in spots," says Cathy Hild of Woodridge, N. J. "Now Noxzema helps it look smoother, fresher."

Blemishes*: "Noxzema quickly helped heal my blemishes*," says Jackie Spalding of Whitefield, N. H. "Now everybody tells me how much brighter, fresher, more attractive my skin looks."

Look lovelier in 10 days

with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier —helps keep it that way, too!

● Here's wonderful beauty news! A noted skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty care—with a special beauty cream. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you KEEP it that way!

This new beauty care owes its remarkable effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. It's a combination of softening, soothing, refreshing and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. *And it's medicated—aids healing—helps keep skin looking fresh and clear!*

Feel the exhilarating tingle!

The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle. It tells you Noxzema's beauty action is starting to work on your skin problem—helping your skin look fresher, prettier.

Results are thrilling

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema care for dry, rough, flaky skin; for externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to see a fresher, prettier complexion in your mirror 10 days from now? Then, start this Doctor's Home Facial tonight!

1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear when you 'cream-wash'!

2. Night Cream: *Greaseless* Noxzema helps soften, smooth and freshen your skin! (Pat a bit extra over any blemishes*—it's *medicated* to help heal them *fast!*)

3. Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash'; then use Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base.

Works or money back! In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems to have lovelier-looking skin! If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema—Baltimore—money back!

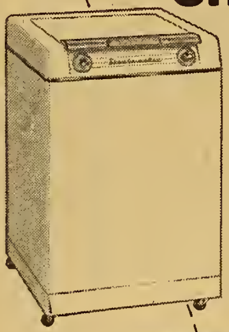
**externally-caused*

Look Lovelier Offer! 40¢ trial size only 29¢ plus tax. See how it helps your skin; then get 10 oz. economy jar only 98¢ plus tax—drug, cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA skin cream

Dream of dreams come true!

now there's a real **BENDIX** for even less than lots of Wringer Washers!



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for a genuine work-free **BENDIX**

*MODEL WDN

It washes or rinses, drains, damp-dries, and shuts itself off . . . *automatically!*

- Does a full-sized 8-lb. wash, with new Super-Agitator cleaning action!
- Floataway-Flushaway draining keeps dirty washwater from straining back through clothes. New flexible Metexaloy Wondertub is so durable, it's guaranteed in writing for 5 full years! No wringers or spinners—it's safe! Portable . . . needs no special plumbing, no high water pressure, no wash tubs, no bolting down.
- Let your Bendix Dealer show you the magic way it works!

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES

PIONEER OF WORKLESS WASHDAY

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, AVCO Manufacturing Corp., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

just for the records

(*Continued from page 18*) like danceable records, RCA Victor has two new LP's by Ralph Flanagan. One is called "Freshman-Sophomore Frolic," the other "Junior-Senior Prom." Both, as the expression goes, were designed for dancing. If your taste is inclined to superb jazz, you had better hear Bob Manning's Capitol recording of "You Made Me Love You," which is on a 45 RPM single. Manning is a pleasant vocalist, but the excitement on this one is the incomparably soulful muted trumpet background by Bobby Hackett, who, you may remember, shared with Billy Butterfield the trumpet assignment for Burgess Meredith and Fred Astaire in *Second Chorus*.

Everybody has been telling me that it wasn't Rita Hayworth but a girl named Greer who did the singing in *Miss Sadie Thompson*. They may be right. Ordinarily I would have checked the rumor with Rita, who is a forthright girl, but at the time it came to my attention, she and Dick Haymes seemed to have enough trouble. To me, it really doesn't much matter *who* did the actual singing. I just happened to enjoy it when I saw the movie. I enjoy it, as I'm sure you will equally as much, on the Mercury LP of "Miss Sadie Thompson." In addition to the voice of either Miss Hayworth or Miss Greer, it has some fine harmonica work by Leo Diamond, a magnificent jazz band (with a great trumpet player) in the song called "The Heat Is On," and a moving rendition by José Ferrer of "The 23rd Psalm." . . . At fairly regular intervals, Capitol puts out LP's called "Today's Top Hits." Nothing you'll play forever, but pleasant contemporary stuff on the order of Dean Martin's "That's Amore" and Kay Starr's "Change Partners." . . . The best Sinatra in a long, long while is his 45 RPM Capitol single of "Young At Heart." . . . My reports from the West Coast are unanimous in praising the songs Harold Arlen has written for Judy Garland in *A Star Is Born*. . . . The Trend label has an LP called "Jerry Fielding Plays A Dance Concert." Fielding, who is Groucho Marx' musical director, assembled able musicians and the result is great.

In the matter of equipment, the market is bountiful with good hi-fi machines. I've already mentioned the Libertyphone portable, but there can be no harm in reminding you that, at $99.50, it is a remarkable phonograph buy. Another splendid machine is the Birch, which costs around $90. It's a table model. If you're looking for something bigger, you might listen to the Libertyphone Chairside, which has, besides the phonograph, a remarkably efficient radio. It costs $379.50, but if you can afford it, it's well worth investigating. . . . If you're given to reading inspirational books, you'll be fascinated to hear that RCA Victor has recorded Norman Vincent Peale. The title, naturally, is "The Power Of Positive Thinking." . . . The Webster Company, which manufactures, among other things, the superb Webcor tape recorder, has sensibly gone into the record or, more exactly, the tape record business. So you can now buy tapes of selections to play—just as you buy records. I'll discuss some of them next month. END

Ava Gardner, star of M-G-M's CinemaScope production in color, "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE", *wears Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish.*

"Your legs need glamour...not glimmer"

says Ava Gardner. "Shiny stockings can make legs appear unshapely—rob them of glamour." When your stockings have a soft, freshly powdered look, you know that you look your Leg-O-Genic best. That's why Miss Gardner and other M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons. With Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish, you're sure of a misty dull loveliness that won't wear off, won't wash out.

Cameo's delicately sheer, high twist, 60 gauge, 15 denier nylons are not only lovely to look at—they give up to 40% longer wear by actual test. And they cost only $1.50 a pair. Other full-fashioned and seamless Cameo styles from $1.15 to $1.65 a pair.

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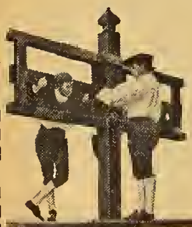
Here are thrilling vacations you can easily afford!

GREYHOUND
Expense Paid Tours
include hotels, transportation, sightseeing at one low price!

Tour-of-the-Month!
LAS VEGAS
Three gay days in this Western resort town; side trip to Hoover Dam, boat cruise on Lake Mead; 2 nights at smart hotel.
☐ . . . $15.00



Tour-of-the-Month!
COLONIAL VIRGINIA
Six romantic days at old Virginia's Williamsburg . . . Jamestown . . . Yorktown . . . Natural Bridge; 5 nights' hotel.
☐ . . . $45.90

Check up on other tours — like these:

☐ NEW YORK CITY, 5 days . .	$28.60
☐ FLORIDA CIRCLE 11 days from Jacksonville . .	79.10
☐ LOS ANGELES, 4 days . . .	14.15
☐ NEW ENGLAND CIRCLE 8 days from New York . . .	64.45
☐ CHICAGO, 3 days	15.65
☐ SAN FRANCISCO, 4 days . .	20.20
☐ COLORADO SPRINGS 5 days, 10 meals	37.50

U. S. tax extra. Add Greyhound round-trip fare from your city.

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GREYHOUND

movie reviews

by florence epstein

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Phil Silvers, star of *Top Banana,* made his first big hit in Broadway's *High Button Shoes,* also appeared in movies like *Cover Girl.* "Top Banana," in case you're wondering, is the show business term for the star comedian in a burlesque troupe. Phil started out originally as Third Banana.

The Slaves (chorus girls to you) and Talking Women in this United Artists hit are among Hollywood's and Broadway's most glamorous.

Nearsighted Phil complains he never gets a really good look at the girls, but doesn't mind tripping over them as long as it gets a laugh!

TOP BANANA. United Artists isn't like most major movie companies. It doesn't produce any pictures; it distributes them for other producers. Through the years Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Sam Goldwyn, David Selznick, John Huston, J. Arthur Rank and others have done business with U.A. Apparently, business has been good because this year United Artists celebrates its thirty-fifth anniversary and isn't even content to rest on its laurels. Instead, it offers *Top Banana* (among other films reviewed here). *Top Banana* was a hit on Broadway, and that's no wonder. Based on the activities of Jerry Biffle (Phil Silvers), TV's first comic, it's a study in hilarity. Aggressive, nervous, self-centered, a master of timing, Silvers displays mammoth energy as Biffle, star of the Blendo Soap Program. Always surrounded by a coterie of writers and paid admirers he gags his way through rehearsals, romance, commercials, public appearances and haircuts. All the oldest vaudeville jokes are in this movie but they're sparked to new life. The air is electric with the excitement of show business. Johnny Mercer wrote the music and lyrics. Cast includes Rose Marie, Danny School, Judy Lynn. Technicolor. Produced by Harry M. Popkin.

(More reviews on page 24)

"Don't Be Overweight!" says Mrs. Bob Hope

"Here's How You Can Lose Weight Easily and Pleasantly!"

No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without strenuous dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs.

Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. Get a box today!

Mrs. Bob Hope with her pet cocker spaniel, Princess. "Ayds has done just wonderful things for my figure," she says.

Mrs. Hope is an ardent golfer. She says: "You can lose weight easily and pleasantly if you follow the Ayds way."

Lovely women everywhere, including many Hollywood stars, follow the Ayds way. Get Ayds at your drug or department store.

Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL*

HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. Reader's Digest says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.

(It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)

2. Reader's Digest says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.

(Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won't rinse off—won't wear off—all day or all night!)

3. Reader's Digest says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.

(Thus, regular morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)

4. Reader's Digest says—In full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—4 out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate's with Gardol developed no new cavities at all!

(Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)

5. Reader's Digest says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS GARDOL

(*SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)

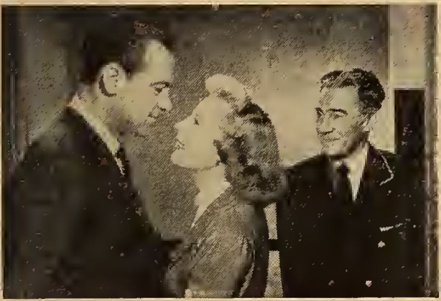
For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

RHAPSODY No greater love has Vittorio Gassman than his violin, which makes it hard for Elizabeth Taylor who won't play second fiddle. She'd like to set up house in some villa and reserve music for cocktails. Wealthy and willful, she follows Gassman to a conservatory in Zurich where her possessiveness ruins their relationship. Pianist John Ericson picks Liz up on the rebound. He's different from Gassman; he puts himself in Liz' hands and she proceeds to destroy him. This is the skeleton of *Rhapsody*, a romance touching on deep passions and examining the meaning of love. Flamboyant at times, suffering the lack of quiet sensitivity, it is nevertheless effective. It is also rich in music, offering among other shorter pieces, Tschaikowsky's *Concerto in D Major* (recorded by Michael Rabin) and Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 2 in C Minor* (recorded by Claudio Arrau). Technicolor—MGM.

BEACHHEAD Marine sergeant Frank Lovejoy is a bitter man. He lost all but three of his platoon on Guadalcanal and blames himself alone. Now he's assigned to find a French planter (Eduard Franz) on an island near Bougainville, three days before the assault on Bougainville itself. If he locates the planter, who has information about mines, he'll save thousands of G.I. lives. Not helping his morale are Tony Curtis, Skippy Homeier and Alan Wells who form his party. Homeier and Wells don't complain much—they die too soon—but Curtis makes up for them. Crawling through brush, evading Japanese by the droves, killing a few, they come upon Mary Murphy in a blue cotton dress. Franz is her dad and romance is not her game—but you know those marines. Supermen. Anyway, if you want a treatment instead of a treat don't miss *Beachhead*. Technicolor. With Sunshine Fukunaga.—United Artists.

INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE This is Vittorio De Sica's first American language film. It was photographed in Rome in a terminal station. Patti Page sings a couple of haunting melodies, and then there's the story of an extra-marital adventure. By using extraneous but supposedly telling glimpses of life in a railroad station, De Sica strains for high drama but achieves little more than the framework of it. As a respectable Philadelphia housewife, Jennifer Jones uses her mobile face to interesting but rarely convincing effect. She has fallen in love with an Italian college instructor, Montgomery Clift, who begs her to begin life anew with him. The film opens with her saying goodbye and not for one moment do you doubt she means it. But she misses her train and while waiting for a later one becomes involved in various episodes that comment on their love situation. With Dick Beymer.—Col.

SASKATCHEWAN The Canadian mountains are advertisement enough for *Saskatchewan.* Get tired of looking on the cruel face of Marshal Smith (Hugh O'Brian) you have only to lift your eyes to the range beyond. But in the valley, oh, there is trouble. With Indians. The Sioux that slaughtered Custer are crossing the border to wreak havoc among the Canadian Mounted Police of which Alan Ladd is a foremost memher. Ladd is a great friend of the Cree tribe who were peace loving until a new Mountie commander (Robert Douglas) confiscated their guns (used exclusively on game). Now they're ready to join the Sioux. Ready to join Ladd in holy matrimony is Shelley Winters who's been making her way north to escape a murder charge. Marshal Smith has come to fetch her. What with falling for Shelley and putting down a massacre almost singlehandedly Ladd sees plenty of action.—U-I.



EXECUTIVE SUITE When the big boss of a business empire expires there's always a scramble for his chair. And in the struggle for supremacy his potential successors unwittingly lay themselves bare. Slick, suspenseful and expertly acted, *Executive Suite* deals with this struggle. William Holden, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas, Dean Jagger —vice-presidents all—must choose a leader among themselves. It is a crucial decision; it is the moment in their lives which is the summing up and the forecast of their futures. Each man is in a way a stereotype, but a good script and the aforementioned acting lift *Executive Suite* out of the "too pat" class and throw real light on human nature. As wives and sweethearts, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Virginia Brissac add substance to this portrait of men in industry. So do entrepreneur Louis Calhern and devoted secretary Nina Foch.—MGM

TENNESSEE CHAMP A Runyon-esque flavor laces this fable of a fighter (Dewey Martin) who's a "believer" and his manager (Keenan Wynn) who's a finagler. Escaping from a poker session where he took the pot (while no one was looking) Keenan races for the Mississippi River and there finds a watered Dewey. Dewey threw himself into the stream on the assumption that he'd just murdered Sixty Juhel (Charles Buchinsky). When Keenan rescues him Dewey is sure he's seen the hand of God. This same hand leads him into the prize ring where his soon notorious Sunday punch rakes in the dough for church and Keenan. Dewey's religious fervor spreads to Shelley Winters (Wynn's wife) who struggles to keep her man from robbing his protégé. Earl Holliman, a gem of sluggish mentality wedded to an undersized harmonica, is most amusing as ex-boxer Happy Jackfield. Technicolor—MGM

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LOVELIER HANDS

IN ONLY 9 DAYS!

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↑ Skin Dried Out from SOAPS AND DETERGENTS!
↑ Softer, Smoother Skin IN ONLY 9 DAYS!

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make this daring promise never made before:

In only 9 days Playtex Gloves can help you restore the natural smoothness of your hands. And: The very first manicure you save pays for the gloves.

Made of Non-Allergenic "Living" Latex. Water-proof.

Fabric-lined for "bare hand" comfort. Never sticky, never clammy. Non-slip surface for "bare hand" grip. Extra-long turn-back cuffs prevent drip, splatter. Easy on and off. Finger free, can pick up a pin or a dime. Get them today. *At department and drug stores.* $1.39

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A beautiful NEW note in ring styling

JEWELLED *Duet*

UNJEWELLED *Duet*

UNJEWELLED *Harmony Duet*

Symphony by Genuine *Orange Blossom*

Fresh new designs, smartly different, yet so sweet and simple in styling as to radiate everlasting charm.

In these lovely rings you'll discover an artful composition of mellow gold and scintillating diamonds — as artistically and subtly blended as a beautiful symphonic masterpiece.

Write for illustrated Orange Blossom Tradition booklet.

Traub Mfg. Co., 1938 McGraw—Detroit 8

BEAT THE DEVIL Somewhere in the Mediterranean are a group of people so odd, so droll, so delightfully abandoned they must come from the pen of Truman Capote. They do. And John Huston directed *Beat The Devil,* a fantastically funny film. Humphrey Bogart and wife Gina Lollobrigida are delayed in a town on their way to Africa. Also delayed are Bogart's business associates—four bloodless, bombastic fakers—Robert Morley, Marco Tulli, Peter Lorre, Ivor Barnard. Delayed, too, are Jennifer Jones, a congenital liar of the utmost charm and her snobbish husband Edward Underdown. The associates are headed for African uranium deposits. Meanwhile the movie moves very matter of factly through outrageous events like murder, larceny, shipwreck and plain lunacy. Jennifer woos Humphrey; Gina stalks Underdown; an Arab police chief (Gulio Donnini) sells justice for an introduction to Rita Hayworth. Go see it!—United Artists

RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 Filmed in the vast cell blocks of Folsom State Prison, utilizing hundreds of actual inmates for the mob scenes, *Riot In Cell Block 11* is grimly realistic. As entertainment it is exciting, unusual fare, but its more serious purpose is to awaken taxpayers to the burden they share; the burden of rehabilitating criminals who are also human beings. Herded together by the simple fact that they have broken the law are psychopaths, perverts, scarred old men, young boys, morons and intellects. Rehabilitation in an atmosphere so charged with disorder—and often with neglect—becomes a meaningless word. The rioters demand a new penal policy. Their outburst is brutal, desperate and frightening and brings out the militia. Nothing is accomplished, the leader (Neville Brand) draws an extra thirty years to his sentence, but at least the public has been alerted. With Emile Meyer, Leo Gordon, Robert Osterlob, Frank Faylen.—Allied Artists

NEW FACES *New Faces* won Broadway with its clever appeal and its—until then—unknown talent. Now 20th Century-Fox brings this musical revue, more or less intact, to the screen. They've added a plot line too feeble to be harmful. The line is: will showgirl Coocoo Clayborn's father fork over some dough before the creditors arrive? Coocoo (Virginia DeLuce) is a vast, luscious, stagestruck blonde whose dad happily struck oil in Texas. Meanwhile there's Eartha Kitt turning "Monotonous" into a love call and slinking through several other songs—like *"C'est Si Bon"*—that made her famous. There are Ronny Graham, Alice Ghostly and Paul Lynde who separately and together (in a skit burlesquing *Death Of A Salesman*) are hilarious. There are French singer Robert Clary, June Carroll and a chorus and dancers all of whom perform vibrantly against artistic settings. Technicolor.—20th-Fox

TAZA, SON OF COCHISE Taza (Rock Hudson), son of newly dead Cochise, has a thorn in his side. That's kid brother Bart Roberts who wants to steal his girl (Barbara Rush) and strew the west with scalps. Rock makes a deal with army captain Gregg Palmer. Let Indians punish Indians, he says, and there'll be peace. Okay, says the captain. But kid brother and Barbara's old man Grey Eagle (Morris Ankrum) plan to liquidate that captain. Apaches have become nothing but sissies, they say, we want out of this reservation, we want war. And when Geronimo (Ian MacDonald) is set to pasture on the reservation he nearly loses his mind. War it is and who does General Robert Burton blame? Taza, natch. And who saves General Robert Burton when he is about to be parted from life? T—a. After the massacre, though, comes peace—because who's left standing to pull the trigger? 3-D, Technicolor—U-I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER *(MGM)*: Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz star in this happy, bilarious tale of honeymooners on a trailer trip. A natural for everyone who loves Lucy and her zany ways. *Technicolor.*

MAN IN THE ATTIC *(20th-Fox)*: Jack Palance as Jack the Ripper—and what could make a more terrifying combination? Constance Smith is around, as scared as the audience, and Byron Palmer is there, too, to see that everything comes out all right.

RED GARTERS *(Paramount)*: This take-off on a horse-opera has Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Pat Crowley, Joanne Gilbert, Jack Carson, Gene Barry, Technicolor and music. You want more? Well, it's funny, too!

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES *(20th-Fox)*: Action, romance, sandstorms and blood make this one exciting. Those involved are Tyrone Power, Terry Moore and Michael Rennie—all as good as you'd expect. CinemaScope, too.

THE GLENN MILLER STORY *(U-I)*: A tender, moving tribute to the memory of a great bandleader, this film will let you laugh and cry to your heart's content. Jimmy Stewart does a great job as Miller, and June Allyson, as the girl he married, contributes a delightful performance. If you liked Miller's music, you'll love the soundtrack. Louis Armstrong and Gene Krupa help out. Technicolor.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU *(Col.)*: One of the most delightful comedies of the normal (that's 2-D) screen, this one stars Judy Holliday as a startlingly average girl who indulges her craving for fame by renting a huge billboard and emblazoning her name thereon! Peter Lawford plays the worried representative of a soap company desperately in need of the billboard and Jack Lemmon is the young man who loved Judy before she was famous.

ACT OF LOVE *(U.A.)*: This is the poignant story of a soldier and a girl who meet and love in a world of blackmarkets, police and war. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the G.I. who offers shelter to the frightened Lisa (Dany Robin) and tries to protect their romance in the face of impossible odds. Irwin Shaw wrote the fine script.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE *(MGM)*: Mel Ferrer as King Arthur, ruling the heroic Knights; Ava Gardner as Queen Guinevere ruling the romantic heart of Sir Launcelot (Robert Taylor). Also decorative in costume, CinemaScope and Technicolor are Ann Crawford and Maureen Swanson.

Your hair is romance

. . . keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

You know it's true—the most delightful beauty asset you can have is lovely hair. Hair that's bright to see, soft to touch, as fresh as a playful spring breeze—the kind of hair you have when you use the new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. For White Rain sprinkles your hair with dancing sunlight. And with sunshine all around you—love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO
BY TONI

She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out **PINK PLUM**
And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

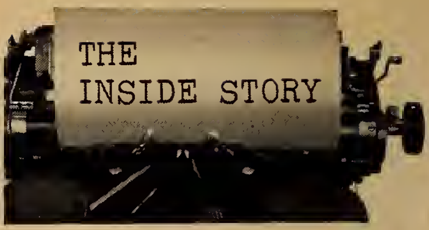
7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"We teach our Conover School students how to use Cashmere Bouquet Indelible-Type lipstick. They apply, splash cold water on their lips, then blot. The color clings for hours!"

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

cashmere bouquet
INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet



THE INSIDE STORY

(*Continued from page 4*)

A. *Doris does not dislike Hope but she will no longer play "straight lady" to him on radio or TV shows.*

Q. Will Mario Lanza ever work in Hollywood movies again?
—C.O., BILOXI, MISS.

A. *Not until he convinces producers that he is in sound mental and physical health.*

Q. Isn't Maureen O'Hara's secret Mexican crush millionaire Luis Parra?
—N.F., TIAJUANA, MEXICO

A. *Maureen is extremely fond of Señor Parra.*

Q. I've read that RKO plans to remake the old Astaire-Rogers musicals. Will Astaire and Rogers star in these again? —W.L., BOULDER, COL.

A. *The scripts are being rewritten and will feature new stars.*

Q. I understand that there'll be no more 3-D pictures. Why is this? I like them! Only for this would I wear glasses. —B.I., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *3-D films will continue to be made until the industry agrees on one photographic system.*

Q. Why has Clark Gable refused to sign a new contract with MGM, the company which gave him his start?
—C.U., ROLLINS, VA.

A. *Gable wants more time and money for himself.*

Q. Lena Horne is colored and her husband Lennie Hayton is white. How does Hollywood accept this mixed marriage?
—F.J., BILOXI, MISS.

A. *Mr. and Mrs. Hayton are accepted calmly.*

Q. Why doesn't Zsa Zsa Gabor ever pose with her child?
—T.R., LAS VEGAS, CALIF.

A. *She thinks such photos might damage the impression of perennial glamour she seeks to convey.*

Q. I understand that before he fell in love with Ingrid Bergman, the Italian director Roberto Rossellini was so much in love with Marilyn Buferd, Miss America of 1946, that he gave her a pair of earrings and an antique bracelet worth more than $10,000. Does Miss Buferd still have this jewelry?
—V.E., ROME, ITALY.

A. *On returning to the United States, Miss Buferd inadvertently failed to declare this jewelry. Customs officials in New York appraised the gifts from Rossellini at $60.*

Classic Modern in blond oak—a charming design for any room in the house. Self-lifting tray; rubbed and polished finish. Model #3025. Lane Table, #247. Chest price, $\$59^{95}$*

For the girl with future plans–or the wife with storage problems...

A LANE CEDAR CHEST!

IF YOUR future plans include a trousseau, you'll find there's nothing like a Lane Cedar Chest! It helps you gather treasures the gradual, economical way. Friends and relatives add their gifts, too . . . to your precious collection of fine linens, towels, blankets, delicate lingerie.

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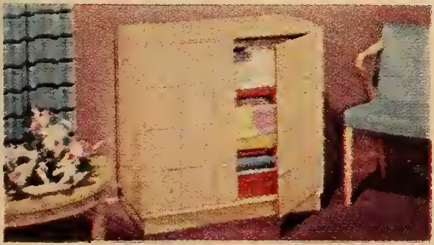
Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Gov't recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Co., Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Many at... $\$49^{95}$* Easy terms

**$5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.*



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Modern Console in blond oak. Interior drawer, adjustable shelves. Consoles also in other styles. Model C-108—$99.95.*

FOYER

Handsome 18th-Century Chest in rich mahogany with Lane's convenient self-lifting tray. Model #2601—$59.95.*

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Streamlined Modern in matched American walnut and paldao wood. Self-lifting tray. Model #3024—$49.95.*

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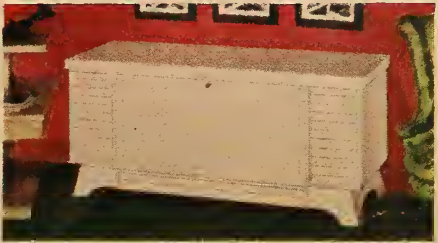
Stunning Modern in American walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #3008. Gray walnut, #3009; Seafoam mahogany, #3022. $59.95.*



LIVING ROOM

Arresting Modern in Seafoam mahogany. Drawer in base; self-lifting tray. Model #2925—$69.95.* Lane Table, #257.

LIVING ROOM

Attractive Modern in blond oak. Model #3027. Also in Seafoam mahogany, #3046; walnut, #3028. Each $49.95.* Lane Table, #437.

4 for the price of 3!

So pure, so mild! Yet, 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

**Count 'em . . .
one, two, three, four!
Only Ivory gives you
one cake more!
Get pure, mild Ivory . . .
Personal Size!**

America's Best Beauty Buy!

A PRETTY CAKE FOR A PRETTIER YOU!

See how dainty this Personal Size Ivory is? As you know, it's the handy toilet-soap size of pure, mild Ivory. Beautifies your bathroom—and oh, what nice things Ivory does for your complexion, too! No wonder it's the most famous skin care in the world—this gentle Ivory care!

$99\frac{44}{100}$% pure...it floats

NEW BEAUTY IN A WEEK—THAT IVORY LOOK!

More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than any other! So change to regular care and use Personal Size Ivory. In one week you'll have a softer, smoother, younger-looking complexion—*That Ivory Look!*

THE BEST BEAUTY CARE IS THE THRIFTIEST, TOO!

Just think, you get *four* cakes of Personal Size Ivory for about the same price as *three* cakes of other leading toilet soaps! Better pick up a supply of *your* Personal Size Ivory this very day. It's your best beauty buy.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

Let the welkin ring!
Lawford the elusive
is about to become a groom—
caught by the one girl
who ran the other way!

BY SUSAN TRENT

Pat Kennedy, daughter of the former Ambassador to England, sister of Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts, is the girl.

PETE'S PAT

■ Joseph P. Kennedy, former United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, has announced the betrothal of his daughter, Patricia, to Peter Lawford.

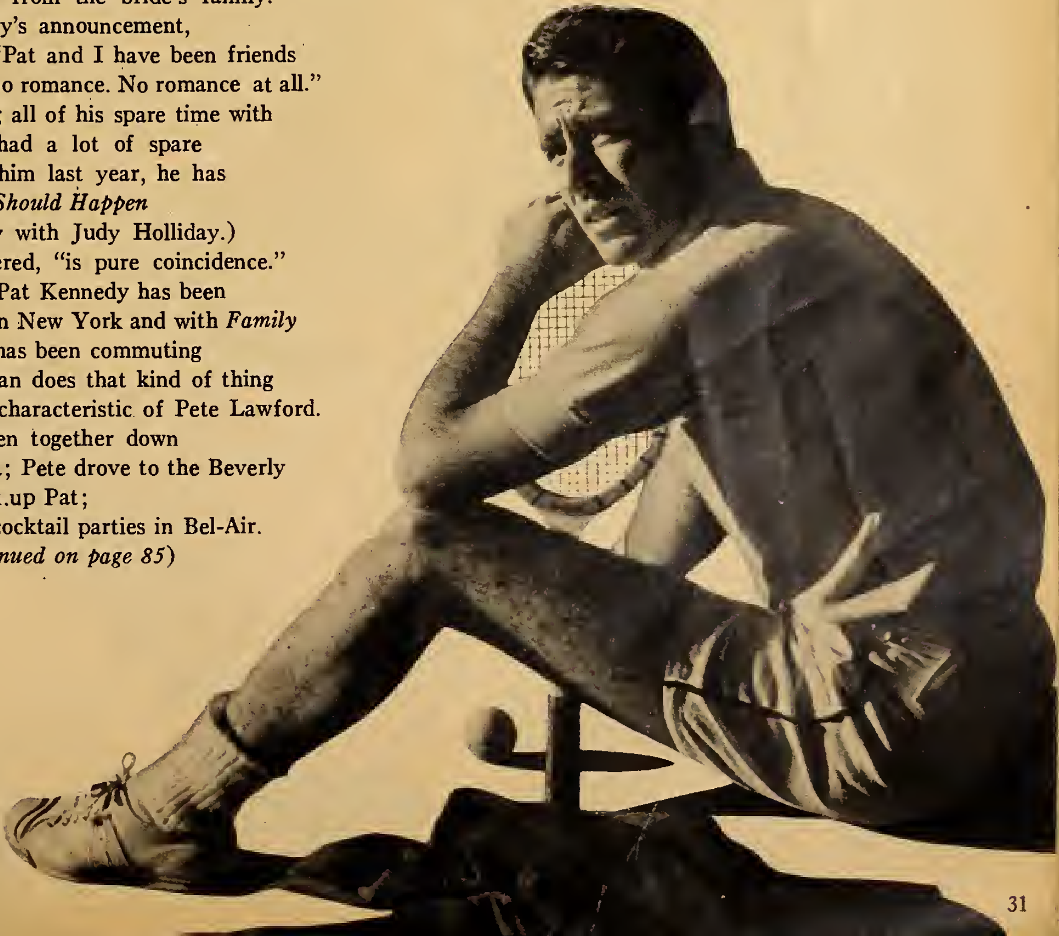
This announcement comes as no surprise to Hollywood. For months, Pete has been pursuing Pat Kennedy back and forth across the continent. His denial of any serious intentions was simply put down to Pete's conservatism and to his insistence on impeccable behavior. Naturally, he would wait for the first announcement of his engagement to come from the bride's family. One day before Mr. Kennedy's announcement, Pete told Modern Screen, "Pat and I have been friends for years. There is definitely no romance. No romance at all."

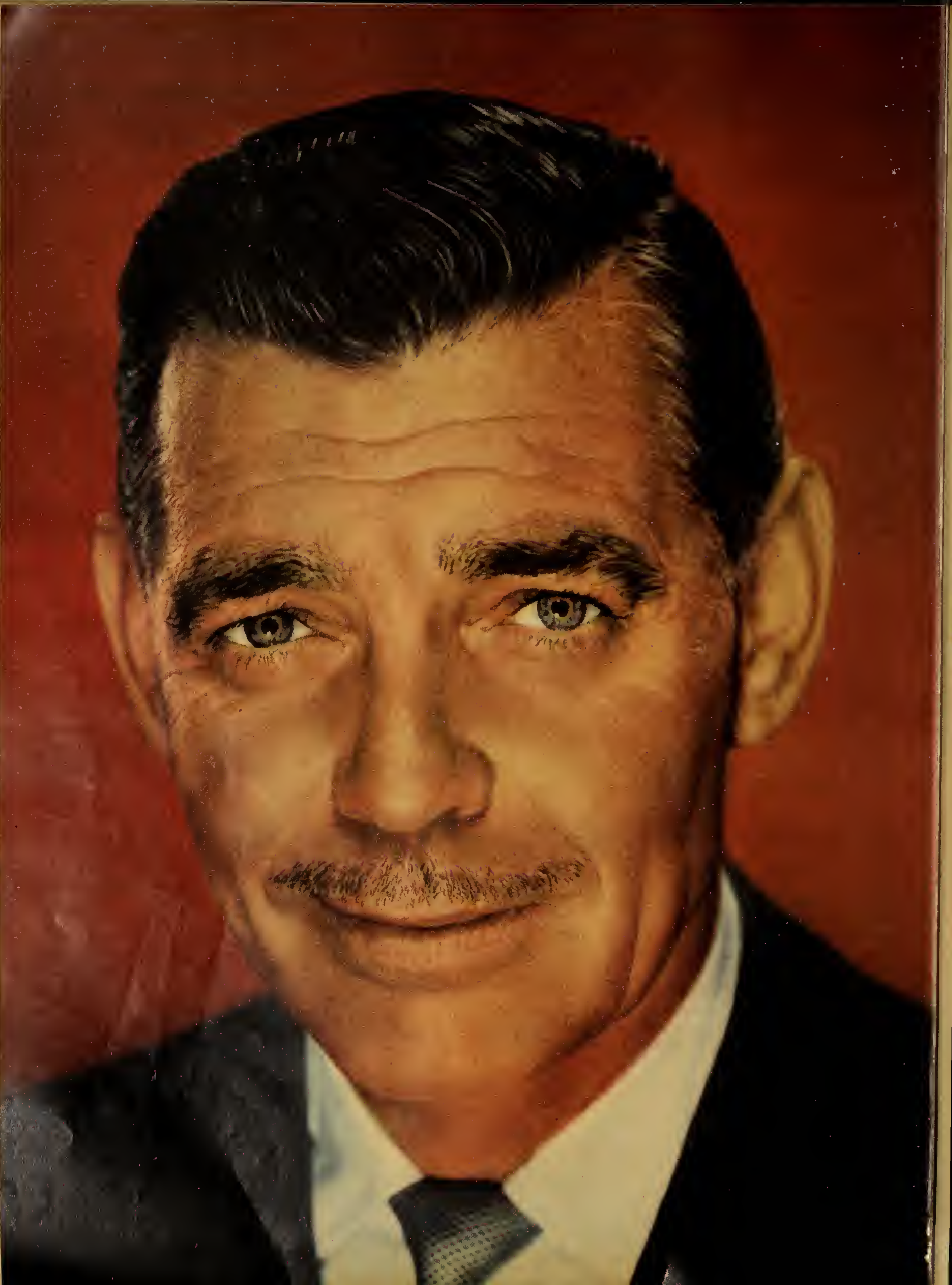
Why had he been spending all of his spare time with Miss Kennedy? (Pete has had a lot of spare time. Since Metro dropped him last year, he has been in only one picture—*It Should Happen To You,* a sparkling comedy with Judy Holliday.)

"All of that," Pete answered, "is pure coincidence."

But he was unconvincing. Pat Kennedy has been working for NBC television in New York and with *Family Theatre* in Hollywood. Pete has been commuting cross-country. Hardly any man does that kind of thing casually, and it didn't seem characteristic of Pete Lawford. Pat and Pete were often seen together down at the beach in Santa Monica; Pete drove to the Beverly Hills Hotel every day to pick up Pat; they were often together at cocktail parties in Bel-Air.

Apparently, it took (*Continued on page 85*)





by Louella Parsons

Hollywood's most famous reporter felt like a prying D.A. but when Louella finished with Clark she had a full confession.

Gable and his girls

■ There never will be another Mrs. Clark Gable!

"I'll never marry again," Clark told me, quietly. And then he smiled, "But I shall always enjoy the company of lovely ladies."

As disheartening as this news will be to the femmes who consider The King the most attractive man on the screen and the dozens of beauties all over the world who would love to become Mrs. Gable Number Five, the statement was made by Mr. G. himself with almost cheerful finality on the unseasonably hot day in February when he came a visitin'.

Seemingly completely oblivious of the death-knell he was sounding to millions of feminine daydreams, he went on, "Oh, yes, frequently I am lonely. But as my life lines up today, as I see my future, I never expect to marry again."

I looked at Clark as he is today. He might have been a ruddy Englishman dropped in for a spot of tea. He had arrived at my house correctly garbed for the afternoon in a sports coat of brown-checked tweed (heat and all), with a deep tan and looking the picture of health and vigor.

It had been at least two years since we had seen each other. And yet, so deep is our friendship and of such long standing, that it might have been just yesterday that I had seen Clark or interviewed him for a Sunday story or just chatted as we frequently did when he dropped in for a social call.

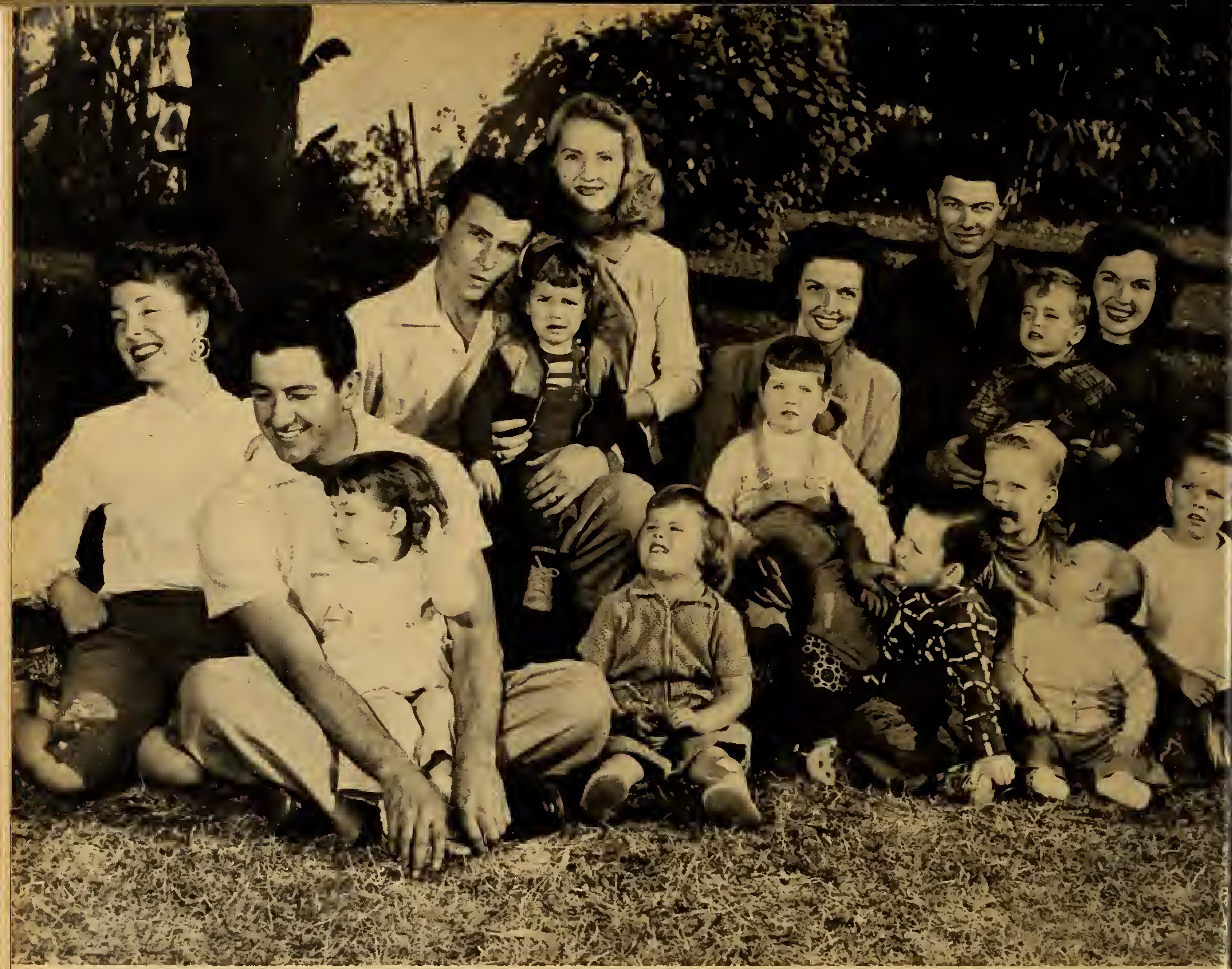
I've known The King the full twenty-four years he has been in California. It would be silly to say that he has not changed greatly—particularly in the past few years when he has added a high continental polish to the basic he-man appeal he has always had.

Clark has spent the last twenty-four months working and traveling in Europe. He now speaks French like a native. He talks interestingly of the many countries he has visited and the great experiences he has had.

But I was of a mind to concentrate particularly on his highly publicized experiences with the beautiful ladies.

The King laughed when I persisted in asking about beautiful blonde Grace Kelly (the new Hollywood sensation) with whom Clark was supposed to have (*Continued on page 79*)

Good friend Louella feels that Clark has never forgotten Carole, needs a woman adept at giving, not taking, in love.



That's Jane in the middle. She is holding her daughter Tracy; the boy in the checked shirt is her son Tommy. Left to right are brothers Tom, Wally, Jamie

■ A first-time visitor to Ma Russell's acreage out in the San Fernando Valley must come away completely exhausted and more than a little bug-eyed. He couldn't possibly take it all in during a single visit. "It's a rabbit hutch," muttered one unnerved individual as he crept away.

The family of Jane Russell tells this on itself with huge delight. They couldn't care less if they really lived in a rabbit hutch and, besides, they thought it was a pretty fair description. Undulating in and about two small houses and the chapel which is the heart of their existence are Mother Russell, ninety-year-old Great-aunt Jane, the four Russell boys, their wives, ten small children and assorted dogs. Except for Great-aunt Jane, who entertains herself by reading the obituaries of people far younger, they are all terribly active. When she isn't making a picture, daughter Jane and her two young ones add to the energetic population as much as possible—and, of course, there are always other people drifting about the premises for spiritual solace, for a handout, or simply because they've fallen under the spell of the oddball Russells.

"They're the most wonderful people in the world," commented a friend who could, by temperament, easily be blood kin to them. She added without any change of expression, "I went up to see Mother Russell right after I got out of the insane asylum, and the first person I saw was Jamie, out in the yard. He hollered, 'Hey, here comes the crazy girl!' and that was that.

"You don't see anything particularly wonderful about it? That's the Russell approach to everything: bring it out into the open. Secret things are bad things, secret wounds fester, so they don't have any. When I got out of the insane asylum, everybody but the Russells avoided the subject like the plague. So, for a long time, they were the only people I felt comfortable with."

As it happens, the girl had merely suffered a nervous breakdown—but if she had gone completely off her rocker, she'd be right at home with the Russell family. They're all crazy, too. It's a pleasurable state of mind which they enjoy except for the inconvenience that Jane's career has caused them. "I'm a character," admits Kenny, her second brother, without a trace of self-consciousness. "I've been one all my life, and nobody noticed a thing until Daughter became a movie star. After that, I had to watch myself. When I was being perfectly natural, people accused me of showing off because I was Jane Russell's

and Kenny; each surrounded by wife and kids.

Meet Jane Russell's screwy, scrappy, scrumptious brothers and the lovely lunatics they married. Meet them—and duck!

BY STEVE CRONIN

they're all CRAZY!

brother. It was enough to inhibit anybody—except me, I guess."

The Russells now live—or, at least, poise momentarily—in the citrus grove of what was originally the family estate. Standing at Ma's or Jamie's front door, they can look over at the huge hacienda that was the home of their childhood, sold after the death of Father Russell because there was no money left to maintain it. The house and five acres of land went, the Palomino saddle horses, the children's ponies and most of the stock. Being Russells, the family neither avoids looking at the big house nor cares a whit that it no longer belongs to them. Being Russells, they're too busy living it up in the present to brood about the past.

Although Jane controlled her brothers by systematically belting the daylights out of them, Ken was (*Continued on page 88*)

you gotta elevate!

IT'S FINE TO BE PRETTY BOY ON TOP, BOB SAYS, BUT YOU HAVE TO BE PRETTY GOOD TO STAY THERE!

by Jack Wade

■ "You know," said Bob Wagner, "I'm the luckiest guy in the whole town. And," he added, "I'm on about the roughest spot."

"Come again?" I puzzled. "What did you say?"

Bob grinned. He's got a great grin, simply great. It's a grin that would charm a cobra before it could spread a hood. "Come on over to my room," he said, "and we'll put on some music. I can talk then. It soothes the savage beast."

"Breast," I corrected.

"For me," he kidded, "it has to be beast!"

I had dropped in on R. J. out at his film factory, Twentieth Century-Fox, as I like to do every now and then to check up on the progress of my favorite boy. I like Bob, and I always have. I first met him in the days when he was just another handsome young Hollywood Joe hoping to get started in this acting business. His folks were taking care of him and the most serious concern he had in the world was trying to talk Debbie Reynolds into a date and straightening out his two-iron pokes at the Bel-Air Country Club.

Lately, the dropping in had gotten a little tougher. In fact, this trip I'd waited about a month before I could catch up with Wagner. So I wondered if some of the sharpies around town could possibly be right; that is, that all this swoon star business which has suddenly seized Bob by the seat of his slacks was making a very nice fellow impossible to get at and more impossible to get along with. I didn't believe it, but a reporter has to find out those things for himself.

I had asked Bob right off how he was doing and he came back with that cryptic crack. Furthermore, I seemed to notice that his old faithful smile buttoned itself down again in a straight line a little more quickly than it used to. Could he have problems?

Bob loosened (*Continued on page 64*)

MODERN SCREEN went with Bob and Mona Freeman for a day at the races

Bob took fellow star Mona Freeman to the races but prefers to date private. "I've got swell girls stashed away," he claims happily.

Always well-dressed, Bob likes custom-made clothes—and admits that he spends too much for them.

Racing fan Bob tried unsuccessfully to buy a horse. Now he asks, "Well, what would I do with him? My eardrum hurts when I bounce."

Hotdogs are fine at the races, but, to his own surprise, Bob usually finds himself eating at Romanoff's.

Enjoying the relative privacy of the races, Bob is worried by girls who mob him in the streets. He'd prefer them to mob his films.

No more silly photos or publicity love affairs, Bob announced, as he embraced Mona for the camera!

BEGRIMED, BOTHERED AND BEWILDERED ARE

Startled by unexpected crowds when they landed at Tokyo Airport, Marilyn and Joe climbed out of the plane, ducked back and finally came out again—smiling bravely for photographers.

At Tokyo Army Hospital, Camp Tokyo, Marilyn chatted with a Japanese employee, Miss Taeko Fukagawa. Later she was given a Japanese movie magazine—with her picture on the cover!

THE DI MAGGIOS—THEY DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD EVER RECOGNIZE THEM IN JAPAN!

Marilyn was mobbed and presented with flowers by thousands of cheering Japanese admirers while Joe and baseball coach Lefty O'Doul (with hand upraised) got their first taste of playing second fiddle.

Surrounded by cameramen, questioned by over eighty reporters, Marilyn posed at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo with her eyes on her husband—who was interviewed by four worshipful sports writers.

Marilyn and Joe planned a secret visit to a tiny fishing village but the harassed pair were accompanied by the press as they strolled through the town, smiling and trying unsuccessfully to talk to the inhabitants.

In the Tokyo Army Hospital Marilyn kissed S 1/C James W. Riley of Greenboro, North Carolina. To visit one wounded G.I., forced to lie face down, Marilyn stretched out on the floor, looked up.

marilyn and joe:

who turned love's dream into a free-for-all?

■ Marilyn Monroe's honeymoon began in the restful, secluded, rustic fashion typical of honeymoons.

Her attorney, Lloyd Wright, insisted that she and Joe spend a week or two at his summer estate in Idylwild, a peaceful mountain village overlooking the desert resort of Palm Springs. There they stayed for the ten days after their hectic marriage in January.

They romped in the snow, swam in the pool, took sunbaths and rides into the desert. In Marilyn's words, "We had the most wonderful time." This, while hundreds of photographers and reporters were searching for them everywhere.

Once Marilyn and Joe left the safety of their mountain hideout, their honeymoon became a free-for-all, a colossal clambake involving agents, baseball players, 20th Century-Fox, the U.S. Army, Japan and millions of movie fans.

Marilyn and Joe Di Maggio planned a quiet honeymoon. They are both shy and retiring. The last thing in the world they wanted was to make their wedding trip the object of international reporting.

(Continued on page 41)

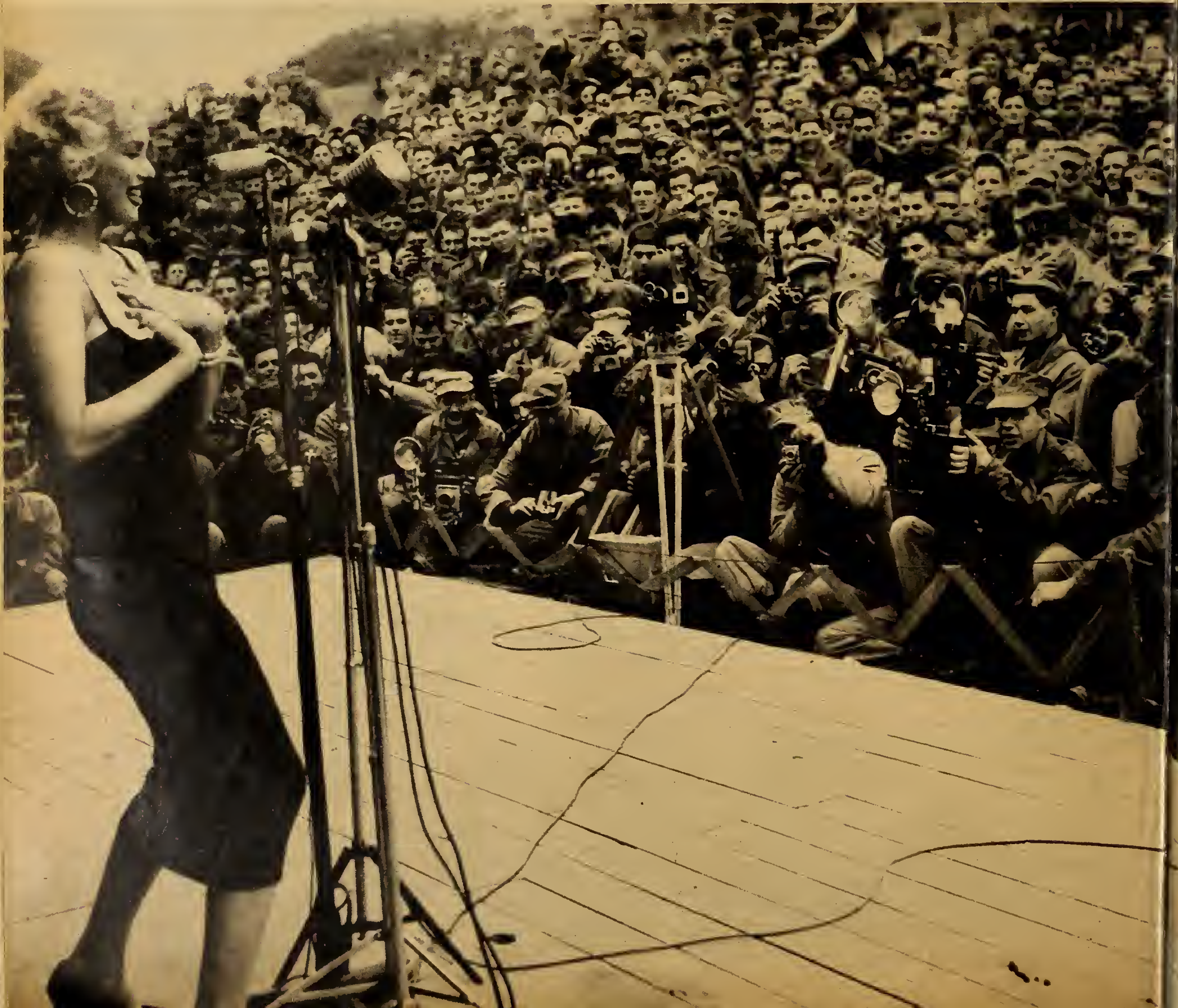
continued

MARILYN VISITS KOREA:

Traveling in slacks, Marilyn took a helicopter to the First Marine Division area where she performed for 13,000 Marines.

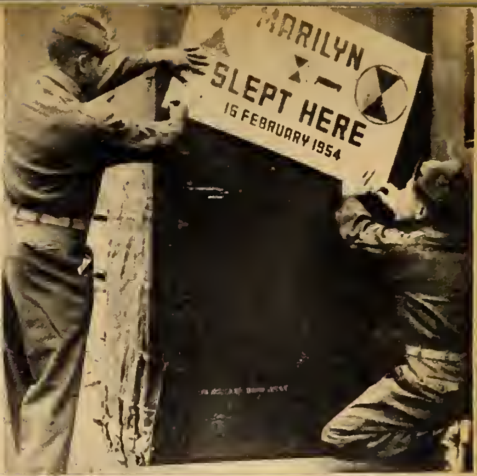
Pleased Army cooks reported that Marilyn was "just great—she eats anything!" In three days in Korea, Marilyn gave ten performances with the Special Services show, *Anything Goes.*

CHEERFULLY, MARILYN DONATED PART OF HER HARRIED HONEYMOON TO TOURING KOREA IN A COCKTAIL



At Cuchon Air Force Base Marilyn discarded her famous purple cocktail dress, draped herself in a tub for the benefit of delighted Air Force photographers.

She posed obligingly with two members of the "Golden Dragons," the 25th Division baseball team, but offered no batting hints.



Two 7th Division G.I.'s tacked up a commemorative sign after Marilyn's departure. They had politely removed Monroe calendars.

DRESS, CAUSED A NEAR-RIOT AMONG BATTLE-HARDENED G.I.'S WHO CLAIMED WAR WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

(*Continued from page* 39) Somehow they got caught in the web of circumstance and before they knew it they were living their private life in public.

After their memorable stay in Idylwild, Joe flew to New York to transact business with his attorneys, and Marilyn secretly slipped into Hollywood.

She read the script of *Pink Tights* and decided not to do the picture. That is, not unless the script were completely rewritten. *Pink Tights* had been made once before under the title *Coney Island*, and Marilyn simply felt that "it wasn't for me."

While Marilyn was hiding in Hollywood, talking only to her business manager, her agent, and one or two favored friends, Joe was talking on the phone to Lefty O'Doul in San Francisco.

One of the great baseball players of the century, Lefty had not only given Joe his first opportunity in organized baseball, but he had always remained a staunch friend. Joe had confided to him his intention to marry Marilyn, and Lefty had said, "Why don't you have your honeymoon in Japan? I'm going over there in a couple of weeks to coach. Why don't you and Marilyn come along? The Japanese people respect privacy. You can have a great time."

Since this happened a few days before the wedding, Joe didn't want to commit himself.

"I don't know," he said. "Marilyn is supposed to make another picture and, well, we'll see what comes up."

What came up was Marilyn's refusal to do *Pink Tights* and her subsequent suspension by the studio, giving her all the free time she cared to take. When Joe heard from Marilyn that she wasn't going into another film immediately, he and O'Doul began setting plans for the trip to the Orient. (*Continued on page 95*)

Moments of peace were rare for the newlyweds when Marilyn rejoined Joe on Japan's inland sea near Hiroshima—and found photographers waiting even there.

1. Relaxing at Palm Springs with friend Anne Francis, Mitzi finds that her well-developed muscles require constant attention.

2. Will power was essential for dieting. Finding her own unreliable, Mitzi shrewdly enlisted the aid of a watchful waiter.

3. New, slim figure brought new, sleek clothes, whole new personality to Mitzi, who now feels very sophisticated, very 21.

MITZI'S MIRACLE

Here are the very first pictures of the new Mitzi Gaynor—minus twenty-five pounds, plus a sleek new shape to her personality!

by Imogene Collins

■ Almost all stories about Hollywood's incredible personality changes are apocryphal. They are illustrated by tricked-up photos, a blonde or brunette hair dye and sketchy instructions on how Miss Average Girl may go and do likewise. This is something Miss Average Girl seldom does because she is blessed with more intelligence than Hollywood press agents suspect. She may not be a world-beating enchantress, but what she has is better than what she might have if she followed a lot of ridiculous blueprints offered by a publicity-hungry actress.

A single exception to a *(Continued on page 44)*

More pictures on page 44

That's me 4 months ago?

It simply couldn't be!

I mean, I was actually fat!

Easy come is not easy go where poundage is concerned. But Mitzi found that if you watch the ounces, the pounds eventually take care of themselves.

Fiancé Jack Bean dieted with Mitzi. Together they feasted on butterless vegetable plates, wept into their low-calorie soft drinks, until joyful Jack lost 15 pounds. Mitzi's miracle diet list is on page 62.

(*Continued from page 42*) rule that has been in force ever since the first Quick Movie Diet and Fast Leap to Loveliness was invented, is provided by this girl named Mitzi Gaynor.

"I had to do *something,*" she recalls. "A little over a year ago, in March, 1953, to be exact, my appendix and I parted company. When my head cleared after the operation I found myself with a ravenous appetite. As soon as they'd let me I ate everything in sight. In a matter of days I'd gained fifteen pounds.

"It's a funny thing. When you're growing up your parents will let you take ballet lessons or acrobatic dancing. They'd even let you play right halfback on the football team if you could find one that would take girls. Both mother and dad are delighted to help fulfill your girlish ambitions.

"The only trouble is that they don't know, and neither do you, that as you become a girl athlete you develop some pretty strong muscles that are going to become a headache unless you plan a career as a lady wrestler. *Or,* unless you can combine the same determination you had in the beginning with some sensible ideas on diet, clothes planning, hair-do and such, not necessarily in that order."

The most important among the few more items mentioned by Mitzi is will power. This differs from determination. You can be determined for ten seconds and then lose your will power to carry on that determination. The nice thing about will power is that it is always inside you, but sometimes slow to wake up to its full strength. When that happens, sometimes you can borrow someone else's will power to tide you over.

That has happened to Mitzi, most frequently at the (*Continued on page 62*)

TWICE, HIS FAITH HAS SAVED JEFF'S LIFE. ALWAYS, IT HAS TAUGHT HIM HOW TO LIVE.

towards the sun

by Jeff Hunter

■ Two years ago, on a sunny afternoon, off the Isle of Gozo near Malta in the Mediterranean, I did a darn fool thing. I went skin-diving alone. The studio had chosen this part of the south of Europe to film *A Sailor Of The King* and I had been given a few days off by the director of the picture.

With flippers on my feet I went sightseeing along the shore. I was wearing goggles through which I could peer deep beneath the surface of the water at the marine growths and rock formations.

I was swimming along like this an hour later, miles from anyone, when I saw an undersea cave just below me. Getting curious I kicked my way down to it and wriggled into the opening. Ahead in the dimly-lit water were odd shapes, like statues in a grotto, that were hard to make out, so I kept working my way closer. I was far inside

(*Continued on page 74*)

The curtain has lifted at last. Ann Blyth McNulty is now ready to let the world share her first shining year of marriage and her first shining home!

BY MARVA PETERSON

DOCTOR'S WIFE

This is the "denning room", filled with the sun-lit patterns Ann loves. Here the McNultys eat, informally entertain their closest friends around the corner fireplace.

The eight-room McNulty house, built in the Connecticut farmhouse tradition, will be their permanent home, Ann hopes. Shaded by three giant walnut trees, the large lawn allows Ann to indulge a childhood craving to squirt a hose to her heart's content.

Carefully cushioned and quilted couches with an Hawaiian floral print dominate the blue livingroom; like the marble-topped table, they were designed for the McNultys by decorator Mitchell Numier. The large fireplace is used even in the summer.

■ Nothing in a doctor's private life can be planned with certainty except taxes. When she accepted the name of Mrs. James V. McNulty, Ann Blyth accepted that fact. It was one of the things Jim warned her about before their marriage.

"I want you to know," he said, "that my time isn't my own, that I'll be called out at the most outlandish hours, and that many nights you'll be alone and waiting."

In the nine months that she's been a doctor's wife, Ann has learned to accept all of this.

Only a few months ago, she expected Jim home for dinner in fifteen minutes when the hospital called to say that Dr. McNulty was delayed in obstetrics. Thirty minutes lengthened into an hour. One hour became two. At nine o'clock Ann strode into the kitchen.

"Barbara," she told the housekeeper. "No point in your waiting up. I'll serve the doctor when he comes in." Then she walked back into the dimly-lit den, her beautiful head tilted in a listening position. She wasn't particularly hungry. She had passed that point. Nor was she sleepy. Just disappointed.

This was their six months' anniversary. She had prepared a special dinner—cake, candles, even champagne. And now Jim was late because the stork had been off-schedule with one of his patients.

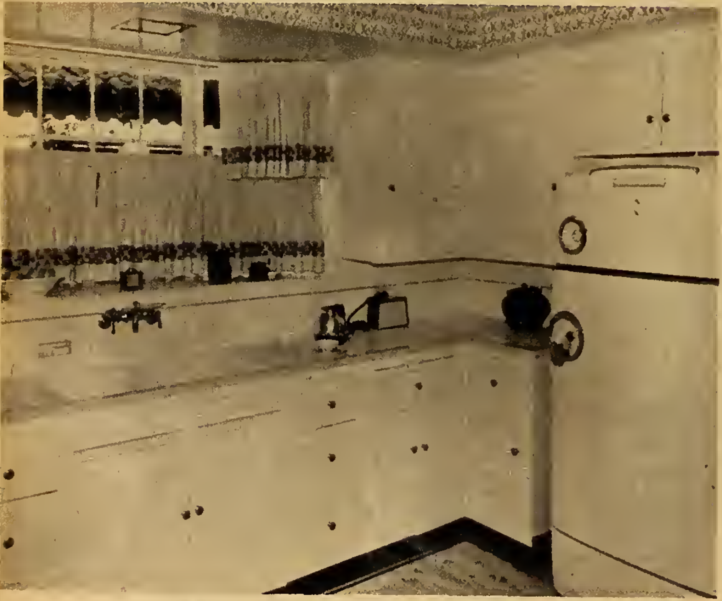
Suddenly the whir of Jim's car turning into the driveway threw Ann out of her disappointment (*Continued on next page*)

Perfect setting for Ann's wedding silver and crystal is the French Provincial diningroom with its silvery bleached walnut table, six grey velvet tufted chairs and scenic French wallpaper.

The first room furnished, the quiet blue bedroom opens onto the patio, displays delicate, quiet wallpaper, a quilted spread and step-tables to hold Ann's and Jim's books. A TV set and large dresser complete the room.

More pictures on next page

Floral-patterned "stairway to the future" leads to unfurnished second floor, awaiting expanded family. Ann took almost a year to furnish three rooms.



Attractive and efficient kitchen features eight-cubic-foot Bendix refrigerator, eighteen-cubic-foot Bendix freezer, and electric stove. Ann took cooking lessons but admits Jim's coffee is better.

Ann's wonderful Bendix Duomatic washes and dries clothes in one continuous operation, requiring no attention from busy Ann, who puts in an eleven hour day at the studio when working.

DOCTOR'S WIFE continued

(*Continued from page 47*) into a dither of preparation.

She gave the logs in the fireplace a hasty poke. She ran to the refrigerator, took the split of champagne and placed it on a tray beside two glasses. She just made it into Jim's arms as he stepped through the Dutch door from the patio.

"Happy semi-anniversary," she managed to mutter.

Jim kissed his wife's hair. Then he reached down into his coat pocket and pulled out a brown paper bag. He dropped the gift into her hands.

"For you," he said.

Excitedly Ann sat down on the couch and shook the contents of the bag into her lap. Eight of the most delicate, exquisite, hand-painted porcelain knobs. "See," said Dr. McNulty, "I'm a very practical guy."

Ann smiled. "You're priceless, darling. These will put the finishing touches to the bathroom. I'll use one on each cosmetic drawer and one on the medicine cabinet, and one on—"

"You're sure you're not disappointed now?" the doctor suggested. "They're just drawer-pulls."

"Of course not," Ann said. "Most husbands do the obvious thing on anniversary dates. They bring flowers or candy. But this is the kind of unexpected gesture writers are always trying to dream up for 'young love' scripts. And you do it naturally."

"The best way to write about young lovers," Jim said, "is to draw them from life."

Certainly this is true of Ann and Jim McNulty. Their romance and marriage has been compared to a dream, a fairy tale and a movie script. But these are pallid compared to the true version. For this marriage has so much love and warmth and tenderness that it must get better and better.

The early chapters in Ann Blyth's true love story have been thoroughly reported. Her first dates with Dennis Day's brother, their courtship, the announcement by her aunt Cissy and Uncle Jim, the charming way Jim proposed while they were trimming the Christmas tree, their common religion and Irish heritage and of course, every detail of the impressive wedding from the Papal blessing down to the size of the marriage ring.

Once the wedding was over, a news blackout was lowered. Months passed. No more Ann Blyth features were published. Movie-goers waited avidly for stories of Ann Blyth, novice housewife. No stories came. They looked for pictures of Ann and Jim at home. No news, no pictures.

Ann says now, "In the last six months I've been busier than I've ever been in my whole life. I just haven't had time to collect myself.

"Right after our honeymoon at Lake Tahoe I had to report to MGM for rehearsals of *Rose Marie*. Then I went into the picture. As soon as that was finished, rehearsals started for *The Student Prince*, then the actual shooting. (*Continued on page 86*)

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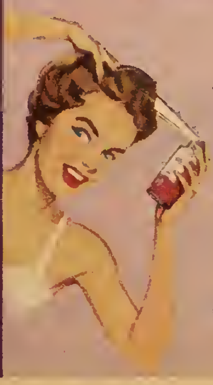

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Am I happy? I'm sort of fulfilled.

The moving story of Burt Lancaster's

When I first came to Hollywood I was scared stiff. I rubbed a lot of people the wrong way . . . compensating for my insecurity.

Am I difficult to live with? No, I wouldn't say that I am. My wife and I get along pretty well.

Well, I've learned and I've changed. At least I believe that I have.

BY
ALICE
HOFFMAN

■ Seven years ago when Burt Lancaster was relatively new and fresh in Hollywood, he was invited to a dinner party. This festive affair was well-sprinkled with colorful Hollywood characters. A loquacious writer began to spout on half a dozen different subjects.

Lancaster controlled himself for half an hour, but as the writer talked Burt's face became rosy. Finally he could stand it no longer.

He walked up to the writer, eyes flashing.

"You," he snarled, "are the biggest, no-good, four-flushing phony I've ever heard." With that he whirled and strode from the room.

The writer was aghast. For a moment he stopped gushing like a severed artery. When he could speak above this outrage, he raised a shoulder, pursed his lips and bristled. "Well!" he exclaimed. "All I can say is, '*Well!*' "

Not long after that, Burt was starred in a prison film out at Universal. During the course of the production, he turned to an (*Continued on page 82*) fight against fear

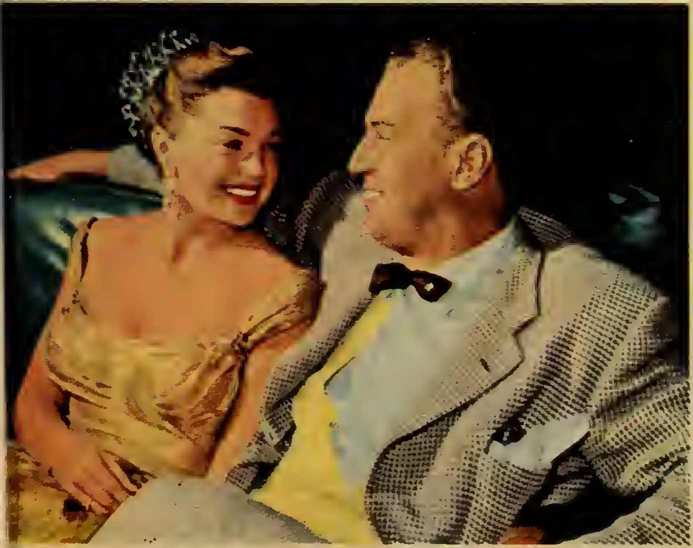
Act of Love!

Most people call
Esther wholesome and
charming; some people call
her "uncooperative."
But if you want the truth,
just call her husband and ask!

BY THELMA McGILL

only her husband knows

Her growing family is Esther's most obvious denial of the phony rift rumors frequently spread about her marriage. One of five children, Esther hopes for at least four.



Ben believes jealousy is responsible for Esther's "least cooperative actress" award; Esther managed a smile, quipped, "Well, at least they voted me an actress!"

■ No prospective movie star should be born in Los Angeles. It is a distinct disadvantage. The instant the star assumes her lofty position in the Hollywood solar system, thousands of local fans claim to be authorities on her life.

Esther Williams made this tactical error and practically every native Angeleño between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five claims to know everything there is to know about the leggy film star.

A few months ago when Esther was unfairly and unjustifiably voted the most uncooperative actress of the year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club, everyone and his sister had something to say about the choice.

"I went to school with Esther in Inglewood," one secretary commented, "and she's always been real cool."

Said a local photographer, "I was in high school with Esther Williams, and while I never would've married Ben Gage, this babe is okay. She's honest and truthful. No phony-baloney about her."

"Esther Williams and I were in grade school together," a cab-driver said. "Matter of fact, she was gone on me. I never did give her a tumble, just wasn't my type, but *(Continued on page 54)*

More pictures on next page

FOR ESTHER, LIFE CAN BE BEAUTI-

No golfer herself, Esther only rarely accompanies Ben to the links. Once there, she promptly plops down on the grass; at home she prefers sitting on the floor to a chair!

(*Continued from page 53*) for my money she's okay. She made it the hard way. Her old man was never head of any studio."

As you can see, practically everyone in Los Angeles went to school with Esther Williams. Knows all about her. How she learned to swim. How she went to work as a stock clerk in I. Magnin's for $78 per month. How she swam for Billy Rose. All of it.

There are a few genuine authorities on the life of Esther Williams, some of whom *never* went to school with her. Her parents, for example.

FULLY CROWDED WITH HOME, CAREER AND FRIENDS—AND MOST OF ALL, WITH HER LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

Already good athletes, Kimmie and Benjie share Mama with the Nursery School for the Visually Handicapped. Esther gave a pool to the Nursery; spends her spare time teaching the children to swim.

Good food is one of Esther's loves; she and Ben can eat waffles all day, love her homemade pies and salads. No seafood, though: Esther once glanced at a friend's fish dinner and asked, "What's that—live bait?"

Time at home is precious to Esther; it takes six months to make one of her films. Besides taking care of the kids, she markets and cooks when she can, helps Ben with the management of the restaurant and factory.

At Romanoff's after a première, Donna Reed chats with the Gages. Donna and her husband, Tony Owen, are members of the inseparable Gage gang, as are David and Jane Wayne, Janet Blair and Virginia Bruce.

The father, Lou Williams, now spends most of his spare time fishing. The mother, Bula Williams, is a social worker with two degrees, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Divinity. (She is a licensed minister.)

Both of her parents think Esther got a raw deal when the press girls branded her "the most uncooperative."

There are more oracles: Esther's sister Maurine, also a Ph.D.; her sister June of the Pico Women's Club, her brother Dave, a contractor-plumber. And of course, her tall, husky (six feet, four inches, 255 pounds) husband, smiling Ben Gage.

Naturally, Ben Gage knows more about Esther than anyone. He has been married to her for eight years. He is the father of her children.

How did Esther come to be voted the "most uncooperative actress of 1953?" This title was originally scheduled for Doris Day, who should have won it hands down. Last year Doris was about as cooperative with the Hollywood Press as a frightened porcupine.

The Women's Press Club was told that Doris had been under a great nervous strain. For months she had suffered from cancerphobia, a fear of cancer which fortunately turned out to be groundless. Appeals were made to their kindness. Why make someone who was ill more ill by voting her uncooperative?

A press agent phoned and said that if Doris were branded "the most uncooperative" he would lose his job. Press agents often hold this sword over the heads of warm-hearted reporters.

So you can see what a tight spot these writers were in. *Someone* had to get the sour apple. It just wouldn't do to say there were *no* (*Continued on page 92*)

going... going...

Dale and Jackie tried dancing at Ciro's . . .

a brief separation, a marriage counselor . . .

JACKIE AND DALE ROBERTSON HAVE WATCHED THEIR MARRIAGE CRUMBLE. IT IS SMALL COMFORT

■ "I guess he never loved me," Jackie Robertson mumbled, choking with tears. "Or maybe there's just no love in his heart." This beautiful twenty-two-year-old girl was talking about her impending divorce from actor Dale Robertson. She was trying to reconstruct the tangled web of their unhappy marriage.

Why had this marriage foundered?

Was it Hollywood's fault?

Was the marriage too sudden?

Was Dale to blame exclusively?

Was Jackie an inadequate wife?

What went wrong with a marriage that three years ago was blessed with so much promise?

You recall its romantic foundation. MODERN SCREEN covered the love affair in detail. So did many newspapers.

In 1951, on the set of *Friendly Island,* Mitzi Gaynor introduced Jacqueline Wilson, a poised, sloe-eyed young actress, to Dale Robertson.

Dale was then as hot as a freshly-fired pistol. He had finished *Take Care Of My Little Girl* with Jeanne Crain. Betty Grable wanted him for *The Farmer Takes A Wife*. He was receiving three times as much fan mail as Marilyn Monroe.

The tall Oklahoman took one look at Jackie and the total effect was nothing. A few weeks later producer Andre Hakim gave a dinner party, a small affair by the standards of the continental Hakim. There were thirty or forty guests. Among them were Jacqueline Wilson, sophisticated,

GONE!

but not even 16-month-old Rochelle could hold together the marriage of a too-young wife, too-indifferent husband.

NOW TO LOOK BACK AND KNOW THAT IT WAS NEVER BASED ON REAL LOVE. ■ William Barbour

well-bred, and nineteen, and Dayle LyMoine Robertson, handsome, drawling and between thirty and thirty-five years old.

They began to talk about horses. Jackie had been born in Paris, reared in Princeton, educated in eastern finishing schools. She had been a member of the Eldridge-Hartford Hunt in Baltimore.

Robertson was a frustrated cowboy who had attended Oklahoma Military College and worked later as a shipping clerk for the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company and as a jackhammer operator for the Charles M. Dunning Company, a construction outfit in his native Oklahoma City.

All the polish he had, he wore on his fingernails. But his is a magnetic personality. He has the same kind of air, good looks and command of situations that characterized Gable when he came to Hollywood twenty-five years ago. And Jackie Wilson, understandably, was attracted to this rugged, square-shouldered six-footer.

"We met on a Saturday," she remembers. "Then he called on Sunday, proposed on Monday, and we were married three weeks later. If things had worked out, the hurry, the haste, the mad rush would've been swell. But the marriage didn't take; so now I can say the courtship was too fast.

"It's easy to be wise after it's all over. But I was so (*Continued on page 93*)

jack webb:

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM!

JACK WEBB IS EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MAN FRIDAY. BUT HE'S ALSO TV'S MOST RUMORED-ABOUT GUY!

Jack's divorce from his former wife, Julie London, will be final in seven months. Both he and Julie took the split hard at first and Jack maintains that his busy work schedule did not cause the rift.

A steady couple are Jack and Dorothy Towne. Many believe they will marry but Jack refuses to discuss the subject until his divorce is final. Now he lives quietly with his mother, sees his two daughters often.

By Richard Moore

■ Every actor in Hollywood sooner or later finds himself under fire, with the press, his relatives or old pals taking shots at his integrity. The reason is obvious. Success inevitably gives birth to envy, and the urge to find a place on the financial gravy train is an itch few of an actor's casual friends or members of his family can resist.

Jack Webb, who has become to television what a combination of Alan Ladd and Clark Gable would be to pictures, is no exception.

Here are a few of the accusations not too lately hurled at the creator and star performer of *Dragnet*. That he is upstaging his friends. That he is too temperamental. That he all but socks on the nose anyone who has the nerve to ask a question about his private life. That he already has decided who the next Mrs. Jack Webb will be.

Because of the stories circulated by Hollywood gossip, a disreputable old bat with a tic in her eye, let's look at the whole story of Mr. Webb and see what sort of man he really is. Mr. Webb has already been thoroughly worked over by two esteemed journalists in Los Angeles.

They deserve credit for getting straight answers to direct questions from a man a couple of columnists had claimed was impossible to interview. Mr. Hal Humphrey, Radio and TV Editor of the Los Angeles *Daily Mirror*, had this to say about Mr. Webb's romantic life: "Webb is understandably nettled at all of the rumors concerning his (*Continued on page 73*)

Proud of *Dragnet's* Emmy (TV equivalent of the Oscar) Jack feels responsible for all phases of the show, directs and writes besides acting. Imitations don't bother him; he finds them funny!

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Meet Grace Kelly,
the girl Gable gabs about—
and the demurest miss
ever called a menace
by a Hollywood columnist!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ Eight years ago there were a great many more boys than girls attending Stevens High School in the Chestnut Hills area of Philadelphia. The girls loved it; no one was a wallflower and the "rush" was terrific. But some of the mothers were concerned; they thought their daughters might develop a conceit that would take a bad beating later when they got out into a world less bountiful with attentive males.

They needn't have worried. The effect on the girls in the class was good. They developed excellent poise based on a fine confidence in themselves. One of them, a quiet, blue-eyed blonde named Grace Kelly, was the daughter of John Kelly, once an international sculling champion, and now a building contractor. Later, her older brother. Jack, won similar renown. Today Grace is pulling her own oar as an actress. Even though she is single she seems to have a monopoly on Hollywood's best young-wife roles.

Her film husbands have included Gary Cooper (in *High Noon*), Richard Basehart (*14 Hours*), Ray Milland (*Dial M For Murder*). and Bill Holden (*The Bridges At Toki-Ri*). In *Mogambo* she loses Clark Gable to Ava Gardner but in *Rear Window* she's a cinch to settle down domestically with Jimmy Stewart and it's anybody's guess whether she will settle down with Bill Holden or Bing Crosby in *Country Girl*. Friends are beginning to kid her that marriage in real life may be an anti-climax.

Grace, who was born twenty-five years ago in Philadelphia, needed that favorable boy-girl setup at high school because she was not so sure of herself to start with. Bracketed between an older and a younger sister she is reported to have been a "withdrawn" kid at twelve.

One of the favorite family stories about her is that when she wanted to play hooky at this period she would first announce the fact at breakfast time—the point being that she was emulating other girls but not really wanting to skip school. She was hoping that someone would talk her out of it.

This indecision was general. "She couldn't shop for herself until she was quite a bit older," says her mother. Grace herself recalls, "Well, I was generally down with all the sicknesses—the original sinus kid."

Now Grace is a tall girl, five feet, five and a half inches, weighs a nicely modeled 115 pounds and is nobody's weakling. Not according to the tales brought back about her from Africa, when she made *Mogambo* with Gable and Ava.

In more than four months on safari. beset by heat and restricted to the rigorous routine of camp life, she didn't miss a day's shooting. As a matter of fact, in contrast to Ava, who spent her spare time reading in camp, Grace used hers to accompany the hunting parties sent out to get meat for the company personnel. The man who shot the heavy game on these expeditions was generally Gable. But Grace had a quick eye for fowl and bagged a great number of guinea hens.

Perhaps her nerves were most severely tested the morning she awoke in her tent to see what looked like a long, four-inch-wide snake wriggling along the ground. A closer look revealed that the "snake" was really a long line of giant ants migrating right through the tent. She got up and dressed, stepping gingerly back and forth over the undulating line, and went to breakfast. Late that afternoon when she returned from the day's filming the parade of ants was still in progress. Attacking with a pail of boiling water her native servant managed to break up the line of march and divert it around the tent. Unfortunately a few thousand ants lost their way and got into her baggage where they kept showing up for weeks.

GRACE IS not sure how her love for acting was fostered. There is a theatrical tradition in the family founded by two of her father's brothers. One uncle is the noted playwright, George Kelly, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning play, *Craig's Wife*, and *The Show-Off*. Grace had a share of his blood but none of his encouragement. He thought the theatre was not for her. Another uncle was Walter C. Kelly, a famous vaudeville headliner known as "The Virginia Judge," who died when Grace was a youngster without delivering any opinion about her talent.

As a child she took up ballet (ten years of it), studied the piano and had voice lessons, so there were some early ideas about show business. She attended an exclusive school, the Raven Hill Academy, and at the same time took part in amateur theatricals with the Old Academy Players Theatre in Philadelphia. As an aid to expression she chose two foreign languages to study, French and Spanish, stuck to them all through school and speaks them today. But she knew definitely that acting was in her life to stay after a visit she made to New York as a young girl. She was taken to the Russian Bear restaurant for dinner and there had her fortune read by a gypsy who told her not that she would be an actress but that she *was* an actress. Whenever Grace has any doubt about her ability she hurries back to the Russian Bear for further confirmation.

Her folks were not inclined to be influenced by gypsies and after Grace graduated from Stevens High School they wanted her to enter Bennington College in Vermont. But she came a cropper in her college board exams, doing badly in mathematics. That this was as fortunate a failure as has ever befallen any girl became apparent in the next two and a half years.

BY THAT TIME she had switched to the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, had been tagged for some model work in movie shorts by Warner Brothers, was selected to join the cast of a Broadway play by Raymond Massey, had offers from a number of summer theatres including Bucks County Playhouse in Pennsylvania, was well into radio and TV work and was already being talked about in letters from eastern talent scouts to the big Hollywood studios.

What most of the scouts stressed in their reports was that Grace not only had the features of a real beauty, but also a quality too rare on the screen—serene ladyhood. "She not only looks terrific," said one talent eagle, "she seems to be having wonderful thoughts, too."

Grace *has* had some nice things to think about in her life. There have been a few bad times, but not too many. There was her first appearance at Bucks County Playhouse when she was told the most dreadful fate for an ingénue is to have the critics say no more than that she is very pretty—and that's exactly how they dismissed her. There was the quick death of her second Broadway play, *To Be Continued*, which ran only three weeks even though the great Katherine Cornell praised her by saying, "I laughed and I cried at you on the stage." And there were and are all the meal times in which she doesn't eat well. Grace can't cook and she won't dine out alone, so when in New York or Hollywood she lives on such meager fare as milk, soda crackers, an apple or orange, unless she has a roommate who can cook or is invited out.

She has had the happy childhood and youth of a good looking, wellborn girl, some nice surprises (a European trip to England, France and Switzerland, for instance, to help her forget her failure to make Bennington) and an interesting and successful career in the legitimate theatre. Nor is her luck running badly now, what with the men she has had in her professional life to guide it. These, the directors of her various pictures, represent the very cream of the industry: Alfred Hitchcock, John Ford, Henry Hathaway, Fred Zinneman, Mark Robson and George Seaton.

Although she is poised, Grace is by no means an extrovert and her personality has an essence of shyness. When she knew she was to work with Jimmy Stewart (whom she had never met) in *Rear Window* she was very anxious to overcome quickly any feeling of strangeness for the sake of the picture. She didn't have to worry. In one of the earliest scenes Jimmy was called upon to kiss her thirty-seven times in three minutes. After that she felt she knew him pretty well.

HER SHYNESS, really a disinclination to talk much about herself, seems to have convinced some people that she has a lot to hide. Her name has been linked with almost every one of her leading men. There was a to-do, for instance, about her as the other woman in the marital troubles of Ray Milland last year—a charge that Grace's friends brand ridiculous.

During the filming of *Mogambo* she, Ava Gardner and Clark Gable were the best of friends from start to finish of production. This did not prevent rumors coupling Grace and Clark romantically. The basis for these reports in the columns of Hollywood writers were two-fold. First, there were all those hunting trips they made together. Second, there was the fact that they ate a great many of their meals as a twosome in camp.

Sounded like the real business but Grace punctured the whole story when she got back. The only times Ava didn't share a common meal with Gable and Kelly were during Frank Sinatra's visit to the camp, she said. At such times he and Ava naturally paired off a lot. And as for Clark's inviting Grace on so many of his hunting jaunts, Grace said companionship, not romance, was involved. It was her long silences Clark fell in love with. When he is hunting he wants no talk and no talk comes naturally with her.

Ava and Grace were not only co-hostesses at the company's Christmas show and dinner (December, 1952) held in the jungle, but they concocted a skit and presented it together. Frank Sinatra was master of ceremonies and even Gable got on his feet to entertain with a few stories.

RITA GAM, with whom Grace roomed in Hollywood, can testify to Grace's ability to keep her own counsel—ordinarily, that is. Last January Grace inadvertently upset a nice little alibi Rita had stacked up about a black eye she sported for a spell.

She had actually slipped in the shower and had fallen against a towel rack. Grace was present and played nurse. This took so much time that Grace was late for a luncheon interview and—without thinking—explained what had happened to Rita. A little later in the day Rita went out, met Louella Parsons, and on impulse decided that a fall in a bathtub sounded fishy as an explanation for a shiner. "A horse kicked me," she said. Louella printed it that way and thus the clash of explanations.

Both girls, because their permanent homes are in the east, consider themselves nomads when they are in Hollywood. They rent ordinary little apartments which can be had without leases and naturally try not to buy any furnishings which must either be abandoned or shipped about when they leave. The only trouble is that as girls will—they get a bit penny wise and pound foolish about this. They were short of blankets when a cold wave struck California, but rather than buy extra ones they kept stalling and hoping for warmer weather. It came, but not until they had spent night after night freezing.

Last Christmas found Grace alone in Hollywood without Christmas Day plans until one of the girls at her studio found out about it and asked her to her home. When Grace arrived she found that it was to be a big family dinner—a total of twenty-seven adults, nine children, two dogs, three cats and one parakeet.

Grace, quite used to family gatherings, fitted in perfectly. She helped feed the youngsters before the big dinner was served for the adults. As Grace said, "It was almost as good as being home."

In the opinion of Hollywood's producers Grace is a classic beauty, faultless they say, no matter how photographed. She doesn't agree. She feels that her left side is her best side and arranges her hair with this in mind. But she makes no point of it when she is before the motion picture camera—just when she is making a portrait sitting.

SHE HAS a permanent apartment in New York on 66th Street and lives with Henry, a parakeet. When she leaves New York for Hollywood Henry has to leave for the apartment of friends (hers, that is) until she can return and take care of him. She counts Henry the oddest friend she has in New York. In Hollywood her oddest friend is human—a girl who had an atom bomb shelter built in the garden of her house, but is never home.

Grace likes New York because she likes her Manhattan radio and TV work contacts, likes being near her family and because she has a great collection of shoes there, too many to take on her travels. She says she is crazy about shoes. She skis, does pastel sketching, swims and rides. All of these things, she claims, are better done around New York than anywhere else. And there is always her favorite gypsy fortune teller at the Russian Bear.

"Don't laugh," she says. "After all, most Hollywood actresses have their astrologers, don't they?" END

mitzi's miracle

(*Continued from page 44*) Piccadilly, a famous spot on La Cienega Boulevard, otherwise known as restaurant row. Here, Mitzi and her fiancé Jack Bean have a favorite booth. It's the place where they started their spooning, also their mutual dieting. They have a favorite waiter, name of Peter Chassis. Pete is familiar with Mitzi's lusty appetite and he turned out to be a source of secondary will power.

One night Mitzi told him, "Peter, I need your help, I've gained fifteen pounds since my operation. And I want to lose at least twenty pounds."

"You don't need me," Pete advised her. "You'd better go see your doctor."

"I already have. All I want you to do is see that when I come in here I don't order something I shouldn't. Jack, do you have that diet list handy?"

Mr. Bean fished Mitzi's typewritten diet out of a remote pocket and waiter Chassis agreed to become a party to Mitzi's conspiracy against that old devil Obesity.

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, Mitzi and Jack came back to the Piccadilly. Mitzi had been working out in ballet routines for five hours. She was beat and hungry as a horse. But she stuck to her diet. A cup of bouillon, a piece of broiled liver, sliced tomatoes, celery, radishes and tea. All of an accident, another waiter chanced to pass with a hunk of pie *a la mode* for some customer's dessert. Mitzi couldn't take it. She summoned Pete.

"I'll just have one little slice of apple pie and a sliver of ice cream."

"No, you don't," Pete retorted. "You told me to keep an eye on you, and that's what I'm doing. Just an average portion is 600 calories. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Thanks, Peter," Mitzi replied, chastened.

"I got to thinking afterward," Mitzi recalls now, "that it was a silly bit to go absolutely to pieces at the sight of a piece of cake or some juicy tidbit. Jack and I worked out a sort of philosophy. (It's much easier to win a diet battle when someone you are with constantly is doing the same thing.)

"We figured it out this way: we looked at calorie-counting as we would look at a money problem—only in reverse. The game was to keep from putting calories into our savings accounts, which was us. For instance, if Jack turned down a bottle of beer offered by a friend, he figured that he'd 'saved' 125 calories. One day I bumped into a friend at Schwab's drugstore. She suggested we have a malted milk and I almost agreed until I looked up the calorie count of a malt in my little book. Wow! I very nearly put 500 in my bank. Instead, I had a glass of ginger ale, which totaled seventy-five. And now that I've discovered those new low-calorie drinks I can have a ball at a cocktail party. I explain in advance to the hostess and she stocks up with root beer or lime-lemon and I can have three in the space of a couple of hours at a total of only twenty-seven calories."

ANOTHER WRINKLE Mitzi and Jack figured out to make their dieting fun was the twice-a-week vegetable dinner. In a calorie-counting book they found that the average serving of most vegetables is between fifteen and twenty-five calories. So they'd go to a restaurant and order a complete vegetable dinner and stuff themselves. For instance, Mitzi's vegetable dinner, with enough substance to make anyone feel as though he'd eaten a big steak, might add up like this:

Appetizer: Bread and butter pickles, celery, little green onions. *Calories: 15*

Soup: Chicken consommé. *Calories: None*

Entree: Cabbage, broccoli, carrots, spinach, stewed tomatoes. *Calories: about 175*

Dessert: Practically none

Drink: Coffee or tea. *TOTAL: 190 calories*

"It's almost unbelievable how many calories you can save that way, but you probably won't find the vegetables steam-cooked without butter too enchanting. And, *if* you're going to try a vegetable dinner like this one, you must have a pretty good breakfast and lunch."

Here's a sample of what Mitzi had the day of her 190-calorie dinner:

BREAKFAST

	Calories
1 slice honeydew melon	50
Thin slice white toast	75
2 soft-boiled eggs	150
1 pat butter	50
1 cup milk	150
total	475

LUNCHEON

	Calories
1 sliced apple	75
1 baked chicken breast (6 oz.)	150
1 thin slice whole wheat toast & butter	75
Dish sliced peaches (no sugar)	75
total	375

That's a grand total of about 1040 calories, give or take a few. It's probably as healthy as any average day of food intake you'd have when you eat in a hit-or-miss style, without any thought of diet.

"One thing to remember about diet," Mitzi declares, "is that the very word usually scares off people. They want a lithe figure but it's too much trouble to add two and two to get it. An all-vegetable dinner once or twice a week is horrifying to some people, even though vegetables are often overlooked and they are very high in essential minerals. *But* don't take my word for it. Check with your family doctor first. It's imperative that he call all the signals if you don't want to wind up an anemic shadow of your former self.

"Your doctor will tell you the dangers of a too-prolonged or too-strict diet. He'll probably tell you he's very much against these published diets and he'll be right, *if* he'll take the trouble to give you one of your own. Almost every individual requires some special attention when it comes to weight reducing. The glands and other apparatus of no two people function exactly alike.

"Let me give any girls reading this interview a big word of caution: a very successful diet for someone else may have very unsuccessful results so far as your figure is concerned. That's why expert guidance is always necessary."

Mitzi's warning in this respect has specific reference to girls' figures. She may lose as much as twenty or thirty pounds and then wish she had them back if she discovers that those pleasing bustline curves disappeared with the fat. This is where exercise comes in. Almost any physical education instructor in a high school or a professional gymnasium will be glad to give you an exercise that is effective and simple to keep your muscles firm.

While it is known that physical exercise alone is a slow reducing agent, it is also a neglected fact that a lot of attention *must* be paid to muscle tissue during the reducing period. Otherwise the leg, arm, neck and other muscles can become seriously flabby. In Mitzi's case no routine exercise was necessary, because she works out in various types of dancing regularly. But she did take the precaution of going regularly to a well-known masseuse who has helped keep famous figures trim. Massage may seem costly, but if you're dieting for a real purpose it will be money well invested.

THE MIRACULOUS CHANGE in Mitzi was not intentional at first. She only stepped on the scales, was slightly horrified and began to diet. As she began to slim down quickly the thought occurred to her that if simple diet could do this much, then she had command of herself in other ways, too.

She began to think, "I'm in a rut. Almost everyone knows me as a pert and bouncy eighteen-year-old, and that's the way I'm treated off screen and photographed on screen. But I'm twenty-one now, and that 'pert and bouncy' bit has got to go."

How to do it? You can't issue formal announcements that you no longer want to be looked on as an eighteen-year-old. You have to make some outward changes. The place to begin is with clothes. Mitzi sought the help of Paul Rose, head of the dress department at Nancy's Stores. She showed him how the clothes she had been wearing —sizes twelve and fourteen—were almost

Mitzi Gaynor's *Mystery Diet

With slight variation, this can be your menu for a week. If you do not eat breakfast, you should start tomorrow morning. Lunch may be varied by foods with equivalent numbers of calories. Dinner might be varied by roast chicken (white meat only), fruit salad and rye toast. Steak, naturally, can take the place of liver, but must always be broiled.
**The mystery is: where do the pounds go so swiftly? Seriously, don't attempt this or any other diet without the advice of a physician.*

breakfast:

½ grapefruit (no sugar)
2 poached eggs
(no salt or pepper)
Coffee or tea

lunch:

½ grapefruit
1 helping plain spinach
2 soft-boiled eggs

dinner:

Tomato juice
Celery & radishes
Small (6- to 8-ounce)
slice broiled liver
Coffee or tea

For people who drink:
a glass of soda water
with juice of half a lime
over ice, or one of
the new non-caloric
soft drinks.

big enough to turn around in. So he brought out sizes eight and ten. Mitzi was delighted to discover that the tens had to be taken in. Living in a theatrical town, Mitzi could take the plunge to extreme sophistication, stark white and stark black form-fitting gowns with low décolletage.

"It tickled me pink," Mitzi remembers, "the first night I wore one of those real gone numbers to Mocambo with Jack. People could hardly believe this was Mitzi."

Like her clothes, Mitzi's new twenty-one-year-old personality fits her well. For the first time, people have stopped trying to compare her to stars who were once famous and had one of her names. People have said to her, "I've been going to your pictures for years," although she's only been in the business for four or five years. They somehow mistook her for the former child star, Jane Withers. The older moviegoer would occasionally gaze upon Mitzi with wistful expression and exclaim, "Miss Gaynor, you've given me some of my most beautiful moments." These had identified her with Janet Gaynor. And others confused her with Mitzi Green.

No one makes that mistake now. From her smart new coiffure to the tips of her toes, Mitzi's wistful qualities are submerged, and although she's a powerhouse of energy, it doesn't spill over.

"With my lower intake of food," Mitzi says, "I stopped thinking that anyone who went to bed before midnight was a square. I found myself rolling in at around ten, which would have seemed an incredible hour a year before. Now, instead of looking for parties to go to, Jack and I find ourselves going to early movies. I learn a lot that way, not just for my profession, but in the business of being happy. Funny thing, I never realized just how much you can get out of a simple motion picture when it comes to developing a general philosophy and a good feeling about life in general. I used to go to movies to daydream. Now I go to live and learn. That may not be putting it across with a vast amount of intelligence, but I hope you know what I mean."

It's Guy Lombardo's line: "When some women say they've turned 35, it's probably a U-turn."
Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

It's possible people do understand. Already those who have seen a lot of stars come and go are comparing Mitzi with Carole Lombard for fire and punch and with Jean Harlow for her sweetness and almost childlike heart.

In the midst of all of Hollywood's frantic activity a gradual change has come over Mitzi Gaynor—one which seems amazingly abrupt to those who have seen her only occasionally. The actual physical change took only four months, during which she lost a little more than five pounds a month. The change to a well-balanced actress from a happy little ingénue, from a slightly scatterbrained teenager to a charming young woman, took a little longer, but less than a year.

Not only that, but shortly after you read this, Mitzi may be honeymooning in Paris as Mrs. Jack Bean. Oh, yes, Jack Bean went on the diet too, lost fifteen pounds and won the heart of just about the most enchanting of Hollywood's bachelor girls.

As for you who read this, if you think hard enough and have enough will power, maybe something equally as delightful can happen to you. **END**

(Mitzi Gaynor may be seen next in the 20th Century-Fox production Show Business, *with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey.)*

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(*Continued from page 37*) his collar before he answered, peeled off the blue flannel jacket with the red lining, stretched out on the sofa and elevated his phosphorescent pink socks into the air. Two black tasselled loafers dropped off. "Get them," grinned Bob. "Crazy but comfortable." He got up as soon as he lay down and slipped some LP's on the record machine.

"You like Jackie Gleason?" he inquired. I said he was a very funny man.

"I mean his music." he said. I didn't know he played music. "He doesn't. He arranges it," said Bob. "Now, that's what I mean. Listen—there's a man with *real* talent. I met him in Detroit last trip and he's out here now on vacation. I've been hanging around. Maybe I can learn something."

"What do you need to know?" I wondered.

"Oh, nothing," said Bob, "and everything. I'm having a ball, all right. Look, I'm making great dough, getting great parts. I'd rather be where I am, doing what I'm doing than anything. I'm on top of the world. I've got great people all around me. I couldn't be fatter—only, it's just the bushwa. I don't want people to think I'm a phony."

Who was thinking?

"Maybe nobody," admitted Bob, "and maybe everybody. I don't know. All I know is that I've got to keep hold of the wheel. I've got to keep control and I've got to improve. Got to lift, lift, lift. Get some class. Do you know Clark Gable?

"Well, I saw him the other night in New York. Now there's a really great guy. They don't call him 'The King' for nothing. I used to hang around the caddy shack at the club when I was a kid hoping for a chance to pack his bag. Sometimes I got it. If I didn't, I followed him around. He was always swell to me, always my idol. Still is. So when I saw him in *Twenty-One* I went right up. He'd been in Europe for a long time but I might have seen him yesterday. He said some pretty nice things about me, said he was proud of me—stuff like that. I should have felt my feet leaving the ground. But I didn't. I just felt embarrassed—like a peanut—and scared. Why? Oh, I don't know, all this swoon guy stuff and everything—"

"Gable went through it," I pointed out.

"Sure he did," brightened Bob. "And so did Bob Taylor, Ty Power, Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant. They all did. But they managed to keep people's respect—and now look at them. That's what I've got to do. Earn respect."

So Bob Wagner is worried. Not about the things that usually worry a young star in Hollywood. Not about money, not about girls. Not about his option, either. But still worried because, "It's all come too fast. I didn't count on it this way. Don't I want to be a star? Sure I do. I always did more than anything in the world, ever since I ran into those great people around the club—Gable, Alan Ladd, Randy Scott and the rest. I always said, 'That's the business for me,' and I sure enough meant it. But I'm *not* a star. I'm a long way from being a star."

"You were in *Prince Valiant*," I reminded him.

"I had the title role," corrected Bob. Then he took on the pained expression of a father trying to point out a fact to a small child. "But look, it takes two to tango. It takes directors, writers, technicians, other actors who know ten times as much as I do—a hundred people—to make a picture great. Mine have been great, but not because of me. Got to move. Girls have started sleeping on the steps of my apartment. Why? When I went to the opening of *How To Marry a Millionaire* in New York a few weeks ago four cops had to usher me across Times Square. Cops—imagine! I wanted to drop through the pavement. What's the big attraction? Not really me, not my talent. Up in New Haven 2400 girls hung around the lobby three hours before the picture opened! And down in Florida on location—the things that went on were fantastic. Why?"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "I know plenty of young actors who'd think that was swell."

"It *is.* It's wonderful. I love it," admitted Bob. "I like fans. I'm a fan myself—the greatest. Listen—I was sitting in the bar at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel right by the window—and every ten minutes a gang of kids came up outside. I got up every time and went outside until they had what they wanted. I had an awful time getting one drink down. I was flattered; it made me feel humble. But—well, I hope they all go to see my pictures. See what I mean? I don't want to be a red hot pure publicity flash in the pan. I want to elevate, man, elevate, grow and rate all this!"

IT HAPPENED TO ME

In 1947 I was stationed at the Submarine Base in New London, Connecticut. On my last leave before going overseas I went to New York, hoping to have the time of my life. But when I arrived, I found that my wallet was missing. Like millions of servicemen without money, I ended up at the U.S.O. and was met by a charming hostess. She was so understanding and sympathetic that I poured out my heart to her. At the end of a wonderful evening, she offered to lend me $25. Thanking her for her kindness, I asked where I could find her to repay my debt. She made the imprint of her lips on a piece of paper and signed it, "Marlene Dietrich." I'll be grateful to her for the rest of my life.

Charles A. Dwyer
Columbus, Ohio

"Have a cigarette," I suggested. "That is, if it won't stunt your growth." Bob laughed, lit it and relaxed on the couch and I felt like a psychiatrist with Bob talking it out. But I think it was good for him.

Robert John Wagner isn't like the average run of Cinderella boy who collects fast fame in Hollywood. What's hit him isn't a natural development from his beginnings at all. He hasn't struggled up from nothing. He hasn't even a show business background. Of course, that "born with a silver spoon" malarkey is just that. It gives Bob a pain to read that he's a rich man's son. He isn't. His folks are just comfortable middle class people. But it's true that because of his conservative bringing up he belongs in the limelight about as much as, say, a steel salesman. That's what his dad, R. J., Sr., is and that's what Bob undoubtedly would have been if the Wagners hadn't decided to transplant the family home and business to southern California when their only son was still a pup.

Even if he tried, Bob Wagner couldn't pull away from the legitimate slant to everything he does. What put the acting bug in his noggin in the first place was not a crowd of starry-eyed kids from the Studio Club or the Hollywood-and-Vine extra set living off their cuffs to hang on in Hollywood and have a good time. The idols Bob shagged balls for around the Bel-Air Club weren't Johnny-Come-Latelys or fly-by-night promoters. They wouldn't belong to Bel-Air if they were. They were the cream of the crop, seriously and successfully wrapped up in one of the most fascinating games the world has ever known. And what lodged inside Bob Wagner's handsome head was not only that fascination but also respect for the people he identified with it. They were deadly serious and intelligent about their business. And from the start that's what Bob was determined to be, too.

The whole thing has been R. J.'s own special show. Nobody bucked him at home. The Wagner family always gave Junior his head and helped when necessary. It was his own pal-type dad who skeptically but loyally promoted Bob's first look at a movie camera with a club friend, Director Bill Wellman, to start him off. The understanding pop lent Bob, all in all, about $4000 to get started, every cent of which Bob has just paid back. Still, to Bob Wagner the whole thing has been a unique personal challenge. It's no lark. It's his adopted profession and life's work, and that's exactly how he looks at it. Now he's got to make it important, dignified and real, or in his book he has failed. And beneath the pretty profile and peach bloom cheeks of Bob Wagner's good looks there's stuff as sturdy as the product his dad still sells. That's why the hey-hey and hoorah that's swept down on him is disturbing. He's convinced it is destined to goof out and leave him flat if he doesn't fill in behind the blown-up fame—and fast.

"Right now it's like stepping from one puddle of water to another," Bob sized up his career. "You lift a foot out of one pool and it closes behind you. There's no place left there. The newcomers are already filling it. You've got to make a place for yourself in the one ahead. Right now I'm between puddles."

He's right. There's no standing still and no going back in Hollywood. Someday, Bob believes, all this avalanche of popularity will roll on past him, as it has rolled past every other young star sensation before him—and what then?

"A bunch of us here in Hollywood all hit about the same time," observed Bob. "Tony Curtis, Aldo Ray, Rock Hudson and some others. We're all in the same boat. The joy ride doesn't go on forever. I've been a lot luckier than most. Oh, I haven't done as many pictures as, say, Tony, has—but what breaks I've had! The people I've worked with! The top productions I've lucked into—*With A Song In My Heart, Stars And Stripes Forever, Titanic, 12-Mile Reef*—in CinemaScope—and now *Prince Valiant.* Why, no other guy I've named has had breaks like that. And if I get *Broken Lance*—cross your fingers will you?" He shook his head in wonder. Then Bob rattled off some of the actors he has worked with. "Don't you think," asked Bob hopefully, "that some of that talent could maybe rub off?" I thought a lot of it already had. But he shook his head. "Not unless I mature," he said. "That's why I've got to lift out of this kid level. Got to switch on some dignity and duck the foolishness."

R. J. Wagner is pretty serious about this. At his studio, he has already laid down the law against gag pictures and layouts. He won't make eyes at girls for sweet publicity, or fake silly shots. He gives a flat "No" to ideas like, "How My Girls Should Act on A Date," "My Ten Rules For Popularity" and such. He's concerned about the wolf peg that's being hung on him—as it has been hung on every movie dreamboat in his spot before. Bob dropped a new stack of records on the spindle to soothe the savage beast before he went into that.

"From what people read," he said, "you'd think I spent all my spare time chasing girls and partying around. Why, I haven't taken a girl out to a big Hollywood deal since I took Mona Freeman to the première of *The Robe*. Parties—I just don't care for parties, never have. When I do go I stop in early and leave early. Somebody asks me why I'm leaving and I say, 'Got to get up early and vote.'" Bob grinned. "Now, I like girls all right. I've got girls stashed away that I see all the time, swell girls—you wouldn't know them—but I don't see them in public if I can help it. Have you ever been 'a romance item?'" asked Wagner.

That is part of the routine Bob's stuck with. "It's okay," allowed Bob, "if it were true. But it isn't and then it's embarrassing to get tied up in print, not only for me but for the girl. I took out this girl, Josephine Abercrombie, in New York. A wonderfully nice girl. (Her folks run the big Abercrombie & Fitch store.) What do you know? Next morning somebody says I'm trying to marry an heiress! Marry her? I just met her! Things like that happen and what's the result? I add up like a jerk. So I just have to watch it and now and then get unhappy about it."

Not long ago, Bob recounted, he was paired off in a personal appearance junket with a starlet who shall be nameless here. When he climbed aboard the plane, there was a press agent by the girl's side putting a ring on her third finger. "An old family heirloom," he explained. "Let's get a picture." Bob can think fast. "Uh-uh," he declined. "Either the ring gets off the plane or I do." And he started for the door. Well, the same stunt was tried again. Both times he had to get tough about it, although he hates to be that way.

It's no secret, although Bob didn't say so, that he blew his stack more than he ever had before when that romance fiction about him and Terry Moore began hitting the newsstands while they were making *12-Mile Reef* in Florida. Terry and Bob have been thrown together plenty during the course of two careers that began to roll about the same time in the same place. Both are young and attractive and red hot in popularity. So what can you expect, by all the past, present and future formulas of Hollywood ballyhoo? But Bob just has other ideas about that sort of thing. He likes Terry, but he doesn't like being pictured as her love captive—not for a minute. There was more than one long distance call back to Hollywood from Florida and the message was, "Try to stop this—please!"

That's the difference between Bob Wagner and the usual young Hollywood shooting star. He won't use just everything for fuel to jet propel himself. He wants to rate the ride.

"I don't want to sound like a square or a snob," said Bob earnestly. "I don't think I am. But look, it's only good sense. You can't build a business on baloney. If you lose your honesty, if you ditch what you believe in, then it comes across on the screen. You've got to be somebody or you don't look and act like somebody. It's as simple as that. But really to be somebody I've got a lot to learn. And now's the time for me to buckle down."

To Bob Wagner his studio is his college. After prep school he had planned to take a course in business administration at Claremont Men's College. Acting jobs stopped that, but he's taking it just the same—right where he works. Bob's on intimate terms with everyone, from the Skourases to

(*Continued on page 70*)

C'EST SI BON

No international tension here—for Ginger and Jacques, Franco-American relations couldn't be better!

Married for over a year, Ginger and Jacques have just made their first co-starring film.

■ Over a year ago when Ginger Rogers, then forty-two, and Jacques de Bergerac, then twenty-six, were married in Palm Springs, Hollywood guessed the marriage would last as long as Ginger wanted it to.

Ginger is one of those lovely, forceful actresses who stomps through life demanding to see the manager. She usually gets what she wants.

Before Evelyn Keyes introduced her to de Bergerac in Paris two years ago she had wanted three men: Jack Culpepper, a vaudevillian, Lew Ayres, an actor, and Jack Briggs, a Marine. Her desire was short-lived. She divorced each of them.

With de Bergerac, however, she says it's different. She expects this marriage to be her last. Ginger is going all-out to make her handsome, six-foot, two-inch husband a big-name star. It was largely through her intervention that MGM put de Bergerac under contract last year. The studio tried hard with the husky Frenchman, teaching him how to act and how to speak English, but the final screen tests were turned down.

Jacques tried other Hollywood studios. Unless his wife came with him, there were just no takers.

A few months ago, Ginger was offered a British picture entitled *Life Line*, the story of an American actress and a Frenchman.

Ginger not only accepted the role, "but I told the producer that Jacques was a natural for the Frenchman's role. I'm sure Jacques has what it takes to be a star. I simply know it." She bought interest in the production.

Life Line has been finished and moviegoers will have the opportunity to determine whether de Bergerac is really a good actor or whether love has clouded Ginger's judgment. She has been in love many times but it has not been known to fog her financial vision. She is one of the wealthiest actresses in the business.

Jacques gets nettled when interviewers suggest that his wife is sponsoring his career. He says he cannot understand why people in America make such a fuss about the age difference between Ginger and him.

"In France," he says, "when a man and his wife love each other nobody asks when they were born."

As for Ginger, she has never looked more radiant nor complained less.

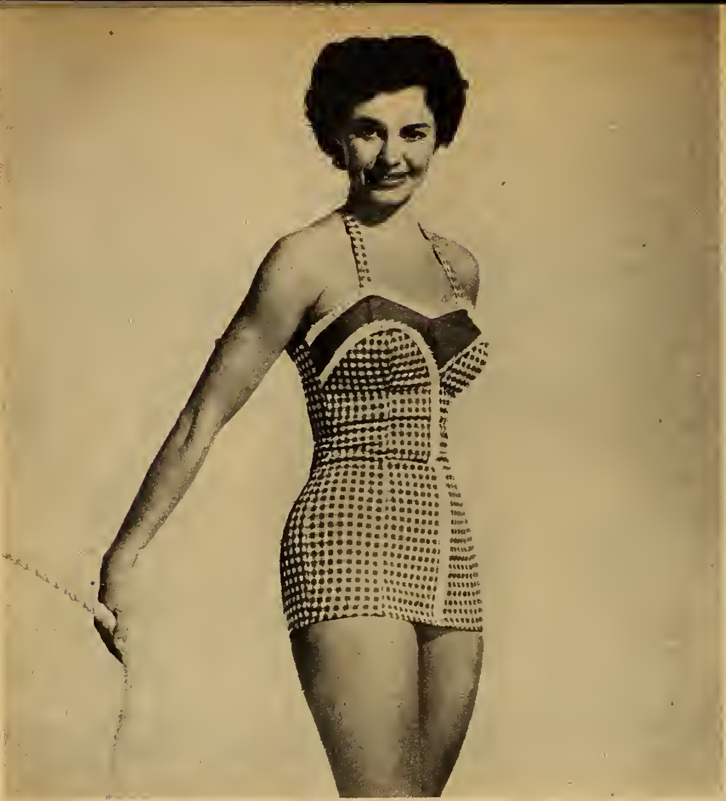
During the filming of *Life Line*, the couple had to stay in a small country hotel in Middlesex where the beds were too small for them and the service was not what Miss Rogers is accustomed to. She remained cheerful.

Even when her furs were stolen she remained composed.

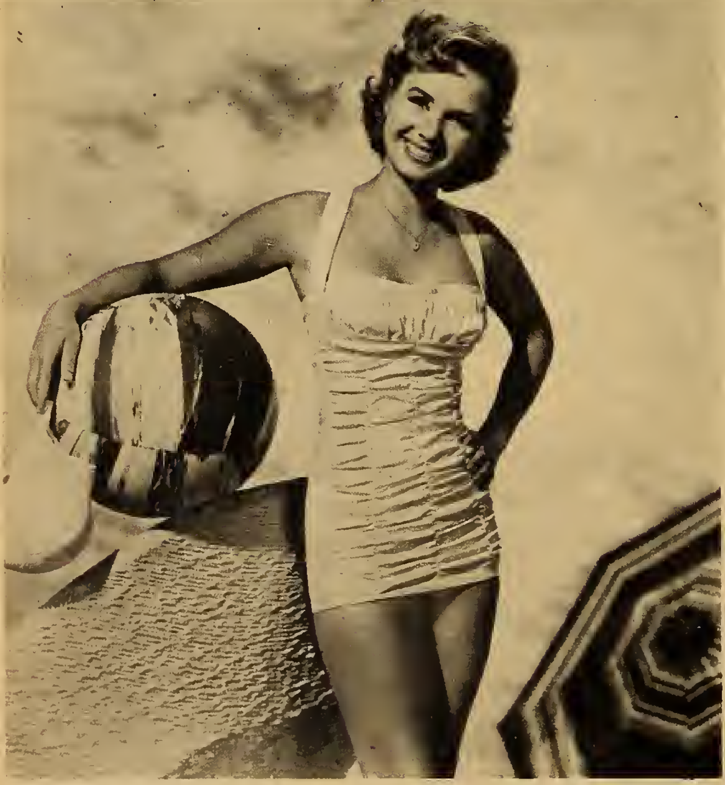
"Furs," she said, "are not vitally important. They can be replaced."

And with that she clutched her husband's arm, turned, and looked into his eyes as if to say, "But you. my dear, cannot."

FOUR FOR THE SHOW



Cyd Charisse models a smart, elasticized sheath swim suit of bright red and white checks. The news is in its Celanese Celaperm fabric that prevents colors from fading. The sweetheart bodice with grosgrain ruffle trim is side-boned (wear it with or without straps). Also blue or black checks with white. About $11. See Cyd next in MGM's **Brigadoon.**



Debbie Reynolds wears a lastex swim suit that features the popular horseshoe neckline. The shirred front has magic adaptability to all figure types. This suit can also be worn strapless. Colors: Royal blue, black or brown. About $9. Debbie keeps her hair soft and lovely with a U. S. Holland hair dry swim cap. See Debbie in MGM's **Athena.**

■ Exciting beach news of 1954 includes the glamorous Sea Nymph swim suits by Jordan that have been awarded the Modern Screen Fashion Star Medal. These well-loved suits for sunny places everywhere feature sleek lines, easy cut, finest fabrics, luscious colors and expert workmanship. Lovely MGM stars Cyd Charisse, Debbie Reynolds, Elaine Stewart and Ann Miller pose in Sea Nymph swim suits for Modern Screen's readers.

Facing page: Elaine Stewart and Ann Miller play twins under the sun in their identical faille lastex swim suits. The bodice has a soft feminine fold-down cuff, center tie—the hip-line has false flap pocket trim (the suit bodice is side-boned for strapless wear). Black, red, brown, yellow, royal blue or sky blue. About $9. Elaine Stewart is appearing in MGM's CinemaScope production *Brigadoon* and Ann Miller can be seen in MGM's Technicolor film *Athena.*

Sea Nymph Swim Suits by Jordan
may be bought from stores listed on page 77, in person or by mail

MORE ▶

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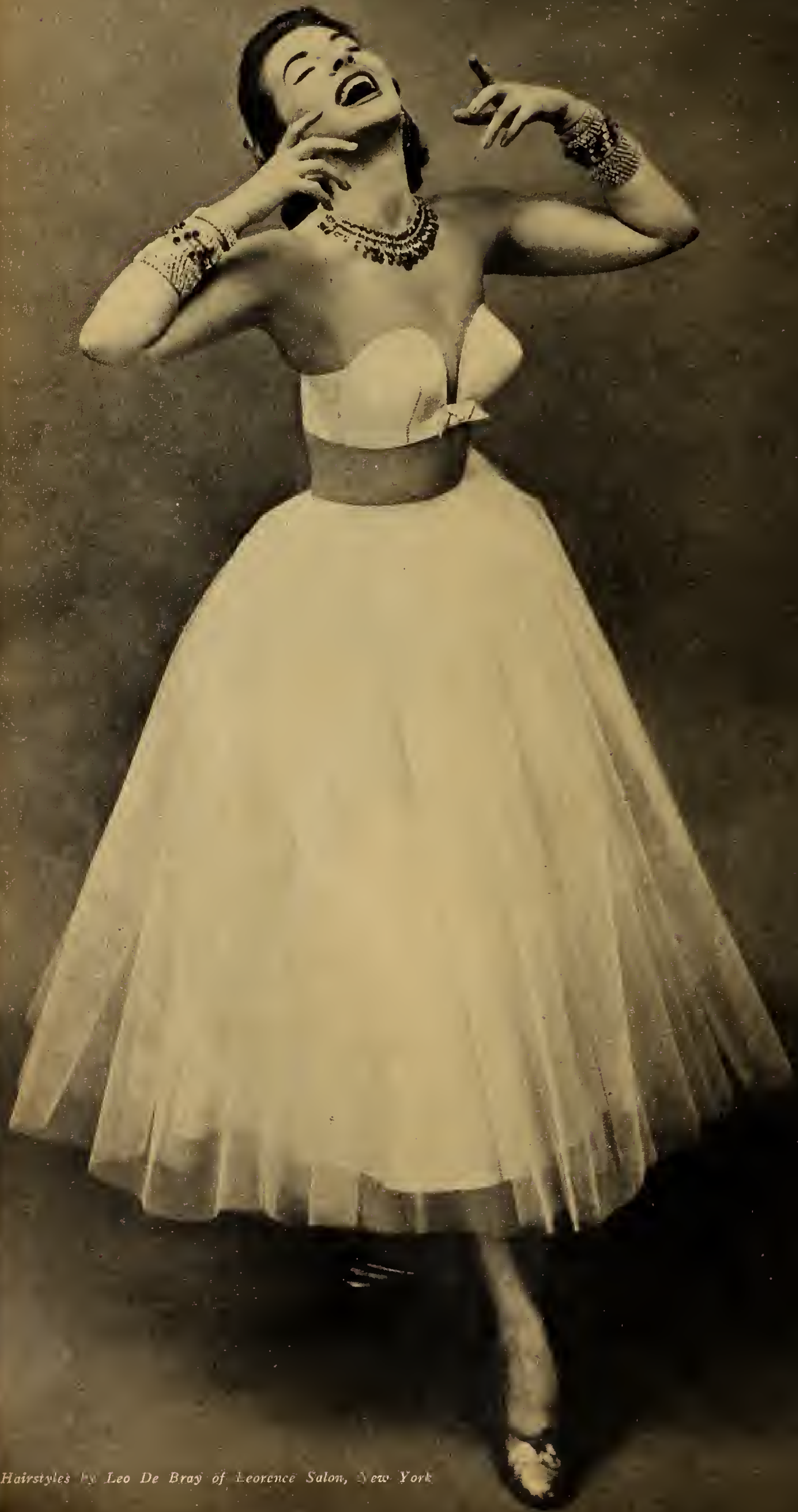
FIGURE



Hairstyles by Leo De Bray of Leorence Salon, New York

■ The key to body beauty is yours with any one of Maidenform's brassieres. Maidenform received the 1954 Modern Screen Fashion Star Medal for outstanding merit in design, construction, fabrics and styling of brassieres for every figure type. We chose the famous *Etude* strapless style because it so beautifully adapts itself to all types of clothes. This bra gently moulds and controls and is as comfortable as skin itself, for the wiring is safely and prettily covered, the body contacts padded with foam rubber, the cups form-stitched and the back band made of elastic. Modern Screen likes to think of the *Etude* strapless as summer's favorite all-occasion bra. We feature it in white broadcloth. It costs about $3.50. We show it on this page with a white nylon net summer formal skirt which doubles with every dressy separates top. We add silvery slippers and fabulous rhinestone and sapphire costume jewelry for glitter.

All the beautiful costume jewelry—copies of real pieces—shown on this and the facing page is by Capri.

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PERFECTION

Right: Summer's little suit that travels or stays in town feels so cool and comfortable—looks so trim and figure-right when worn with Maidenform's *Etude* strapless bra. The classic linen suit with short-sleeved jacket boasts a perky collar and bound buttonholes—the skirt is pencil-slim. Smart accents are the golden necklace, earring and bracelet set, Dawnelle shortie gloves and Dorset-Rex handbag.

Below: Slip your favorite summer sweater over your *Etude* strapless bra—you'll have a glamorous contour as well as ease and freedom. Add a chic novelty belt, colorful 'kerchief and an exotic jumbo glass and golden bead necklace, earring and bracelet set for the love of a casual costume.

Maidenform brassieres are available at every fine department and specialty store

(*Continued from page 65*) the studio bootblack. Back east he trails through the business offices and buddies with the secretaries. He's at home in every department connected with making pictures, selling, distributing or showing them. Away from work his best friends are not kids his age interested only in their weekly checks and in having a ball. They're older people who can teach him the thousand things he's determined to know—people like Directors Walter Lang, Sammy Fuller, Eddie Dimytryk, Henry Hathaway, Mary and Richard Sale, the writers. He keeps an inquisitive pipeline open to every corner of the lot. Bob bought 100 shares of TCF stock last year and although it has almost doubled in price by now he wouldn't sell it if it hit the skies. He brought out a loose leaf file and riffled through it as we talked. "Stories," said Bob, "I read a lot. Some of these the studio has bought. You never can tell when there might be a part for a guy like me. Take *Prince Valiant*, for instance—"

Bob got that one strictly by his own initiative. He took the idea of the dashing medieval character right out of a comic strip he clipped and brought it into the office of producer Robert Jacks, Darryl Zanuck's son-in-law. Jacks liked the idea and promised to look into it. "When you do," suggested Bob, "give me a chance at the wig, will you?" Bob Jacks said he'd do. And, of course, Wagner wore the wig—for the best part he's had so far. What's more, the job he did there has already cinched him for another swashbuckling title role in *Lord Vanity*, the Shellabarger novel.

"The roughest time for me is between pictures—like right now," sighed Bob. "Look at me—jumpy as a witch. Can't settle down. I've lost nine pounds. You know, I really go off my nut when I'm not working. It's such a great kick to start a picture. I'm really living then. But you hit such a pace! When it's over, I can't cool down."

Bob used to cool down pasting a golf ball around the Bel-Air links. He'd still like to, but that is mostly a vain hope these days. "My mother gave me a beautiful golf set for Christmas," he said. "New rocket shaft Walter Hagen clubs, a terrific bag, black leather with red lining—that's my favorite color combination—but you know I haven't had a chance to break it in yet. My game's gone to pot. Dad beat me down in La Jolla and the boys at Bel-Air are going to take all my money when I get there. I just don't have time any more to practice. I get as far as the locker room, the telephone rings, and I'm back on the hook. It's a layout—or an interview."

"Like this."

Bob grinned. "Like this. And it's swell with me. Don't get me wrong. I'm lucky you're here. But what can I tell you? I'm such a dull character. All work and no play."

"You're not kidding me," I told him. "With you there's strictly no difference." That's what makes Bobby run. He's just plain crazy about his job.

"Come on," he fidgeted. "Let's get out of here. Take a tour around the lot, hey? Got to look after my interests."

So WE TOOK a tour around the lot. That is, it was a tour for me. For Bob Wagner it was just the daily and often all-day round, but he wouldn't trade it for a trip to the moon.

He couldn't take a step without somebody's hailing him. "Hey, Lover-Boy!" shouted a guy from the catwalk around the cutters' building. "Love her yourself!" yelled back Bob, "Everything under control?"

"Better come up and check."

He moseyed into the make-up department with all those mirrors, hair dryers and barbers' chairs. "See my *Broken Lance* test?" he asked the head make-up man anxiously, and got a nod. "How'd you like it?"

"Too dark."

"It's the photography, not the make-up," decided Bob. "Let's go in here." He pushed open a heavy door. Inside the dubbing stage hell was popping on a giant screen, as G.I.'s got drilled by machine guns. From the controls a chorus of voices greeted, "Hi, Bob," and went on with the slaughter for *Hell And High Water*. "Great reel," Bob told them after the lights flashed up. "Knocks you out of your seat."

"Thank you, Mister Wagner," bowed one in mock servility. "Yes, Mister Wagner. Then it's okay to go ahead?" But you could tell they loved the guy. Bob grinned.

"What a crew!"

At the scoring stage a huge symphony orchestra thundered music as a tense *Demetrius* scene unreeled. The orchestra stopped midscore and everybody laughed. I didn't see why. "Piano forgot to come in," explained Bob.

"You lead orchestras, too?" I asked him. He laughed.

That's how it went all over the big plant—wardrobe, camera shop, make-up, script, a couple of dressingrooms and a few sound stages. Nothing exactly new to me but through Bob Wagner's eyes it did indeed seem wonderful, fabulous, fantastic and great. Those eyes were shining as we sat down in the cafe for a Coke.

"You know," said Bob, "sometimes this seems like a crazy town and a crazier world. Here I am just an ordinary guy, twenty-four years old, with all this luck and all this fuss. I'll go home now to my apartment, $125 a month, furnished with some things my folks left me when they moved—all I need. But I'm looking for another one, bigger and custom furnished with a whole new deal. For a while I thought about a house. Almost went for a made-over stable on a big place in Beverly Hills. But $39,500! Wow! I couldn't swing that. Actually, why should I want a house? Other day I tried to buy a horse named "Steel" in one of my pictures, but they wouldn't sell him. What would I do with a horse? Can't ride it. My bum eardrum hurts when I bounce. Just pet it, I guess."

"I spend a lot of money on clothes. This coat now, custom tailored, and these slacks by Hoffman-Tarzia. I don't really have to have clothes like this. Cars have cost me a lot, too. Lost money on trades—my Cadillac, MG, Ford, Mercury. I cracked up a couple. When I eat out, which is all the time, it's at Romanoff's or Chasens. Expensive. I came back from Florida broke. I've got a business manager now who's holding me down. What I mean is, sometimes it all seems crazy. Me, in a seventy per cent income tax bracket!

"I'm just the same guy I always was," Bob soliloquized. "But people say I'm a star when I'm nothing of the sort. They expect me to act differently, be different. Kids write letters and people ask me questions, as if anybody cared. 'Are you in love?' 'When are you going to get married?' "

"Well, when are you?"

"Someday, I guess. But not for a long, long while with what I've got to do. Right now I'm as free as the birds. But the point is: You can get a cockeyed slant on things from the spot I'm in if you don't watch out.

"But then," reflected Bob, "I come on this lot and I walk around and see what's here, what it's really all about. Big things going on all around. The greatest talent, brains and energy making important entertainment for millions of people all over the world. And I'm a part of it!

"That's the really wonderful thing that's happened to me. That's what I've got to prove I'm up to. Say," he choked it off, "can I give you a lift to your car? Got to dress, eat and catch a show."

We climbed into Bob's new Mercury, with all the gadgets, black finish outside, red leather inside. Bob gunned it confidently with a last loving look at the place he'd rather be than anywhere else, despite all you might hear to the contrary. He didn't seem so worried any more. "So long," he waved when we reached the gate. "Let's have a drink sometime and maybe another talk."

The gateman took my pass. "Been with Bob Wagner? A mighty fine boy," he said. "Going to be a big man around here one of these days."

I nodded. Why not? It's not exactly impossible. END

Who's a worry wart?

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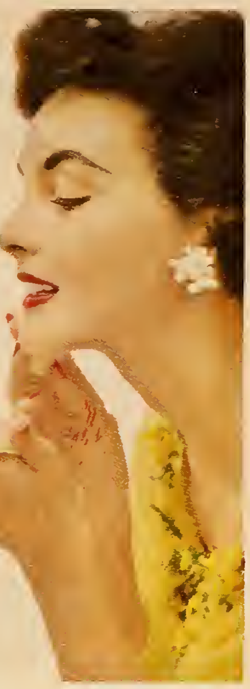

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just the facts, ma'am!

(*Continued from page 59*) private life. 'All I've tried to do is entertain the public and grab a little happiness. Naturally, I haven't any plans for marriage now. There are still nine months to wait before my divorce becomes final. I've been going with Dorothy Towne and I may marry her in the future.' "

Mr. Humphrey's reliability as a reporter is not to be questioned. Yet it is impossible to completely verify Jack's romantic plans. No man can be completely certain that he's going to wed any girl in nine days, let alone nine months. The facts, however, would seem to confirm that the romance with Dorothy is definitely on. A photographer who took pictures of them dancing together had this to say: "The only two people in Hollywood who never smiled for the camera in my recent experience have been Marilyn Monroe and Jack Webb. A few months back Marilyn began to smile. Now she's Mrs. DiMaggio. Every time I run into Webb he's smiling, so I draw my own conclusions."

Now a quote offered by Jack Webb to Erskine Johnson of the Los Angeles *Daily News*, in answer to the charge that he's too temperamental. Said Jack: "Sure, I've blown up on the set. I don't like to be distracted. It happens to everyone in our business. But I don't feel I'm difficult to get along with. I've had the same cameraman and most of the same crew for sixty pictures. I really don't take myself seriously."

And he doesn't, although the same attitude does not apply to his work. Sleuthing for Modern Screen, I waited for the formidable Webb in a corner office on the third floor of the Animation building on what the Walt Disney lot is pleased to call Dopey Street. Exactly seven minutes later, the highest rated actor in TV movies walked in, apologized, and said, "Holy cow, we're not so busy we have to be impolite." That was a good beginning. As a rule Hollywood actors never beg your pardon unless they are an hour behind schedule. I warmed to this guy immediately.

I asked him: "Do you mind all these imitations of you, like the records, the nightclub character and such?"

"Why should I?" he asked. "I'll be frank with you. I personally don't care for the Jones record, for instance. There's some vulgarity in it. It doesn't stick with the spirit of the program, which I'd think must be in any real satire. But it's all right, I guess. Imitation's the sincerest form of flattery. Of course, they *could* imitate you right out of the business, but it's never worked out that way. Take the first good imitation—the record by Stan Freberg. If I couldn't laugh at that I'd be in a sad way."

Although he is sometimes referred to as an actor with a crew haircut, Jack Webb's almost jet black hair is just plain short, not collegiate. Also, he is younger than he appears on the screen. Joe Friday would appear to be forty, smack on the button. Webb is thirty-three years old. He differs from Friday in other ways. His face is much more mobile, his smile more frequent, his justly admired voice freer and less measured.

And on that point I questioned Mr. Webb again. "I don't mean to put you on the defensive all the time, but your critics and *Dragnet's* charge that this voice business is an over-stylized device."

Webb rose to the needling, grabbed the hook nicely. "I'll answer that. In the first place we don't make *Dragnet* for the critics. In the second, third and several other places, we haven't had any demand for a change of pace or tempo from the public. When we do, we'll start making some changes. The public's my boss—period."

That's unusual. Movie-makers' attitudes in the past have been that the public consists largely of morons who darned well will take what they're handed. Webb says, "Not too long ago the public told us to relax a little. Nobody else could have told us unless it would be the Los Angeles Police Department. If in one day's letters I receive as many as fifteen urging one particular reform, and if there are not many dissenters, then there's a good chance that we may make the change. Last season, you may remember, we made our first pass at humor. It was real quiet humor, the key we thought fitted us best."

A secretary came in with a script, put it in front of Webb and then handed him a postcard. He turned it over to me, grinning. It was from a girl in the Middle West who expressed the hope that Friday and fiancée would marry so that she, the writer, could baby-sit for them. "That one's a bit premature," Webb observed, "but a helpful soul, don't you think?"

Turning serious again I brought up the subject, carefully, that has been tossed around among the gossips. Namely that Jack Webb considers himself heaven's gift to TV and that his opinions and only his are worth anything. His response was not that of a badgered witness.

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"Look, *Dragnet's* my responsibility. If they don't like it that way I'm the guy to kick. In fact, I guess I'm the guy to kick for almost anything they don't like. I'm the director and I help with the writing."

It might even be said with full candor that Webb is "the works." Webb is *Dragnet* and *Dragnet* is Webb. That is the way he feels about it. "It was a fair little show to begin with. Nothing terribly ambitious. But now I can feel for Dr. Frankenstein. The show's the monster and I'm the slave. It stuns me a little, what's happened. But there's a difference. The good doctor had a pretty wet time after his creation hit its stride. Me, I sort of like it."

There is little doubt that Jack Webb thoroughly enjoys what he is doing, a strong contrast to most actors who, upon reaching a position in which the public indirectly pays them around $5,000 a week, declare that they hate every second of the time spent exposing themsleves to the cameras. This again puts Webb in a class with men like Alan Ladd and Clark Gable, who actually enjoy acting. It also removes Webb from the class of actors whose small talent has rapidly expanded their hat size.

Still, Jack's friends wish he could slow up a little. A few sob sisters credit the fact that *Dragnet* all but consumed Jack's life for the breakup of his marriage to Julie London Webb last year. This is untrue. The better informed—Webb among them—think he thrives on a fourteen-hour working day, no hobbies and many outside interests.

"It isn't actually as bad as they say," Webb contends. "I like to visit friends, have a couple of beers and bat the breeze, and I *am* interested in a lot of things besides *Dragnet* and show business." Two of those include his four-year-old daughter, Stacy, whom he likes to have visit him at the studio, and his almost-two-year-old daughter, Lisa. They are interested in him, too, and so are a lot of other kids. You can't fool children. They don't always go for actors who are publicized as their favorites. But one kid said, "Joe Friday—Mr. Webb—he's real. I went up to him once when he was busy talking to some important people. He walked away from them, gave me his autograph and talked to me a long while. He didn't have to."

Jack Webb does a lot of things he doesn't have to do. One of them is to really worry about the personal welfare of 150 or more people who directly earn their living through Mark VII Productions. They have to eat. They have kids and mortgages on their homes, too.

Webb doesn't make a big point of this, except to say: "Like some other actor-producers I'm responsible to a lot of people besides myself. So maybe I worry a little and look glum sometimes. That doesn't mean I'm taking myself too seriously or thinking I'm a crusader. How pompous could I get? We're entertainers. If a mission sets in along the way, then let's get it accomplished, and in this case part of that mission is a better understanding of the men who serve on the police force. Take the average policeman. His pay isn't much. Down here on Main Street a policeman breaks up a barroom brawl and some woman tears the sleeve off his uniform. *He's* got to pay for that, and on a salary most of us in Hollywood think we couldn't live on. So, we've got no soapbox, but I've wanted to point a program at just that situation. But do you think the Los Angeles Police Department would let us? Absolutely not. They don't want favors. Not collectively or individually."

It's too bad that Jack Webb couldn't be put in charge of a campaign to dramatize the needs of the courageous and quiet men who enforce our laws silently day in and day out without complaint. Indirectly, he already does that, but if flattered on the subject he'll only scowl a little and say, "It makes us (he habitually includes his whole crew in speaking of the show) damn happy that most policemen like us and people approve of Joe Friday."

Delving into Jack's private life requires a dissolve to a not-too-posh section of Los Angeles where a somewhat frail and asthmatic child was raised by his mother and maternal grandmother because his parents were divorced. Forced by ill health and semi-poverty into rather sedentary pursuits, he became absorbed with painting. Later he turned to a scholarly interest in jazz and jam sessions, a fact which is significant in view of his plan to film a series for TV called *Peter Kelly's Blues*. Mr. Kelly will be not unlike the late Bix Beiderbecke who led a brief, intense life during the Hoagy Carmichael college day era.

But that's a little ahead of the story. Jack Webb had to forego a college education to support his family—the two women who during the worst of his asthma had carried him up hills and stairways. He became a clothing salesman, then switched to a rather aimless and bitter pursuit of acting because of the necessity for more money.

In 1947 Jack married Julie London, after being pleasurably staggered by a pin-up picture of her printed in a magazine during the war. After V-J day they were married. Both took hard the failure of their marriage some three years later. Jack, unlike most of the male favorites in the entertainment world, has refused to discuss the matter with anyone although he is constantly pressed to make public statements.

This writer, who served a little time as a police reporter, tried, then gave up, figuring that Jack Webb is one man who really means it when he passes the word that he doesn't want his private life or the lives of those around him invaded. Well, you can't blame him. The memories harbored by the big home in Encino are not too happy. Folks out that way miss him, though. Like over at Love's Barbeque Restaurant. He used to drop in there now and then for their really famous barbecued beef sandwiches with deep oven baked beans. So did a lot of other stars of both television and the cinema. But Jack Webb's autographed picture is the only one they framed and hung on the wall.

"I don't know, though," one of the waitresses said recently. "We're remodeling and if he doesn't get in here pretty soon, we may take him down." She said it affectionately, though, and I promised to remind Mr. Webb next time I saw him. I'm sure he doesn't intentionally neglect any of his old cronies, but now he lives way across town in an old-style bungalow kitty-corner from the old Bette Davis home on Franklin Avenue. He lives quietly with his mother and only a few of the closer neighbors know that the fellow who drives up in that sleek white Cadillac convertible is the Joe Friday they see on their television sets.

HE'S A PRETTY average sort of guy whose talent has caught fire in a big way. People will say a lot of things about him simply because he keeps his mouth shut and tends his own affairs in the gaudy, drum-beating world of show business. In trying to show Jack Webb as he really is, you can't find a better tag line than the quote pried out of him by Hal Humphrey, from whom we swiped a few colorful lines earlier in this yarn.

To wit: "I'm no angel, but I still can look at myself in the mirror when I shave."
—Jack Webb. **END**

towards the sun

(*Continued from page 45*) when I began to feel uncomfortable and decided I had better go up for air. Then I realized that the roof of the cave had been sloping down all the time and I was deeper than I ordinarily dive. It might take me longer than I thought to get my breath—too long, maybe!

Don't let anyone tell you that a man can't sweat under water. I was panicky getting out of there. My clearest memory is of that split second when I turned around to swim out of the cave. Around and behind me was murk and deep shadow. Ahead, through the opening, was sunlight streaming down from above—streaming down like the light that used to fall on the altar of the church where I served as an acolyte.

I don't know how I reached the surface again. As I floated there and slowly regained my composure I knew again that for me there could never be any doubt. The difference between being in the church and out of it was like the difference between being in the sunshine which now warmed me and being in that cave—that cold cavern—below.

I have friends who don't look to God, or to any spiritual force for that matter, and it is to them that I wish I could present this picture of faith. Because He and His meaning are so necessary to me as to be an inalienable part of my existence.

I did not need to be frightened in a far-off ocean to learn this—only to realize it again. It has come to me at times when there was no fear; just the opposite, in fact. Only a few winters ago I was skiing at Winter Park, Colorado, all alone on the great white expanse of the mountainside, when a feeling of indescribable exhilaration overcame me. I was alone and yet I had a positive sensation that I had never in my life before been so close to Someone. These things are too personal to be explained, I know. Yet from the attempts others have made to explain them to me I know that they happen to all of us. We are all equally favored—if we but care to respond.

MAYBE I AM fortunate in that I had a warm and satisfying relationship with my faith, the Episcopalian, right from the start. There are times in the lives of all small boys when any church service is too long to sit through. That time was over quickly for me, perhaps, because of a rather dramatic episode in my childhood.

I was only five years old when I suffered a severe attack of appendicitis. Surgery was followed by peritonitis and then nephritis. I can remember lying on my hospital cot, quite conscious although I was in a state of crisis.

A nurse had come to the bed and was leaning over me when she asked, "How long has he been like this?"

There was a reply, some hurried movements and then the beginning of emergency treatment that seemed to involve everything from slapping my face and administering injections, to piling me into warm blankets and even surrounding me with infra-red lamps. I had gone into a stage preliminary to a death coma.

But while I was aware of the fact that the doctors and the nurses were fighting for my life with all the medical skill at their command, I knew also that my parents had been summoned, and our priest, and that they were praying for me. What came through to me then as the telling force, the most powerful force, were their prayers. This impression I cannot forget. It may well have been behind my decision, later on, when I was in high school, to become an acolyte at our church—Christ's Episcopal of Whitefish Bay in Milwaukee.

I was studying music at this time and one of my favorite ways of spending a weekday afternoon was to enter the church quietly when no one was about and softly play the electric organ. I'm not telling about this as an illustration of my piety. I have an idea that it was my secret desire to be a performer that was being satisfied here. Even so, I like to know that I got the satisfaction from my church.

Our church was not a large one and

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RICHARD HUDNUT

ordinarily no one ever entered it during a weekday afternoon so my musical sessions were rarely interrupted. But one day, as I was playing, a man and woman came in and sat down quietly as if to pray. I didn't know what to do and finally left the organ and approached them.

"Would you rather I didn't play?" I asked.

They looked at me in surprise. "Of course not," said the woman. "Please go on," the man told me.

From their manner I knew they had accepted my music as a part of the atmosphere of the church, like its vaulted ceiling and stained glass windows. I felt that perhaps I should be a part of it.

Ever since, music has appealed to me as an important and impressive part of any service, and perhaps the most impressive part of it is the way it internationalizes man. On my trip abroad I visited churches whose pastors I could not understand because of difference in language—or even difference in dialect when my own language was spoken. But all of the difference was wiped out and it was like being back in my own church when the organist sat down and the melody and surge of an inspiring hymn rolled out. When I went to Westminster Abbey in London, where of course I understood the sermon, I still felt like a tourist until the music started. At that moment I became a worshiper.

ONE TENDS to think of faith as a phenomenon stemming only from the church. Personally I have never believed that a man must be in front of the altar or even technically within the church to be assured of sanctification. I really feel that God can be found anywhere and by any name. A man seeking God can find Him if he doesn't worry so much about *where* to find Him as *how*. The great truths about Him, it seems to me, are not confined to any special place.

But for most people I do think that membership in a definite denomination and attendance at formal services are the most rewarding of spiritual relationships. The rituals involved, so often criticized as only pageantry, are important because they symbolize man's hunger for salvation. They help create an emotional appeal and I can see nothing wrong in this. The most human thing about people is emotion. A church whose spire points to the sky, whose altar glows with warm radiance, whose priest stirs the heart as well as the intellect with his message, is in my opinion playing its proper inspirational role in the lives of its membership.

I remember visiting the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago one Sunday. As I entered the church I noticed that many of the men walking in with me were derelicts of the most dejected type. They were so badly dressed they looked like so many tramps. But most depressing was the lost look on their faces, eyes staring out at a world which had no meaning for them.

Not three quarters of an hour later I had witnessed a virtual transfiguration of all these men. They had heard in the ensuing time a message of inspiration from a man as old as any of them, but with a

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heart that overflowed with the happiness he had found in his calling as a minister. And he made it plain that this was the *only* difference between him and the other men; he had no more worldly goods, no better health, probably. Having narrowed down this difference he proceeded to eliminate it altogether by calling for volunteers to join him as Christians.

They began to stand up and their faces shone with hope. You forgot how they were dressed outwardly in the wonder of how they had changed inwardly. This happened in a church. Men had entered with hunger in their stomachs but it had been proved that their souls and hearts were even hungrier. This could happen only in a church.

As I have mentioned before, the mood of devotion and closeness to my faith comes as often to me on a lonely mountain as it does when I am sitting in my pew. Nevertheless, I am a church member. In Hollywood I attend the Episcopalian Church of St. Mary of the Angels. The reason for my regular attendance is that I go not only to worship but to re-orient myself to the world in which I live.

Within the atmosphere of my church I am struck by realizations about myself that would not come to me otherwise. I can review my attitudes and actions with a clarity which I attain, I think, because I am released from the ordinary tensions of the day at such a time. It is possible, for instance, to harbor an intolerant view of someone or to have offended a friend without knowing that one has been guilty of a serious social breach. Then one takes time out to meditate quietly and the truth dawns.

My faith is a direct source of strength to me, of course. The first screen test I made for a Hollywood studio was not a good one and I earned a negative report. I pretended it didn't matter but fooled no one—certainly not myself. The future of my acting career looked black and my heart felt like someone had hung weights on it. The feeling persisted until I decided one afternoon to go to church.

There was no service, no other person; just me brooding in my seat. As always, I felt the flow of His spirit and against it my negative thinking could not persist. When I left I knew that nothing had happened that wasn't for the best. Not long afterward my earlier test came to the attention of 20th Century-Fox, my present studio, and this time I won out. But even if this had not come about my heart and my courage would not have failed me again.

As a young husband and a new father I am not too crazy about all the traveling an actor has to do; it seems I am always being separated from those I love and sent into lonely exile. I was only two days married when I had to leave my wife and go on location in Norfolk, Virginia. This was four years ago, during the filming of *Princess Of The Nile* in which I worked with Debra Paget and Michael Rennie and it was at Christmas time, too.

I can see myself now, wandering through the streets of Norfolk alone, not knowing what to do. And then one day I got an idea and entered the old Saint Paul's Episcopal Church where I met the Rev. Moultrie Guerry. We had a long talk, he sensed my loneliness and took me home with him to dinner. I met Mrs. Guerry, his twenty-year-old son, Moultrie, Jr., and his daughter, Sally. In the warmth of this family gathering I felt almost as if I were at home with my own folks and my wife.

Two years later I was again pulled away from those I loved by my work—and again at the worst possible time. This time I had been a father for only a week when I had to leave on that trip to Malta I spoke about before. The birth of our son, Christopher, made us a nice little family of three but I soon broke this up by going to Europe and staying there for four months. What peace of mind I had when I took off I had obtained from my prayers for the welfare of Barbara and Kit. The fact that I could continue to pray for them while I was away, in full confidence that my prayers were being heard, was my remaining and only consolation.

I'm afraid, as I read what I have written up to now, that I have sounded like a preacher myself. Well, there could be reason for this since I once planned to enter the ministry.

When World War II ended I was a high school senior and still an acolyte. One Sunday a young visiting priest officiated at our services in church. I assisted him at the altar and he thanked me afterward. "It's nice to have an acolyte help you," he said. "The last service I conducted I conducted alone. It was The Service of the Dead at Iwo Jima."

The war was still fresh in my mind. I had even contemplated enlisting as soon as I had graduated. With his words I suddenly got a new conception of priesthood—the romance of it as well as the spiritual dedication of it.

After I left school, however, I knew my talents better and thought I might make an actor. But, as you can see, the preaching urge has not died out entirely! **END**

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Piper Laurie and accordionist D. Contino.

THIS TIME FOR REAL?

Piper and Dick have weathered a lot to see whether or not this is love.

■ One of Hollywood's best kept secrets has been the years-old bond of affection between actress Piper Laurie and singer Dick Contino.

You've read about Piper and her other romances, producer Leonard Goldstein, actor Dick Anderson, hotel heir David Schine, crooner Vic Damone and movie executive Charles Simonelli; but until recently there has been no public mention of the young singing accordionist.

Contino, in a case that made national headlines a few years ago, was sentenced to jail for evading the draft. Studio executives—not Piper—believed that any connection between them, however remote, might affect her career adversely.

Contino was released and promptly volunteered for military service and the Army shipped him to Korea.

He was returned to California and honorably discharged in January. When he got back to Hollywood the first girl he phoned was Piper Laurie.

"We had a lot to talk over so we went riding around town, and then the next time I took her to Mocambo and the camera boys took our pictures, and well—it was just wonderful seeing and being with her again."

Piper and Dick had met three years before "the incident," as he calls it.

"I asked a movie magazine editor for her phone number," he remembers. "She was very nice and gave me a date. We saw quite a bit of each other.

"This is a funny kind of town, and when you're on top the way I was (Contino used to average $5,000 a week as a night club performer) everyone is your pal. The minute something happens all your pals walk out.

"But all during the trouble Piper stood by me. When things were darkest she wrote me letters, gave me encouragement. She has a lot of character. She's been over to Korea twice in her spare time just to entertain the troops. I saw her over there about a year ago, and it was just like the sun coming out of the clouds."

While Contino was overseas, Piper often went out with producer Leonard Goldstein, of whom she says, "He's as old as my father, but he's a friend—not a romantic interest. The columnists insist on coupling us, so I don't argue. But Leonard is a man with whom I discuss my problems."

With Dick Contino she discusses marriage, love and the pursuit of happiness.

Piper is proud of her friendship with Dick and doesn't care who knows about it. If Dick made a mistake, certainly he's paid for it.

Says Contino, "Piper is one girl in a million, and I know it. Sure, we've discussed marriage. But we both know that I've got to re-establish myself in show business, that I've got to work like a dog, that I've got to be accepted again by the American public. (Contino started his comeback at the Mocambo on March 2.)

"Piper's got her own career to think of, and neither of us is ready for a wedding. At least I'm not—not for several years.

"There's one thing I can't say strongly enough.

"This girl stood by me when the going was toughest. If she wanted it she could have my right arm. That's how much I think of her.

"Maybe she'll fall in love and marry someone else. But she'll always have a friend in me. She is the finest girl I've ever met."

It seems that Piper Laurie feels much the same way about Dick Contino. Which is why you will be reading about the beautiful redhead and her handsome accordionist.

This looks like a real romance, the first real romance in Piper Laurie's twenty-two years.

TV TALK

(*Continued from page 16*) She's chaperoned by her young-looking mother now (she was all alone in Hollywood). Mama speaks hardly any English. She cooks for Zizi, advises her about her career, and takes care of her wardrobe. Zizi's clothes fall into two categories—plain, dark dresses and skirts and sweaters for work and gorgeous Dior gowns for public appearances. She buys only shoes in this country. Everything else she wears comes from her home town, Paris . . . **Jean Carroll** may turn up on other TV shows with her funny routines, but she'll never appear on **Ed Sullivan's** program again. He still gets livid at her last performance. Seems she sneaked in a little blue material when Ed wasn't looking. And that's one thing Old Stone Face won't put up with . . . When the news that **Jackie Cooper** and **Hildy Parks** were getting a divorce hit the papers, it sure surprised a lot of people—but not for any of the usual reasons. Most people didn't even know they were married! Jackie is now living in **Barry Nelson's** big one-room penthouse apartment in Greenwich Village. Hildy is seen around a lot with the famous television columnist **John Crosby.** They've been going together pretty steadily for a year now. But John, though separated from his wife, is still married . . . That rapport that you feel between Lucy and Ricky Ricardo and Ethel and Fred Mertz on *I Love Lucy* is for real. **Lucy and Desi** are very good friends with **Vivian Vance** and **Bill Frawley**, and the jokes fly as fast on the set as they do on the screen . . . Lots of TV people are beginning to get annoyed with **Robert Montgomery** because he spends so much time in the White House. Montgomery can do wonders with the President's morale before he goes on TV. He soothes Ike's nerves and fixes everything so that Ike doesn't have to worry. He works so hard for the President that he sometimes spends five days a week in Washington. How does he still do his TV show? Well, some people near the show claim it's much less confusing *and* better since the boss cut down on his working hours . . . Don't pay attention to the rumors that **Sid Caesar** and **Imogene Coca** don't get along. They have their troubles, as who doesn't? But they are devoted friends, and they're going to miss each other when they go their separate ways next fall . . . **Walter Cronkite** wanted that job on *The Morning Show* very badly. Imagine wanting to be at work long before seven A.M.! But Walter moved to New York months before it went on the air so he'd be available for all the auditions. He left his pretty red-headed wife and two little girls in Washington. They're still there, too. Walter is very social, very well liked, and his friends range from senators to **Gypsy Rose Lee** . . . For some reason, no one expects to like **Sloan Simpson**, but everyone who meets her ends up loving her . . . Another lady who is universally admired—on and off television—is **Arlene Francis.** If a popularity vote were taken in the trade, Arlene would win it hands down. She is just what she seems to be on television—friendly, charming, witty and *very* competent. When she talks about things on *Home*, you can bet she knows what she's talking about. When she bought a house in New York City and decided to do it over, she took care of everything herself—even hiring the plumbers and the roofers. The only difference between Arlene on TV and in private life is that 1) she looks younger in person and 2) she chews gum all the time she's off the screen—vigorously.

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*TRADEMARK

clark gable

(*Continued from page 33*) been very much in love while they were making *Mogambo;* and of Suzanne Dadolle, the French charmer of the odd name, with whom his name was later linked all over Europe.

Grace is supposed to have pined so deeply for Clark after their romance cooled that, 'tis said, she threw herself headlong into an unfortunate romance with another handsome actor after she returned to Hollywood.

"Grace is only a kid," Clark said, "but what a nice one! I used to go on safaris with two white hunters and the natives while we were working in Africa. One day Grace asked if she could go along. After that she made many trips with us.

"I said to her one day, 'Why do you do this? These natives smell to high heaven; they've never had a bath. The safari is dangerous and uncomfortable for a girl raised in a city as you were with all the luxuries and conveniences.'

"And Grace would answer me impishly, 'I expect to get married some day and have children and I want to tell my children—and later my grandchildren—Mommy went on a safari with Clark Gable! How can I know what such an adventure is like if I don't have the actual experience? It's purely an adventure in research,' she'd laugh."

Clark went on, "You know Grace comes of a very fine family. Sometimes I was surprised that her parents let her travel so many miles to Africa without someone to look after her. But in many ways she's a rugged individualist, a girl determined to lead her own life and a good actress."

"Did you and Grace ever bring back any game from your trips?" I asked.

"Only small game," Clark said, and I smiled at what could have been a quip.

"We saw many lions and elephants, majestic and beautiful in their own realm, and well, I never had the heart to shoot one of the magnificent beasts.

"One day we came on a herd of twelve elephants and we were so close it would have been easy to kill one or two. But it would have been *too* easy, just wanton destruction with all the element of sport left out. So we left them alone."

"Clark, these sound like exciting adventures to share with a woman," I pressed. "Were you in love with Grace?"

He threw up his hands. "Oh, Louella—you'll never change! Don't you know that I am incurably romantic, that I love all the beautiful women who cross my path? Grace is a wonderful, wonderful girl and the man who gets her will be very lucky indeed."

It was pretty obvious, however, that King Gable won't be this lucky man.

"Then you left Africa and went to Paris and all the papers started hinting that you were going to marry the beautiful French model, Suzanne Dadolle," I prompted, beginning to feel, I'll admit, a bit like a district attorney.

At the mention of Suzanne's name, Clark spoke briskly. "There was never any engagement," he said. "Miss Dadolle and I never spoke of marriage. We dined together, went to the nightclubs and theatres, had fun. She is very beautiful. I enjoyed being with her—and I got a kick out of the way she made me speak French. Improved my French greatly!"

This charming rogue! How can the lovely ladies resist him? The answer is, most of them don't.

You may have noticed that Clark had far less to say about Suzanne than about Grace—which could be because he resents the interviews given out by Mlle. Dadolle to the French press saying that she and Clark were to be married. The gal even talked about how much she was going to love living on his ranch in Encino with "all the cows and chickens."

It isn't any secret around Paris that if Clark had ever asked, "Will you marry me?" Suzanne would have said yes so fast and loudly it would have been heard all the way from Gay Paree to Hollywood.

No, everything considered, Mr. Gable is not of a mind to discuss Mlle. Dadolle at any great length. She put him in the uncomfortable position any man hates of having to deny a lady's word.

Although I am well aware that Clark is making frequent trips to Arizona ('tis said (a) to look over ranch property, (b) to settle a lawsuit), I'm sure that there is a far stronger attraction there. Not a ranch. A widow.

I mean the wealthy heiress to the Jones sausage fortune, Mrs. Betty Chisholm, a charming woman in her late thirties and one of Arizona's most delightful hostesses.

Her husband was killed in an automobile accident three years ago and since that time Mrs. Chisholm has divided her time between her large ranch where she loves the outdoor life and her beautiful town home near Tucson.

Not exactly the type of exotic beauty who has always intrigued Clark in the past, she is a woman of great charm and tact and understanding.

Methinks Clark believes few people are aware of his interest in the Arizona lady. As of the moment, I decided to switch our talk from the femmes to Clark's plans for now and the future.

I'd really given him a bit of a going over

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about his romances and I didn't want to frighten him off—for the moment.

"Why did you decide to end your long contract with MGM so suddenly?" I asked. It was a sudden change of subject but a topic I was really curious about.

My guest stretched his long legs, shrugged his shoulders.

He said, "It wasn't the sudden decision it might appear. I gave it much thought. And what I thought is—twenty-three years is a long time to spend in one place.

"I think you know, Louella, that I haven't liked some of the stories I was getting.

"And, to be even more frank, there is a more personal reason. I'm fifty-four years old. I've worked hard, very hard, for almost a quarter of a century. I'm in a financial position where it's time for me to stop and think things over and perhaps let many of my life's experiences sink in.

"I suppose you might say the time has come to slow down, take inventory, and see where I'm going.

"I don't mean for a minute that I'm planning to give up acting. I'm an actor and I'm going to make other pictures. But I'm going to make the ones I want where I want to make them, and when.

"Let's put it this way about me," he went on, "I'm a little tired. As of the moment, I don't want to do anything except what I want to do. That means travel here or there, or remain put. It means playing golf, seeing old friends. And it also means dashing off somewhere if I want to—without explanations. It means thinking not too seriously about anything—and thinking seriously about everything. Maybe that sounds mixed up. But it's the way I feel."

To me, who has known him so well, it's perfectly understandable.

The King has dwelt on the heights for so long under the constant high pressure of perhaps the greatest career ever enjoyed by a male star that it is a vital and a necessary thing for him to pause temporarily, to slow down for the moment from the dizzy pace of the great fame that has been his for so many spinning years.

Clark's present frame of mind recalls the beginning of a poem by Robert Service which I once read:

"An angel was tired of Heaven
As he lounged in the Golden Street,
His halo was tilted sideways
And his harp lay mute at his feet."

The King has never pretended to wear a halo. But as of right now his crown is tilted sideways and his career is quiet at his feet.

It is a long road from the Olympian heights he has dwelt on for twenty-five years back to *The Last Mile* on the Los Angeles stage where I first saw the tall, thin fellow with the too-big ears.

It was the play that first brought him to the attention of the movie scouts and set him on the road to stardom—but it wasn't as easy as it reads here.

Gable created one riot in his first picture, *The Painted Desert*. He wasn't the pretty-boy type of hero popular in those days. And he took an awful beating about his ears.

But the young Gable was not easily discouraged. When he left his home town in Cadiz, Ohio, and joined a stock company he had made up his mind that nothing was going to stand in the way of his being an actor. He always had this goal even when he was forced to take jobs on the waterfronts or in the oil fields to help finance himself.

But everybody knows the life story of Clark Gable. It's as well known, perhaps even better known, than the life of the President of the United States.

And his love life down through the years has been equally exposed to the public gaze, even the great tragedy of losing the woman he loved with all his heart, Carole Lombard.

Clark had mentioned during our conversation that he is not selling his ranch in Encino, saying, "My roots are there and the happiest days of my life were spent in the house where Carole and I lived for three wonderfully happy years."

Clark never feels any hesitancy in mentioning Carole to me for in the old days we had been a happy foursome—Carole and Clark and Dr. Harry Martin and I. Our ranch was close to the Gables' and the memory of those happy days we had shared came back to both of us as we talked.

As I have said many times, Carole was the one real love of Clark's life. She spent all her time planning little surprises for him. She was a girl who would rather give than receive.

She was high-hearted and gay and very beautiful and luxury-loving. Yet when she gave her heart to Clark she went all the way, even to changing her way of life to share the things that interested him, outdoor life, hunting trips, skeet shooting, ranching, roughing it.

Clark was her man. If they had little arguments they made them up quickly and the fun of kissing and making up and forgiving and forgetting was what helped make their marriage a good one.

No matter what Clark did, it was all right with Carole. She, too, had had other loves in her life—she had been married, not too long nor too happily to William Powell, and there had been her much publicized romance with the tragic Russ Colombo.

But Clark was Carole's world.

I mention in detail their happy life together because I firmly believe that it was the memory of the great love he bore Carole that made impossible Clark's chances of happiness with Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks (to give most of her names), his last attempt at matrimony.

Where Carole had *given*, Sylvia, very spoiled by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., before his death, asked or *demanded*. And they made the fatal mistake of living in the same house where Clark had known such happiness with Carole.

Sylvia, pampered and petted by Fairbanks and other husbands and loves in her life, expected the same attention from Clark. Her attitude was a great contrast to Carole's constant thought of him and everything he wanted.

The last (and he says final) Mrs. Gable started redecorating the ranch house and changing it to *her* taste and her taste was very expensive. When the big bills started coming in, plus the fact that Gable hated Sylvia's ultra-feminine changes, the storms which eventually blew up their marriage began.

That the English beauty was desperately in love with Clark cannot be denied. But she didn't know how to handle him from the very moment of their elopement to Alisal Ranch in Santa Barbara (which really electrified Hollywood) to the moment he ordered her belongings moved from his ranch.

Sylvia grieved deeply when she lost Gable. All the women who have lost him have grieved—and have never forgotten him. She literally went into retirement for weeks, sobbing her heart out and refusing to see any of her friends.

The same thing happened when Clark and his first wife, drama coach Josephine Dillon (a woman years older than he) parted; and again when his marriage with wealthy Texas heiress Rita Hangham

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came to an end. Rita, too, was older than Clark, but she was an attractive woman with social graces and she taught Gable much about gracious living.

Rita, like Carole later, worshipped Clark and her home was run to please him although she had a grown son and daughter. I knew Rita and Clark well in those days—and though it may surprise you—I think Clark really tried to make a go of this marriage.

Perhaps the real trouble was that he was too young a man to be married to a woman much older and too young to be the step-parent of an adult son and daughter.

When they both realized their marriage could not go on, Rita was disconsolate and Clark was blue.

I was the first person he told that he and Rita would separate as soon as a financial settlement could be made.

Despite her devotion, Rita was a tough bargainer and some months went by after he left his home before the divorce was arranged.

After Rita's divorce, Clark married Carole, and I repeat, it is the memory of this one complete and whole love in his life that has colored Clark's reaction to all women ever since. Carole set an almost impossible standard.

Not that there haven't been "romances." There have been interludes, I believe, when Clark has imagined that he had found true love again, but the interludes did not last long.

His most serious love affair after Carole's death was with glittering, sophisticated woman of the world, Dolly O'Brien, the fabulous blonde and wealthy darling of continental café society who completely charmed Clark with her wit, her life, her clothes and jewels.

There was a time when he might have married Dolly. That's how seriously he fell. She was the first to realize it would never work out for them.

"His world is not my world," Dolly once said. "Clark could not be happy for long in my world any more than I could be happy in his."

Even before Dolly there was a girl in his life who became a celebrity of sorts as "the girl Gable always comes back to"—lovely, appealing, sympathetic Virginia Grey. The young actress loved The King very much. To this day she speaks from the heart when she talks about Clark. "He is the finest and most wonderful man I have ever known," Virginia will tell you without hesitation.

STILL ANOTHER interesting "thrill" in Gable's life was gay, vivid, blue-eyed Kay Williams with whom Clark shared many laughs and had lots of fun. Kay amused him as perhaps no other belle has ever done. She used to put on the most outré outfits to spend a day roughing it with him—bathing suits or cocktail dresses or anything silly—to make Clark laugh.

Perhaps they had too many laughs for the serious job of building a foundation for a steady life together. They parted with a laugh and perhaps a bit of the song, "Thanks For The Memories" about the whole adventure.

Heaven knows Kay had little to laugh about in her subsequent marriage to and parting from millionaire Adolph Spreckels. After a stormy marriage of several years and with two lovely children to bless their union, the headlines were recently black with Kay's charges that Adolph had beaten her unmercifully.

Once during a violent spat in their married life, Adolph said, "She never got Clark Gable out of her system," but Kay heatedly denied that a chance meeting with The King at a social affair had meant anything to her other than saying hello to an old friend.

With the exception of Josephine Dillon, who was almost grey, and Rita Langham, who was a brunette, almost all the women in Clark's life have been fascinating blondes.

"Clark," I prodded us back to the present (we were now sipping ice cold drinks—it was so very hot for a day in February), "seems to me you're always falling for blondes. I think it can safely be said that you're a gentleman who prefers blondes."

He laughed. "Thanks for the *gentleman.* But I could just as easily fall for a brunette or a redhead. I think it's just accidental that many of the women I have most admired have been on the blonde side. I can assure you, however, my mind is open about the color of a lovely lady's hair. Seems I have a talent for admiring charming women."

"And whether you get married again or not," I predicted, "if I know you, you will continue to exercise that talent in the future."

"I hope so," he laughed. "I hope the time never comes when I fail to admire a beautiful woman."

P.S. My butler of twenty-two years, Collins, who is a friend of The King from way back, met me in the hall after Clark's departure.

"I think he looks a little heavier, don't you?" I asked.

"No, absolutely *not!*" protested one of Clark's greatest fans. "He looks thinner and better all the time. That's one gentleman men admire just as much as the ladies do," he philosophized.

Thought you'd like to know, Clark. **END**

(Clark Gable can now be seen with Lana Turner in MGM's Betrayed.)

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act of love

(*Continued from page 50*) actor and said, "That's not the way to play that scene."

"Look," said the actor. "You mind your business and I'll mind mine."

It is by such incidents that Burt Lancaster has made a reputation as a rude, opinionated, stubborn actor. Actually, he has always been honest if not tactful.

Hal Wallis, who gave Burt his first movie contract, likes to tell the story of his first meeting with Lancaster.

"We were in New York," Wallis recalls, "and as we were walking down Broadway together, he stopped me and pointed to a theatre marquee. 'Have you seen that picture?' he asked. I nodded and confessed that I had not only seen it, I had produced it.

"It didn't stop Burt.

"'That picture,' he said, 'really stinks.'"

Today when Lancaster recalls such performances he grins sheepishly.

"I'm not like that any more," he says. And he isn't. "I've learned that a man can be honest without being hurtfully blunt. It's not important to be well-liked. But it is important for a man to be at peace with himself. A man with inner security does not go around hurting people."

To show how much Lancaster has improved, note his relationship with fan magazines. Burt used to have no patience with fan magazine writers.

In fact, he gave orders that he wouldn't be bothered by a coterie of frustrated reporters who insisted upon prying into the most personal recesses of his private life and the lives of his family.

That was the Lancaster of old. Just before he left for Mexico to make *Vera Cruz* with Gary Cooper, Burt called his publicity man.

"Look," he said, "a bunch of magazine writers have been after me for months. I've been too busy to see them. Why don't we have them all in for food and drinks—one mass interview?"

The publicity man was delighted.

"That's great!" he exclaimed. "Only I want you to know they're going to ask some real dillies."

"Let 'em ask away," Lancaster said. "I'm waiting."

Burt, surprisingly at ease, met them in his new office on the Key West Studio. Here are some of the questions they popped and the answers Lancaster popped back.

Q: And how is the new little Lancaster feeling?

A: Well, that's a tough one. You see, the child isn't due until June.

Q: I suppose you like having children, don't you?

A: My wife does.

Q: Is it true that you do a lot of work around the kitchen?

A: Not any more than I can help. But I do like to cook.

Q: Do you have any passion?

A: I beg your pardon?

Q: I mean do you have any strange passions? Do you ever buy a dozen shirts just for the thrill of buying them?

A: No.

Q: Where are your wife and children?

A: Right now they're in Mexico.

Q: Are your four children going to school down there?

A: They're enrolled in the American School in Mexico City.

Q: Why do you keep working so hard? Haven't you made twenty pictures in six years?

A: I don't consider it hard work. A man must stay busy. You just can't be idle. At least I can't.

Q: Is it true that you drive your children to school each day?

A: Not every day. When I can, I do.

Q: What do you think of your last two pictures, *His Majesty O'Keefe* and *Bronco Apache*?

A: I think you'll like them.

Q: Do you think you're handsome? Is that why you became an actor?

A: I became an actor because it's something I always wanted to be. I've been in carnivals, circuses, on the stage. I've been in show business a long time.

Q: Do you get along with your wife? Do you quarrel frequently?

A: Norma and I get along pretty well.

Q: But aren't you difficult to live with?

A: I don't think so.

Q: But you have the reputation of being difficult.

A: I've learned and I've changed. At least I believe I have.

Q: Are you very wealthy?

A: I'm not starving.

Q: How much money did you save last year?

A: I honestly don't know. You'd have to ask the accountant. How about knocking off and having a little food?

After the interview, the writers said that never before had Burt Lancaster been so cooperative.

"Imagine!" squealed one. "An actor buying food for the press. It's hard to believe, isn't it?" Whereupon one cynic suggested the possibility that Lancaster's reformation was diplomatic expediency brought on by the fact that he now has his own producing company which has a twelve-million-dollar release deal with United Artists.

Lancaster's new behavior, however, is no attempt to protect his production investment. It's simply that for the first time in his adult life, Burt is genuinely happy.

"I always wanted to be an actor," he explains, "and to act in good pictures, to get parts with guts and dimension.

"I worked in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *From Here To Eternity* and *Bronco Apache*. All good pictures. So I'm sort of fulfilled.

"Of course when I first came out to Hollywood, I was scared. Scared stiff. And I did a lot of things and said a lot of things that rubbed people the wrong way.

"I guess I was compensating for my insecurity."

Lancaster doesn't like to talk about it, but he was insecure about more things than his career. His marriage, his background and his children. There is no understanding Lancaster or the many facets of his nature unless you have some inkling of his background, of his youth, of his wife, and of his family. He is a moody, complex, enigmatic young man who only recently decided to abandon his rebellion.

Burt Lancaster was brought up in New York City, on the periphery of Harlem. In order to keep him out of the streets, his mother used to have him play on the fire escape of the tenement in which the family lived.

One time Burt fell two stories and broke his nose. He remembers "the eight times I was run over when I started playing in the streets and the library on 110th Street where I did most of my reading as a kid and the movies I used to go to on Saturday mornings. I used to stay all day until one of my older brothers came and got me and after that, Mother used to beat the hell out of me. Then she'd compensate by taking me in her arms."

Lancaster's childhood was the youth of poverty. And one of the results of poverty is that it turns young men bitter and ambitious at the same time. Somehow Burt managed to retain his individualism, a stubborn individualism which eventually brought him to swordspoints with almost everyone he met.

A friend who was at New York University with him says he made himself unpopular with his professors. "He quit college, you know, and took a job with a circus for three dollars a week and board. All of us expected him to break his neck but look at him today! Burt has a way of fooling people.

"He's not as foolhardy and reckless as he leads people to believe."

One of the shrewdest cookies Lancaster fooled was the late Mark Hellinger, a producer at Universal-International. When Hellinger was making *Brute Force* with Burt, someone asked, "How's Lancaster doing?"

Hellinger shook his head. "This kid," he muttered, "has made one picture out here, and already he knows more than anyone on the lot.

"Two more pictures and he'll land flat on his can. He's a frustrated Freudian, a body in search of a brain, Mr. Know-It-All from the Big Town."

What Hellinger could not understand about Lancaster was his strange individualism. Burt has his own ideas about everything and he believes in trial-and-error.

When he was under contract to Hal Wallis, he became convinced that Wallis was a purely commercial producer; so he borrowed enough money to buy up his own acting contract. He went to work at U-I in *All My Sons.* It laid an egg. Then he starred in a melodramatic saga of smuggled penicillin entitled *Kiss The Blood Off My Hands.* The picture almost kissed him off for good. But Burt is resilient. He bounced right back again.

He was the same way in the Army, a renegade from convention. And the Army, as most people know, is not quite the place to exercise individualism. But by exercising it, Burt got married; and this is probably the best move he has made in his entire thirty-nine years.

Some biographies, inaccurate and imaginative, have described Lancaster's wife, Norma Anderson, as "the former actress, dancer and singer."

The truth is that Norma Anderson was a stenographer in disguise when Burt first met her. She was disguised as a dancer with a USO troupe in Italy. Norma had worked at a typewriter in the USO booking office in New York. She was talked into substituting for a sick member of a USO dancing troupe and she went on the overseas trip for a lark.

In Montecatini where Pfc. Lancaster was stationed in 1944, she caught sight of her future husband shuffling along a dirt road and asked a surprised colonel to get her a date with him. Burt doesn't like to talk about how he and Norma fell in love. But the whole affair is melodramatic. Tall, handsome enlisted man meets tall, beautiful blonde. The next morning the enlisted man runs to the USO bivouac.

"I'm sorry," he's told. "The whole troupe flew north to Caserta." The enlisted man goes AWOL. He must find his love. The M.P.'s must find him. Lancaster makes it to Caserta and finds Norma. They have thirty precious minutes together when the M.P.'s arrive and take Lancaster back to Montecatini.

This time Norma goes AWOL. She goes back to Montecatini, and the lovers escape to Pisa where they get married. But the M.P.'s are not far behind.

The honeymoon lasts three days. Then the lovers are caught and Norma is returned to her USO troupe. Her husband is bounced into the jug. Norma is returned to New York City where she works as a stenographer. Burt is returned to his Special Services unit.

BURT LANDED in New York on Labor Day. Not long after, a baby was on the way. In his own mind he didn't know what to do or where to turn.

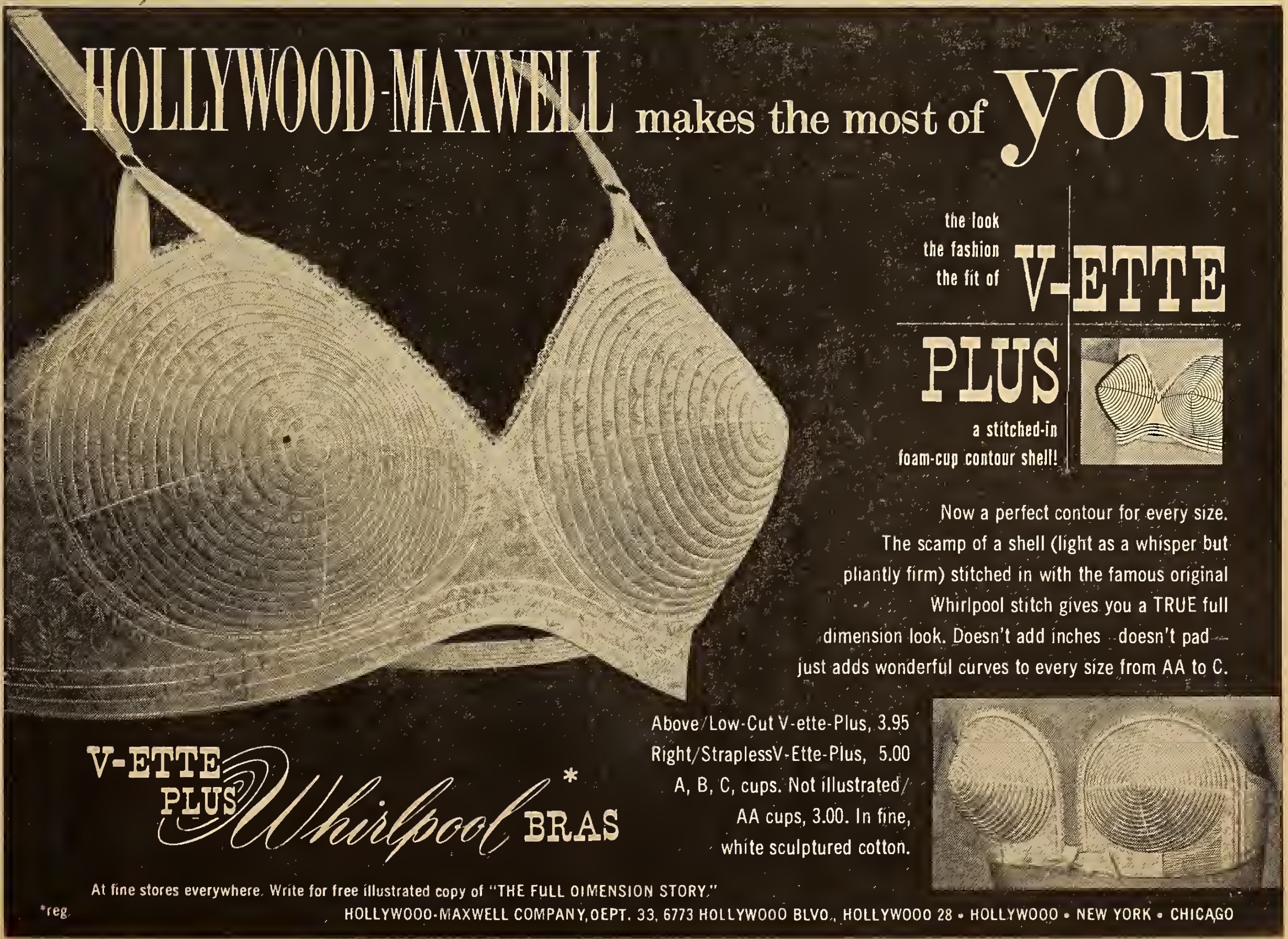
He thought of becoming a manager for a concert bureau, but a producer ran into him in an office building elevator and offered him a job in a Broadway play, *The Sound Of Hunting.* In desperation he took it.

The play was a flop, but Hal Wallis thought Burt showed a good deal of potential and gave him a Hollywood contract. Mark Hellinger borrowed Lancaster for *The Killers* when Warner Brothers asked too much on a loanout for Wayne Morris.

It was then that rumors of Burt's rude behavior began to spread through the movie colony. What the movie colony did not realize was that Burt was scared, heartsick, and perennially worried.

His oldest son Jimmy, now eight, had just been born with a foot deviation. Every two weeks, Jimmy would have his plaster of Paris casts broken, and new ones put on. This went on for eight months. At night Jimmy would scream with fear thinking that the doctors were trying to get to his feet beneath the covers. Norma and Burt would rush into the little boy's room. Seeing his frantic little face break out in a sweat, each time their hearts would break and they would die a little. Slowly Jimmy withdrew from the unpleasant world of reality into a more comfortable and private world of make-believe.

Jimmy began to feel that he was different because he couldn't play as other children did. He used to hide and when company came, he retreated to a corner of the room and said nothing. The child's unhappiness ate deeply into Burt. He



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heard his son called names. He could see the boy's initiative being stifled.

Finally he took the child to a psychologist. On an intelligence test, he made a score of 142—which puts him in the potential genius class. The boy was enrolled in a private school where the teachers specialize in caring for emotionally disturbed children. It took time, but today Jimmy Lancaster is a well-adjusted child.

Bright, good-looking, sociable and musically adept, he is one of the most promising young students in the American School at Mexico City.

The Lancasters' second child, Billy, now five, was stricken by polio when he was three.

When Burt took his family to Italy where he was making *The Crimson Pirate*, a doctor told the Lancasters that they were oversolicitous about Billy.

"When he falls, let him pick himself up," the doctor said. "In that way the leg muscles will get stronger. He will be able to throw away the crutches."

It takes strength and determination to watch your child try to pull himself to the curb after he has fallen in the street—and not to help him. But Burt and Norma knew they had to let Billy fend for himself.

They cried as they watched him. But Billy finally made it. No crutches today, no brace. And in a year or so, the doctors say he will no longer show any trace of paralysis.

Susan Elizabeth—the family calls her Susiebet—has had no trouble. But Joanna, now two and a half, was born with a foot deviation. This time the doctors advised that the feet be let alone, and they have since straightened themselves.

The fifth child is expected late in June, and the Lancasters are praying for a normal delivery and a healthy baby.

In the last five years, Lancaster's medical bills have averaged $10,000 a year. But strangely enough, Burt has gradually become happier and made a better adjustment.

He has reached the point of believing in the importance of all human and personal relationships. He has seen what a smile and a story at bedtime means to a child. He knows how much a word of encouragement from a doctor means to him and what a little reassurance does for his wife.

Because of this recognition he has adopted a new set of values. Actors who work with him swear by Burt. He gives youngsters a chance. He lets veterans experiment with their own bits of business—acting nomenclature for technique. He is kind, patient, and understanding.

He no longer fights with directors and writers. He is kind to reporters.

In the Lancaster household there is pervasive love born of suffering and mutual sacrifice and a wordless, nameless togetherness that only Norma and Burt can truly understand.

Burt Lancaster, delivered from the tortures of his soul, is a man of love. In strange, unfathomable ways, love turns darkness into light, fury into peace and anger into kindness.

As an artist and as a man Burt Lancaster has grown and is growing with his children. END

it takes a heap o' livin'

to make a movie star. Some live it up and some live it down and some live a little and let it go at that. But whose standard of living would you like to read about? Whose way of life do you find fabulous, whose do you think could stand a change? Tell us about it on the coupon below and mail it in to us right away. To make it even livelier, we'll send a crisp new dollar bill to the first hundred live wires we hear from!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ Pete's Pot (Peter Lawford)
- ☐ Gable and His Girls (Clark Gable)
- ☐ They're All Crazy! (Jane Russell)
- ☐ You Gotta Elevate! (Robert Wagner)
- ☐ Who Turned Love's Young Dream into a Free-for-All? (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Mitzi's Miracle (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ Towards the Light (Jeff Hunter)
- ☐ Doctor's Wife (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ Act of Love (Burt Lancaster)
- ☐ Only Her Husband Knows (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Going . . . Going . . . Gone! (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ "Just the Facts, Ma'am" (Jack Webb)
- ☐ Lovely to Look At (Grace Kelly)
- ☐ Romance of the Year (June Haver-Fred MacMurray)
- ☐ I Love You—Today (Corinne Calvet-John Bromfield)
- ☐ C'est Si Bon (Ginger Rogers)
- ☐ This Time For Real? (Piper Laurie-Dick Contino)
- ☐ In Rita's Footsteps? (Gene Tierney)
- ☐ Professional Husband (Richard Egan)
- ☐ Letter from Tokyo (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ TV Talk
- ☐ Just for the Records
- ☐ Movie Reviews

Which of the stories did you dislike?
____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.
____
____
____

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?
____
____
____

Who is your favorite MALE television star?
____

Who is your favorite FEMALE television star?
____

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pete's pat

(*Continued from page 31*) months of exposure to Pete's English charm, but by January Pat was interested, and Pete, for the first time in his thirty-one years, asked a girl to marry him.

"We were having dinner at Frascati's," he recalls, "and I just leaned across the table and said, 'I love you very much, and I wish you'd marry me.' She smiled and said yes. And that's how it happened. Nothing planned or premeditated.

"The proposal just popped out of me. I didn't have a ring or anything. Later I went out and ordered one, nothing very tremendous—a square-cut diamond, three carats. It was being made up and took quite a while. And because Pat wasn't wearing a ring, I could get away with my denials.

"Anyway, after I proposed and Pat accepted me, I flew to New York to get her father's consent. I don't mind telling you I was pretty nervous. I thought Mr. Kennedy might object to having an actor in his family. After all, his son is a United States Senator and all of that. But he was wonderful. I asked his permission and he gave us his blessing."

The Kennedy family is Catholic. Pete belongs to the Church of England, but he says any children they may have will be brought up in the Catholic faith.

"We are trying to keep our wedding as small as possible. We don't want one of those tremendous affairs. Just the family. The only one in my family is my mother and she'll come on to New York. But Pat has a rather large family, so I guess that will add up."

Asked if he planned to abandon acting and go into business, Lawford said, "Not at all. After the honeymoon, Pat and I are going back to the coast. That's where we intend to make our home. I have no intention of giving up my career. I'm an actor by profession and that's how I intend to earn my living."

Pete has always said that he would never marry an actress.

"Two acting temperaments in one family don't work," he has often explained. "And I don't have to marry an actress to prove that!"

SOME WOMEN may be downhearted at Pete's removal from the eligible bachelor roster, but there is at least one who is extremely happy about it. That is Pete's mother, Lady May Lawford.

"When Peter confided to me," she says, "that he and Pat were going to get married, I can't tell you how relieved I was. I've been afraid for so long that the boy might get into his car and whiz off to Las Vegas and marry just anyone. I guess every mother has those fears. But after all, Peter is such a nice boy, and there have been so many girls who've laid traps for him.

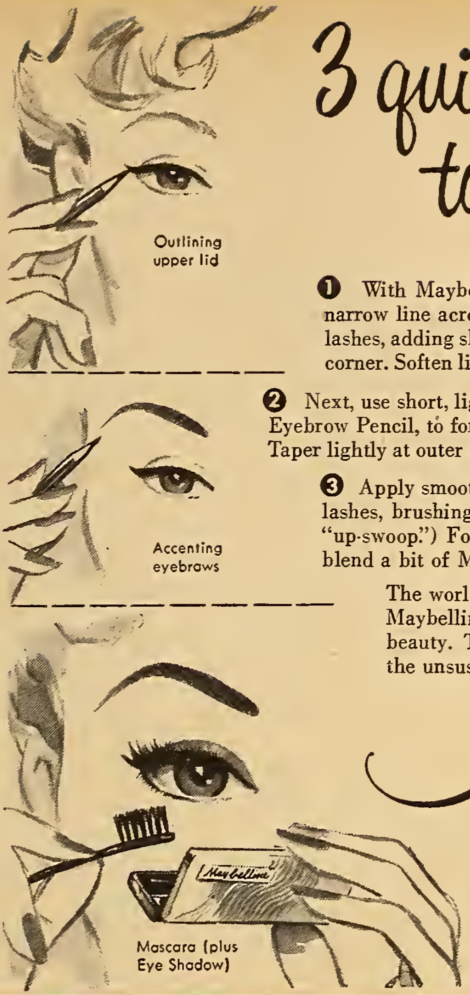
"You'd be surprised if I mentioned their names. They would telephone him at eight in the morning and come around at nine. They'd send him letters and telegrams and gifts. They really tried to spoil him. And if I must say so, it's a tribute to his strength of character that he's kept his head about him.

"He's a conservative young man, and I should have known that when the time came for him to marry, he would pick a fine and beautiful girl like Patricia Kennedy.

"And she's a bright young woman, too. Oh, yes. She really gave Peter a merry chase. He had to work to get that young lady all right. She made him step. And I believe that's what a man likes. The thrill of the hunt is in the chase, not in the final capture."

Emphatically, she explained that Peter

3 quick tricks to eye beauty



❶ With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

❷ Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

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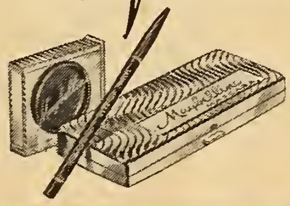

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is not an adopted son. Then she continued, "The thing to remember about Peter is that he had a very happy youth.

"My husband, the late Sir Sydney, came from a fairly wealthy family. His brother owned the estate next to Balmoral in Scotland. We always had at least three in service when Peter was a little boy, and he has been accustomed to the best.

"He's been very discriminating in his choice of friends. He's chosen people of his own calibre. Girls he's liked have always turned out to be well-bred girls from good families. There's certainly nothing wrong in that.

"Before we came to America we had lost practically all of our money. When England went off the gold standard, my husband thought it would be prudent to take his belongings out of the country. He deposited them in Greece and Czechoslovakia. When the war came the Germans marched into those countries and all our holdings were confiscated. We came to America with very little money, and one of Peter's first jobs in Florida was working as a parking lot attendant. But he was always discriminating in his choice of friends. He said he would never marry an actress and that he would never marry before he was thirty."

It is generally supposed that Peter Lawford made his motion picture debut in Hollywood. Actually he began to work in British motion picture studios when he was seven.

His first role was at Elstree in *Ole Bill*. At one time he was advertised as England's Jackie Coogan. When Parliament passed a law limiting screen work for children under fourteen, Lawford's parents took him to Paris where he worked in a few films and then temporarily lost the use of his right arm.

While playing with a group of French playmates, he crashed through a glass window, almost severing his right arm. The doctors recommended immediate amputation but neither the boy nor his family would consent and gradually the arm healed.

Pete's first Hollywood job was ushering at a Westwood movie house. In his time off he hounded the casting offices and got bit parts in *Mrs. Miniver* and *White Cliffs Of Dover*.

A British subject and the sole support of his two parents, he was exempted from United States military service.

In 1943, he signed a contract with MGM and promptly began to win recognition as a competent actor and as a perennial escort.

How fair or how well-founded this reputation was is a matter of argument. One of Pete's friends says, "When Lawford was under contract to MGM it was part of his job to escort all the actresses on the contract list. If Lana Turner wanted someone to go dancing with her, it was Pete. If the publicity department needed a new romance for Ava Gardner, it was Pete. If Liz Taylor needed a boy friend, it was Pete.

"He took out every actress on the lot, and I heard it said that he was using them for publicity. No one ever thought it might be the other way around.

"He came out here with no dough, and everything he has he's earned. He saw what happened to his father who once had money and lost it, and he doesn't want that to happen to him.

"Anyway, now that he's going to marry Pat Kennedy, all that talk is a thing of the past.

"He deserves a little married happiness."

Even his former dates wish Peter Lawford that. **END**

doctor's wife

(*Continued from page 48*) "In between I learned that I was going to have a baby. Also I had to organize my household and furnish a new home. So I haven't had much time for interviews."

As soon as Ann finished *The Student Prince*, the blackout was lifted and she invited Modern Screen into her home.

"I never realized how many decisions a wife has to make. Not necessarily big decisions but little ones like which newspapers to order and which milkman to use and how many telephone extensions we need and where can we possibly store all the wedding presents."

Ann confessed, "I've had a minor crisis or two. I guess you heard about the firewood. That one really taught me an important lesson."

The firewood incident started because Jim and Ann love to sit in front of an open fireplace. They take an awful ribbing from their friends because they consider this more fun than going to Ciro's or Mocambo or even attending a première.

In spite of a summertime marriage, the McNultys used more than a cord of firewood in their first two months together.

"As soon as I noticed our supply was getting low," Ann explains, "I felt it was part of my job to replenish it just as I buy the other household goods.

"Only with firewood I didn't know where. I should have asked Jim's advice but I preferred to do it the hard way.

"I looked in the classified section of the phone book and got the names of several fuel companies. Then I called. When the salesman asked what kind of wood I wanted and what lengths I hung up to do some more research.

"Sort of casually I asked a few friends what kind of logs burned best, and Joe Lilley simplified the problem by offering to give me all the logs I wanted. He'd just finished thinning out some of his trees.

"This seemed like a wonderfully generous gift because I'd found out that wood costs from $50 to $60 a cord out here. So naturally I accepted Joe's offer for free."

"But you'll have to send someone out to pick it up," Joe had added.

This started Ann on a new tangent.

She called truckers and asked how much they charge to haul a cord of wood. Some of them misunderstood her and gave outlandish quotations for hauling commercial logs.

Finally Jim discovered her problem. Gallantly, he took charge of the matter.

"And he did it so easily," Ann recalls. "He got Uncle Pat to help him and they rented a half-ton trailer and after Mass one Sunday they drove out to Joe's and loaded the trailer and drove back. Really, they made my feeling of failure complete.

"But it did teach me a lesson: it's a good idea to let your husband share some of the household problems. I learned that there is no sharp line of demarcation between the wife's department and the husband's.

"That's why people get married—to help each other."

Ann and Jim are living by this principle: share all the decisions.

"Although we bought our house before we were married," Ann says, "it really didn't seem to belong to us until we started living in it. But we both agreed that this was the house we wanted."

The McNultys chose an eleven-room Connecticut-style farmhouse.

They liked it because it was located on a quiet, dead-end street. It's surrounded by full-grown walnut and sycamore trees, and it has plenty of room for an expanding family. The second floor is still unfurnished. Ann commented that the colonial staircase in the front hall leads to "nothing except the future."

Because Ann and Jim intend to live a lifetime in their farmhouse, they've decided to furnish it slowly and carefully. After almost a year the house is still far from complete, a fact that bothers no one.

"When we moved in, we had nothing but our bedroom furniture and four marvelous kitchen appliances."

She and Jim literally started housekeeping from bedroom to kitchen and back again. All the other rooms were empty.

For her bright, cheery kitchen, Ann chose the newest and best equipment: an electric stove, an eight-cubic-foot Bendix refrigerator, an eighteen-cubic-foot Bendix freezer. And for her laundry, a Bendix Duomatic, a marvelous piece of machinery that washes and dries the clothes in one continuous operation.

"When you're working an eleven-hour day at the studio," Ann says, "you need all the mechanical aid you can buy."

Ann and Jim could handle the ordering of the kitchen equipment easily. For the rest of the house they decided to use the services of Mitchell Numier, a decorator.

Numier is known in California for his custom-made provincial furniture. Ann has liked his designs for years but she made sure that Jim saw and approved several Numier-furnished homes.

Once Jim gave the go-ahead, Ann commissioned the designer to make dining-room furniture, the marble-topped living-room tables and all the well-cushioned and carefully quilted chairs and couches.

The day the silvery bleached walnut dining table was delivered with its six grey velvet chairs, Ann declared a holiday.

She unpacked the fine Irish linen table cloth her aunts Molly and Mag had sent from Dublin. She fixed Jim's favorite menu of roast beef, salad with cheese dressing, and snowballs for dessert (snowballs in the McNulty household consist of vanilla ice cream, frozen strawberries and shredded coconut) and then invited Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat to share in the festivities.

Now the arrival of each new lamp or ashtray is an excuse for a celebration.

Dennis Day and his wife came over the night the pink wing chairs were placed in the den. Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman were dinner guests when the Hawaiian printed draperies and twin couches made their livingroom debut.

Ann and Jim had nothing to do with what is probably the most arresting feature of the McNulty house. Some years ago in Chicago Ann was introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. Dalton just before she sang on a Sacred Heart charity program.

Over the years they became extremely fond of her and whenever Ann was in Chicago she made it a point to see them.

At the time of her wedding she naturally expected some word from her old friends, but she didn't hear from them. Last Thanksgiving, however, she received by air express a beautiful statue of the Blessed Mother intended for an outdoor grotto. It was the Daltons' wedding gift.

Uncle Pat met the plane on which it arrived. He supervised its mounting on a concrete base, and it was he who prepared the grotto at the far end of the McNulty garden. He planted the primroses and the jasmine and laid the flagstone walk.

This lovely shrine, half-hidden by roses and bougainvilla, is where Ann Blyth retreats for a few peaceful hours of thought and meditation. It is here, far from the tension of life in the studio, that she prays.

It is here that she and her handsome husband give thanks for all their many blessings now and forever after. END

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IN RITA'S FOOTSTEPS?

Will Rita's ex make Gene Tierney his next?

■ About Aly Khan, Gene Tierney says, "There is no formal engagement between us." But she has lingered with Aly in Europe (and in international headlines) for a year.

Aly is as cagey as Gene about their plans. He has shown singular devotion to her; he has showered her with gifts. And, more to the point for a busy man, he writes her long letters.

Gene met Aly while she was making a picture in South America. He asked her for a date, but they didn't go out together until they met again in Paris. Since then, Gene hasn't been seen with anyone else.

Now, Gene is in Hollywood and Aly is on a trip to South America, Pakistan and Egypt.

"When Aly finishes his trip he will come to Hollywood and remain here most of the time while I am making *The Egyptian*," Gene said.

She always has liked European men. She went to school in Switzerland and her former husband, designer Oleg Cassini, is at least partly Italian.

"But with Aly," she says, "there are too many problems, too many serious phases of life to be figured out for both of us, to rush into a marriage without long thought and speculation."

While she thinks it out, Aly has hung her with diamonds. On her right hand she wears a magnificent emerald-cut stone. She has a bracelet and earrings of perfectly matched white diamonds, all breathtakingly beautiful.

Aly's father, the Aga Khan, received his weight in diamonds at his jubilee last year; this year it was platinum. Aly gets his income from horses. He breeds them in Ireland, France and South America. He will in all probability inherit his father's title. Will Gene take over Rita Hayworth's?

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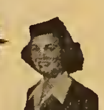

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they're all crazy!

(*Continued from page 35*) the least intimidated, the fastest with the kind of sass that infuriated her. "Being such a bright boy," she says sourly, "he was also a smart aleck."

It had to be Ken who "borrowed" Jane's cars for wild, midnight rides. As soon as everyone in the house was safely asleep, Ken and little brother Wally would push the car as far as the gate, where its engine couldn't be heard, and light out for Riverside to see Kenny's girl.

"I remember the last time real well," Wally says. "It was while Jane was making *The Outlaw*, and she had just bought herself this new Pontiac convertible. Kenny was going into the Navy the next day, so naturally he *had* to see Lois that night. The only way to do it was to take Jane's car. Boy, it was raining buckets that night, but we put the top of the convertible down anyhow and set out to see how fast a Pontiac would travel—pretty darned fast."

The next morning Jane took one look at her bedraggled, mud-spattered gem and blew her ebony top. "*Who* had my car out last night?" she demanded in clarion outrage.

"Kenny," answered Wally, concentrating on his breakfast.

Daughter started looking for a club. "Where is he?"

"Probably on his way to San Diego by now. He spent the night with Lois' folks in Riverside."

"Then who drove my car home?"

"I did," Wally replied with his usual aplomb. He was all of twelve years old.

If you suggested to the four beautiful girls who married the Russell boys that Ken was the family character, you'd meet with a chorus of protests; they insist that he's just a normal, healthy boy. It's *Jamie* who's a character.

Jamie adores his wife Pam. So much so that he insists upon her staying in bed mornings while he fixes the baby's bottle and gets breakfast.

"Of course," Pam says thoughtfully, "I'd have to be as deaf as a post to get any more sleep. Jamie is slamming things around in the kitchen and roaring at the top of his lungs about no-good women who lie abed, letting their husbands and children go hungry."

"Dramatic to his fingertips," is Jane's evaluation of Jamie, who had a small role in her currently successful *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. "He never stops acting." His favorite portrayal is a death scene and, as he is certain to have his biggest audience then, his favorite time for emoting is during a meal. The larger the gathering, the better are the chances that Jamie will suddenly fall to the floor at their feet. He has been poisoned—or he is strangling. He clutches his throat, gasps, writhes, groans and finally expires, while the family ignores him entirely or Mother Russell acknowledges his performance by saying, "Get up off the floor, Jamie, and eat your food."

It should not be inferred that the rest of the family ignores Jamie because they disapprove. They're just hungry. If he chooses some other moment to entertain them, they all watch with lively interest—because what the Russells enjoy most is each other. Working and playing together is their idea of heaven. Tom, Kenneth and Wally, complete with families, took off on a construction job a couple of years ago, and while it lasted they had a ball because they were together. Then they pooled their resources to buy an alfalfa ranch; they didn't expect to make a fortune growing alfalfa, but a ranch was something they could work together. It turned out to be a bad investment—the alkali in the soil being strong enough to burn up their crop within two years and something burning down Kenny's ranchhouse to the foundations the very first year—but it was worth a try. Now they are home again. Tom and Kenny have joined Jamie at the corner gas station, and Wally is self-employed as a landscape artist. Maybe they haven't made a lot of material progress, but they're happy as clams. After all, they're all together.

Jane, The Old One, remains as much a part of her crazy family as if she didn't have twenty-four other activities for the hours of the day. Sometimes the boys or their wives read the stories written about her moodiness or her temperament, and they raise their eyebrows at each other. She always was sort of horsy about some things, like kid brothers staying out of her room, and they're glad to know that she hasn't changed. But they also know something that the writers don't: that behind the fierce noises Jane makes is an enormous sense of responsibility.

"Once, when Jane was still a small girl," Ma Russell remembers, "her teacher came to see me. She asked me so many questions about what kind of child Jane was and what she did at home, that I really had to stop and think. Finally, I said, 'Well, mostly, she helps me with her brothers.'"

It explained quite a bit to the baffled teacher, who had been unable to persuade little Jane to do her own lessons. Not that she was a problem child—but every time the teacher looked up, it was to see Jane at one of the other work tables, explaining to a more backward classmate, "No, no, honey. Do it *this* way."

At times that sense of responsibility manifested itself in inspiration, at other times it ended up as ludicrous, but it was always protective, as Kenny can testify.

He was fifteen or so when tragedy smote him. The ever-loving eye of his Lois was caught by another handsome lad, Ken took exception to the competition, and a fierce quarrel ensued. The usually ebullient Kenny was crushed; he moped around the house like a kicked puppy until his condition came to Jane's attention.

She heard his lovelorn story, then commanded, "Sit down. I'm going to dictate a letter, and I want you to mail it to Lois."

"It was a *horrible* letter," Ken says with a grin. "Imagine me asking Lois who she thought she was, telling her to get down off her pedestal, saying that breaking up with her wasn't hurting me a bit. The day I mailed that, I knew for sure that Lois would never speak to me again!" Jane knew better, and she was right—Lois

Here is the Russell clan: Wally, Ma Russell, Jamie, Jane (The Old One), Kenny and Tom.

had no more than read the letter than she was on a bus for Los Angeles, smitten all over again with her high-handed Lothario.

Time passed, and sailor Kenny came home on leave from the Orient. He and Lois agreed that fighting with each other was more fun than doing anything else with a couple of other people, so they decided to be married at once. Arrangements for the wedding were duly made. "But Daughter thought of one detail that everyone else overlooked," chortles Ken. "The night before I got married, she sat me down and told me the facts of life—without mincing any words, either! I can tell you, I was shocked. I don't know how she thought I could have been in the Navy for two years without finding out about things like that, but she had to be sure. She didn't think we'd have a very good foundation for marriage if I still believed in the birds and bees!"

JANE'S FEELING for her little brothers hasn't changed an iota, but her position in Hollywood has somewhat altered their acceptance. Though Jamie has a degree in cinematography and is deeply interested both in acting and directing, he refuses a professional boost from her. "If I can't make it without Daughter's help, I'll keep on filling gas tanks. People never believe you have any real talent if you get a break through your relatives." Similarly, Wally, whose fine singing voice seems destined to land him in musicals, would rather stick to spirituals in the chapel than accept a helping hand. Stubborn guys, the Russells.

The Old One is mildly grieved and largely exasperated by their attitude. "None of them will tell me when they need something. I have to make Ma tell me—and then go home and try to talk my old man out of it!"

They love Jane good, but they haven't always loved her career; it got them too many knots on the head. Imagine what it must have been like to be Jane Russell's brother at the time that she was exploited as the sexpot of the century in *The Outlaw*. It got to be a pretty bruising experience, especially since all four boys were in service at the time and servicemen are notably indelicate on the subject of sexpots.

"I always tried to keep quiet about her being my sister," said Wally, who was with a Navy jet squadron, "but you can only keep your mouth shut so long." His thin, dark face, closely resembling that of his sister, reflected distaste at a remembered experience.

His outfit was at chow one day when one of their number came back from a leave in Los Angeles. Naturally, the other guys asked him about his adventures and he told them what he had done: he had met the most talked-about girl in America, Jane Russell.

"Is that a fact, now?" asked a quiet crew member by the name of Russell.

It was a fact, said the guy, lying in his teeth. They had gone dancing at Ciro's and, what's more, Jane Russell picked up the tab for the evening's entertainment.

"Say," interpolated Wally, "I like to dance. Maybe you'll introduce us sometime when we're down there?"

Everything would have been gingerpeachy if it had stopped right there but of course it couldn't. At the urging of his fellow crewmen, the imaginative gent began to tell them how he made love to Jane Russell—and Jane's little brother lost his temper. How could you ever explain to a bunch of G.I.'s that any resemblance between Jane and the publicity on her picture was strictly hogwash? You couldn't, so you took your lumps and hoped you raised a few on the other guy. It happened to all four of her brothers

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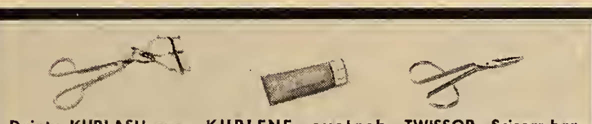

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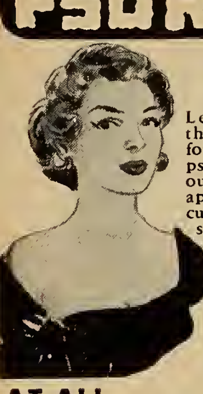

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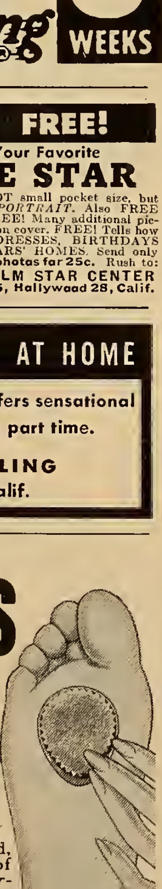

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time and again, and they never figured a way out of the quandary. Establishing their identity right off was a mistake, they found. To some of the men it smacked of boasting, to most it placed that particular Russell in the freak category.

"I remember being on a new ship once," contributed Jamie, "and word got around that Jane Russell's brother was standing watch at Station Two. I'll bet every man aboard sauntered up to look at me before my watch was over. What an uncomfortable four hours that was!"

If being identified as Jane's brother was bad, hearing crude comments on her physical attributes and bawdy speculation on her virtue was intolerable. The Russell boys were engaged in two wars during those years—for Democracy and for Daughter.

JANE KNOWS what they went through, since her family is anything but secretive, and it is a contributing factor to her sensitivity about publicity. After thirteen years, though, the public has accepted the fact that Jane Russell is a decent girl, albeit a slightly salty, strikingly beautiful and undeniably voluptuous one. And her family is pretty well adjusted to the fact that portraying sultry sirens on the screen is merely what she does for a living. It hasn't changed her a bit.

They present a solid front to the world, the Russells; they are for one another, and no mistake about it. In the bosom of the family, however, they admit to some imperfections. When one is in the wrong, the others unhesitatingly say, 'Now, look, thus-and-so is wrong. Let's sit down and talk it over and straighten things out.' And they talk it out, whether the problem is that one of their wives has left in a momentary snit or something less intimate.

Jane's career does not make her an exception to this family rule. While *The Big Rainbow* was in production, too many things happened at once. She was upset by the unfortunate publicity about *The French Line*. Her contract with Howard Hughes expired, and she was faced with a big decision. Torn between her loyalty to the man who had made her a star and her desire for more freedom, she had to make up her mind about signing a new contract. There were the numerous charities on behalf of which she had personal appearances to make. The picture called for strenuous effort on her part at a time when she was physically exhausted. There were tensions of so personal a nature that she discussed them with no one. And, estimated Edith Lynch of the RKO publicity department, about forty calls a day from friends who needed help of one kind or another. Understandably, Jane cracked up, and the studio sent her off to the desert for a badly needed rest.

The day she returned to town, Ma Russell called. "The boys want you to have dinner with them tonight in the Eagle's Nest," she said.

Jane was pleased; she hungers for her family after a few days' absence. But when she got to the Eagle's Nest, which is a new addition to the chapel, she found that this was a different kind of family gathering indeed. Ma Russell had cooked dinner and departed. The four wives were not present; the ten kids and the dogs were also conspicuous by their absence.

"I didn't know whether to laugh or cry," said Jane. "My brothers were all so serious that I expected a gag any minute—but they weren't kidding."

They weren't. They reminded her that she had collapsed while making her last three pictures and delivered themselves of an ultimatum: either her husband or her agent had to do something about her treadmill or the Russell boys were going to step in. They didn't know exactly what they could do, but there were four of them and they ought to think of something. They had to; otherwise her health might be permanently injured.

Built by the Russell boys, their family chapel is as light, airy and modern as themselves.

"What they didn't know was that I was getting the same thing from Robert every day when I got home from the studio. He was giving me what-for up one side and down the other, hammering at me because I was doing too much."

Jane shrugged. "What can I give up? Making pictures? Personal appearances? Charity work? The chapel? My home and children? My friends? There's nothing I can stop doing—but Robert promised to find me a secretary, and that will take part of the load off. Personal problems, given time and the Lord's help, solve themselves. There was nothing the boys could do—I felt fine again—but it meant a lot, talking it out with them, knowing they were behind me like always."

IN HOLLYWOOD there is considerable double-talk about the conflict between Jane's husband, Robert Waterfield, and her family. She can't be happy, they say, torn between the two camps. Jane bit off a short, choice expletive at the suggestion. "There isn't any conflict, because Robert is so much like my father. They both came from small families and they just didn't have our feeling for large ones.

"My father was an executive. When he came home at night, he was tired and had things on his mind. He couldn't relax with the boys boiling all over the house so I kept them away from him in a separate wing. Robert is the same way. It isn't that he dislikes my family; he just doesn't like *any* large, noisy gathering of people. He always goes to family reunions with me—and a real one runs into hundreds of relatives, all shouters. Then I see him getting nervous and his mouth getting tight, and I know he's going to come over with some polite excuse for getting out. So I laugh and say, 'It's all right, honey. You go on, and I'll meet you at home later.' That many people all at once just drive him crazy.

"He's like my father in another way: he's very practical. When the boys turn up with some new project, Robert isn't interested in whether it will be fun. He wants to know whether it will work. I wouldn't have anything if Robert hadn't taken over my business affairs. A nickel I can understand—that will buy a popsicle—but on a thousand dollars I draw a blank, so I leave it to my husband.

"Robert accepts it that all Russells are a little crazy, and the family understands that he's a different kind of person. He's like my father—they've all said so—and I just stand as a buffer between him and them as I did in the old days."

THE TALL, dark, handsome and impractical Russell boys married girls as unlike as women can be, yet they get along beautifully and not one would have a husband other than her own. They're all so right for each other. Shy, sensitive Tom has his quiet, intelligent Nola. Curly-haired, fast-talking Kenny finally won his proud-eyed Lois ten years ago. For extrovert Jamie there could be no one but gamin, out-going Pamela with freckles on her pert nose. And the lean good looks of Wally are complemented by the fragile blonde loveliness of his Mary Lou, who knows that the baby of the family may well end up the biggest man of them all. Each of the girls has said to another at some time, "I couldn't live with that husband of yours for two minutes," but they all live together in an incredible kind of loving harmony.

The home of Pam and Jamie is likely to be the community gathering place during the day, and bedlam is the keynote. Kids romp, dogs bark, husbands bellow, while the girls count their blessings for marrying Russells. The children are common property; whoever notices a damp bottom first changes a diaper, and noses are mopped with impartial thoroughness. As the boys work different shifts at the filling station, at least one of them is always at home for a meal. Tom's wife is serving Jamie, Kenny's wife is attempting to spoon food into the mouth of Wally's young one, saying, "I wonder if she's coming down with something. She won't take her food."

"Maybe," one of the other girls calls, "it's because I just fed her ten minutes ago. It's Pandora who hasn't eaten yet."

Wally, sitting quietly on a couch, muses aloud. "There's one particular word that Jane used to describe me. I can't think of it right now. You know—it means that if you put me in the middle of a bunch of strangers, I'd be able to handle myself all right."

"What she probably said," Pam flashes at him, "is that you're the only one of the boys who could pass for normal."

Wally grins back at her. "Your old man sure couldn't!"

The secret, of course, lies in an awareness of God that is as much a part of every one of them as their hearts, their eyes, their limbs. Much has been written about the religious aspect of the Russells' life; practically none of it true. The children did build with their own hands a chapel like no other in the world. Designed for modern times, it does away with must and medieval gloom, letting in the sunlight, which is all to the good. Their faith in God is like that, too—sunny and joyous and unafraid. No constraint, no pomp, no sanctimonious poppycock. Ma Russell's acreage teems with people lively as crickets, who live with the Lord every minute and admit that it's fun.

"Look," explains one of the wives, "the Lord made all things, and if He didn't have a sense of humor, He wouldn't have made these comedians we married!"

"It was on account of the Lord that we started hollering at Ma while we were still kids," Wally says. "Every time we'd go out to have some fun, she'd sick the Lord on us. You can't get much of a kick out of stealing a watermelon from the field next door when you know you're going to go right home and pray about it. So we'd holler at her, 'Ma, stop sicking the Lord on us!'"

MOTHER RUSSELL doesn't mind the shouting. "The thing to remember is what's behind it," she frequently says in her

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Dick Egan is a 1954 discovery.

■ In the world of show business, gossip is quick to start. Jane Russell and Richard Egan have been seen together two or three times and they look so strikingly handsome and happy together that the rumor mills have begun to grind. Jane is seldom seen with Bob Waterfield, her real-life husband. He likes to stay home.

Jane is a girl with a heart (as cowboy actors say) bigger than all outdoors. Richard replaced Bob Mitchum as Jane's husband in *The Big Rainbow*. Mr. Mitchum had bowed out in one of his periodic arguments with big boss Howard Hughes. Jane and everyone else was hunting for a film husband.

She saw Mr. Egan in *Split Second* and talked him up and into the part. The rushes were so good that those who interview Miss Russell these days go away with a story about Richard.

Handsome, virile Egan is from San Francisco, a graduate of the university there. He emerged from the war a captain. His brother, Father Will Egan, advised him not to try acting until he learned the trade. So Richard enrolled at Stanford and spent three years earning a Master's degree. In 1949 a talent scout from Warner Bros. got him a screen test. Universal gave him a one-year contract.

His first public notice was as Joan Crawford's husband in *The Damned Don't Cry*. He could make a career of playing plausible husbands to electric big stars, but Richard's future is bigger than that.

He is a judo expert, too. It turns out that Mr. Waterfield is not concerned about his wife's enthusiasm. The judo won't be necessary.

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quiet, absent way. "A whispered word will cut if there is meanness behind it. Even while the children are shouting, there's only love in their hearts."

Jane is one of the shouters, practically chief among the crazy Russells. Their faith is her faith, their love her love, and you can almost watch the tension drain out of her when she's with them an hour or two. The girls her brothers married like it best when Jane comes home unexpectedly, when the boys are gone and they can visit with her. She's one of them, no more and no less, feeding kids, curling hair, relaxing in woman-talk. They enjoy seeing her pictures, but every wife of them believes that her husband is every bit as remarkable as his famous sister.

And what's it like to be married to a remarkable character? The girls have a story they love to tell to illustrate it. After one of Jane's infrequent trips to New York, she and a friend were visiting the family and discussing the plays they had seen in the East. Freshest in their minds was *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

"That character Marlon Brando played was horrible," shuddered Jane's refined friend. "Just horrible!"

The Russell wives were mightily interested, never having seen a horrible man, and they were beside themselves with impatience until the play was made into a movie. They descended upon it *en masse* and emerged terribly disappointed.

"Why," said Nola, "he wasn't horrible at all. He's just like one of the Russell boys!"

"I thought he was charming," added Mary Lou. "I never felt more at home with an actor on the screen. It was like being in our own livingroom."

"I can just see Kenny knocking the dishes off the table like Brando did," chimed in Lois, "and saying something like, 'Okay, I cleared my side. You clear yours.'"

"Or Jamie," agreed Pam, "yanking everything off, tablecloth and all, and then rolling on the floor because he thought he was so funny!"

That's what it's like, and they think it's just wonderful. **END**

only her husband knows

(Continued from page 55) uncooperative actresses in Hollywood.

It was close, but the honor finally went to Esther Williams. She has recovered by now, but when Esther got the news, she was hurt. Fortunately, she is blessed with an irrepressible sense of humor.

"At least," she said, "they voted me an actress. That's something." Esther explained that in 1953 she not only worked at home as a mother and housewife, but that she was on location with a picture, and that for nine months of that year she was pregnant.

Despite all this she had managed to take part in more than fifty interviews and picture layouts. She said she had done the best she could with the time she had.

"I'm sorry," one member snapped when she heard Esther's explanation. "That just won't do. Look at Virginia Mayo. She worked in pictures last year and had a baby and *she* always made time for the press."

Modern Screen, having carefully researched Esther Williams and her activities, refuses to brand this wholesome girl as "uncooperative."

She is more warm-hearted, more generous and kind than a dozen other actresses. She is blessed with enough modesty to prevent her from talking about the good she does.

This is why we turn you over to her husband, Ben Gage.

"Esther," he says, "is no angel. Stick a pin in her and she bleeds. Hurt her and she cries. She also gets sick, gets excited, eats food and buys dresses. In other words, she's normal and she's human. But she's not typical.

"The overwhelming love in her heart, especially for children, is not typical. It's unusual and wonderful and it colors our whole life.

"When we were married it was Esther's idea to adopt a French war orphan, to pay a monthly allowance for a little girl's support. The child has grown up and no longer needs our support. But Esther ordered the allowance transferred to the support of an Italian war orphan.

"Before we were married we decided that we wanted lots of children. Esther was one of five, and her family life was the happiest.

"After we were married, Esther announced one day that she was with child. We were both overjoyed. But after five and a half months she lost the baby. We don't know exactly what was wrong.

"That set us both to thinking about handicapped children, babies who came into the world with some sort of physical deficiency. Esther began to think about what she could do for such babies. That's how she became interested in the Nursery School for the Visually Handicapped.

"Esther has not only contributed a swimming pool in part, but whenever she has any spare time she's down at the nursery teaching those little kids who don't see so well how to swim.

"All our three children, thank God, are physically perfect, and looking after three healthy kids is job enough for any woman, but Esther always finds time for those handicapped little guys.

"She just happens to be a kind-hearted girl. I could point out many things—her generosity to her family, jobs she's gotten for other swimmers, how thoughtful she is about the help—and they all add up to one word, cooperative, the opposite of what the Hollywood Women's Press Club said.

"Esther has said many times that her home—I guess that includes me and the kids—comes first. After that comes her career.

"And she's just not talking either. In Esther's book, human relationships are the most important things in life. She hates to hurt people and so far as I know she's never premeditatedly hurt anyone.

"We run a restaurant and a screen door factory. We employ quite a few people, and I don't think you can find anyone who'll say Esther hasn't given them a fair shuffle.

"I don't want to be in the position of defending a girl who is so guiltless that she has nothing to defend. I just mention these facts so that her fans can better understand Esther.

"But isn't there the possibility, just the possibility, mind you, that a wee bit of jealousy might have been responsible for Esther's having been named most uncooperative?"

The jealousy theory is widely held in Hollywood. For many years Esther and Ben Gage have been sniped at for no apparent reason.

You've read rumors to the effect that their marriage was coming apart at the seams, that a divorce was inevitable, and all the rest of the dirge.

"It so happens," Esther says, "that every time these rumors begin, I get pregnant. Then the columnists get embarrassed."

Why should people be jealous of Esther and Ben? They have everything: a comfortable home, beautiful children, a great future, a profitable career, and their love for each other. These are virtues enough to make them a target.

Ben was with Esther on location in Florida making *Easy to Love.* Someone asked, "What in heaven's name does Esther see in that lug? Does he ever work? What does he do?"

The answer is that Ben Gage does work. He manages the Trails Restaurant and the Willgay Manufacturing Company. Although he doesn't earn what Esther earns, neither does he use his wife to further his own schemes.

Esther's personal life was not particularly happy until Ben came along. She was unhappy with her first husband, not only because they had different philosophies, but because her family didn't like the young medical student. Esther has always loved her family and could not tolerate the near-estrangement.

When Ben Gage came along, her loneliness ended, they were married and have been happy ever since.

Ben was in show business for fifteen years before he met Esther. He was never too successful, probably because he is not hyper-ambitious. Ben believes in living and letting live. This sort of middle-of-the-way philosophy is not the route to stardom.

He is content to let Esther be the star in the family. Sensibly, he realizes that he cannot equal her achievements. Why try to compete?

He loves being with Esther and his family, making them happy, working around the house. The Hollywood gossips don't bother him one bit.

Of course he was disturbed when his wife was voted the most uncooperative actress of 1953. There have been too many reporters and photographers around his house all year long for him to believe any such judgment. He just scoffs at rumors concerning him and his life with Esther.

"I don't pay them any attention," he explains. "Why should I? I'm *tired* of denying that Esther and I are fighting or quarreling or whatever they're saying. I know all about Esther, and she knows all about me. We don't have to be told about each other by the newspapers."

Several of the reporters who cast votes against Esther will tell you privately that she is driving, ambitious, and money-mad. They will tell you about the real estate investment she made in Twenty-Nine Palms, California, her deal with Cole of California bathing suits, her plan to organize an Aquacade, and many of her other business deals. But they can't tell you all about them.

Several years ago Esther bought some desert property in Twenty-Nine Palms and had her brother David supervise the construction of half a dozen small homes. She didn't do this to make a big profit or to speculate on land values.

David was sick, out of work, and had been ordered down to the desert. Esther thought it would be nice to give him something to do, so she invested her hard-earned money in the project. Her other brother, Stanton, died of an intestinal virus when he was only sixteen—she frequently refers to him as "the most talented of the group"—and she cannot stand to have any of her own family be unhappy.

She backed a filling station in Santa Monica, but when someone told her the neighboring filling stations couldn't compete with her prestige as a movie star, she quickly sold out.

Esther was offered $50,000 a week to break in her Aquacade at Las Vegas.

This money-mad girl said, "That's a lot of money, but an Aquacade is a wholesome kind of act, and while Las Vegas is a wonderful city, still there's something about all that gambling—I don't want to sound prudish, but I'd rather take the Aquacade out on tour all over the country."

None of the charges leveled against Esther since she went to work in pictures ten years ago—that she's self-centered, uncooperative, ruthless—will hold water.

As her husband says, "Esther isn't perfect." But Hollywood has yet to produce her equal as a mother, housewife, and actress.

As for being wholesome, morally upright, civic-minded, considerate, cooperative, and friendly, Esther Jane Williams will take a backseat to no one. END

going . . . going . . . gone!

(*Continued from page 57*) much in love with Dale—I'm still very much in love with him—that I guess love dulled what little common sense I have."

Dale and Jackie were married on May 19, 1951. Dale's studio associates seemed to be genuinely pleased.

"Marriage is just what this boy needs," one actor said. "He'll hit the top in no time. Dale is pretty unusual for a Hollywood actor. Not a phony bone in his body.

"Know where he lives? Out in Reseda on a G.I. tract. Pays $52 a month for rent. And no marriage will make him move into any of those swanky joints in Beverly Hills.

"I hope Jackie realizes that she's got a real man in Dale." That Dale was a real he-man, Jackie soon recognized. He was crazy about fights, baseball, softball, dogs and, of course, horses.

When he wasn't indulging his passion for these activities, he was hunting or driving to and from Oklahoma City. He worked at the studio, of course, and they worked him long and hard because the young movie-goers liked him.

Dale seemed to pride himself in retaining a fierce independence. Around the studio he referred to his wife as a "fine filly" and, in the words of one perceptive actress, "He gave the impression that nothing, neither marriage nor contracts, would stop him from doing whatever he felt like doing. Marriage changes a man's outlook. It gives him new duties, new responsibilities. Not Dale. He seemed to strut around as if to say, 'See, nobody can rein me in. I'm a free soul.' "

Out in Reseda, living in the stucco bungalow, Jackie was confused and unhappy. Away from her friends and family, young and inexperienced, her career abandoned, she was eager and experimental. But she was alone most of the time. Even when Dale was at home, he was so continually involved with horses and picture-making and sports and business deals that there was little time for family life.

"Occasionally," Jackie says, "he told me that he loved me. And maybe he did. I just doubt it. Because if he really loved me then he would have tried to work at our marriage.

"I told him that marriage wasn't merely a convenience, that it was a companionship two people had to build together, that the sum of mutual experiences is what made it rich and full and good. But somehow, I couldn't get through to him.

"After a while, I began studying myself. 'Maybe I'm at fault,' I thought. 'Maybe there's something lacking in me.'

"I went to a doctor. Then I went to a psychiatrist. Then I went to a marriage

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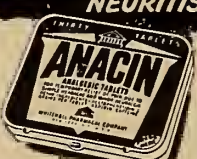

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All I wanted out of life was a good time and to be my own boss. Girls like Kate were my kind, lots of good times with no strings attached. It wasn't until a bad car wreck put my brother's kids under my care that I began to have any doubts . . . began to think that maybe Sheila was right.

Don't miss "Love, I Spelled It Sex," the story of a man who knew exactly what he wanted out of life . . . who thought people with responsibilities didn't have any fun.

It's in the May issue of

MODERN ROMANCES

on sale wherever magazines are sold.

counselor. The doctor and the psychiatrist said there was nothing wrong with me. I didn't need treatment or anything. The marriage counselor suggested bringing Dale along for conferences. He didn't want to go but I insisted until he went with me. "Nothing helped.

"In many ways he's a wonderful man. I just don't think marriage is for him, not a give-and-take marriage anyway. Maybe he needs a wife who will be grateful for any scrap of attention. I'm not like that.

"Dale wants a family, but he doesn't know how to live a married life. He says he wants to be married, but I guess he doesn't want to be married to me."

BEFORE HE LEFT for Mexico where he has just put the finishing touches on *Sitting Bull*, Dale was asked for *his* version.

Jackie had been awarded separate maintenance of $850 a month for the support of herself and their sixteen-month-old daughter, Rochelle. All Dale would say was, "she asked for a divorce, an' I told her if that's what she wanted, it was okay with me. I've got nothin' to say. The marriage just didn't work."

The reason it didn't, according to Kit Carson, Dale's stand-in and close buddy, is that "the two of 'em weren't right mates fer each other.

"Dale got married because he wanted a home, a wife and a family. I think he still wants all those things but he's a man who's stuck with his nature just like Jackie's a woman who's stuck with hers."

By nature, temperament and background the Robertsons are opposites.

Dale is blunt, honest, stoic, inhibited, proud and unemotional. He has never worn his heart on his sleeve. He had an unhappy first marriage which ended in divorce; he had a rough time getting a break in Hollywood; he was shot up pretty badly during World War II, but he told Jackie very little of all these experiences.

When she tried to thaw him out, when she tried to understand the workings of his mind, to discuss the past and the future, he seemed to rebel. It was as though she were invading his privacy and overstepping the rights of a wife.

"He treated her," says one of her friends, "as if she were a reporter. And you know how he treats them. Won't talk to them.

"Of course, I'm Jackie's friend and I'm taking her side. But honestly, Dale just wasn't cut out to be a good husband. Either that, or he married the wrong girl.

"If you love your wife, then you want to spend as much time with her as possible. And with your little daughter.

"Jackie's very young. Dale is her senior by ten years, at least. During the first year of their marriage he should have been more solicitous.

"Instead he was indifferent. Maybe he thinks it's unmanly to be in love, a sign of weakness or something. But he really ran the household. And I can tell you this: Jackie really tried to be a good wife. I never heard her complain about anything. And she had good reason.

"Most of their friends were *his* friends. Practically everything they did, *he* wanted to do. Dale's business manager put Jackie on an allowance of $25 a week for spending money. I think Dale got $35 a week. Any time something had to be bought, Jackie had to check with the business manager. It was always his career, his welfare that came first.

"Other girls who are married to actors load up with clothes and big cars and a big house right after the marriage. Not Jackie. Out of her marriage she got a wonderful little baby and a lot of heartache."

DALE ROBERTSON has never been affectionate or demonstrative. You can tell this in his movie-acting. He would rather act like Gene Autry than Charles Boyer.

His young wife was surprised by this. She believed that gradually Dale would learn to relax, to bare his emotions, to talk to her, to show spontaneous affection.

She had no idea that his desire to become a successful businessman was an obsession. Last year when he told her he intended to invest in the Everlast Laboratories, a company which produces a rubber compound that protects automobile tires from puncture, Jackie said, "Do what you think best, but aren't you afraid you're spreading yourself too thin?"

Jackie says now, "I thought he was doing enough, working at the studio and training his horses. And I pointed out that he was putting too many kettles in the fire. He did what he liked. And I certainly hope he succeeds."

A director who has worked with Dale says, "I have the impression that this fellow is ashamed of being an actor. He tells you that he's in the game for one reason, money. Maybe. Only I don't think so.

"I think he likes acting. I think he likes the whole business. If he doesn't why did he go to night school at the university downtown and take courses in motion picture production? Why has he written three or four scripts?

"My own feeling is that he likes the glamour and the adoration. Secretly, he even likes all the interviews he's constantly yelling about. Only he won't admit it.

"He's got a serious conflict and I guess that's why he's a tough man to live with.

"Maybe you don't understand what I mean. Take a man like Fred Astaire. He's been retiring from this racket for the last ten years. According to him, every picture he makes is his last. But he keeps coming back. Why? He doesn't need the money. He's loaded.

"The reason is that he loves to make motion pictures, and so does Dale Robertson. Don't let him kid you."

DALE KEEPS SAYING over and over again that he's pulling out of Hollywood as soon as his contract expires; and while Jackie agreed to go and live with him wherever he wanted to settle, she first wanted to be sure that Dale really loved her and wanted her.

"From the beginning," she says, "I had the feeling that he regretted our marriage, that he knew in his heart that he had made a mistake and that he was too kind to tell me. I suggested this possibility to him and he said no, that he really cared for me.

"In the months that followed, I prayed that he would prove it by his behavior. I thought that after the separation he would see how bad it was for us to be apart. But no change. Still the same busy, distant, indifferent man.

"When our baby was born he was very happy. I thought that his being a father would change him. He loves our little girl. I know he does but there's very little demonstration of it.

"I've tried everything in the book to make a success of our marriage. Dale is the son of divorced parents, and I didn't want our child to grow up that way. But there is no use in two people's living together if they can't get along.

"I want to say now that I'm not pregnant as the gossip columnists have reported and that there was no third party involved in the failure of our marriage. No other woman—nothing like that.

"I think I could have coped with that, but when a man has fallen out of love with his wife—then it's just hopeless.

"As a matter of fact, as I look back on it all, it was hopeless to begin with. He just didn't love me." END

marilyn and joe

(*Continued from page 41*) Joe phoned his bride and told her to meet him in San Francisco and Marilyn slipped out of Hollywood just as quietly as she'd slipped in. A day later she and her husband and Lefty O'Doul were aboard a Pan American Clipper bound for Honolulu.

The free-for-all had begun.

When the visiting trio arrived at the Honolulu Airport they were mobbed by an estimated 2,000 fans most of whom wanted to become Marilyn's close friends.

Hula dancers greeted the celebrities, the Hawaii Visitors Bureau officials draped them with leis and four special policemen helped Marilyn fight her way to the Pan-American passenger lounge.

"They kept grabbing at my hair," she said nervously. "Did you see them, Joe? They kept grabbing at my hair." Joe, expecting a little peace and quiet in Honolulu, shrugged his shoulders, said nothing.

The police formed a protective cordon across the narrow hallway leading to the lounge while Joe and Marilyn each drank a glass of Hawaiian pineapple juice.

The newlyweds then said they were ready to talk to the anxious reporters and photographers. They were most cooperative, Marilyn posing for pictures and Joe explaining that "we're just on our way to Tokyo. We expect to get our visas tomorrow and then take off tomorrow night."

"Do you plan to swim at Waikiki?" they were asked.

"I don't think we'll have time," Joe said. He looked at Lefty O'Doul.

"They want to spend a little time staying away from all you fellows," O'Doul said with his big Irish grin. "After all, they're lovebirds on a honeymoon." Everyone laughed and a police official called out that there would be no need for control squads and road blocks at Waikiki.

Marilyn and Joe were ushered into a powder blue convertible driven by Louis Benjamin, the owner of a bar called The Log Cabin. Di Maggio had met Benjamin during World War II, and it was "Benny" who whisked them off to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

The following night the Di Maggios and O'Doul were headed for Tokyo for what Joe was assured would be "a quiet time." This illusion was dispelled when the plane put down on the runway at Haneda International Airport.

THE MOVIE FANS were so pushing, so numerous, so avid, that Marilyn and Joe had to scramble back into the plane. When the fans refused to disperse, the newlyweds escaped through the baggage hatch and ran to the Immigration Office.

It was even worse at the Imperial Hotel where more than 200 police were called out to maintain order. The Imperial has dozens of labyrinthine passageways. Practically all of these were blocked by Japanese fans shouting, "Malyn. Malyn Monloe." The newspapers had made the serious error of announcing the Di Maggios' hotel.

As Marilyn stepped into the lobby, the fans began to press. Plate glass broke; revolving doors stuck; two sight-seers fell into a fish pond.

Marilyn and Joe finally got to their room. O'Doul sent word to the press that the couple would be down in ten minutes. Marilyn, who is late to everything, including her own wedding, was about two hours late this time. The newsmen, realizing what she'd been through—the long trip, the milling crowds, the constant pressure—greeted her affably when she slithered into the Treasure Room.

She was given the seat of honor. O'Doul hovered protectively. Joe, almost unnoticed, leaned against a corner of the room where only four resolute baseball reporters began to question him. Marilyn, however, faced a battery of eighty-five. She smiled as the camera bulbs began popping.

"Excuse, please, but do you sleep naked?"

The actress grinned. "No comment."

"Have you ever seen your husband play in a baseball game?"

"No," the actress answered. "I met my husband after he had retired from active baseball."

"What do you plan to do in Japan?"

"Even though I'm on my honeymoon I understand I'll have the chance to tour the Korean front, to entertain our troops. I'm going for at least three or four days."

"Your husband, Joe Di Maggio, no object?"

Marilyn shook her head. "No, it's all right with him. We've discussed it."

"What kind of fur piece is that you are wearing?"

"Fox," the blonde quipped, "and not the 20th Century kind."

"About 20th Century-Fox, please, you are now under suspension? Why?"

"Well, I read the script of the new movie and I didn't care for it. That doesn't mean I don't like musicals—I like good musicals."

"When you go to Korea will you wear ermine bathing suit like Terry Moore?"

Marilyn said no, she would wear a plain cocktail dress.

"Is your husband going to Korea with you?"

"No, he is staying behind with Mr. O'Doul to coach your baseball players."

"Do you agree with Kinsey Report, Miss Monroe?"

"No, I do not."

"You plan to give up career?"

Marilyn thought for a moment. "No, I don't, but my marriage comes before my career. I'd like to have a family."

"Is it true you really want six children?"

It was here that Joe Di Maggio broke in. "Hey," he called out. "You should ask *me* that question."

JOE AND MARILYN had very little time to themselves in Japan. One Sunday they drove out to Kawana, a fishing village, but photographers were spotted all over the place, and again the newlyweds had to pose for snapshots and answer questions.

When Joe flew south to coach with Lefty O'Doul, Mrs. O'Doul flew in to accompany Marilyn on her rounds.

The actress dropped in at the Tokyo Army Hospital, cheered several sick G.I.'s, and then worked out her Korea entertainment routine.

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

On my way to work one morning I stopped in a drugstore for coffee and found Jerry Lewis sitting next to me. He smiled and said good morning. When I finished breakfast the waiter refused my ten-dollar bill, saying that it was too early to change it. Jerry spoke up promptly. "Things are bad all over," he said—and paid my check!

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Pvt. Albert Guastefeste of Uniondale, Long Island, a music instructor at Camp Zama, was chosen to be Marilyn's piano accompanist, and he ran through four numbers with the actress, "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" and "Bye, Bye, Baby" from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* Also "Let's Do It Again" and "Somebody Loves Me."

Marilyn was asked if she wanted to do a solo or entertain as part of a ten-man package show which had been performing in Okinawa. Marilyn said she'd prefer being part of the troupe.

She was flown to Korea on February 16, dressed in drab combat boots, pants, and shirt (two buttons opened at the top). She carried a little make-up bag and a purple dress cut low. She described it as "a cocktail party dress or something like that. After all, I hadn't expected this. I didn't bring the right clothes."

But the 13,000 Marines who watched Marilyn sing had no gripes at all. They swarmed over the stage, snapping their cameras left and right. After she finished her act, Marilyn said, "I've never seen so many men in my life. I'm just sorry Joe couldn't come along but previous commitments wouldn't permit a change in schedule."

Said one Marine officer, "You were swell, absolutely swell. We've had them all but this crowd by far outdraws the best ever."

Marilyn had been flown by helicopter from Seoul to the 1st Marine Division, "and while I was scared, I tried not to show it."

Before she started her act on the Korean front, Marilyn announced that she could neither sing nor dance very well, but all she had to do was breathe and she evoked tremendous cheers from the 1st Marine and 3rd and 7th Army Divisions. The 40th Division, which consists of many California regiments, really broke the record.

While the troupe's preliminary acts were in progress at the 40th Division theatre, 10,000 soldiers pushed and elbowed forward in an effort to get closer to the stage.

WHEN IT LOOKED as if they would break through the military police line, Marilyn was told to be "ready for anything" while the regimental commander, Colonel John Kelly, went out front and temporarily halted the show.

"You're here to have a good time," he shouted. "And there's no sense in anyone's getting hurt."

When the show resumed and Marilyn came out front wearing the tight purple dress "that does a little more for me," the crowd surged forward and thousands of soldiers attempted to climb on the backs of their buddies.

In three days, Marilyn performed ten times for an estimated 50,000 men. When she finally finished at Taegu, Korea, she was dead tired but happy.

"You know," she told an officer, "I never felt like a movie star before—really in my heart—before I came to Korea. This is the high point of everything.

"Now I'm flying back to the most important thing in my life—Joe. And I want to start a family. A family comes before a career."

Back in Japan with Di Maggio, Marilyn told her husband, "I'm so glad I went to Korea, Joe. I'll never, never forget that experience so long as I live."

A man of few words, Joe took his wife in his arms and nodded understandingly. But he must have wondered how much longer he would have to share his bride with the world. **END**

(Marilyn Monroe can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's River Of No Return.*)*

The flower girls had their petals crushed.

LETTER FROM TOKYO

Tokyo, Japan, Far East

Dear Mr. Charles D. Saxon,

Every month I'm enjoying your magazine 4,000 miles apart here. Since the war at Korea many Hollywood stars are visited here. But we never expected Marilyn Monroe's coming. My English is limited, but I'll try to explain our feelings.

Lefty O'Doul, the San Diego baseball manager, came in on the same plane with the smiling DiMaggios. Lefty is one of Japan's biggest baseball idols, but he got lost in today's shuffle. He coached DiMaggio to marry Monroe such sensational, but this fact never known any reporter in the United States.

During the wait for the plane, thousands of people broke through police lines a couple of times. Japanese movie actresses were mobbed by schoolgirls and the flower girls had their petals crushed and some were stolen wallets by pickpockets among this mob. Over an hour after their plane landed, the DiMaggios got into a waiting convertible and drove down eight miles of highway, lined with tens of thousands of eager fans, to the Imperial Hotel in downtown Tokyo—where they were confronted with another vast multitude.

Although the trip to Tokyo was baseball business, Joe DiMaggio went relatively unnoticed in a far corner of the room where his audience consisted of a small handful of baseball reporters, while Marilyn Monroe talked to the press.

Q. *What is your opinion about your famous "Monroe walk?"*
A. *I had been walking since I was six months old and couldn't stopped yet. It naturally come to me.*
Q. *Is it true you didn't wear any underwear clothes, whether or not?*
A. *I'm planning to buy a Japanese kimono and I'm wearing underclothes like this lace slip.*
Q. *What is your first impression of Japan?*
A. *I hardly to tell that answer because I just arrived here only yesterday, but I heard about Japan from my husband. I really never expected before such many cameramens waited here.*
Q. *Who is your closest best friend?*
A. *Miss Jane Russell and Miss Betty Grable.*
Q. *Who is your respectable people who are engaged in motion picture field?*
A. *Ingrid Bergman, Charles Laughton, Humphrey Bogart, Marlon Brando.*
Q. *You think your husband is a millionaire?*
A. *No, I don't think so. I guess he is empty.*

Sincerely yours,
Yoko Hazama

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Only Dial Shampoo with
Hexachlorophene gives this
complete cleanliness

Now a new *kind* of beauty! This wonderful new shampoo with Hexachlorophene gives hair clean-smelling freshness and a diamond sparkle! You've never been able to get such *complete cleanliness* with ordinary shampoos.

You'll like the unbreakable squeeze bottle, too. Ask for Dial Shampoo today—and find out how easily you can shampoo a diamond sparkle into *your* hair!

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No other shampoo gives this glorious Dial beauty—yet leaves your hair so easy to manage

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"I like **KING-SIZE** Chesterfield," says Peter Lind Hayes

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A group of Chesterfield smokers have been examined by a doctor every two months for almost two years. 45% of them have been smoking Chesterfield, on the average, for well over 10 years. The doctor's examinations show . . . ***no adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield.***

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Enjoy the **TASTE** and **MILDNESS** you want

CHESTERFIELD

BEST FOR YOU

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MAY 14 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

ELL
AZINE

JUNE
20c

ew look at
ANA TURNER

ow TONY
nd JANET saved
eir love

warning
JERRY LEWIS

...keep it sunshine bright

with WHITE RAIN

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain . . the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

Use New WHITE RAIN Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO
BY TONI

MAY 14 1954

Now...enjoy sweet treats and protect your teeth from cavities

New white Ipana with WD-9 inhibits tooth-decay acids*

Now you can eat the sweet things you like—and need for quick energy, a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Many foods, including sweets, form tooth-decay acids. But now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against these acids.

For WD-9 in Ipana's exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of tooth-decay acids. Acid-inhibitor WD-9 is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

***To get the best results** from new Ipana with acid-inhibitor WD-9, use it regularly after eating. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweet things they wanted proved that brushing this way can *prevent most tooth decay.*

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New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste in new Ipana with WD-9. And it makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even *one* brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.

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New white IPANA with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9

Buy one jar—get another

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FREE
MUM OF EXTRA COST
WHEN YOU BUY THIS 39¢ SIZE
8¢ TAX
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To introduce you to the doctor's deodorant discovery* that safely

STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

We want you to try wonderful new Mum, the *exclusive deodorant based originally on a doctor's discovery, and now containing long-lasting M-3. That's why we offer you, absolutely free, a bonus jar of new Mum when you buy the regular 39¢ jar.

New Mum stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours—far longer than the ordinary deodorant tested.

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cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

JUNE, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZIN

modern screen

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* On the cover: Color portrait of brown-haired Lana Turner currently appearing in two of MGM's 30th Anniversary releases, *Flame And The Flesh* and *Betrayed.* See page 92 for other photographers' credits.

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DURBIN HORNER
executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

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BARBARA J. MAYER, assistant editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
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LANA TURNER

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FLAME and the FLESH

M-G-M's *sensation filmed in the pleasure-haunts of Europe in color by*
Technicolor!

The greatest sin... to steal the love that belongs to another woman!!!

CO-STARRING
PIER ANGELI · CARLOS THOMPSON · with **BONAR COLLEANO**

Screen Play by **HELEN DEUTSCH** · Based on a Novel by AUGUSTE BAILLY · Directed by **RICHARD BROOKS** · Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK**

AN M-G-M PICTURE

Watch this luxury lather make your hair exciting to behold! Suddenly glowing clean...silky...amazingly manageable! That's the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Conditions any hair! Try it! From 29¢

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe's husband, Joe Di Maggio, is a millionaire? —J.T., Fresno, Cal.

A. *No.*

Q. Why does Jane Russell want her husband to produce her future motion pictures? —V.R., Ames, Iowa

A. *She loves him, has faith in his judgment.*

Q. In San Francisco recently, James Tarantino, publisher of a weekly called *Hollywood Night Life*, was convicted of extortion. Is it true that he was backed by Frank Sinatra? —V.T., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *No. One per cent of the stock was owned by Hank Sanicola, Sinatra's personal manager.*

Q. What broke up the Leslie Caron-Geordie Hormel marriage? —B.B., Boston, Mass.

A. *Miss Caron's career desires.*

Q. Any truth to those Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding fight rumors? —D.H., Augusta, Ga.

A. *No.*

Q. Is Lorraine Chanel, who sees Gary Cooper when he works in Mexico, French or Mexican or what? How old is she? —Y.R., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Lorraine Chanel y Cortez is twenty-nine, of Swedish-Mexican extraction.*

Q. Can you tell me anything about Fernando Lamas' second wife, Lydia? Is it true that she is English? —J.T., Buenos Aires

A. *Lydia Lamas was born in Milan of a Scotch mother, Wilhemina Burton-Winton, and an Italian father, Giovanni Babacci.*

Q. Is it true that Pat O'Brien and a group of gamblers are erecting the largest gambling casino in Las Vegas? —F.L., Louville, Ky.

A. *O'Brien and a group of prominent, respectable real estate men plan to erect a new Las Vegas hotel.*

Q. Can you tell me how old Mickey Rooney is, how many times he's been married, and if he is still disliked in Hollywood? —H.J., Birmingham, Ala.

A. *Rooney is thirty-two, has been married four times; is currently more popular in trade circles than he has ever been.*

Q. Are Richard Conte and Perry Como brothers? —F.H., Jersey City, N. J.

A. *No.*

Q. Is it true that John Agar has agreed to give up his daughter so that she may be adopted legally by Shirley Temple's husband? —E.U., Arlington, Mass.

A. *Agar will not consent to this.*

Q. What color was Marilyn Monroe's hair before she changed it? And what was her name? —C.F., Toledo, Ohio

A. *Norma Jean Mortenson had brown hair.*

Q. I've read that Keefe Brasselle got a break in Hollywood because his mother is Betty Grable's hairdresser. How about it? —V.L., Washington, D. C.

A. *Brasselle has a forceful personality, made his own breaks.*

Q. I understand that the reason Judy Garland took so long to finish *A Star Is Born* is that she couldn't get her weight down. True or false? —B.F., Elgin, Ill.

A. *False. Her top weight during the production was 112 pounds.*

Q. It was recently announced that Kirk Douglas paid $70,000 for a mansion in Beverly Hills. Wasn't the real price much lower? Wasn't the $70,000 a price purely for newspaper consumption? —F.D., Ventura, Calif.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is it true that Marlon Brando and Wally Cox were roommates long before either one was famous? —A.R., Milwaukee, Wis.

A. *Yes. Wally and Marlon went to school together, met again in New York and decided to room together.*

Q. I've heard that Sheree North was married when she was fifteen. True or false? —J.C., New York, N. Y.

A. *Sheree married Fred Bessire when she was fifteen. The marriage lasted two years.*

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

"dial M for Murder"

IF A WOMAN ANSWERS... HANG ON FOR DEAR LIFE!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT 'DIAL M FOR MURDER' THE INTERNATIONAL STAGE SUCCESS COLOR BY WARNERCOLOR · STARRING RAY MILLAND · GRACE KELLY · ROBERT CUMMINGS

WITH JOHN WILLIAMS · WRITTEN BY FREDERICK KNOTT AUTHOR OF THE STAGE PLAY · MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN

Academy Award winners: Audrey Hepburn: best actress; William Holden: best actor; Donna Reed: best supporting

Audrey Hepburn, still in *Ondine* make-up, was rushed to New York's Center Theatre by a police escort to receive Oscar from Jean Hersholt.

Bill Holden (with wife Brenda Marshall) took Oscar with brief "Thank you," sorry that time didn't allow him to make acceptance speech.

Donna Reed and Frank Sinatra won supporting Oscars for work in *From Here To Eternity*, which also took honors for direction, editing.

Mitzi Gaynor arrived with Jack Bean, joined m.c. Donald O'Connor to sing "The Moon is Blue"; Cecil B. DeMille followed Mitzi and Jack in.

Marge and Gower Champion presented awards for the best art direction in color and black-and-white to *The Robe* and *Julius Caesar*.

Donna Reed (with proud husband Tony Owen) burst into tears in press room, said she didn't remember running down aisle to receive award.

THE NEW MARILYN MONROE . . . PAT NERNEY SAYS HE'LL MARRY JANE POWELL SOON . . . HOLLYWOOD'S BEST CATCH: JACK WEBB . . . LOUELLA LOVES LANA

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

THE BIGGEST CATCH in Hollywood today is not Clark Gable nor Bing Crosby.

It's old man Friday himself—Jack Webb, I mean—who will soon become a movie star in his famed *Dragnet* after selling the rights to Warner Brothers for a hot million dollars.

Now that the rumor is out that Jack is cooling with his former flame, Dorothy Towne, all the eligible glamour girls are on the prowl for this dark, moody and *rich* young man.

I ran into Jack at Chasen's a few nights ago and he was anything but moody. To the contrary, he was very funny about his reactions to becoming a movie star after years on radio and TV.

"Guess I went kinda nuts about being on the screen," he said after dropping by my table for a chat. "First thing I did was to buy Stanley Kramer's former house which has *two* swimming pools and a couple of projection rooms.

"Then I went and ordered a new wardrobe—everything from sweaters to tails—that would be the envy of the Duke of Windsor.

"The same week, I bought a pastel car—just like the ones driven by the movie stars!"

actress; Frank Sinatra: best supporting actor; *From Here To Eternity:* best film; "Secret Love": best song

Frank Sinatra brought Frank, Jr., and Nancy, made them promise not to be disappointed if he didn't win. "Don't you be, either," they advised, then presented him with St. Genesius medal with Oscar engraved on back.

Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding started the ceremonies by presenting 4 awards for short subjects to Walt Disney, giving him a grand total of 18 Oscars, 3 Special Academy Awards and one Irving Thalberg Award.

Lana Turner (almost unnoticed by fans in the balcony who didn't recognize her dark hair) and Lex Barker presented the cinematography (photography to you) awards; one went to Burnett Guffey (left) for *Eternity*.

Clark Gable brought Grace Kelly. Other pairs at this 26th Academy Award were Corinne Calvet and John Anderson; John Wayne and Pilar Palette; Carole Lee and Alana Ladd (using Mom and Dad's tickets).

I laughed, "These are the *facts?*"

Jack nodded. "These are the facts, ma'am."

"And how do you like all your movie star trappings now," I asked.

"Hate 'em, just hate 'em," said Jack. "Can't stand that huge house. I've only owned it a few months and I'm putting it on the market to sell.

"Hate all those clothes, too. But I'm stuck with them. Just for spite, I'm wearing my oldest suit.

"And *that* car is parked in the garage gathering dust and rust while I drive my old three-year-old job."

Jack sighed, "Guess I'm not cut out to be a bona fide movie star."

We'll see about that, Mr. Dragnet.

AFTERTHOUGHTS on the fabulously beautiful wedding of Joan Benny and Seth Baker:

What a laugh I got when Jack Benny whispered in my ear the real reason for the long wait before he and Joanie came down the aisle—even after the orchestra had struck up "Here Comes The Bride."

"Of all things, at a time like this, Joan says she's just got to go to the *powder room!*" gasped Jack.

Never have I seen such delightful young people circling in one room. Among the bridesmaids I thought Sandra Wilhoit, the tall blonde daughter of Gracie Allen and George Burns, was exceptionally beautiful.

The sentimental atmosphere seemed to have affected many estranged couples.

Even though Freddie Karger was leading the orchestra he couldn't take his eyes off Jane Wyman—and I don't wonder. She looked radiantly beautiful in an off the shoulder, bouffant pink dress.

Finally, Johnny Green took pity on Freddie and offered to play the piano so Karger could dance with his wife.

Bob Taylor left early for an amusing reason. He walked right out of the Crystal Room and into the cocktail lounge at the hotel and sent a note to Barbara Stanwyck asking her to join him! She did—and they talked until closing time.

Frank Sinatra was there and so was Nancy—but they just said, "Hi," as they passed one another.

One of the loveliest gowns in the room was worn by Piper Laurie who is soooo in love with Dick Contino—and he with her. However, the course of this true love is not running smoothly because of a serious difference in their religious faiths.

Getting back to Piper's dress, it was a décolleté ecru chiffon with big crush roses of the same material over one shoulder. With her vivid red hair, it was a lovely effect.

The best dancer in the room was Anita Louise, wife of Buddy Adler who has won so many honors for producing *From Here To Eternity*. Anita danced every dance and I don't know how her feet held up. I know. I tried to do the same thing!

No mother-of-the-bride was ever so thoughtful of her guests, more sentimental, or more *tired* than Mary Benny. What a wonderful hostess she was!

Tony Martin was out of town, so Cyd Charisse came with the Johnny Greens. Cyd was breathtaking in a flame colored chiffon, but I continue to be surprised at the way certain cameramen fail to recognize her and pass her up for lesser celebrities. Cyd never cares.

Bare-minimum strapless bras .. very light and easy on the pocketbook, too.
Top: Padded, $2.50. Without padding, $2.
Lower: Lover's Knot, with or without padding, $1.

it costs so little to look lovable

Lovable Brassiere Co., 180 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16
Also in Canada

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

Dean Martin showed up. Jerry Lewis didn't.

Joan Caulfield dropped a piece of wedding cake on her beautiful gown but she laughed, "I always like to take a piece of wedding cake home to sleep on. But this is the first time I've *worn* it home."

It will be a long time before there's another social event as beautiful and heartwarming as Mary and Jack's wedding for their beloved daughter.

When Marilyn Monroe come to my house to discuss her appearance on my radio show, the bride furnished me a couple of surprises.

Not formerly the neat type, Marilyn looked very chic in a black skirt, white printed blouse, and a wide belt. And every hair was in place.

Her old man, Mr. DiMaggio, likes her all spruced up, I take it.

The second surprise came as we were discussing the script. Marilyn rewrote some of it and her ideas were splendid. Don't sell this girl short. She knows her business.

Marilyn was still hopped up over her trip to Korea even though she had caught a dreadful cold.

"Joe is flying home tonight," she told me proudly. "I can hardly wait for his plane to arrive."

By way of proving this, she hopped up every five minutes, went to the telephone, and checked the airport on the time of arrival.

Marilyn used to be late for everything.

But not where Joe is concerned. She tore out of my house to be at the airport *ahead* of time when her Joe flew in.

Love is wonderful.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have been having terrible fights and it's obvious that somebody has been giving one of the boys, or both, very bad advice.

Jerry admitted to me that they went to it hammer and tongs, on location in Phoenix making *The Big Top*. But, over the telephone, he said:

"It was rough going for us for awhile. But I wish all marriages were as steady as our partnership is now. We won't break up."

Several years ago, it was noised around that the wives of Dean and Jerry didn't hit it off socially. My spies, however, report that the ladies aren't the cause of the present hassle.

As I get it, Dean was very unhappy about his small role in *The Big Top* and insisted on a rewrite. Someone is telling Dean that he is getting the worst of it in the Martin and Lewis teaming.

Don't think for a minute that I'm putting all the blame on Dean. Jerry has been in a bit of a battling mood himself lately. Not long ago he and his pal, Tony Curtis, had a big blow-up and didn't speak for several months.

Let's hope nothing serious comes between Martin and Lewis. No matter what they may think, neither would be so good without the other.

The strange and temperamental behavior of a certain big league star (feminine) is due to her almost neurotic belief that she has cancer.

The amazing thing about this is that the doctors say she has no malignancy.

But she broods and broods to the point where it may eventually wreck her health—and her career.

Jane Powell says she and Pat Nerney did *not* get married in Mexico City where he met her on her return from the Rio festival. "We have no wedding plans," says Jane.

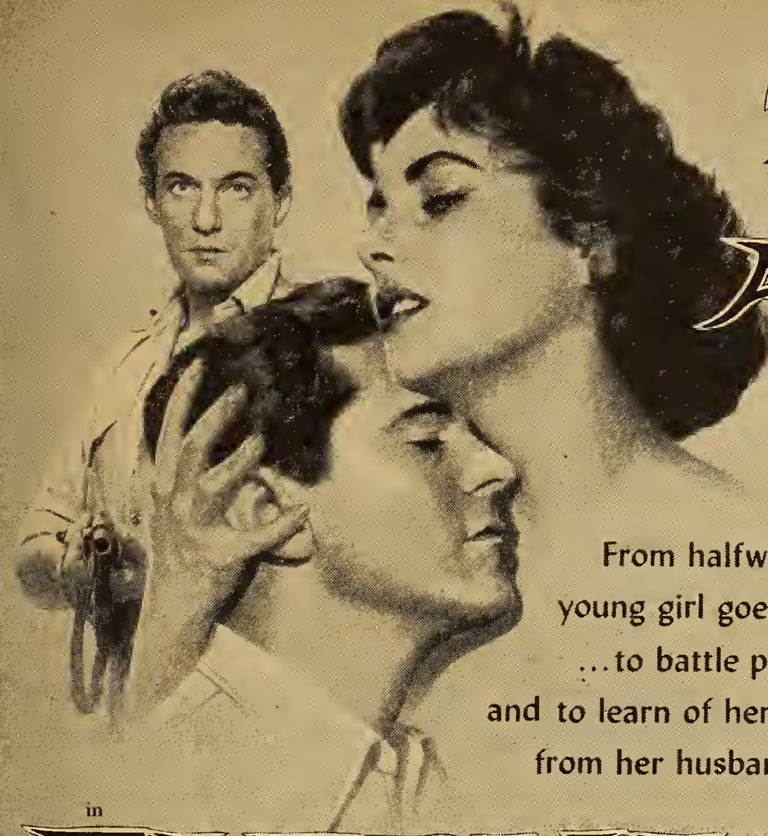
That isn't what Pat is saying. "We'll marry as soon as Jane's divorce is final," says the good-looking Nerney, formerly married to Mona Freeman.

I'm betting Pat's right.

Personal opinions: Julia Adams is the only brunette Donald O'Connor has ever fallen for—and as this is written Don's fallen! . . . If such a thing is possible, Mitzi Gaynor's eyelashes are *too* thick. A wag said, "Mitzi's eyes are bordered in mink!" . . . I've said it before and I'm going to say it again: Doris Day is too plainly dressed in public. She wears high necks and long sleeves when the other girls are bare as far as they dare. . . Saw Liz Taylor shopping with her baby in a Beverly Hills toy shop. Liz was wearing a blue slacks suit—and on her slacks look good—which is more than I can say for all movie queens. Most men don't like them, but Liz told me, "Mike thinks they're cute and very American." . . . Jeff Chandler's developing an "I-Want-To-Be-alone" complex almost as conspicuous as Greta Garbo's. He stags everywhere. . . . Speaking of recluses, what's happened to Dale Robertson—practically invisible since his rift with his wife? . . . The biggest feud in town is still Mrs. Rory Calhoun and Nora Flynn Haymes. . . . Never in her life has Jeanne Crain been more beautiful—and

Joan Crawford's 46th-birthday party was given at New York's The Harwyn. Danny Kaye and press agent O'Shea were among the guests.

Joan's former husband, Franchot Tone, arrived to congratulate her; they saw each other often in New York, but it's not serious, they maintain.



ELIZABETH
Taylor
DANA
Andrews
PETER
Finch

From halfway across the world, a lovely young girl goes into the Ceylon jungles ...to battle plague and savage elephants... and to learn of her own secret passions—from her husband's best friend!

in

ELEPHANT WALK

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

YOU'LL SEE the most dangerous scene of destruction ever filmed!

YOU'LL SEE the unparalleled splendors of Ceylon's jungles!

Produced by **IRVING ASHER** · Directed by **WILLIAM DIETERLE** · Screenplay by **JOHN LEE MAHIN**
Based on the Novel by Robert Standish · A Paramount Picture

"Young Skin" Problems?

In the teens, "Young Skin" no longer means the baby-soft complexion you were born with.

All at once, it seems, everything "goes wrong." Excess oil oozes out, in spite of frequent scrubbings. Yet, at the same time, skin grows too sluggish to throw off its daily accumulation of dead cells. These dried flakes cover and choke pore-openings. Then—enlarged pores and blackheads may appear.

Today—skin doctors say that excess oil and dead skin must be cleared off. Now specially for "Young Skin" problems, Pond's brings you a greaseless Treatment based on this medical theory. Hundreds of girls have tested it. They say it really works!

Quick-working "Young Skin" Treatment

Reduces large pores
Clears off oiliness
Leaves skin soft!

Pond's "Young Skin" Treatment—used every day—keeps your skin looking fresh and clear! And it takes only 1 minute! Just cover face deeply, except eyes, with *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on 1 full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action dissolves away choking oil and dead skin debris . . . frees tiny skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Now see how tingling *fresh* your skin feels, how much smoother and cleaner it looks!

Heavy make-up doesn't flatter "Young Skin"

For a delicate, natural powder base—use a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Not greasy. Holds powder!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

she's always been beautiful. . . . Pretty cute and sweet of Frank Sinatra to have as his Academy Award guests his lovely thirteen-year-old daughter, Nancy, and ten-year-old Frankie, Jr.

The "feud" Lana Turner Barker and I have been carrying on over her dark hair (I said in print that I didn't like it and Lana told another writer she didn't care who liked it or who didn't, she *did*) came to an end when I arrived at her cocktail party.

It was the first formal event Lana and Lex had staged since their marriage and it was a charming affair.

When I walked in, Lana said, "Look, Louella. I've put light streaks in front just for you!"

When you get right down to it, I'd like Lana's looks if she dyed her hair purple. I just like Lana.

A prediction: Debbie Reynolds will be the biggest little star in Hollywood after you see her in *Susan Slept Here.* Debbie really reaches the heights as a polished comedienne in that picture.

May I add with justifiable pride that the very amusing picture was produced by Harriet Parsons, a young woman very close to my heart. And wait until you see Dick Powell as her beau.

I love this movie—and I think you will, too.

Take a bow, Miss Stanwyck. Vic Damone says Barbara is the best dancer in Hollywood.

"And notice what a wonderfully graceful walk she has," opined Vic who usually dates only the younger girls, "probably the most beautiful walk of any actress, including professional dancers, in Hollywood."

Linda Christian Power and Tyrone Power heatedly denied that they had a battle at dinner in a nightspot. The story went that Linda blew her top when Ty started to tell a story and yelled so all could hear:

"Good heavens! Are you going to tell that same old, old, old story all over again?"

The whole thing hands me a chuckle. Whether Linda yelled at Ty or not, many

UNDER A BUSHEL?

Well, crawl out and let us see your light! There's no reason for your loves to be a secret, you know . . . and if you're peeved a little, why, get it off your chest! You'll find a coupon below just waiting to tell the world your opinions. We therefore suggest that you get busy and blow your horn in a hurry—because we're offering one very useful dollar bill for each of the first hundred opinions to reach us.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

☐ Can Love Find The Way? (June Haver-Fred MacMurray)
☐ Susan Hayward's Story
☐ The Face Is Familiar (Lana Turner)
☐ Who's Got the Money?
☐ Beauty Fair
☐ Why Duke Likes Them Latin (John Wayne)
☐ Nobody's Baby Now (Pier Angeli)
☐ Like Father, Like Son (Glenn Ford)
☐ A Date With Eddie (Eddie Fisher-Mala Powers)
☐ What She Doesn't Have, She Doesn't Need (Audrey Hepburn)
☐ What's Happening to Jerry? (Jerry Lewis-Dean Martin)
☐ Wanted: A Man! (Kathryn Grayson)
☐ How Tony and Janet Saved Their Love (Curtis-Leigh)
☐ The Little Lessons (Debbie Reynolds)
☐ Julius La Rosa: How Nervous Can You Get?
☐ Adventures of an Ex-Choir Boy Named Smith (John Smith)
☐ Who's Your Little Hoosier? (Herb Shriner)
☐ All About Addams (Dawn Addams)
☐ Shoot If You Must
☐ Reconciliation Blues (Gene Nelson-Jeff Chandler)
☐ Meadows in the Clover (Audrey and Jayne Meadows)
☐ Pavement Pounding (Michael Wilding)
☐ There Are *Enchiladas* and *Enchiladas* (Mari Blanchard)
☐ The Inside Story
☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
☐ New Movies
☐ TV Talk
☐ Just for the Records

Which of the stories did you like least?

____

____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

____

____

____

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

____

____

____

Which photographs in this issue do you like best?

____

____

____

My name is.........................
My address is.......................
City ....
Occupation..........I am.....yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

wives who have listened to the "same old, old, old story" hundreds of times can certainly sympathize with her.

THE LETTER BOX: From Pine Bluff, Arkansas, "L. G." asks my aid in getting her married to Bing Crosby! My dear, almost every eligible female from six to sixty has the same idea.

Mrs. Anne Heller, Lansdowne, Pa., writes: "Marlon Brando is superb in *Julius Caesar*. People who take cracks at his temperament must be jealous."

Oh, now come, come, come, "J.M.," Astoria, New York, requesting: "Please send me the name, make, model and size of the *bra* worn by Janet Leigh in *Walking My Baby Back Home*."

"N.W.," of Sanford, Florida, is through with "vain Vittorio Gassman" after the shameful way he treated Shelley Winters. "Shelley did her part. I don't blame her for screaming when she arrived in Rome."

The last letter this month—and the best—comes from Margo Danieje, who sends me a personal close-up of the stars she saw in Buenos Aires during the South American film festival. Margo writes:

"Everywhere Fred MacMurray and June Haver went they were loved and greeted by cries, 'MacMurray and La Monjita!' (meaning June, the little nun).

"Wendell Corey has such gracious manners and he is so well dressed.

"Irene Dunne was the hardest to recognize. She went to church the most often.

"Edward G. Robinson delighted all by looking so much like himself on the screen—even to riding in an open car, smoking a big, fat cigar just like *Little Caesar*.

"Ann Miller is so glamorous and wears such gorgeous clothes the crowds wondered why she is not a greater star in the U.S.A.

"We were surprised that Jeanette MacDonald's hair is carrot-color. But she has a dazzling smile.

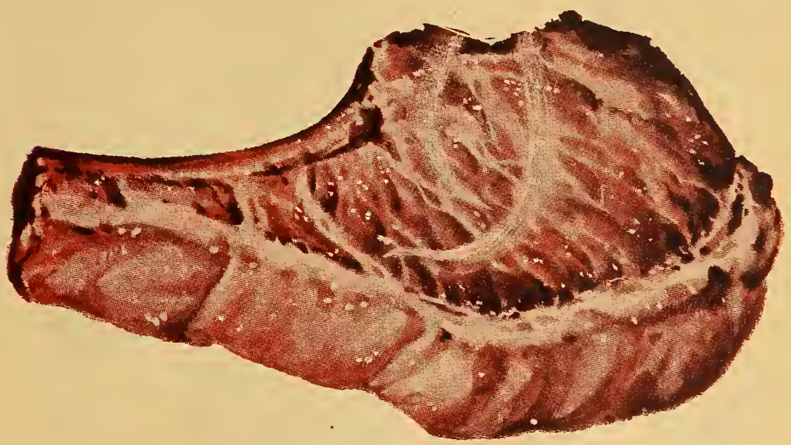
"Joan Fontaine was very much the lady both in her looks and action. She wore the least make-up.

"South American fans do not forget. So is it any wonder that the crowds cheered themselves almost into a frenzy when small, dainty-looking and so *young* Mary Pickford stepped from her car blowing kisses?"

Thank you so very much, Margo, for your intimate observations about our traveling Hollywoodians.

Mona Freeman and Bob Neal have been dining together regularly at Ciro's. Mona, who has been dating a great deal, may be settling down.

Presto
Pork Chops



12 minutes

Presto!

Recipe

5 pork chops, ¾ inch thick
Salt and pepper
1 cup corn flake crumbs
1 egg, beaten
1 tbsp. milk
3 tbsp. fat
¼ cup water

Season. Roll in corn flake crumbs—milk mixture—again in crumbs. Heat cooker, add fat. Brown chops on both sides. Add water. Place cover on Cooker. IN JUST 12 MINUTES . . . THE MOST FLAVORFUL, TENDER BREADED PORK CHOPS YOU'VE EVER SERVED!

Unbelievable speed 'n ease, and delicious results at nickels per serving . . . reasons why you need a PRESTO Cooker. Foods retain vivid, fresh color appeal and *all* natural nutritional value. Vitamin packed meals are yours when you use a PRESTO Cooker.

© 1954 N.P.I.I.

BE SURE IT'S A
NATIONAL Presto PRODUCT

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC.
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Coming home from the Brazilian Film Festival, June and Fred denied elopement rumors.

CAN LOVE FIND THE WAY?

Love has ended loneliness for June Haver and Fred MacMurray. But it has created new problems, even harder to solve.

BY ALICE HOFFMANN

■ Six months ago June Haver twenty-seven, and Fred MacMurray forty-five, were unhappy—really unhappy. June, unable to adjust to the life of a novitiate and complete her orders to become a nun, had returned to Hollywood from a Roman Catholic convent at Xavier, Kansas.

Fred had recently lost his wife Lillian. They had been married seventeen years, and theirs was one of the most successful marriages in Hollywood.

Without Lillian the husky film actor felt lost. He had two adopted children to bring up, Susan fourteen, and Robert ten. And he just didn't know what to do.

For weeks June and Fred moped around town trying to adjust their individual lives.

June bleached her hair, bought a new wardrobe and started dating an old family friend, Joe Campbell.

Fred couldn't bring himself even to dine with another woman, so fresh in his heart and mind was the memory of his lovely Lillian.

But time heals all wounds, and eventually Fred and June found themselves at Ned Marin's Gay Nineties party.

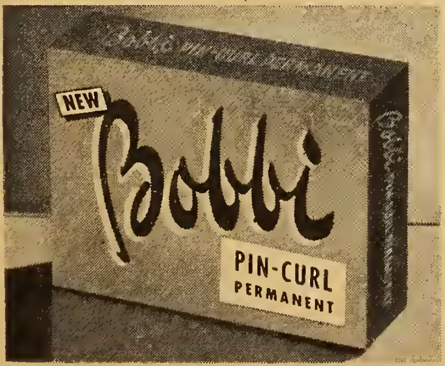
"I'm glad I went," he says now. "Because I met June there and I got to know her well. And somehow she succeeded in turning the shadows into sunshine."

Early this year Fred and June began going around together. Very sedately, very quietly. But in Hollywood secrets are impossible to keep, and it wasn't very long before both of them admitted to strong affection. (*Continued on page 14*)

Casual, carefree—that's the "Turtledove" thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Bobbi is perfect for this casual new "Beau Belle" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural looking curls. Easy! No help is needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this flattering "Heather" hairdo. Bobbi gives curls and waves exactly where you want them.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the smooth natural look of this "Honey Ripple" hair style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

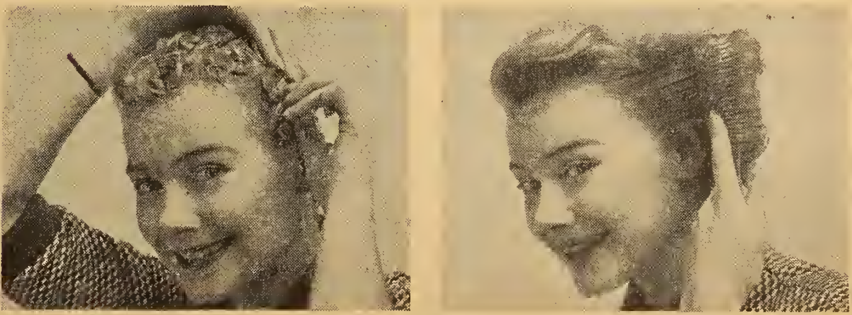
These hairdos were made with Bobbi ...the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If not as advertised therein



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

M
S

Hardworking Mrs. Marilyn Bridgman of Watermill, New York has discovered that only Jergens Lotion gives her hands the care they need. She says:

"I scour 4500 pots and pans a year...but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

Detergents are wonderful—but they could have ruined Marilyn's pretty hands. Yet her hands are soft and lovely still. Why?

Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously *improved* for fifty years to help *heal chapped red hands instantly!*

No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper than Jergens Lotion. It never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).

Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. Yet, you pay *less* for Jergens, the world's favorite hand care.

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands

(Continued from page 12) "Are you in love with Fred MacMurray?" June was asked in February.

She smiled and from the way she smiled anyone could see that she was. But all she would say was, "I'm not dating anyone else." Her love for Fred was implicit.

Fred, the handsome giant (six feet, three, 196 pounds) from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, was reluctant, too, to discuss his private life in public.

"All I'm going to say is that June is a fine girl. I consider it a privilege to have her as a friend."

"She's more than a friend," he was pressed, "isn't she?"

MacMurray grinned. "Okay, she's a good friend."

Obviously, Fred didn't want to admit last February that he was falling in love with June, and she with him. MacMurray is shy, modest and conservative.

OVER THE YEARS he has rarely made an impetuous move. He is not the type of man to elope with a beautiful girl. Nor has he ever worn his heart on his sleeve.

He is a man who judges, measures and weighs all his actions. June is the same kind of young woman.

So when Fred asked June to accompany him to the Brazilian and Argentine Film Festivals in March, most of Hollywood knew that this was the trial-and-test period before the engagement announcement.

With twenty-five other film stars June and Fred took off for South America. June had no trousseau with her, and Fred had no marriage ring in his cash pocket.

They spent three hectic weeks in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. They got to know each other better, to see each other under a very special set of circumstances. And they liked what they saw. Despite all the South American attractions, they had eyes only for each other. One actress who returned to Hollywood before the others, remarked, "Fred and June are real gone. Bet they're married before the year is out."

The wire services didn't wait for the year to report that June Haver and Fred MacMurray planned to elope to Kingston, Jamaica, and to get married on March 20.

The Miami *Daily News* had said in a copyrighted yarn that Joan Fontaine had revealed the romantic nuptial plans upon arriving from Panama.

It *is* true that Joan had flown up with June and Fred as far as Panama, but it is not true that she told a representative from Pan-American Airlines that "they got off at the Canal Zone. Then they're going to Kingston, Jamaica, to get married."

According to Miss Fontaine, this is what happened.

"My plane landed at Miami at six-forty-five A.M. You know how it is when a plane lands. Much talk. Much hustle and bustle.

"June and Fred had gotten off in Panama. They both wanted to rest.

"Some fellow from the airlines came up to us at Miami and started to check his manifest. 'Where,' he asked, 'are Miss Haver and Mr. MacMurray? Where are Mr. and Mrs. Flynn?'

"As I say, there was much yacking. We explained that June and Fred had gotten off in Panama that morning. So had Errol and Pat Flynn. The Flynns have a home in Jamaica. I think Errol keeps his yacht there. Someone said that the Flynns had taken a plane for Kingston, Jamaica.

"Somehow, June and Fred were mistaken for Errol and Pat. The Miami newspapers were phoned, and the story went out that they were eloping to Jamaica.

"If I had known that they had such plans, which apparently they didn't, I never would have told anyone."

The local newsmen talked to MacMurray at *El Panama* Hotel where he and June were staying.

"You and Miss Haver planning to get married?" a reporter asked.

"It could happen," Fred said good-naturedly.

"Could it happen here?" another reporter asked. "There was an inquiry a little while ago at the District Court in Ancon. Someone wanted to know about the possibility of your getting a marriage license in the Canal Zone."

"I can tell you this," Fred said. "We're not going to get married in Panama."

"Where do you plan to go from here?"

"On Saturday night," Fred said, "we're catching a plane for Hollywood."

IN PANAMA, June said nothing to reporters. She let Fred do all the talking, but back in Hollywood many were sure that June would not get married until she received a Papal Dispensation annulling her 1947 marriage to trumpet player Jimmy Zito. June is a devout Catholic convert. Fred MacMurray is a church-going Presbyterian. His grandfather was a Presbyterian minister.

How can these two reconcile their religious differences?

No matter how strong his love for June, Fred probably has no intention of converting from the Presbyterian church to the Catholic Church. He has brought up his two children in the Presbyterian faith and he believes strongly in most of its precepts.

He has absolutely no objections to June's beliefs and he admires her for her devotion to them.

Without the Papal Dispensation, June would be committing a sin in the eyes of the Catholic Church if she married Fred. That's why a wedding isn't likely until she gets the Dispensation.

But anything can happen and the lovers might be married as you read these very words. But it isn't likely.

Aside from their religions, Fred and June have so much in common that they should be able to make a lasting marriage. They both come from midwestern homes. Both have musical backgrounds. Both have been in show business most of their lives. And both have been married.

Gal reporter asked Lionel Barrymore if he finds acting as much fun as he used to. He snorted, "Look, I'm 75 years old. NOTHING is as much fun as it used to be!"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

June knows the value of a dollar, and Fred has many dollars. In twenty years, he has starred in about seventy-five films. He owns an 860-acre ranch, one of the finest herds of cattle in the West, a knitting mill, an apartment hotel, an oil company, four apartment houses and one of the most beautifully furnished homes (Early American) in Brentwood.

He is unassuming, unspoiled and one of the most likeable actors in Hollywood.

He has insisted over and over again, "I can't act. I'm just lucky."

In the seventeen years of his marriage, never once was he touched by a whiff of scandal. While Lillian was sick, more than one girl made a play for Fred. He didn't even look.

He never goes to see any of his own movies until they're playing in small neighborhood theatres where he can go in unrecognized. When people ask him if he's Fred MacMurray, he grins and says, "Everyone says there's a resemblance."

Right now, Fred is considered the best catch in Hollywood. And everyone is glad that June Haver appears to have caught him. For June also rates best. **END**

(*Fred MacMurray will be seen in* The *Caine Mutiny.*)

Are you in the know?

Should a college candidate plan to make—

☐ *Hay while the sun shines* ☐ *A summer conquest*

Headed for the ivy halls next autumn? Better start hoarding some greenery *now* (unless your Dad has that Midas touch!). Get a summer job. Maybe toting trays at a resort. Or salesclerking. Or working in an office, or hospital. Helps you get those college "extras" without a whimper from Pop's wallet. On certain days, job-holding's no chore when you choose the napkin that *holds its shape.* Kotex gives chafe-free softness: made to *stay* soft while wearing!

If not asked to the Big Dance, try a —

☐ *Trip to Grandma's* ☐ *Gay fray* ☐ *Crying towel*

Let the lucky bid-winners have their day—there's always another dance just around the corner, mourner! Meantime, round up all the Uninviteds (you're not the *only* one); stage a gay fray that night. Have music, ample samples (refreshment-wise). How about a home permanent party? And to banish *calendar* blues . . . be confident with *Kotex.* You get extra *absorbency,* for extra protection; poise!

To remedy fuzzy forearms, use—

☐ *A razor* ☐ *A lightener* ☐ *Sandpaper*

Wait! You're in for stubble trouble if you mow down forearm fuzz with a razor. Instead, why not bleach it—with a good hair lightener? (Then, long time no see!) You can foil unsightly *outlines,* too, at "that" time—thanks to Kotex. The secret? It's those *flat, pressed ends.* Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex to learn which size best suits you.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue? It's the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues. Each tissue tears evenly—no shredding, no waste. Delsey's double-ply for extra strength, too. And *now* Delsey is available in your favorite bath towel colors: pink, yellow, green, blue — as well as white. Ask for Delsey where you buy Kleenex tissues.

Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL*

HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. Reader's Digest says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.

(It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)

2. Reader's Digest says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.

(Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won't rinse off—won't wear off—all day or all night!)

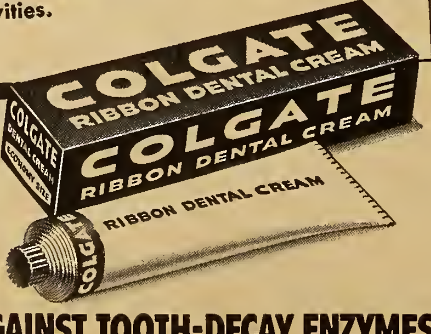
3. Reader's Digest says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.

(Thus, regular morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)

4. Reader's Digest says—In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for those people who used New Colgate's with Gardol! No new cavities for 4 out of 5.

(Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)

5. Reader's Digest says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of such effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.


COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM ECONOMY SIZE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE

NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS GARDOL

(*SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)

For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES

JULIUS LA ROSA:

HOW NERVOUS CAN YOU GET?

Julius sees life through La Rosa-colored glasses, but Hollywood doesn't see Julius that way.

■ A few weeks ago Jimmy Durante remarked, "The trouble with a lot of youngsters these days is that they want to start in at the top of show business and work their way up."

One of these, Hollywood suspects, is Julius La Rosa, the handsome young crooner from Brooklyn who gained national attention when Arthur Godfrey fired him because he wasn't humble enough.

Julius suddenly found himself in demand for television and nightclub appearances. He accepted a bid from Ciro's, one of Hollywood's plushiest, and was advertised by them as "the year's most exciting personality." But he didn't do very good business. Just fair. Nor did he make many friends.

Julius whirled into the swank Beverly Hills Hotel and gave orders that he didn't want the phone to ring until he gave his okay. During the afternoon reporters were surprised when they were told that the ex-seaman was still asleep. Curious about his schedule, they asked the bellhops about Julius and his friends.

Said one, "I think he's about as humble as King Farouk."

He was never seen with a date, though he did consent to pose at Ciro's with Terry Moore.

Julius was belligerent when questioned about Dorothy McGuire, a singer on the Godfrey program.

"We don't mention her name," Julius told a reporter.

"Why?" the reporter wondered. The incident had made national headlines when Miss McGuire's husband, in the Army in Korea, flew home to talk it over with her and apparently persuaded her not to get a divorce.

Julius reddened. "I told you we

Julius posed with Terry Moore but spent most of his spare time with disc jockeys.

don't mention her," he repeated. "Don't you get it?"

One evening a reporter entered La Rosa's dressingroom at Ciro's. "I have an appointment to interview—" he began. La Rosa spun him around and tossed him out of the room!

A minute later, one of La Rosa's assistants came running out. The newsman explained that Ciro's press agent had arranged an interview with La Rosa for him. "Is this the way your boy treats people?" he asked.

"Holy smokes!" the assistant wailed. "You'll have to forgive him. He's so nervous he didn't know."

"Okay," the newsman said. "Tell him I'll be waiting in the back of the club." He waited for quite some time —including some time after La Rosa had passed by (kissing two girls on the way), and sat down for a chat with his booking agent. After more unpleasantness, an apology came from La Rosa.

"I'm so sorry about last night and that reporter," he told the press agent's secretary. "I was so nervous. I had a rough time during the first show. There was a heckler down front. Really, I'm very sorry."

Studio representatives who watched La Rosa perform at Ciro's said they weren't interested in him for the movies until his voice had been trained considerably more. They added that he seemed to have a pleasant personality. Their wives thought he was cute.

The press is inclined to disagree. If the reporter who was tossed out of the dressingroom had not held the story, La Rosa would have been blasted in all the newspapers in Los Angeles County.

AN 11-DAY, EXPENSE-FREE

Win VACATION for TWO in Hawaii

Or One of 35 Other Prizes!

(2nd)Diamond-studded Lucien Piccard wrist watch. (3rd)Crosley TV set. (4th)Solid gold bracelet from Marchal of 5th Avenue. (5th)Pedigreed French Poodle from Wilson (makers of Ideal Dog Food). (6th)$100 U. S. Savings Bond from Doeskin Tissue. (7th)$100 Jantzen Sportswear Wardrobe. (8th-12th)Elgin American Compact, Lighter, Lipstick Holder Set. (13th)Lady's Suit by Rosenblum of California. (14th)Crosley V.I.P. Radio. (15th)Luxite Lingerie Wardrobe of Gowns, Negligees, Slips. (16th)Sportswear Separates by Tabak of California. (17th)Leather Makeup Case filled with Max Factor Cosmetics. (18th)Shoe Wardrobe (3 pairs) of Grace Walker shoes. (19th-24th)Three Pairs of Luxite Hosiery. (25th-30th)Two Pairs of Harms Gloves. (31st-36th)16 oz. Tabu Cologne by Dana.

ENTER THIS EXCITING CONTEST!

Just name the Gayla Golden Jubilee hair style! You can win a luxurious 11-day, expense-free, vacation for two in enchanting Hawaii! You'll fly by Northwest Orient Airlines to and from romantic Honolulu . . . stay at the palatial Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach . . . eat exotic foods . . . dance . . . swim . . . and relax under the stars! Hurry! Enter today . . . *you* can be one of the lucky winners!

Gayla®

HOLD·BOB®

World's Largest Selling Bobby Pin

To mark our 50 years of hair-accessory leadership, we introduce the newest, most startling bobby pin creation! It's the new, improved Golden Jubilee Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin with new *Flexi-Grip*, the patented, *exclusive* Gayla scientific design that makes the world's *best bobby pin even better!*

Enter Today! It's Fun..So Easy to Win!

NEW! rubber-tipped. Also available in 25c cards

NAME THIS HAIR STYLE

created by

JOHN ROBERT POWERS

World's Foremost Beauty Authority John Robert Powers and his famous Powers Models have selected Gayla HOLD-BOB as *the* perfect bobby pin.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

1. Suggest a name for our "Golden Jubilee" hair style.
2. Print the suggested name on a plain piece of paper. Each entry must include *the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or Gayla Hair Net envelope*, 25 words or less, telling why you prefer this Gayla product, your name and address, and the name and address of the store where you purchased the Gayla product. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must consist of *only* one name suggested.
3. Mail entry to CONTEST, Gaylord Products, Inc., 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Make sure your name and address and that of the store are legible. *Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.*
4. John Robert Powers and his staff will be the judges and their decisions will be final. Entries will be judged solely on basis of originality and aptness. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries become the property of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, and none will be returned.
5. Contest is open to all except employees of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, their advertising agency, and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, and local regulations.
6. Contest closes June 30, 1954. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight of the closing date and received not later than July 7, 1954.
7. Winners will be notified by mail within a month after the closing date. A complete list of winners will be sent to persons sending a stamped self-addressed envelope.

MAIL THIS ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

"CONTEST"
Gaylord Products, Incorporated, Dept. DM-6
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois

Here is my Gayla Contest entry. I am enclosing my name suggestion for the Golden Jubilee hair style, the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope, 25 words or less telling why I prefer this Gayla product, and the name and address of the store where it was purchased.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . .Zone. . . .State. . . . .

© 1954 G.P.I.

What made her think she was different?

Guest talks frankly to hostess

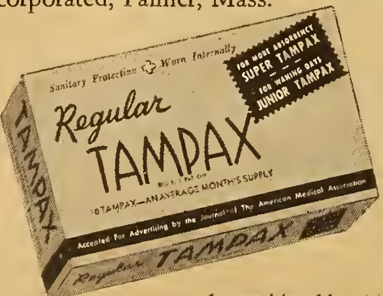
BETTY: *Oh Sue, isn't that a package of Tampax? Do you use it?*

SUE: I certainly do. And what a relief it was to get rid of bulky external pads with all their problems. Haven't you tried Tampax yet?

BETTY: *Oh no, I couldn't possibly wear anything internally.*

SUE: Listen, my dear, I used to think Tampax wasn't for me either. Ann was my good angel in that department; she told me all about how it was invented by a doctor, and used by millions of women . . . and I've been using it ever since. Honestly, it's wonderful!

IT'S TRUE! Tampax sanitary protection *can* be used by any normal woman. It's made of pure white surgical cotton in disposable applicators . . . eliminates chafing . . . odor . . . disposal problems. Actually the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place. Can be worn in shower or tub, or even while swimming. Month's supply goes into purse. Get Tampax at any drug or notion counter. 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WANING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
Regular TAMPAX
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
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Regular TAMPAX

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new movies

by florence epstein

In the tournament for the hand of Princess Aleta (Janet Leigh), Prince Valiant (Bob Wagner) is defeated, fears he has lost her.

He leaves the court of King Arthur to help his father, King Aguar, recover his throne. Aleta has been promised to victorious Sir Gawain.

Having learned the identity of the mysterious Black Knight who has aided King Aguar's enemies, Val returns to court to challenge him. Sir Gawain has now fallen in love with Princess Ilene (Debra Paget), leaving the way clear for Aleta and Val to marry if he defeats the Black Knight.

picture of the month . . .

PRINCE VALIANT. A comic strip is brought to CinemaScopic life in *Prince Valiant,* and all the color, adventure, romance and flatness of character of the former medium are lavishly transcribed. Prince Valiant (Robert Wagner) comes out of exile to the court of King Arthur (Brian Aherne) for training as a knight. He's pledged to win back the throne of Scandia for his father (Donald Crisp) who was divested of it by the evil Sligon (Primo Carnera) and his lusty Viking followers. Sligon has made a deal with a mysterious Black Knight. Bring me Valiant and his folks, says he, and I'll give you a thousand Vikings to overthrow King Arthur. Who is the Black Knight? Don't ask. It isn't Sterling Hayden (Sir Gawain) who takes Valiant as his squire. Could be anyone at Arthur's round table—Don Megowan, Richard Webb, John Dierkes, James Mason, Tom Conway. Trust Valiant to find out and finish him! Meanwhile love blooms around princesses Janet Leigh and Debra Paget, war rages in the ancient castle of Scandia where Valiant almost singlehandedly subdues a horde of horn-capped Vikings and pageantry flourishes at Camelot where knights in armor meet on the tournament plain. Critics may carp at *Valiant's* complete unreality, but kids of all ages will love it. Technicolor.—20th Century-Fox

ROSE MARIE Maybe the Mounties always get their man but a woman's harder to snare, especially when she has all of the Canadian Rockies to be elusive in. Howard Keel is a Mountie in this latest version of the operetta *Rose Marie.* And Ann Blyth, possessed of a voice that does not falter before "Indian Love Call," is a wild young waif brought to heel and, eventually, to Fernando Lamas, footloose romantic of the great outdoors. Even in sparsely populated areas Fernando manages to break hearts (one he should have left intact belongs to Indian maiden Joan Taylor). Now Fernando joins Keel in pursuit of Ann. Keel's pitch is largely vocal. Fernando's is vocal, too, but his charm lies in the pauses. Eastman Color and CinemaScope capture the magnificence of the Rockies and of a slightly smaller wonder—Bert Lahr, Mountie by choice but certainly not by avocation.—MGM.

MAN WITH A MILLION There isn't a humorist to beat Mark Twain, but that isn't the only reason this is such a delightful, winning film. The acting, the setting, the vibrant colors, the whole tone of J. Arthur Rank's production can hardly be improved. Based on Twain's *Million Pound Note,* the story occurs in London at the turn of the century. Impoverished American Gregory Peck accidentally meets a couple of eccentric millionaires who present him with the note. They've bet that mere possession of it for even one month will open all doors. Peck tries cashing the million but no one has that much gold. Instead he's offered unlimited credit, becomes the most sought after man in England, wins the love of society girl Jane Griffiths. When that bank note mysteriously disappears Peck's life shifts into reverse gear. There's gentle hilarity here, but most of the fun is in its clever running comment on human nature. Technicolor.—U.A.

LA RONDE *La Ronde* is a French film with English titles. Master of ceremonies Anton Wallbrook introduces a group of characters who play out a merry-go-round of love affairs. The round starts with a street girl (Simone Signoret) and ends with her. Soldier Serge Reggiani picks her up, drops her for a maid (Simone Simon), drops her, too. Simone forms an *entente* with her employer's son (Daniel Gelin) but be bores easily, turns to married woman Danielle Darrieux. Danielle's middle-aged husband pays court to model Odette Joyeux who loves poet Jean-Louis Barrault who's mad about actress Isa Miranda who cottens to a count (Gerard Philipe) who wanders dazed into the night and waiting arms of number one girl Signoret. The incidents are deftly told with much humor. They're spicy, suggestive but at the same time reveal how tenuous, sad and empty of fulfillment such dalliance is.—Released by Leon Brandt.

She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out **PINK PLUM**
And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

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Director Conover School

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I'm reading past the headlines—searching for clues about this most-wanted figure! "Arresting to look at... last seen in America's most famous bra, and no supporting evidence!" Why, it's me in my new Maidenform strapless—the thriller with a secret no one would suspect!

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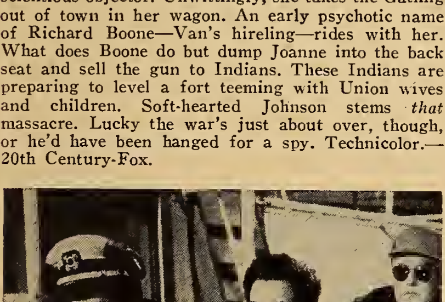
NIGHT PEOPLE Swiftly paced, fast talking, full of intrigue and strong-shouldered action, *Night People* is a hopped-up suspense film. When it's over you may wonder what happened but not while it's on. A young soldier (Ted Allen Avery) is kidnapped from the American sector in Germany. His father, industrialist Broderick Crawford, flies to Berlin to give orders to Colonel Gregory Peck. Peck takes orders from nobody. A woman named Hoffy (Anita Bjork) is a go-between for him and some Russians who'll give up the boy for a couple of battered, anti-Nazi, middle-aged people. This deal is considered with many midnight meetings, setbacks and surprises. The couple attempt suicide, and Crawford's determination to get back his son at any price weakens. Peck carries his assignment through to a dynamic climax, assisted by Rita Gam, Walter Abel, Buddy Ebsen, Casey Adams, CinemaScope.—20th Century-Fox.

FRENCH LINE There must be more to Jane Russell than meets the eye in *French Line*—but not much more. Her problem is: she's too rich. That is, in this movie she's an heiress out of Texas and nobody has the nerve to marry her. Anyway, nobody in the United States. So she sails for France. Her garrulous guardian, Arthur Hunnicutt, hires Frenchman Gilbert Roland to chaperone her, which is like hiring a wolf to tend sheep. Unknown to Roland, Jane has switched identities with model Joyce MacKenzie. But Roland isn't dumb. He falls for Jane. This makes her nervous, also enraged when he ignores her for "the heiress." Before that boat reaches Paris (where Jane's pal Mary McCarty will stage a fashion show) everything has become hopelessly complicated. But it's gay and frothy, studded with songs and girls—all more rewarding to follow than the plot. Technicolor.—RKO

THEM! Case you've ever wondered about the effects of atomic radiation here's something that ought to unset your mind. Giant ants. Maybe fifteen to twenty feet long. Everybody knows that even little, tiny ants are smart—set up colonies, conduct wars, employ slave labor and lift objects twenty times their own weight. State policemen James Whitmore and Chris Drake come upon a child (Sandy Descher) in a state of shock. Her family's trailer has been torn to shreds. A general store up the road has been torn to shreds and its owner, quite lifeless, tossed into the basement. Is a homicidal maniac on the prowl? No. Giant ants is all. Entomologists Edmund Gwenn and daughter Joan Weldon tackle the situation scientifically. With the aid of FBI man James Arness, a large part of the Army and martial law they destroy what they hope to be the last ant nest, in the drainage system of Los Angeles.—Warners

PRISONER OF WAR This is a fictional account of events whose brutality exceeds the imagination. It's concerned with American prisoners of war in Korea and is a study of methods used to wring confessions of germ warfare and the like out of them. Soldier Ronald Reagan has orders to report on camp conditions and joins a march of 700 captives. Two hundred make it to camp and are immediately ordered (by Russian Colonel Oscar Homolka) to perform setting-up exercises. They resist in a body but "every man has his breaking point," Reagan warns his buddies. Dewey Martin's comes early with the offer of food and a pocket comb and he's put in charge of his cell. Reagan seems to be won over by a natural cynicism. Others submit to horrendous tortures and die like heroes or, too broken in body and spirit, sign away their honor. Cast: Steve Forrest, Robert Horton, Paul Stewart, Darryl Hickman.—MGM.

THE SIEGE AT RED RIVER Guess there were a lot of good guys on the wrong side of the Civil War. Like Van Johnson—Georgia born. Charming? My word! He's just charmed a Union troop train out of a Gatling gun. Plans to sneak it to the Rebs in his medicine show wagon. Pinkerton detective Jeff Morrow catches on, but not fast enough. Union Nurse Joanne Dru falls for Van who claims to be a conscientious objector. Unwittingly, she takes the Gatling out of town in her wagon. An early psychotic name of Richard Boone—Van's hireling—rides with her. What does Boone do but dump Joanne into the back seat and sell the gun to Indians. These Indians are preparing to level a fort teeming with Union wives and children. Soft-hearted Johnson stems *that* massacre. Lucky the war's just about over, though, or he'd have been hanged for a spy. Technicolor.—20th Century-Fox.



HELL BELOW ZERO Alan Ladd flies to Capetown to beat up a crook. This accomplished, he feels much better. Good enough to sign on as first mate of a whaler headed for the Antarctic. Because Joan Tetzel is going that way to find out who killed her father, co-owner of the whaling fleet. Living co-owner, Basil Sydney, says that Dad committed suicide. So says Basil's son (Stanley Baker), who is now controlling operations. Baker has murder written all over his face, but the one man who's willing to talk catches a flying knife in his chest. Ladd panics Baker, though, and soon there's plenty of action. Ladd's boat is marooned on an icepack. Baker's boat rams it, both boats sink and everybody's left shivering in tents on the snow. But don't touch that light switch, Ladd isn't dead yet! Shots of whales being harpooned and worked over by actual factory crews are exciting. Technicolor.—Col.

Often a bridesmaid...
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily . . . so quickly . . . and for hours on end, usually? It's the extra-careful precaution against offending, four times better than any tooth paste.

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CREME RINSE takes only a minute more—seals in the gleam. Leaves hair tangle-free and easy to set. Try it on children's hair too, no more snarls to comb through!

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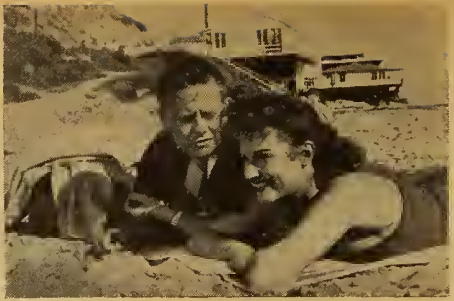
RICHARD HUDNUT



DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD The only thing Mickey Rooney knows is automobiles. He works in a garage, dreams of racing in the European meets, but he might as well dream about rocketing to Mars. He's poor, homely and shy. The only woman he ever talks to is his landlady. Enter beautiful Dianne Foster. Come sun with me at Malibu, she coos, and poor Mickey's so gone it never enters his head she has ulterior motives provided by Kevin McCarthy and Jack Kelly who live high on the beach from living low at other times. They know Mickey's an expert driver. If he wanted to rob a bank in California, for instance, and make a getaway he'd hit Canada before anyone called the cops. But he doesn't want to rob a bank; *they* do. Come in with us for fifteen thousand dollars, they plead. Go ahead, says Dianne. The pathos of his disillusionment, the tragedy caused by his trust heighten an otherwise sordid drama.—Col.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

BEAT THE DEVIL (*U.A.*): This charming and sophisticated comedy involves Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida in a variety of hilarious situations ranging from larceny to lunacy. A fantastically funny film.

NEW FACES (*20th-Fox*): Eartha Kitt in Technicolor is the most fascinating thing to happen to movies since sound. Surrounded by most of the Broadway musical's original cast, including Ronny Graham, Robert Clary, she slinks her way through "Monotonous," "*C'est Si Bon*," "Santa Baby," other hits.

EXECUTIVE SUITE (*MGM*): June Allyson, Bill Holden, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas, are among the exciting people involved in the business (and love) life of a big corporation.

TOP BANANA (*U-I*): Phil Silvers stars in this saga of a burlesque-to-TV comedian. With good tunes, lots of girls, the movie is as funny as the Broadway show.

RHAPSODY (*MGM*): Liz Taylor, Vittorio Gassman and John Ericson are the passionate, bewildered people in this story of artists and love. Great music on the soundtrack. Technicolor on the screen.

RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 (*A.A.*): Filmed in Folsom State Prison with hundreds of actual prisoners appearing in mob scenes, this is one of the tensest, most exciting convict movies ever made.

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER (*MGM*): Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz star in this happy, hilarious tale of honeymooners on a trailer trip. A natural for everyone who loves Lucy and her zany ways. *Technicolor.*

MAN IN THE ATTIC (*20th-Fox*): Jack Palance as Jack the Ripper—and what could make a more terrifying combination? Constance Smith is around, as scared as the audience, and Byron Palmer is there, too, to see that everything comes out all right.

RED GARTERS (*Paramount*): This take-off on a horse-opera has Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Pat Crowley, Joanne Gilbert, Jack Carson, Gene Barry, Technicolor and music. You want more? Well, it's funny, too!

ACT OF LOVE (*U.A.*): This is the poignant story of a soldier and a girl who meet and love in a world of blackmarkets, police and war. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the G.I. who offers shelter to the frightened Lisa (Dany Robin) and tries to protect their romance in the face of impossible odds. Irwin Shaw wrote the fine script.

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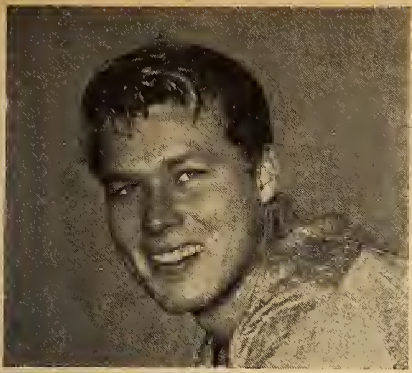

ADVENTURES OF AN EX-CHOIR BOY NAMED SMITH

Wherein Robert Van Orden changes his name and makes a hit.

■ Until his voice cracked, Hollywood's newest rage was a boy soprano with the Mitchell Boys' Choir. Beyond working with them in *The Bells Of Saint Mary's*, Robert Van Orden's only contact with movies was as a messenger boy and later as a dispatcher of messenger boys for MGM. This was fine with Bob, who at twenty-three could pay the rent and eat steak once a week.

He swears that he never thought of becoming an actor. He just happened to drop into the casting office to say hello to an old buddy. But at that precise moment actor's agent Henry Willson walked through the place for the first time in five years, spotted Van Orden and figured they could turn an honest dollar together.

Willson also figured that there were too many Vans in the entertainment business and too many Roberts. "Besides," he announced, "I am tired of being razzed for inventing such names as Rock Hudson, not to mention Tab Hunter. I swore that the next time I discovered an actor, I'd name him something as American as apple pie."

So ex-choir boy Robert Van Orden became John Smith. Everywhere he goes, people ask, "What was that name again?" But on the roster of Wayne-Fellows Productions, John Smith stands high. He's the big boy discovery of *The High And The Mighty*. According to Director William Wellman, "He lights up the screen like a Christmas tree." John Wayne adds, "He'll make a lot of actors move over." Terry Moore and Debbie Reynolds, his recent dates, don't say a thing. They just whistle.

Denise Darcel

soon to be seen co-starring in the Hecht-Lancaster production "Vera Cruz," (Released through United Artists—Color by Technicolor) says, "No other girdle at any price gives me the support, comfort and freedom of an invisible Playtex Girdle!"

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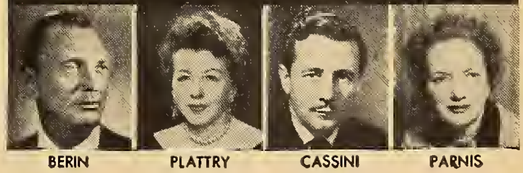
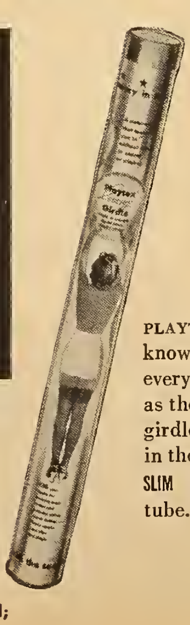


BERIN PLATTRY CASSINI PARNIS



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Danger Ahead...

when you wear BLUE WALTZ!
This exciting perfume is
not for the timid.
Try it—when you're ready for love!

TV TALK

Art Carney off-screen . . . Arthur Godfrey has another mad on . . . Wally Cox won't go West . . . the Bairds adopt a boy.

Silversmith Cox

All the people who think **Wally Cox** is as shy as Mr. Peepers don't know the whole story. Cox, in private life, may be quiet, but he can be very firm. When he puts his foot down, it stays down and NBC knows it. When the network tried to move his show from New York to California, Wally didn't yell or even raise his voice. He just said no, in his soft voice, and NBC gave up. They knew he meant it. Wally never has liked Hollywood; in fact, he actively dislikes it. When he signed with NBC, there were many clauses in his contract that were more to the network's benefit than to Wally's. But he did make sure of one thing: one clause read that he didn't have to go to California, ever, if he didn't want to. And he doesn't want to. (He agreed to a two-week visit a few months back, but he didn't change his mind while he was there.) NBC could move the show to Hollywood if they wanted to, but they wouldn't have Wally Cox if they did. And what would *Mr. Peepers* be without him? Nothing. And they know it. One clause in his contract that Wally couldn't fix up was the salary. He's making much less than many stars of his caliber, and there's nothing he can do about it—except do some more work. That's why he's been showing up on so many panel programs. He wants the money. He also loves 'em because they're so little work—and because he thinks he's good on them. Lots of viewers have the impression that Wally doesn't care about public acclaim. But he does. He has his friends watch his performances, and he's almost childlike about their praise. He was absolutely elated when they told him he was terrific on *What's My Line?* His current ambition, in fact, is to be on a panel show every week. Outside of his concern with money matters (which amuses him when he stops to think how broke he used to be) Wally is the same person he was before he went into show business. He still stays at home and makes things out of silver. He hasn't forgotten one thing about being a silversmith (which is what he started out to be). He's even been known to pay $25 for a silver belt buckle and then reshape it to the size he wants! . . . Everyone thinks **Sloan Simpson** is a petite lady. She isn't. She's very tall, not at all as thin as she photographs. And her voice is much deeper than it is on radio or TV . . . The rift in the **Walter Cronkite** household seems to be patched up. Mrs. C. and the two little girls moved from their house in Washington to an apartment in New York right after Walter started working on *The Morning Show* . . . **Bil** and **Cora Baird,** whose puppets are as amusing at seven A.M. as J. Fred Muggs is, have adopted a little boy. And, as is often the case, he looks just like his new father! The Bairds are ecstatic, they're so happy to have a child at last; and little Pete couldn't have a home more full of fun. The Bairds have some 1,000 puppets! Pete's favorite so far: one made in the image of the late mayor of New York City, Fiorello LaGuardia. Pete says good night to him every night. Nobody has to guess who's going to be the most popular boy in the neighborhood when Pete gets a little older! All the kids will want to play at Pete's house . . . **Art Carney** may be funny on the *Jackie Gleason Show,* but in person he's so quiet you hardly know he's there, let alone know he's a comedian. He doesn't particularly like to be interviewed because the whole procedure bores him (lots of celebrities would say "Ditto" to that sentiment) and he's likely to clam up almost completely. He seldom drinks because he's not a good drinker, so liquor can't be used to warm him up. A very serious-minded fellow, Art is strictly a family man with three children who wants to further his career. He's not one for the gay party life that comes with TV success. You'd have a hard time finding him at Shor's or Lindy's

Quiet funnyman Carney

(*Continued on page* 77)

midsummer's day dream

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* To give you the most glorious sparkle-eyed facials!

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WHO'S YOUR LITTLE HOOSIER?

Introducing Herb Shriner who's introducing two new Shriners—identical twin boys!

SLEEPY HERB examines milk for twins' 2 A.M. feeding. Their bottles are labeled "A" and "B" but even Herb can't tell the twins apart!

BORED HERB waits for milk to heat while feeding is delayed. Shriners don't own a double-barreled warmer so bottles are heated singly.

CONFUSED HERB can tell cribs apart "but if anyone switches the twins, I'm a goner!" Even harder is simultaneous double burping!

BEAMING HERB holds Kin (named for comedian Kin Hubbard) and Will (for Will Rogers) while wife Pixie takes charge of daughter Indie.

■ The Herb Shriners' twins have already provided Herb with considerable humorous material for his popular CBS television and radio show, *Two For The Money*. Shortly after the twins birth, he told his audience, "When the doctor first brought out the two babies at the hospital, I thought he was just giving me a choice."

In addition to being one of the top stars of television, the sponsor of the International Motor Sports Show, and a smart business man, Herb is a most prodigious putterer. He is a model car fancier, an amateur photographer, a recording equipment bug, and most recently, a sailing enthusiast.

Someone once said that the secret of Herb Shriner's success as our best folk humorist was that he always looked like he needed a haircut. Around his own house, he's as relaxed as an Indiana wheat farmer at a family picnic. Off the air, he wears casual clothes, and admits that he hasn't bought a new suit for two years. "Pixie says if I don't get some more clothes, she won't go out with me. But now that we have the twins, I don't suppose we'll be getting out much anyway."

(*Herb can also been seen in MGM's* Main Street To Broadway.)

Dress designed by
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Stunning Modern Chest in blond oak with drawer in base, #2852. Also Seafoam mahogany, #2853, and Cordovan mahogany, #2856. Lane table, #436. Chest price, $79 95*

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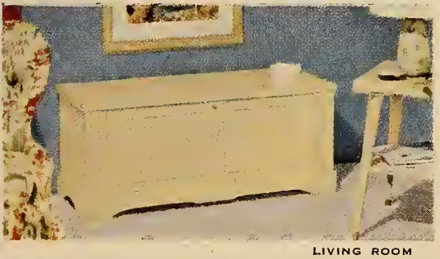

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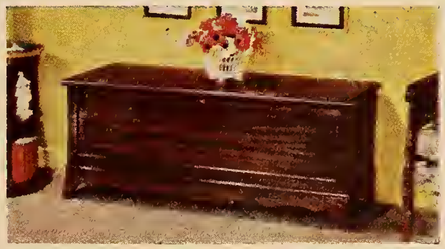

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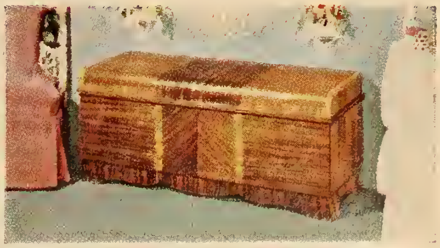

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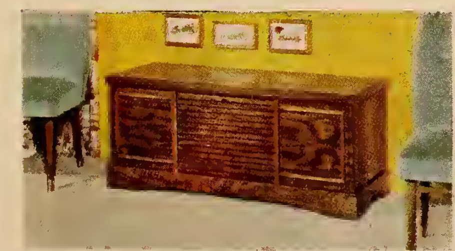

FOYER

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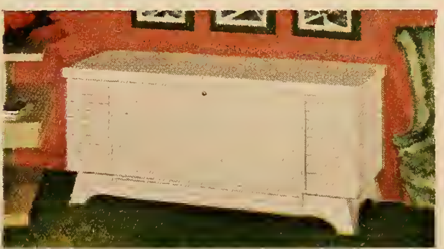
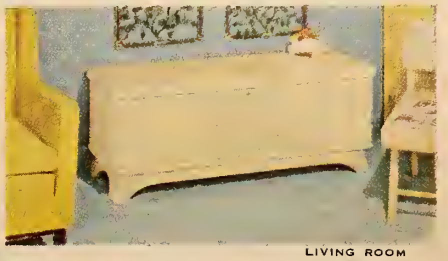


LIVING ROOM

Arresting Modern in Seafoam mahogany. Drawer in base; self-lifting tray. Model #2925—$69.95.* Lane Table, #257.



LIVING ROOM

Attractive Modern in blond oak. Model #3027. Also in Seafoam mahogany, #3046; walnut, #3028. Each $49.95.* Lane Table, #437.

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Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Eleanor Parker

co-starring in

VALLEY OF THE KINGS

An M-G-M Production. In Color

A MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE:

Susan Hayward's Story

The headlines told only half the story. Here is the actual testimony of Susan, Jess—and the surprise third witness!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ Through the confusing examination and cross-examination, through the cold ritual of the courts, a clear picture of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker's marriage and unhappy separation unfolded. This was a typical Hollywood plot—the romance of Jess, a promising young star, and Susan, an obscure leading lady of the B-pictures —except for one ironic twist of fate. Barker was dubious about a marriage that might hamper his career, but Susan, *(Continued on page 87)*

by Bob Thomas

the FACE is FAMILIAR

AND SO IS THE FIGURE. BUT THIS IS A LANA NO ONE HAS MET TILL NOW—HAPPY, HOMEY AND BRUNETTE!

■ The name of this brown-haired doll is Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner Shaw Crane Topping Barker. You know her better as a blonde and by a briefer handle—Lana Turner. In other ways, too, you wouldn't recognize your Lana now.

Veteran of the Hollywood bistro belt for seventeen gay and gaudy years, Lana is seldom seen in her old haunts any more. And when she does make an occasional appearance, people say, "*That's* Lana Turner?"

It's the hair. The blondeness of yore has been replaced by dark brown. It is the most controversial head of hair since Veronica Lake took half an idea from an English sheep dog and dangled her tresses over one eye.

Some people like Lana's brown hair. Partisans include an important gent named Lex Barker, who heretofore has been expert in such matters as swinging from tree to tree and emitting loud jungle calls.

Some people hate the brown hair. These include Louella O. Parsons, who called it "mousy." This annoyed Lana. She exclaimed, "Call it unattractive. Call it ridiculous. But not mousy!"

Actually, Lana has changed in more ways than her hair color. Friends have remarked that she returned from Europe much happier than they had ever seen her. Once the queen of the night life, she now seems content to spend her time at home with her new husband and her daughter Cheryl.

"I never thought I could ever call Lana serene," says an intimate. "But she actually has a serenity about her that I've never seen before. (*Continued on page 75*)

Despite Lana's obvious pride in her husband, some spiteful gossips insist that Lex is living on his wife's income, is too muscular to be talented! Newly serene Lana ignores digs, but furious Lex accepted U-I contract to prove himself an actor.

Joan Benny Baker and husband Seth cut first slice of 200-pound wedding cake for Jack. Joan's imported gown cost $2500; wedding cost $50,000.

WHO'S GOT THE MONEY?

by Richard Moore

THE STARS AT NIGHT ARE BIG AND

■ It's been nearly a decade since Hollywood has seen a wedding as lavish as the Joan Benny-Seth Baker ceremony and reception last March 9. It cost Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny about $50,000 to marry off their adopted daughter. The wedding dress required a trip to Paris by designer Don Loper—to supervise the handweaving of the white satin brocaded in a lily of the valley pattern. It took thirty-five yards of it to make the skirt and seventeen more for the train. It took

Joan Benny's lavish wedding symbolized the immense wealth Jack's careful saving, wise investment have produced.

Bob Hope, Ann Sothern congratulated Jack and wife Mary Livingstone. Extent of Bob's assets is unknown; top-bracket money-maker, he may be a millionaire or—like many stars—one jump ahead of the sheriff.

Jimmy and Gloria Stewart attended the reception in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Working on a percentage-of-the-film deal, Jimmy makes far more than stars on a regular salary can hope to earn.

Bob Taylor joined Sue and Alan Ladd, later met Barbara Stanwyck. Bob is in the who-knows-how-much class, but the Ladds are definitely solid. Alan's percentage deal with Warners is best ever offered any star.

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian were among stars in the biggest assembly of notables since the Temple-Agar marriage. The Powers live high, own expensive foreign cars, fill their home with paintings, statuary.

BRIGHT, BUT DEEP IN THE HEART OF DEBT. IN HOLLYWOOD ALL WHO GLITTER VERY SELDOM HAVE GOLD.

$2500, in fact, to buy this wedding dress.

Other expenses: 200-pound wedding cake, vintage champagne (1945) for 600 guests, five buffet tables loaded with delicacies, the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, white lilacs flown from Holland to California, and the services of twelve uniformed policemen and four plainclothesmen for protecting the jewelry of the guests.

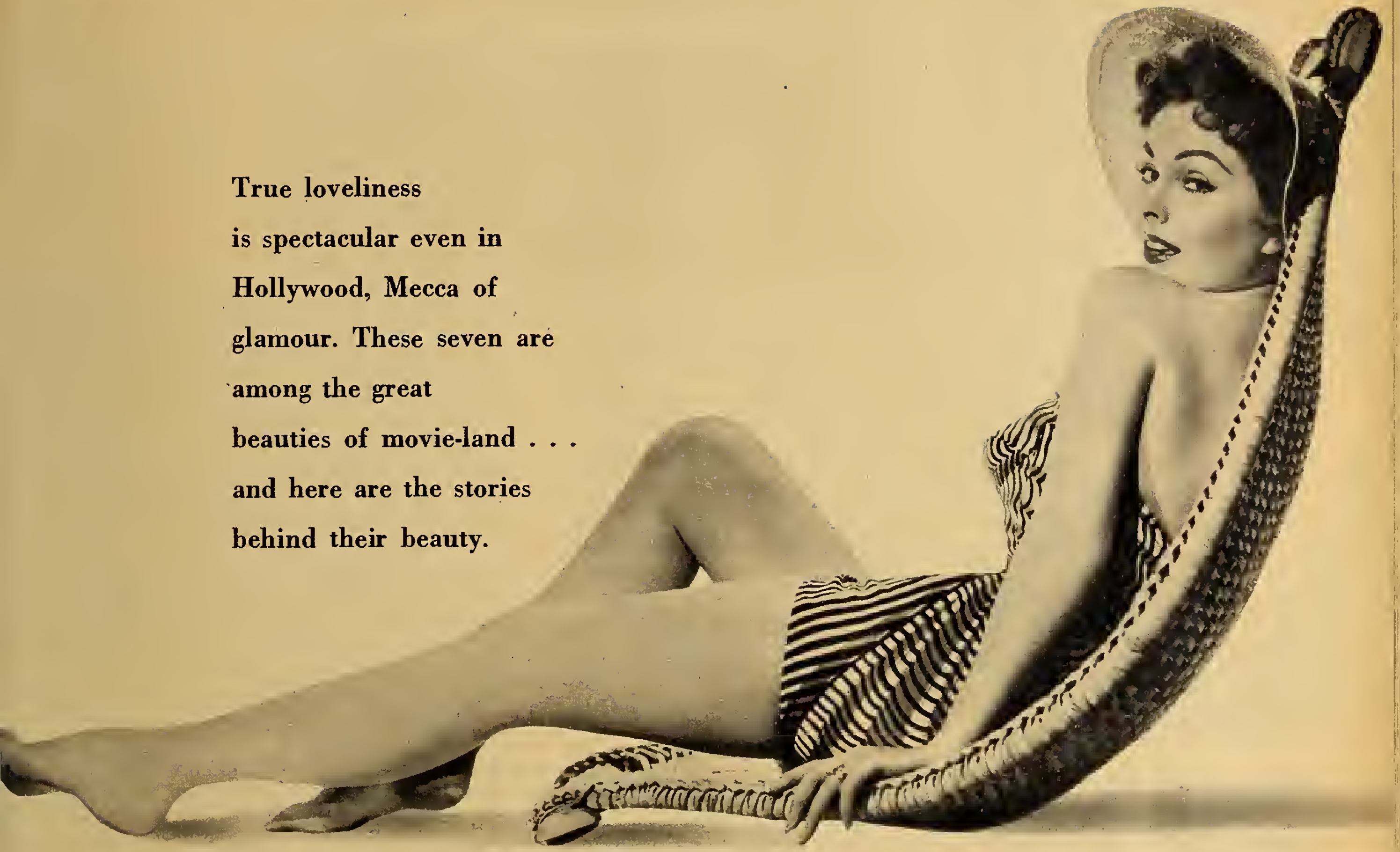
All very fancy, but not outlandish for the beloved only daughter of a famous show business couple. Certainly, the Bennys don't feel that they've spent an excessive amount. But there's been nothing like it since Shirley Temple married John Agar.

The reason for that is not far to seek. Who, in Hollywood, has enough money to toss off such a party? The stars? Well, a few of them, for sure. Jack Benny, to dispense with his professional formula for a moment, is a generous man, but loaded, nonetheless. Benny, indeed, may have a few of Hollywood's scattered millions.

Who *is* the richest star in Hollywood? Nobody outside the inner sanctum of the Department of Internal Revenue really knows, but according to the Sunset Strip grapevine, it may very well be Jimmy Stewart. During the past few years, Stewart has been leading the way in a new kind of jackpot: sharing his picture's profits. Instead of getting a salary on his current films, Stewart is part owner of the picture and conservative (*Continued on page 78*)

Once painfully shy, Ava Gardner (left) went unnoticed until she began to feel—and act—beautiful; Jeanne Crain (right) was considered "sweet" until she dropped her little-girl air and turned glamorous.

True loveliness is spectacular even in Hollywood, Mecca of glamour. These seven are among the great beauties of movie-land . . . and here are the stories behind their beauty.



Modern Screen's BEAUTY FAIR

■ An astute Hollywood observer recently remarked, "Really beautiful people are beautiful all over. Not just their faces and their bodies. Look at their hands, their feet, the way their heads are shaped and the way they move." Truer words were never spoken of these girls who grace MODERN SCREEN's Beauty Fair, chosen by our editors and readers as models of real loveliness. They are beautiful all over—in different ways.

Some are simply born to that desirable state of being and never have to lift a finger to remain there. Like Grace Kelly. She was born of a lovely mother; her father and her brother, millionaire John Kelly and Scull Champion Jack Kelly, Jr., could run away with a contest for the most handsome father-and-son team. How could the girl miss? She started from scratch with the pulchritude, and all she has had to do to enhance its ethereal quality is to be herself—tranquil, fastidious, elegant. "She's all of that," said a dazzled swain. "And she projects more zing than a dozen more obvious women put together!"

Another well-known projector who's just doin' what comes naturally is Jane Russell. (*Continued on page 68*)

More pictures on next page

BEAUTY FAIR continued

"Her loveliness I never knew until she smiled at me," wrote a poet. Behind the coloring, bone structure, perfect measurements of each of these lovely ladies lies a unique *inward* beauty.

1

2

4

3

1. Sultry and sexy, a siren in the Theda Bara tradition, is Jane Russell. Her secret? Works too hard—for others.

2. Red hair to the contrary, Rhonda Fleming believes in moderation, shows little temper and takes life easy.

3. Refinement, culture, elegance, make up Grace Kelly's tranquil beauty. Hers is a subtle, nice-girl charm.

4. Cyd Charisse is one of the rare people who express as much with hands as with eyes and give an impression of all-over radiance.

5. An incredible child was Liz Taylor, perhaps too lovely, too young. Today she is as mature as she is beautiful.

why Duke likes them

John Wayne's on the brink of his third marriage. After all, if you can't succeed with a Mexican, try, try a Peruvian!

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ Several months ago when John Wayne was fighting his bitter divorce battle, the courtroom audience was fascinated by his wife Chata.

They looked at this expensively dressed young Mexican woman's flushed complexion and broad features. They watched as she gradually became completely flustered and badgered and devoid of poise.

They listened to her on the witness stand, her voice hoarse and at times inaudible. And they turned to each other and mildly incredulous, they all asked one question:

"How come he married *her?*"

At the time this was the question Duke Wayne was asking himself. He had no answer. Not then, anyway.

When the vitriol and acrimony raised by the mud-slinging had died down, he said kindly, "I know it sounds as if Chata and I did nothing but fight during our marriage. But that's not true.

"In the beginning it was warm and wonderful and we had a lot of fun. She was

Lady-like and charming, Peruvian Pilar Pallete will probably marry John when both divorces are final. John's friends met her at Ned Marin's

Latin

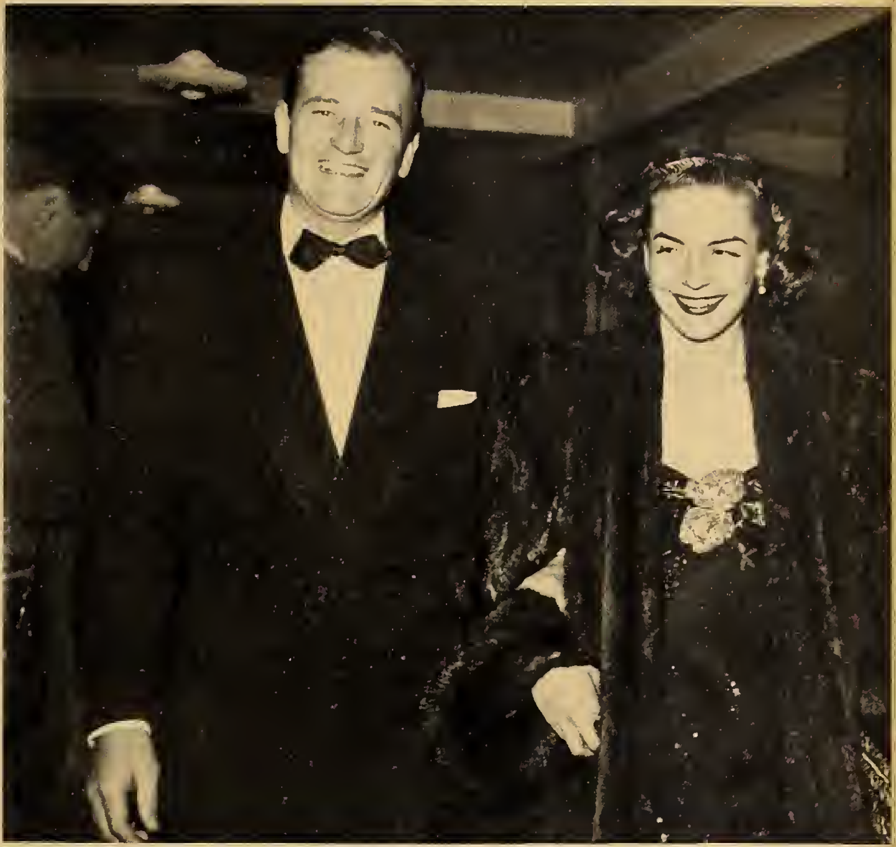
pretty and regular and understanding. I expected it would get better but things just didn't work out."

Duke had used almost the same explanation in 1944 when he was divorced from Josephine Saenz, his first wife and the mother of his four children. Like Chata, Josephine was of Mexican descent.

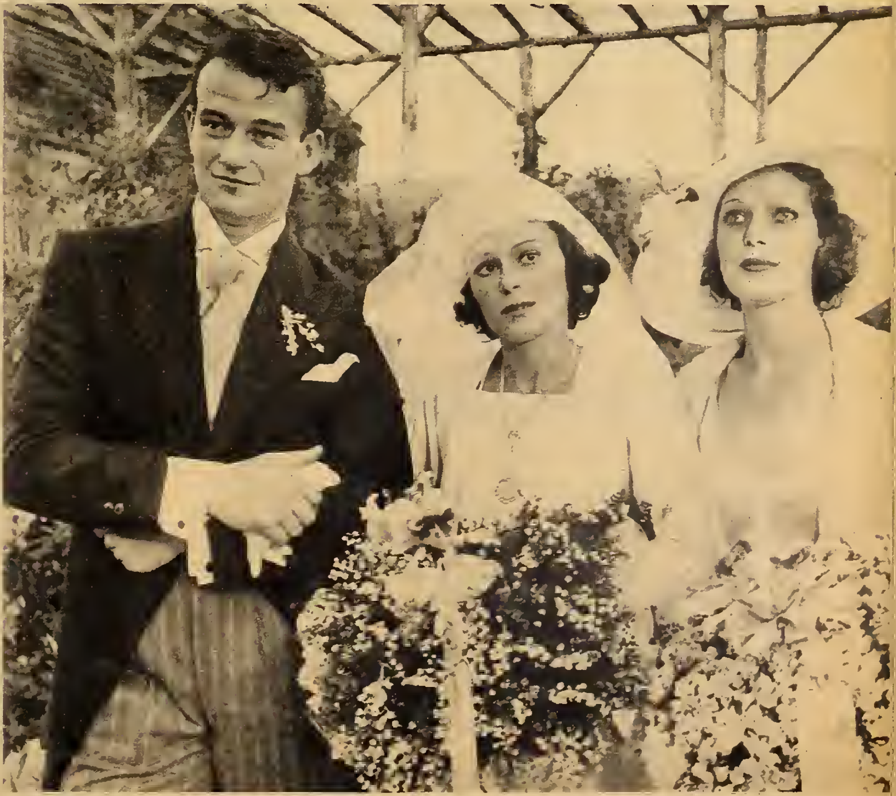
Having struck out twice with imports from the Latin American league, one might expect that Duke would now try to change his luck.

(*Continued on page 85*)

Gay Nineties party, gave their approval.



Happy for a while with Mexican Chata, John claimed that Latin women have a strong feeling for home-life. At their tempestuous divorce, however, he accused home-loving Chata of too much gambling, too much drinking and entertaining other men in his house.



John married his first wife, Josephine Saenz, at the home of bridesmaid Loretta Young. Partly Mexican, Josephine had a Central-American background; her father had been a consul for Panama. The marriage lasted ten years, left the Duke broken-hearted.

Nobody's Baby Now!

By Jack Wade

DON'T GET THE NEW PIER WRONG; SHE DOESN'T EXACTLY WANT TO BE NAUGHTY! BUT SHE'S 21 NOW AND IT'S TIME THE BOYS STOPPED TREATING HER LIKE SOMEBODY'S LITTLE SISTER!

A new wardrobe was Pier's first declaration of independence; she replaced flat sandals with European high heels, bought tight black dresses to supplement her beloved (but now more sophisticated) full skirts, and went on a shopping spree with twin-sister Maria (above) to celebrate their twenty-first joint birthday.

Pier and Maria stopped at Westwood Village's famous House of Candles, bought several for the modern, newly-decorated California ranch house in Brentwood Pier bought last year.

Handling her own money for the first time, Pier bought a sky-blue Cadillac, promptly dented the fender. Other firsts since her birthday include a key to her door, unchaperoned dates.

■ A few weeks ago, a sleek study in Parisian *haute couture* swept through the noisy, noontime tables of MGM's vast studio commissary with the poised, provocative gait of a mannequin. She sported a striking leopard skin coat and a rakish hat to match, beneath which a tight black dress hugged fascinating curves. The heels that clicked the big room to attention were thin as pencils, almost as high and studded with rhinestones. Beneath a severely adult coiffure gold earrings dangled, and massed gold bracelets clicked on her gloved wrists. She wafted a tantalizing scent called *Femme,* which, of course, means "Woman." Undeniably *chic, soignée,* even *ravissante,* this continental siren looked as if she had just stepped off the *Champs Elysées,* which indeed, only a few days before, she had.

At the sight, heads swiveled, (*Continued on page 57*)

One of Hollywood's happiest pairs are Glenn and Ellie.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

Pete is more than a son to Glenn Ford. With every wacky escapade, Pete becomes more and more a mirror of Glenn's own hectic, happy youth.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ A terrifying object swooshed suddenly into the velvet sky over Beverly Hills, spitting blue flame and hissing ominously. Briefly but gloriously it dipped, darted and corkscrewed crazily around the roofs and gables of mansions belonging to such eminent citizens as the Fred Astaires, David Selznicks, William Wylers and James Masons. Then it clanked to burnt-out oblivion.

Windows had lighted up like Christmas trees in this select residential section. Doors flew open and telephones jangled, as one private number dialed another. What was it—a flying saucer? Had push-button war begun? Neighbors in bathrobes chattered like squirrels and peered into the heavens.

One calm householder merely yawned and kept his eyes on his TV set. "It's nothing to get worked up about," he reasoned. "Just that Ford kid down the street."

"Which one?" his wife asked him.

It was a legitimate question. Down the line in a big brick house a couple of Fords are growing to look and act like each other more and more every day. At that tense moment the pair of them, a husky nine-year-old called Pete and a tall thirty-six-year-old called Glenn, stood rooted in the darkness of their backyard, staring at each other with expressions compounded of rapture, fear, wonder and guilt.

"Dad," exclaimed the one named Pete. "It worked!"

"Yeah," admitted Glenn a little shakily, "it sure did. Come on," he suggested, "let's duck into the house before the cops come. I thought you wanted that cigar can and the old movie film for a stink bomb."

"Well," explained his son, "it's like this: you cram the film into the can, poke a big hole in the top, light it and it's a stink bomb. But if you put little holes in the bottom, stick in a fuse, put on fins and rig up a couple of boards to launch it—then it's a space rocket."

(Continued on page 96)

Pete and pal pause respectfully for Glenn's advice on bike trouble. Glenn admits that his words of wisdom have occasionally backfired—as when he told Pete never to fight with a boy who wasn't bigger than himself!

Apple of his father's eye, adventuresome Pete is no "movie star's child," spends his days collecting bugs and making rockets with adventuresome dad.

Although Pete's first Christmas present was an electric train, Glenn was shocked to find that he had never been on a real one, arranged for the family to accompany him by train and boat to Brazil.

It is sometimes frightening to be a hero to a small boy, Glenn finds, realizing that he must weigh his words carefully. Pete accepts everything his father says as gospel, but is not above glamorizing his own experiences for friends.

photographed by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry

a date with Eddie

Most stars on a first date with a dream like Mala Powers head for Mocambo and the wee hours of the morn. But Eddie Fisher had enough of nightclubs and night life on his last trip to the coast—so this time he and Mala started out at noon to explore the *other* Hollywood!

Introduced by a mutual friend, Eddie and Mala began their first date on the famous corner of Sunset and Vine near NBC where Eddie had been rehearsing his TV show.

First stop was at Stan's Drive In, TV and radio stars' hangout. "Those page boys," Mala said, "will probably end up vice presidents." "Good," said Eddie. "I'll hang around and maybe wind up as a page boy!"

At famous Farmers' Market they sampled several of the 37 varieties of fruit juice at one stand. "I feel sort of guilty," Eddie remarked, "drinking anything but a Coke."

Next they paused for fried fish and potatoes. "Talk about your rustic atmosphere," Eddie said, ordering the food, "I'd like to come out here and rub it in my hair for a few years!"

Enjoying his second trip much more than his first, Eddie said he'd like to telecast some of his TV shows from Hollywood, had been conferring all that morning with "the guys in scriptville" (his term) about it.

Equipped with ice cream cones Eddie and Mala headed for the hills, took in churches, mansions, and Mandeville Canyon to complete their tour of the *other* Hollywood.

By EARL WILSON
famous New York columnist

What she doesn't have—she doesn't need

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF THE YEAR'S LOVELIEST STAR, ACADEMY AWARD WINNER AUDREY HEPBURN!

■ You probably don't remember about Audrey Hepburn, at fifteen. How this thin, fragile, sensitive child victim of World War II, was reduced to eating weeds and grass from the fields of Holland.

I'd forgotten it—and I feel I know her pretty well—but Mel Ferrer, her leading man on the stage (and in real life, too, at the moment!), reminded me of it the other day.

That's why Audrey's been in precarious health lately.

"People all around her were dying of starvation," Ferrer told me. "Her ankles were filling up with water.

"There was no meat to eat. And no salt. And her serious condition was spreading. Her whole constitution was undermined.

"Now," continued Ferrer, "she eats good food, and all the meat she was supposed to have eaten back in those years. But her blood pressure is away down. Everything for her is a big effort.

"That is why," he added, "she doesn't have the strength to go out a lot socially, and do a lot of interviews.

"It makes life difficult for her," Ferrer said, "because she, like Garbo and Helen Hayes, is an actress who—I don't want to sound corny—feels she must *give* of herself to the audience."

And so that is the fight that the twenty-four-year-old Miss Hepburn is making today: to regain her health so she can give to her audiences.

But it is only half the fight. For Audrey, sitting in her dressingroom at the theatre where she stars in *Ondine* with Ferrer, plainly told me of another battle.

"I have to prove to everybody that I am not a fluke," she said.

"A fluke!" I exclaimed.

She who had just won the Academy Award for *Roman Holiday* and who was acclaimed as almost no actress ever (*Continued on page* 94)

HIS PALS DON'T LAUGH AT LEWIS

What's

■ A tide of resentment is mounting against Jerry Lewis.

Any mention of the great clown's name used to arouse only smiles, laughter and happy memories of comic pandemonium. Now it also brings expressions of regret, puzzled head-shaking and grimaces of disillusionment.

The general opinion is that Jerry is beginning to resemble the cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow. His large circle of Hollywood friends is getting smaller.

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis no longer make those riotous home movies with Jerry and his wife Patti. Mona Freeman, once a confidante, now blithely goes her own way.

Simmons and Lear, his writers, are objects of his annoyance. Although he is compelled by contract to pay them, he neither talks to them nor uses any of their material.

Jerry strongly dislikes Bob Hope. Bob doesn't like Jerry, either.

Although Hal Wallis rescued Jerry from an unprofitable contract, Jerry's behavior now borders on loud-mouthed hatred.

Formerly content to let "Jer" hold the spotlight, Dean is now reported to be sulky about it. Wife Jeanne has long avoided Lewises socially.

NOW. HE'S LOSING FRIENDS AND LOSING MONEY—AND GAINING NOTHING BUT TROUBLE! ■ **By Steve Cronin**

happening to Jerry?

Worse yet, there are signs of family warfare in the Martin and Lewis camp.

While the comedians were in Phoenix on location for *The Big Top* a national magazine was shooting a picture spread on Jerry. Apparently chagrined that he had been overlooked, Dean simply disappeared from the set, holding up production of the picture.

It had been no secret, of course, that Jerry's wife Patti and Dean's wife Jeanne avoid each other socially. Now it looks as though their resentment is spreading to the boys.

Until lately, Dean has always seemed to be content to play golf, relax, enjoy himself—and leave professional problems and decisions to "Jer." Now he's taking an interest.

He, too, could be suffering from a little head expansion. A few weeks ago a Hollywood composer dropped by Dean's house. He had a new tune he thought would be just right for Dean. This composer has written almost as many hits as Irving Berlin and he doesn't need Dean Martin to sing his numbers. But he's thoughtful and naturally he expected Dean to appreciate his gesture.

When Dean was told that the composer was downstairs he turned to Killer Gray, his aide-de-camp, and said, "Can't see him now. Let him leave the sheet music."

When the composer got the message, he grabbed the sheet music out of Killer's hand.

"Tell him for me that if he doesn't have the courtesy to come down and say hello—" his speech began.

Still, Martin has not offended by untoward behavior nearly so much as Lewis. Not long ago, Lewis, accompanied by his gang stalked into the Paramount commissary. As usual, Jerry began to shout and cavort. A veteran studio employee was entertaining a guest. He leaned over and said politely, "How about taking it easy? We can't hear ourselves talk."

"Look," snapped Jerry, "if it weren't for me and my partner you wouldn't be working here. We're keeping things going."

There are similar stories emanating from the wardrobe, publicity and script departments—all showing (*Continued on page 83*)

Unhappy with latest scripts, Dean and Jerry would like to leave Hal Wallis. Both boys are in debt to Paramount as well as Uncle Sam, but some say money troubles are not the only cause of Jerry's bad temper.

Once Jerry's closest friends, Tony and Janet Curtis are now rumored to be feuding with the Lewises, no longer take part in their home movies. Stories started when families held separate parties, didn't invite each other.

WANTED: A MAN!

No more actors,
no more charmers,
no more adolescents—
Kate needs a guy
who can stand up
to anything—
including Kate!

BY JOHN MAYNARD

■ There is an idea in some quarters that Kathryn Grayson, however eminent and undeniable her status as a star, does not, away from the soundtrack, produce the sort of chitchat that sends the troops storming into battle without their Vitamin C.

While Miss Moore, for example, dwells on the virtues of donning ermine bathing suits and Mrs. Di Maggio on those of staying clear of undergarments, Miss Grayson is wont to ponder how tough it is for a girl to shift from second into high in the middle of "The Bell Song."

Miss Hayward and Mr. Chandler are maybe thisaway, Ava and Frankie that—Miss Grayson is positively at home with a good book and a very, very good five-year-old daughter named Patti Kate.

This is the stuff that soups up circulation and stands the beauty parlor on its collective ear? No. Not this year.

"It's a shame," said Miss Grayson not long ago, "but it's sort of late to back down. My life and my career have been—what were the words you used? Dignified? Decorous? And just a little dull. Well, I can't apologize for it. I've wanted it that way. But have you ever found me dishonest or evasive in an interview? I've always answered what was asked (*Continued on page 91*)

Protesting, "I am *not* stuffy!" the usually staid Miss Grayson whipped off her skirt and did kicks with the chorus line for her last show at Las Vegas' swank Sahara Hotel. Delighted crowds had expected opera!

Patti Kate, led on stage by Indian actor Naji, is Kate's constant companion; Mama would like six more! Kathryn's four gowns are reputed to be MGM's most costly ever; the beading alone cost over $2000.

By Louis Pollock

how TONY and JANET saved their LOVE

There's nothing new under the sun—except, perhaps, the Curtises, who left Hollywood on the point of collapse and came home on top of the world!

■ It was Janet who was supposed to be badly in need of a rest but it was Tony who kept dropping off into short naps after they got to Palm Springs.

"See? Him's tired, too," said Janet when she came out of their room at the Racquet Club in her new gold bathing suit and found Tony lying on his tummy with eyes closed at the edge of the pool.

"Cut out the baby talk," said Tony, still with eyes shut. "I bet you put on the gold suit even though I told you I liked the blue job best. Why? Must a wife keep her husband guessing even after they have been married three years?"

"She must," replied Janet, sitting down right in the middle of his back. She pulled at his ears, filled her bathing cap with water and poured it over his head, and said "Nope!" when he told her to quit. Suddenly Tony rolled over, pulled Janet to him in a short hug, and in the same moment practically gave her a shove toward the pool. She screamed, tried to catch her balance and couldn't make it. There was a splash. When someone came up and asked what was wrong Tony replied, "I never did care for that girl." Janet was already swimming the length of the pool in a beautifully smooth crawl and his eyes were following her with obvious admiration.

For more than a year Tony and Janet had been trying to get a few weeks off for a vacation; last spring they finally made it—or at least ten days of it—down to Palm Springs after they finished their second co-starring picture, *The Black Shield Of Falworth*. Janet was pounds under her normal weight and Tony was really worried about her. Janet admits he had reason. (*Continued on page 55*)

Unable to sit still, Janet relaxed by playing tennis with Charlie Farrell, owner of Palm Springs' luxurious Racquet Club, where the Curtises stayed during their vacation. Farrell is best known as Gale Storm's doting father on the TV show, *My Little Margie.*

Never without his paints, Tony did a portrait of screen writer Ed Trzcinski. He also found time to work on a year-old unfinished study of his wife. Later he gave Janet chess lessons, using the huge outdoor game played on squares of different-colored grass.

Underweight and exhausted when they left Hollywood, Janet got back to normal with the aid of massage. Despite tension of their hectic way of life, neither she nor Tony really wants to settle down; they feel young actors shouldn't be "stable—like bankers!"

more pictures on next page

"Is him tired?" Janet cooed, ignored Tony's order to stop talking baby talk and let a weary working man rest. Instead she pulled his hair.

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men—unless they're sleepy!

Filling her cap with water, she doused Tony, barely got the cap on again before he shoved her into the pool—then penitently dried her off.

(*Continued from page 53*) "I was on the verge of vanishing into thin air," she confessed. "It's true, though I don't want to be hysterical about it, that I was near collapse when we climbed into our blue Cadillac convertible—please forgive me; we haven't had it long and I sound like I'm bragging but we're both so crazy about it!—and rolled down to Palm Springs.

"I've heard people snickering when they hear of overworked actresses. The usual reaction is: Well, now, isn't that too bad? The poor girl only has to work about forty weeks out of the year, has hairdressers, make-up artists, servants at home, a doting husband, gets paid scrambled thousands of dollars a year and then tries to talk herself into believing she is about to fall over from nervous exhaustion!

"And maybe they're right, but I don't think so. Tony and I have gone from one picture into another. We don't think we're great thespians, but on the other hand we work at it; we must memorize pages and pages of dialogue and we must do dozens of things we've never done before—and do them convincingly. For my pictures I've had to learn how to milk a cow, drive a team of horses, run an old-fashioned sewing machine, toe dance, tap dance, ballet dance, ride western, ride English, ride sidesaddle, ride bareback, handle parachutes, train lions—and I'm expected to look like an expert at it! Tony has had even tougher assignments than mine. Is it so hard to believe that after steady weeks, months, and yes, even years of this, you could get a bit weary?"

So they swam and took the sun and lazed around. Tony had a chance to catch up on his painting, even to try to finish a study of Janet he had started more than a year before in Colorado. (*Continued on page 100*)

Little Theatre enthusiasts, Tony and Janet attended the Palm Springs Playhouse production of *Affairs Of State*. They are now considering some legitimate theatre work for themselves.

Backstage with the cast, the Curtises talked shop, admitted that though they enjoy co-starring they don't want to be considered a permanent acting team, think it might limit them.

Like many very active people, Janet normally eats high-protein food and has to be urged to eat the starches and sweets she needs for additional poundage. Tony needs no such coaxing to eat.

DEB'S FAITH DOESN'T SHAKE THE WORLD; IT JUST GIVES CONFIDENCE TO A BLITHE SPIRIT.

THE LITTLE LESSONS

by Debbie Reynolds

■ When I was three weeks old my father carried me to church on a pillow and, as I grew up, even before I attended Sunday School, I was hearing the stories of the Bible from my mother. Through childhood and teenhood the relationship of my parents to me was close and reflected their confidence in me, as well as their love. When I required not only their permission, but their trust in me, it was freely given. In this sort of home faith holds up the roof, faith supplies the table, faith guards and plans and heals. I am a very lucky girl that I had and still have that kind of home.

If anyone were to ask me whether I am a regular churchgoer I would have to say no. With the (*Continued on page 62*)

nobody's baby now

(*Continued from page 41*) jaws dropped and eyes bugged in startled disbelief. The face was familiar, but everything else—!

Jane Powell was first to blurt out the truth. "Pier Angeli!" she gasped. "It's *you!* Why, you're suddenly all grown up!"

Pier curved her stop-light red lipstick in a pleased smile that flashed like a baby spot. "Ooo-la-la!" she exclaimed in her best continental manner. "And is that such a surprise?"

Pier Angeli knew darned well it was—but of course that was the big idea. At home, working with the products of a European shopping spree, she had plotted her eye-opening entrance. It was Pier's way of announcing that, since she left Hollywood eight months before for Europe, there had been some important changes made.

Last May, Pier flew off to London to make *Flame And The Flesh*. She departed a girl and she returned a woman. What happened in between was not exactly sensational, or wouldn't seem so to most American girls. But to Pier Angeli it was the Emancipation Proclamation.

It was at Boreham Woods, MGM's English studio, that the petite Italian miss inquired hesitantly, her big green eyes on Producer Joe Pasternak, "Do you suppose I could get off work tomorrow?"

"What's the matter?" asked Joe. "Are you sick?"

"No," Pier assured him. "But tomorrow's my birthday—my twenty-first birthday."

Pasternak summoned his most severe executive frown. "I'm afraid that's impossible," he said shortly. "Sorry."

Pier nodded, disappointed, and went to her Savoy Hotel room. She had dinner with her mama as usual and climbed into bed thinking that people just didn't understand. But she was wrong.

NEXT MORNING, when she reported for make-up, lettered across the mirror beside a lipstick caricature of herself was, "CONGRATULATIONS, PIER. WE LOVE YOU." When she stepped out an orchestra greeted her with "Happy Birthday." Lana Turner dumped red roses in her arms, Carlos Thompson presented her with a book of prints, the crew gave her a silver dressing set, Joe Pasternak gave her a gold medallion for her charm bracelet and everybody kissed her. She didn't work much that day, after all.

All this was thrilling and Pier Angeli appreciated it. But none of those tributes or trinkets compared with the one she received that night. Carefully dolled-up in a sophisticated white and silver evening gown with a flower in her upswept hair, Pier was expectant and ready for a knock on the door. A fellow named Kirk Douglas opened it with orchids in his arm, ready to take her for a whirl on the town—and for the first time in Pier's life—alone. As the pair set out, Enrica Pierangeli pressed something into her daughter's palm, not without tears. It was the key to her room, and the greatest, most beautiful gift Pier Angeli had received in all her life. Too big for her tiny evening bag, she kept it pressed in her palm all evening, even when dancing at *Les Ambassadeurs*. And when she came home in the small hours, she used it with a particular sense of pride.

Now, a twenty-first birthday is pretty important to almost any girl. It's the day she's officially grown up, can vote, sign legal contracts, marry without parental consent and fry in the electric chair if she happens to murder someone. All these privileges accrued to Pier Angeli last June 19, but none to her was as important as another: the right to act her age and lead her own private life. Nobody was hungrier for this right than Pier Angeli, nobody had ever suppressed it with greater success, but nobody grabbed it more eagerly when it arrived.

After *Flame And The Flesh* (in which she battles Lana Turner for the love of handsome Argentine Carlos Thompson for the most adult role of her career so far) Pier zoomed south on her first jet plane ride to Ischia where her family had taken a villa. She sunned herself, bathed in the surf, rested and met Kirk Douglas in Rome for a Roman holiday. Then she hopped to Paris by herself to make *Mademoiselle Nitouche* with the French star, Fernandel.

Pier had never seen Paris before. Her producer, Raymond Hakim, met her at the plane, presented her with the appropriate "Femme" perfume, drove her to the *Georges Cinq* Hotel and asked her to dinner. But Pier declined. She was tired, she said, but actually she had to savor this thrill all by herself—the first room she had ever had to herself in the first hotel where she'd ever registered by herself in the most romantic and beautiful city in the world; the only city she'd ever visited alone.

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PIER WILL NEVER forget Paris. She worked—five hours a day speaking French lines into a recorder and playing it back until it was perfect, because since her school days she'd never used the language. She acted in *Mademoiselle Nitouche* from ten o'clock in the morning often until ten at night. There was time to see the sights with another gentleman a good many years her senior, but very charming indeed—Jean Pierre Aumont. And so there were the sidewalk cafés, the restaurants of *haute cuisine*, the opera, the theatre and the late nightclubs such as *La Tour D'Argent* and *Cheherazaz*. And another new thrill: for the first time in her life Pier walked boldly into the smart shops along the *Rue de la Paix* and picked out what *she* wanted, not what her mother chose for her.

Pier was having such a ball, solo at last, that when Mrs. Pierangeli flew up with Pier's sisters for Christmas, and asked, "Did you miss me?" Pier replied, "Of course, but I've been having a wonderful time."

"You shouldn't say that," he mother reproved tearfully. "You don't love me."

"I *do* love you," she assured her mother with an embrace, "but for the first time I've been on my own and it's wonderful. I should do this more often." From now on it looks as though she will.

To hardened sophisticates, this mild continental spree might not sound like such a much. But although Pier Angeli was raised in Italy and had returned to Europe three times previously, her trip to Paris was epochal. This time it was her own party. For once, the decisions were Pier's—not Mama's. A lot of people who have known Pier since she arrived in Hollywood think it was high time, too.

It was only four years ago that Anna Maria Pierangeli got her first excited look at America. Stopping in New York on her way to Hollywood, she strode through the lobby of the sedate Plaza Hotel convinced that she was the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

Encasing her dainty ankles were festooned cowboy boots and over her slim legs flapping chaps. She wore a powder blue darted shirt, flame red scarf and a black sombrero. At her thighs swung studded holsters out of which pearl-handled six-guns poked. Behind her hip dangled a wicked-looking knife.

Anna, seventeen, emerged on Fifth Avenue and continued her Wild West strut in broad daylight past Manhattan's smartest shops. Occasionally she prowled inside wondering vaguely why people stared and some salesgirls gasped and fled. She was almost to Rockefeller Center before a distraught MGM publicity man caught up with her and hustled her into a cab.

"Say," he tried to communicate. "Are you crazy? That stuff's strictly for Hallowe'en."

"Hallowe'en?" inquired Anna. "Wot ees?"

"When you dress up and scare people," panted the guy, making a face to illustrate. "Look, with those pistols and that knife you know where you'll land? In jail!"

"Jail? Wot ees?" He explained that, too. Anna Maria burst into tears. In her limited English she explained that she was only trying to be fashionable and correct—to make the good first impression in America. Because as everybody in Italy who went to movies knew for a fact, all smart American girls dressed like Dale Evans!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS are lasting and it could be that the little girl aura which has clung to Pier Angeli all her years in Hollywood stemmed from that first misdirected masquerade. However, other junior miss factors combined to lodge cute little Pier in a never-never land of perpetual girlhood, until very recently.

Although she was almost eighteen, an age when American girls consider themselves thoroughly mature, Pier looked and sometimes acted like a sub-deb. She was tiny—only five feet-one, 100 pounds and with an eighteen-and-a-half-inch waist. Around the lot she immediately collected nicknames—"Bambola," which means "doll," "Annarella," which means "Little Annie" in Italian, and of course, "Honey." She wore her long bronze hair streaming down her back, and pattered around in flat sandals under fluffy ballet skirts, cincher belts and sweaters, sometimes carrying a teddy bear or a doll. Her struggles with English were charmingly droll; she said "hombuggers" and "smashed" potatoes, and massacred the bebop slang that her first chum, Debbie Reynolds, taught her. She neither smoked nor drank, but adored ice cream and jumbo malteds. Disarmingly ingenuous, she was inclined to break into giggles or tears at the slightest provocation. Almost at once Pier became the coddled pet of MGM, a girl whom bosses patted paternally on the head and said they'd like her for their little girl.

"Why does everybody say 'I like you for my daughter,' or 'I wish you were my sister?'" Pier sometimes objected. "Why don't they say, 'I like you for my girl?'"

But that was pretty hard to arrange, too.

Not that Pier's innocent angel child peg scared away men. From the start she attracted beaux in Hollywood like honey attracts bees. Arthur Loew, Jr., who produced her first picture, *Teresa*, discovered Pier more than just professionally and hosted her eighteenth birthday party. John Ericson, her lead that first film, was a good friend, also Stewart Stearn, the man who co-wrote it and who had first spied Pier in Italy. John Barrymore, Jr., liked her so much that he gave Pier his famous dad's make-up kit. Dick Andersen, a young MGM discovery took her out. And, of course, Kirk Douglas. At Pier's first party with young people—when Debbie Reynolds held open house at her new swimming pool, Pier—who couldn't swim then—stepped out up to her nose. With that slim excuse, six boys leaped in and thrashed furiously for the chance to save her. So she wasn't exactly neglected. But all along there was a frustrating factor. Until she turned twenty-one nobody could get Pier out alone.

If a boy figured on sitting out a date with Pier at home they also sat it out with Mrs. Pierangeli, watching like a mother hawk. If they took her out they also took her twin sister, Maria Luisa, and always with a crowd of others. Then, they got the inevitable question from Mama, "Wot time you get back?" and an early front door deadline. Even then Pier had to report home periodically by phone through the brief evenings, and often leave a dinner half-eaten to make the strict curfew.

"Dating Pier was a package deal," recalls one boy who tried it and then gave up. "You also got Mama, and her twin sister and sometimes even little Patrizia, too." And while Mrs. Pierangeli was youngish and smart, Maria beautiful and Pat a real cutie, there are times when five can be a crowd.

One chagrined escort had an upsetting experience. Giving Pier a lift home from the swimming pool one afternoon, he made an impetuous pass at a kiss before he let her out. As Pier drew back indignantly he explained, "Why, that's nothing over here. You always get a good night kiss from a girl."

"What do you mean, 'good night'?" tossed back Pier, slamming the car door and heading for the house. "It's only five-thirty!"

Despite these weighty handicaps to romance, Pier managed to get around. Beneath her doll-like beauty she packed an impish sense of humor. A gay gleam in her eyes and her vivacious spirit suggested a filly who might any minute break loose and romp out of pasture into the hills. She learned to like boogie and cut a rug and sometimes at home gatherings it was noted, when her mother left the room, Pier could swing her hips in a wicked mamba. While most of her stepping-out affairs were to premières or studio affairs, she also made Ciro's and Mocambo where sometimes, too, she managed to dance in one dim corner while her twin sister danced in the other. Even under wraps, Pier has always been terrifically popular in Hollywood. At her twentieth birthday party seventy guests showed up at the Beverly Hills Hotel to help her celebrate.

PIER'S SITUATION was anachronistic. Actually, Pier Angeli was more sophisticated in other ways than the people who shook their heads and wondered if she should be let loose without a nurse. She had flown the Atlantic eighteen times, toured South America, made pictures in Mexico and Germany. She spoke three languages, read the classics, knew both music and art thoroughly. Professionally, she was compared with the young Bergman and Garbo and played highly emotional roles with seasoned leading men such as Stewart Granger, Gene Kelly, Ricardo Montalban and Kirk Douglas. She had demonstrated adult courage. Once, when she was flying east, the plane had trouble over the Grand Canyon, almost crashed and had to return to California. The other passengers nearly panicked, but Pier snoozed calmly throughout the whole ordeal. In Rio de Janeiro, mobs almost tore her to pieces in one frightening public appearance, but without disturbing her composure. She thoroughly enjoyed her first bull fight in Mexico, although her mother became hysterical. Making *The Story Of Three Loves* Pier climbed up on a seventy-two-foot high trapeze platform and was swung through the air with the greatest of ease by Kirk Douglas. One reporter who scoffed that it was all a trick was brought to the set, but had to cover his eyes and leave shuddering. In rehearsal Pier had a bad spill, cracked her wrist and had to stop practicing—but not because she wanted to. She was all set to climb back before the doctor took a look.

So, by almost any standard, Pier Angeli never qualified as a real greenhorn, retarded child or a pantywaist in Hollywood. Then why was a twenty-first birthday necessary to shake loose the cotton batting from her private portrait? Why didn't she declare her independence long ago? Most American girls might find that hard to figure. But it's not puzzling when you consider two things: an old Italian custom and the special circumstances of Pier's girlhood.

Pier, of course, is all Italian, born in Sardinia and raised around Rome. No nice Italian girl ever does anything much on her own until she's twenty-one. She can't drive a car for instance, and as for going out unchaperoned, unless engaged or married, it's unthinkable. Pier's father, Luigi, was an architect, sculptor and painter. Her mother, Enrica, was on the stage from fifteen until twenty, when she married and retired. Pier spent a more than usually sheltered childhood studying piano, violin, dancing and art from the age of six. This was purely for culture; there was no thought whatever at that time of her becoming an actress. Her father violently disapproved of the idea, and once when her mother let twelve-year-old Pier sing on a Rome radio program, he raised the roof.

Pier remembers a close-knit family scene. Born only twenty minutes before Maria, the sisters were always together, dressed alike and received identical toys at Christmas from *Babbo Natale*, the Italian Santa Claus. "I never needed any other playmate," Pier has said. "Maria and I always dearly loved each other." When they were both ten the Pierangeli family circle was cinched even tighter because the Nazis occupied Italy. With Hitler's troops roaming the streets, Anna and Maria led an even more cloistered life. They left their apartment only to walk to school, a perilous mile journey past helmeted Nazis. Often terrible things happened to girls and a time or two Pier herself was chased by drunken soldiers, racing to refuge just in time. Once for five months she was desperately ill and always in those days chronically hungry. To get milk, meat and vegetables for his daughters, her father pedalled thirteen miles into the country and back on the bicycle.

One factor in Pier's new maturity was her romance with man-of-the-world Kirk Douglas.

PIER WORSHIPPED her father. Today his is the lone photograph in her bedroom. It is a handsome, sensitive face resembling Pier's. She frankly admits that a father complex lingers with her and may be one reason she has yet to fall seriously in love. "I miss him so," she will tell you, "I'm always looking for the qualities he had in the men I meet. But I never find them."

Luigi Pierangeli died of a sudden heart attack right after Pier had finished *Teresa*, and only two weeks before she left Italy for Hollywood. He never saw his daughter on the screen. His death was not only a profound shock to Pier but probably the strongest reason why she has never once protested or rebelled against her mother's close supervision of her private life.

The story of how young Pier Angeli became an actress in the first place has been told, but there's a story of more significance to her personal life which has not been told.

Pier was a milk-cheeked, titian-haired young seraph with lustrous agate eyes when she went with her father one day to the apartment house he had designed in Rome. It was called *"La Bonboniera,"* which means roughly "The Candybox." The visit to the modern house was to check some plumbing trouble in an apartment rented by Rina De Liguoro, a prominent Italian actress. One look at Pier's cherubic beauty impressed De Liguoro so that she never forgot it. Through a chain of reactions involving Leonide Moguy, a French director, and Vittorio DeSica, the famous Italian one, Pier was offered a part in *Tomorrow Is Too Late*, the part, incidentally, of an innocent young girl suddenly faced and terrified with maturity. Both her mother and Pier wanted desperately to accept, but at first her father refused to consider such a thing. Pier remembers very well how she eventually won permission from her reluctant parent.

"I sat on his lap and gave him a kiss," she recalls. "I told him how much I wanted it, and I said 'Papa—please.' I could do things with him no one else could. And so he agreed. 'But only'—and I can still hear his words—'if you promise me you will always stay near your mother and do what she says until you are entirely grown up.' And so I promised." It was a promise that has been fully kept.

Pier Angeli was so shy and naive for that first screen job that when she was called on to kiss a boy for the camera she couldn't do it for two days. Finally, agonizingly coaxed into the embrace by her director, she fainted the minute it was over. And Pier was not much more advanced in the ways of the world when she came to America. Even as late as *The Devil Makes Three* only two years ago, Gene Kelly had to bark at her in love scenes. "Don't look at the floor. Look at me! Haven't you ever been in love?" Pier had to shake her head.

Rose Marie Reid JEWELS OF THE SEA

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the little lessons

(*Continued from page 56*) sort of hours I have and all the traveling that seems to be a part of show business, I don't suppose I'll ever get to attend steadily. But I do go when I can and my faith is still with me when I can't.

Faith, to me, is having the idea of God and doing all you can about it. It is also having an uplifting idea of any kind and doing all you can about it even if you are going to goof it up.

I could never get up in front of people and act the fool as I sometimes do if I didn't have faith—all kinds of faith—in people as well as the Lord. Certainly I could not be a pessimist and do it. I couldn't do it if I were always saying to myself, "I don't suppose they will like me." In my work I *have* to depend on people.

I began with my friends. At first my faith in them amounted to little more than a hope that they would laugh with me when I cut up, and not at me. Later, with confidence and also with a realization that they *wanted* to be on my side and, all things equal, would be, I dared to do more. You have to dare to develop. You must have a trust in yourself and in those whose approval you must have, before you can dare. This is faith.

For some people making friends is a job, but it's worth it. For me the time I have spent with my friends and the thinking I have done about them is just about the best investment I have made in my life. Right from the start they were human and kind and let me gain the experience I needed (which all kids need!) of expressing myself in front of groups.

Were it not for them I could have grown up to a narrow-thinking little dope; instead, if I have a broad outlook on life at all, I got it from them. And it is not only that they *were* important to me; they *are* important to me today. I forgot this once and was reminded in a way I won't forget.

When I first got into movie work I became a little warped about it. For about a year and a half I got away from my old life. I seldom went to church with the family (I had no thoughts of God at all), I rarely called my old friends. One night I sat down knowing that I felt downright miserable. I kept telling myself there was no reason to be in the slumps. I was going along fine at the studio, I was being invited out here and there, I could keep going at a gay gallop every second if I wanted to. Yet all I wanted to do was cry—and I did.

"I must be getting sick," I told my mother. "I haven't got a reason in the world to feel blue but I do."

"What have you been doing that you really used to like to do?" she asked.

It seemed to me that I was having fun and therefore Mom wasn't on the ball at all. But then I began to understand that she didn't mean it the way I thought. What I used to like, what gave all of us kids our biggest kick, was creating a nice surprise for the other guy; a party, something she had always wanted, the solace she needed. I could remember how we'd get together and be so happy conspiring about some affair like this that we couldn't talk for our giggling. It all came back to me and I realized that *this* was living. It had been ages since I had done anything *for* anyone. And everything else was pretending.

There was only one thing to do: I jumped for the telephone and madly started calling all my old friends. I was in a hurry to get back into my old life and feel like my old self—a terrible hurry!

I guess I don't have to point out that my mother would not have been able to guess what was wrong with me—when I didn't know myself—unless, like so many mothers, she spent a little time thinking of herself and a great deal thinking of those near to her. In this way she has generated such a feeling of security in all of us that any threat to our well-being will be anticipated and overcome before it can mount to dangerous proportions.

For instance, ours is a family with no relationship to drinking. If this makes us all sound like livin' dolls, forget it. It's just that alcohol in any form has never been a factor in our life.

Whenever I see someone who drinks to excess I feel very sorry for them. They must be terribly bored or they wouldn't find it necessary. I am sure that if they could find something to do that really interested them they wouldn't need to drown their troubles.

This has worked out with a boy I know, a boy who had looks, money, and absolutely no interest in things, especially church. Somehow we got to talking one day about his lack of direction in life and I said something that made him laugh at first—that if he had any kind of little job he liked, it would change his attitude.

WHO—US?

When Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie were touring with The Prince Who Was A Thief, *they held two autograph parties in my town and signed their pictures "Sincerely Yours, Tony Curtis" or "Piper Laurie." That afternoon Tony chatted with a small group of us as he waited for the train. Someone asked him if he was going to marry Janet Leigh, but he evaded the question. Later, I asked him again as he signed my autograph book. He still didn't answer. Then I looked at my book. He had written, "Sincerely, Janet and Tony."*

Kathie Henke
Battle Creek, Michigan

I couldn't figure out why I had said it except that a few mornings before this I had seen my father doing a little work around the house and whistling contentedly at it. Dad is a carpenter. This day he had fashioned a piece of wood and then squinted down the edge of it to make sure it was straight and true. From the look on his face you could tell that it was—and more. He was at peace with himself.

I told this to the boy. I said I knew why my father had felt good; it was because he had a sense of being useful in the world, and therefore his life had meaning.

Months passed before I met the boy again, but then I saw that he was a changed fellow. He was in the automobile business—selling cars, I mean—and he was crazy about it, he told me. If he knew someone who needed a car but couldn't quite swing the deal, he would figure out how it could be done.

"You should see the looks on their faces when they realize they're no longer chained to one spot but can travel as they've always dreamed," he said.

You could see he was happy, all right, and before we parted he told me that he had started to go to church again.

"I don't know why," he said. "But it seems to be part of my new existence."

I don't know, either, unless it was because he was living more normally now and to be normal means to be sensitive spiritually instead of being dull and blind.

Of course it works out with me all the time. I don't suppose there is a living person who hasn't some faith of a sort. But we all know that there are too many people who haven't enough faith. Sometimes I find myself included in this bracket. I forget. I slip up on how to share my life with my neighbor. Almost always it brings me unhappiness. I know what this unhappiness is: I have been inwardly preoccupied and nothing empties a heart faster or leaves it aching so badly with that dull, hollow feeling—than self-love. That's why it is such a blessed relief to me at such times to remember the old words and ways I grew up with and to reverse the flow of my interest so that it takes in the other fellow.

Some people seek from religion a solution to the great questions in their minds. Is the world coming to an end? When? What happens to us then? And so on. It seems to me that they are still like the frightened child, as I was, who first sees mention of the millenium in the Bible or hears his elders talk of it. But to me religion is most important when it teaches me small lessons about the people we are—I and those with whom I live.

I remember when I was still in school, visiting my friend Jeanette Johnson in Balboa and attending a small church there one Sunday. The pastor was bowed with age and I didn't expect any unusual sermon. Yet he said something that has come into my head a thousand times since. He was talking about selfishness and greed and he described the people who sinned in this manner. "Oh, you can tell them by their turned-in eyeballs and their itchy palms!" he cried.

It was the kind of colorful phrasing you get from old-time ministers, yet I am always asking myself these days, when I think I may be too piggish, "Am I like that? Are my palms itchy?"

Sometimes the answer is "Yes!" And, boy, I change policy right away. I don't ever want turned-in eyeballs or itchy palms. In case I haven't explained too clearly what the phrase means I will now: turned-in eyeballs, of course, means thinking only of yourself and itchy palms means the love of money.

I remember when my luck was the cause of one of my high school friends succumbing horribly to envy . . . which is, after all, a form of greed. This had to do with my being chosen for a screen test and getting my first contract in a studio. Since I hadn't been a standout as a dramatics student in school (other girls doing far better at acting and my activities being confined to shoving scenery around) it was quite a shock to some of them when I got into the movies. It was a shock to me, too. Let's face it!

Most of the kids I knew took it pretty well and wished me luck. But a couple of girls thought the whole thing was silly, pointing out that I was neither pretty nor talented! They even, with all the bountiful imagination of high school vintage, got nasty little reasons into their explanations of how such a horrible mistake could have happened. One girl, very good in school plays, just blew her top altogether.

A couple of weeks after I had started at the studio I dropped into the school and saw her. "Hi!" I called. She looked at me frozen-faced, turned and walked away. I was really hurt. I asked friends about it. They gave me a quick answer. "She doesn't like you any more. She thinks that if they were picking the best actress she would have been chosen. She is disgusted with people who select talent."

I was angry but in time I began to realize how hurt she must have been. This didn't excuse her, of course, but I think I prayed for her to understand and to feel better. It took time (years!), but we got over it.

SOME PARTS of the Bible are brought to the attention of children too early, I believe, and should be withheld. Talk of dire punishments and, of course, those references to the end of the world were just plain scary when I was a kid, I remember. And some of the indirect injunctions were just confusing. "Let him who is without sin amongst you cast the first stone" really meant "don't throw stones" when I first heard it. By the time I should have understood how it actually applied in everyday life it had lost its power for me. Not until I had cast a few stones I shouldn't have (and had them come bouncing back to me so I was in lots of trouble) did I re-learn these lessons.

Reading the Bible and believing its message has not only been a matter of benefiting from its content but also an education in how to pace my life. There is no hurry to the Bible. All things are considered deeply and time is taken for consideration. This is the feeling I get. And so, though I know I am considered a girl with quick notions and flighty ways, actually I am not. I now deliberate much longer over decisions than people think.

There was a period in my life when all any friend had to do was suggest we take off for somewhere and I was right back with an "Okay! Let's go!" before I had even heard the whole idea. It's not like that any more. Now I take time to decide if it's really a good idea or not. In that way I keep out of a lot of trouble.

NOT LONG AGO I woke up conscious of a vague feeling that a former interest in my life needed reviving. I wasn't sure what it was and I was too busy during the forenoon to concentrate on the matter. At lunchtime I had a date with a boy I've known for years. While we were eating he happened to say that he wanted to reread some of the books he had known earlier in his life but hadn't understood. The second he said that, I knew what had been bothering me.

When I was playing the French horn in Burbank High we tackled a lot of symphonic numbers which meant very little then to a would-be bopster like me. But some trace of the quality of these compositions must have gotten into my blood and stayed there until the time was ripe for me to understand better music. This was it. As I listened to the boy talk about the books he was going to look up again I knew I must go back to the study of music and particularly to the symphonies I had once played. I felt that they had influenced me somehow even though I wasn't aware of it, and they would now mean more than ever.

Don't get me wrong. I'll always love popular music and that will be my forte, but I'm going to start enjoying the more serious music, too—the kind of music that is a hit for a hundred years instead of just a season. To me this is a sign that my faith is mellowing and the depth of my understanding deepening. This doesn't hurt anyone, not even a hep cat like me. The more there is to us, the more wisdom, the finer the feeling, the better persons we will be to live with. Nothing, not even continuing to progress in my career, is as important as this—and this is part of my faith. **END**

(Debbie Reynolds can be seen now in MGM's 30th anniversary release, Athena.)

SHOOT IF YOU MUST

this glamorous head—and spare the photographer's feelings!

Robertson owns a "least co-operative" award.

■ One of the silliest attitudes a movie star can take is to be belligerent toward the army of photographers whose job it is to take pictures of celebrities. It's Hollywood legend that if you take one swing at one photographer anywhere in the world, they will all duck the blow and swing back. You can't escape a black eye. Shelley Winters may not know that yet, for it was in Rome that she tossed a glass of whisky into the face of a photographer who was trying to shoot a picture of her as she sat with Farley Granger.

"I hate photographers," she bellowed. "You're always bothering me!"

This is an old refrain, sung by more than one harassed star who lived to regret the angry shout. Perhaps the first movie star to risk the wrath of photographers was Greta Garbo. She always wanted to be alone but seldom was. After she snubbed photographers, they managed to shoot this beautiful woman in the most idiotic poses, often looking like a frightened spook. They even photographed her sunbathing nude. Shortly thereafter, Greta quit pictures altogether.

While stars have their own reasons for getting fighting mad at photographers, many of them have the feeling that everyone is staring at them, when perhaps no one is even glancing in their direction. Consequently, it is the man with the camera eye who becomes the focal point of their hatred. Almost every outburst in the feud between Frank Sinatra and newspaper reporters has its beginning in his attitude toward photographers. These men see themselves as citizens who are out to do a job and are entitled to everybody's co-operation. Naturally celebrities (who have work of their own) can't always see it that way. If Sinatra could remember always to befriend photographers and never to scream at them, he'd find that they protect him, instead of badgering him.

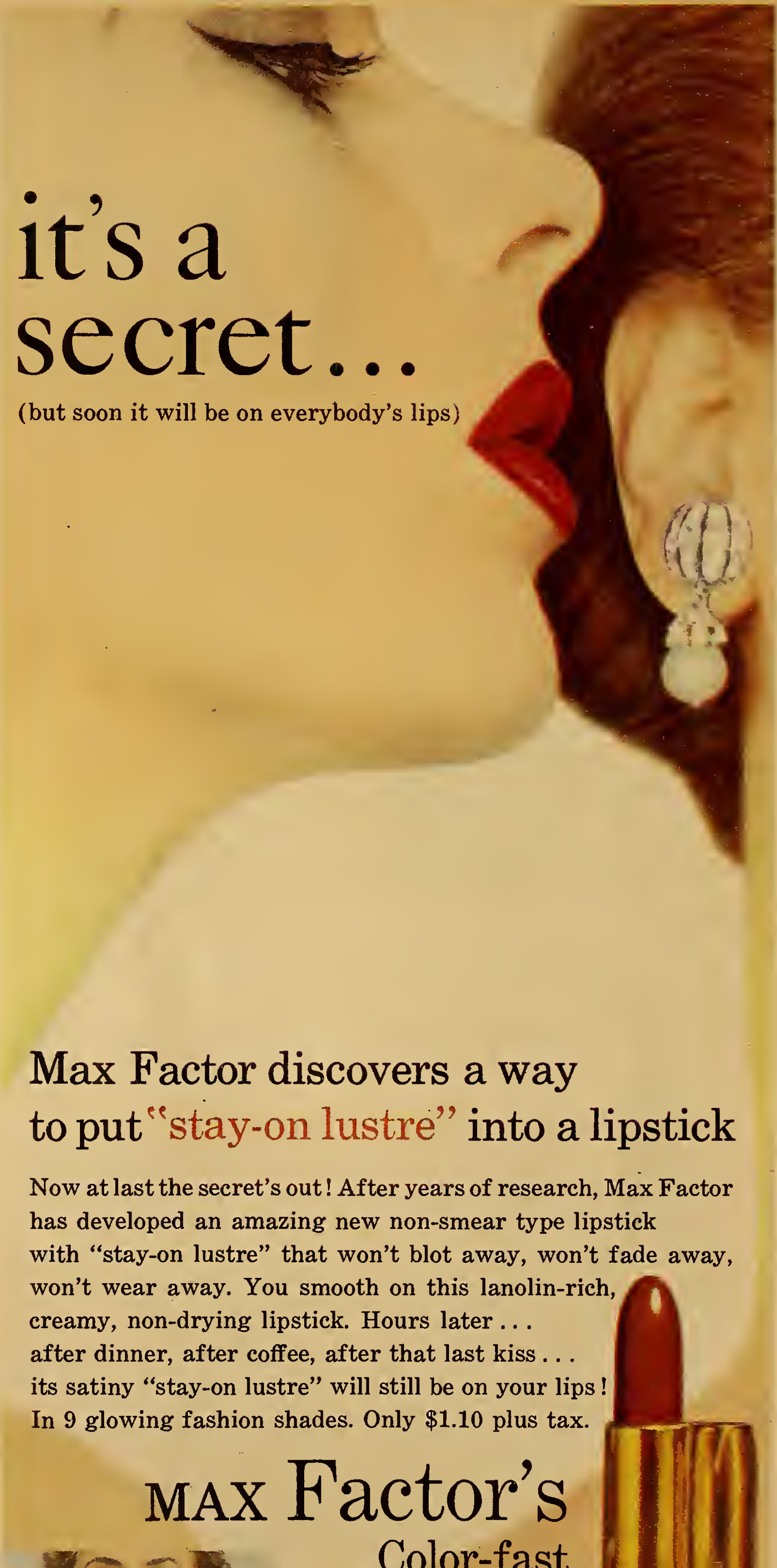
There's more ill feeling between Rita Hayworth and photographers. No one knows why she dislikes the very people responsible for making her famous through their spectacular camera work. They forgive her, saying she has had poor advice.

They forgive Bing Crosby, too, for his somewhat snobbish attitude toward them. They realize that it is, after all, quite a job for Bing to slip on a toupee, and that he has suffered private tragedy. But he hasn't a chance of dating Mona Freeman and other young glamour girls without becoming "darkroom bait"—and unless he is polite, good old Bing will be in for a rough time.

Photographers, oddly enough, are really the only people in Hollywood who aren't afraid of anything. They are not afraid of a glowering Marlon Brando, who considers his body too precious to be snapped at will, nor David O. Selznick, who once had his whiskers dusted by a photog who refused to take interference while he shot pictures of Shirley Temple.

Currently not favorites of Hollywood press photographers are Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner and Gordon MacRae. The lens lads are also a little worried about the attitude of Doris Day, once much more co-operative but now beginning to show signs of great impatience. Esther Williams and June Allyson also give them trouble.

"I guess you can't blame the kids," one of them said. "It's a nervous town. But if a star wants to get really nervous, all he has to think about is the day that may come when no movie fan wants to look at his pictures—so nobody shoots 'em!"



it's a secret...

(but soon it will be on everybody's lips)

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Now at last the secret's out! After years of research, Max Factor has developed an amazing new non-smear type lipstick with "stay-on lustre" that won't blot away, won't fade away, won't wear away. You smooth on this lanolin-rich, creamy, non-drying lipstick. Hours later . . . after dinner, after coffee, after that last kiss . . . its satiny "stay-on lustre" will still be on your lips! In 9 glowing fashion shades. Only $1.10 plus tax.

MAX Factor's Color-fast lipstick

you can't blot away the lustre

HOLLYWOOD APPROVES YOUR SUMMER FASHIONS

■ Your summer wardrobe must be gay, colorful and as spanking new and fresh as the season itself! Hollywood stars say, choose styles that will be a sensation at home and yet ready to pack up and go. First on the list—your swimsuits. Yes, plural for you'll be in them the live-long day, weekends and when you are enjoying your two weeks with pay—so we'll lead the way with these glamour deals!

LEFT: Ann Miller, MGM star, wears a *Celaperm Lastex* swimsuit—adorable "flirt-pants" styling, white rickrack trim. Red, brown, sky blue, black, yellow or royal blue. 32 to 38. About $11. By Sea Nymph. Ann's U. S. Howland *Hair Dry* swim cap has a rosebud appliqué design. Ann's sunglasses are in gold-speckled *Lumar* frames (available at your optician); for a beautiful tan. Tartan Suntan Lotion.

CENTER: Janet Leigh, MGM star, poses in, *Prize Package,* a Form Control swimsuit by Surf Togs. White piping molds the trim lines—nylon *Laton* faille. The bodice has a pattern of pearl encrusted white cord embroidery. Also in lime, rose, Alice blue or cruise navy. 32 to 38. About $18. Janet's next is U-I's, *The Black Shield Of Falworth.*

RIGHT: *Simplicity,* Rose Marie Reid's gold swimsuit of acetate and cotton-wrapped rubber *(Lastex)* modeled by Rhonda Fleming. Slim lines, a fagoted contour band at the bra top and fagoted front seams (spiral-boned inner bra, tuck-away straps). Gold, blue, China pink or turquoise. 10 to 18. About $18. Rhonda matches her fingernail polish to her swimsuit with Dura-Gloss *Shell Pastel, Neptuna.* In her Dorset-Rex bag—a U. S. Royal Water-Tite swim cap (details page 74) and, Florida's famous Coppertone, for glamour suntanning.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL

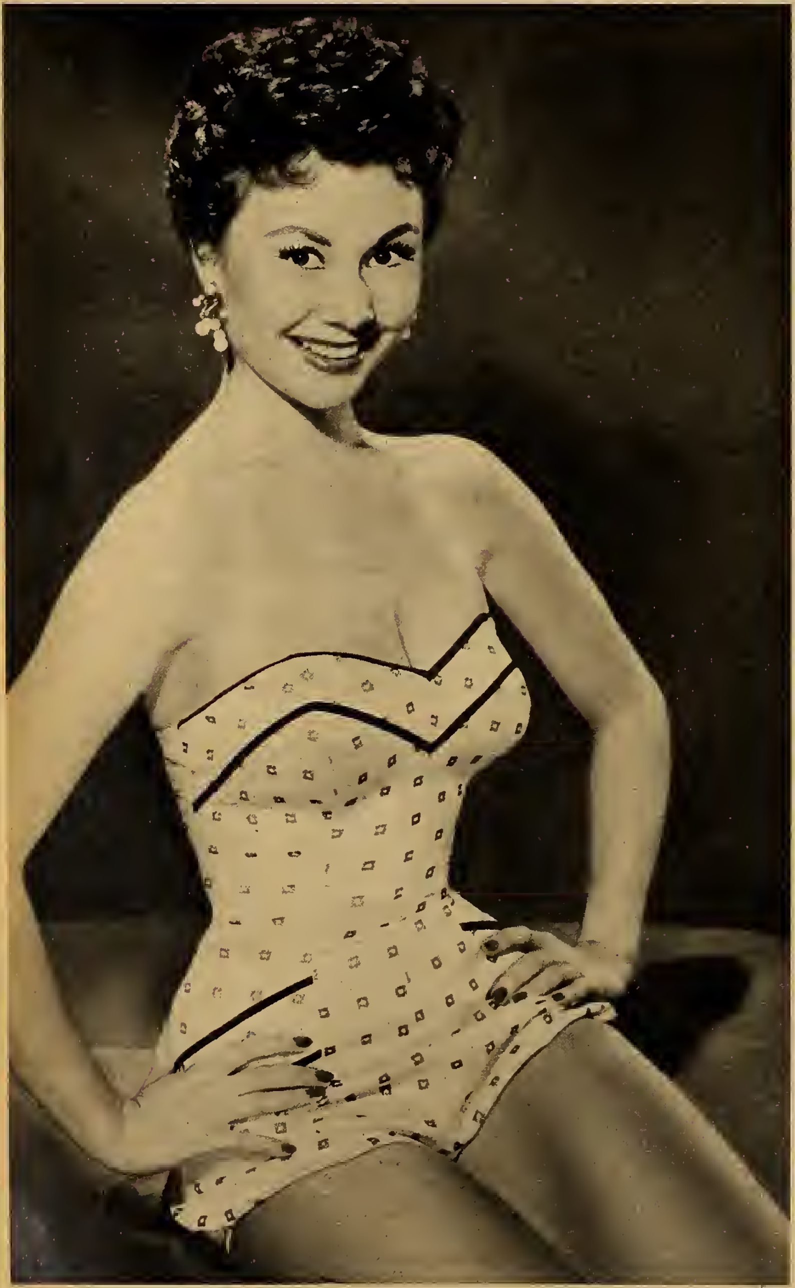
All sandals with swimsuits by Flexiclogs

U. S. Howland Hair Dry and U. S. Royal Water-Tite swim caps—both by United States Rubber Co., shown with swimsuits.

modern screen fashions

MORE ≻

Exciting swim fare



LEFT: Mitzi Gaynor, 20th's lovely young star next to be seen in *There's No Business Like Show Business,* a CinemaScope film, wears a perky swimsuit from Rose Marie Reid's new junior collection. It is a one-piece bloomer suit of elasticized *Chromspun* faille. The color of the brocaded squares is repeated on the bra and hipline trim. This suit has an inner bra—tuck-away straps. White with navy, brown, green or red. Sizes 9 to 15. About $18. By "RMR Jr."

RIGHT: A sweetheart of a *Sanforized* cotton broadcloth swimsuit deftly designed by Rose Marie Reid and gayly named *Floral Fantasy.* Jan Sterling poses in this one-piece suit that features smooth front panels (outlined with contrast piping) and an elasti-shirred back. Boned inner bra, tuck-away straps. Cyclamen or black backgrounds. Sizes 10 to 16. About $12. Jan, next in Warner Brothers' *The High And The Mighty,* keeps her beautiful tresses groomed and lovely in a U. S. Howland *Hair Dry* swim cap. The beach towel by Pacific Mills.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL

mpact and bracelet by Volupté

More fashions on page 69

beauty fair

(Continued from page 35)

You can have a hassle with people who know all of the Russells on the subject of beauty. "By Hollywood standards she's as beautiful as they come, but when I think of her mother and brothers, I'm not sure that Jane's the best looking of the lot. You should see the boys!" says one of Jane's friends.

What does she do to keep the beauty that is possibly second or third best in her family? That required a little thought, because who can safely say why Miss Russell does anything at any time? "Well, she gets nine hours of sleep every night," her friend offered tentatively, "but I honestly don't think that it's to preserve her looks. She's just tired. Anyhow, with her heritage it wouldn't matter what she did. If she went to bed with her make-up on, her skin would stay as smooth; if she wore her hair in a knot on top of her head all day, she could brush it out and it would look better than the rest of us if we have been up in pin curls. She even looks good when she wakes up in the morning."

Jane's other beauty secrets include working too hard, fighting other people's battles, and taking the problems of the world onto her own sleek shoulders. She ought to look like a hag for all of the attention that she gives herself, instead of which she joins the lovelies of the Beauty Fair. "Sultry, smouldering, the slow-fire type," is the masculine verdict on Jane. "But you also know that you'd have a ball on a fishing trip with her. She's a wonderful pal as well as a beautiful woman."

Elizabeth Taylor had a problem in her younger days: she was too beautiful. When she appeared on the set of one of her first pictures, the director cast an outraged eye at this incredible child and roared, "Take her back to make-up and get those eyelashes off her. She's too young for that sort of thing!" It would have been pretty painful, considering that the offending eyelashes were her very own, but this misunderstanding was only one of the indignities that Liz had to suffer. Silly as it sounds today, looking at dainty Miss Taylor, she had to be taught to wear feminine clothes. She was such a tree-climbing tomboy that when she was trapped in a dress, the awkwardness she felt was apparent.

It could have been—should have been—about Cyd Charisse that our observer said, "Everything is perfect." From head to toe there is such unbelievable symmetry of face and form that watching her move is pure delight. The hands that are as expressive as her face, the incomparable legs, the fluid economy of motion are such that they often hit her audience after she has quietly passed. They are apt to say, "Holy cow, *wasn't* that a radiant girl!"

A presumably case-hardened publicist explained Cyd this way: "Crazy as it probably sounds to you, I have the feeling that her mind and soul are as symmetrical as her body. She does everything exactly right because she can't help it. It's natural to her, a part of the way she lives. Even her life unfolds with the same grace that characterizes everything she does—and that doesn't just happen, you know."

Speaking of grace inevitably brings to mind Ava Gardner, who would stand out on anyone's poll of beautiful women. Again the man behind the lens said, "When people speak of Ava, they generally refer to that gorgeous body—which makes sense. Other girls may have put the wiggle on the map, but Ava's got the sexiest walk that ever happened, because it's so lithe and effortless. But I've got news for you: this girl has one of the most beautiful faces I've ever seen in fifteen years of photographing movie stars. Hair, eyes, nose, skin, bone structure—she's got 'em with chimes. Highlight that face correctly, and a more beautiful woman never lived."

Nor a more glamorous one—but that came with time. When Ava descended on Hollywood, her painful shyness was an enormous liability. With great beauty there must also be an air, an awareness of self and of the proud, exciting aura of glamour. The young Ava sadly lacked it. The physical splendor was there, but Ava was so timid and retiring in the beginning that she all but went unnoticed until she commenced to emerge, little by little, like a butterfly from its chrysalis. In time confidence gave her that necessary proud air, but simple good sense preserves the natural beauty. Ava is the soap-and-water girl of all time, the most vigorous wielder of the bedtime hairbrush.

Those who are close to Rhonda Fleming insist that her inner beauty is far greater than that which gratifies the eye. Her business manager, Anetta Hughes, says, "I've been with Rhonda more than five years, and I have yet to hear her express an unkind opinion of anybody or do an unkind deed. She always thinks wholesome thoughts."

This long-stemmed beauty of the flaming tresses is a firm believer in moderation. If she nibbles at a cookie or two, she will have a smaller helping of potatoes at her next meal, even though her weight never varies. It's a matter of principle. She does setting-up exercises, but not fanatically. She enjoys swimming and playing tennis with her husband, Lew Morrill, but her world

(Continued on page 73)

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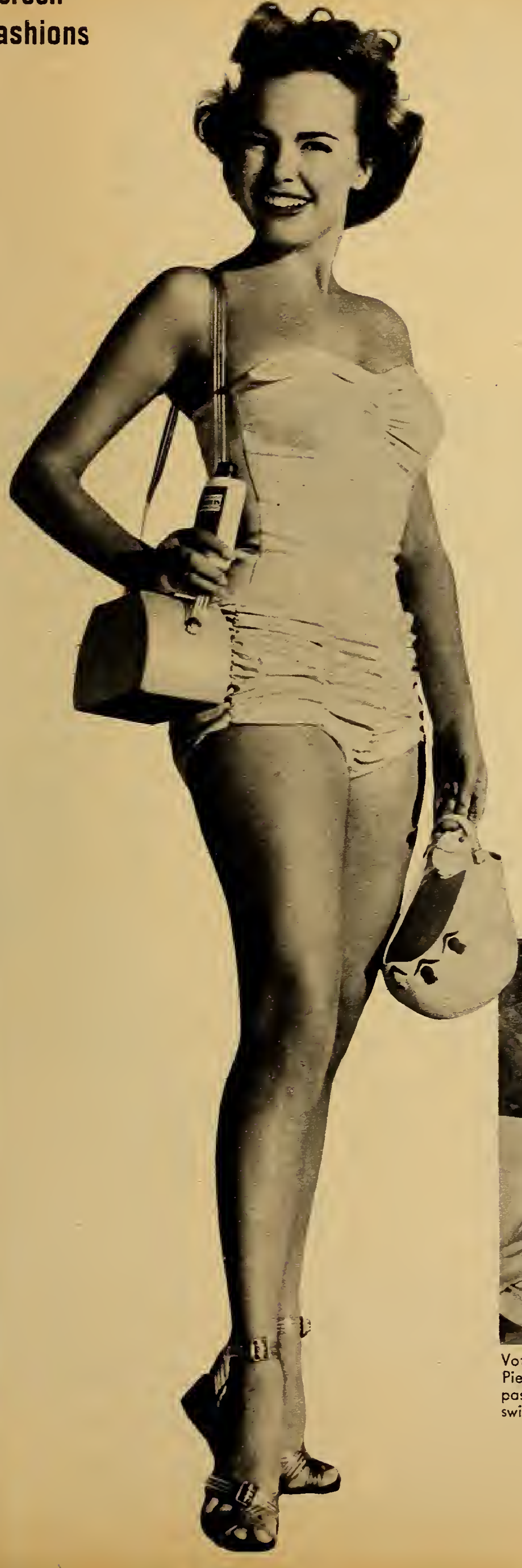

Exciting swim fare

■ Board member Terry Moore, a 20th star, models a bloomer girl *Lastex* bengaline swimsuit with wired cuff bra and shirred hipline. Gold, Alice blue, coral, or black. Misses and teen sizes. About $9. By Surf Togs. Terry adds flattering award-winning *flexible* Flexiclogs sandals (details on page 74), she carries a Flexiclogs handbag to match and for a lovelier tan, Tartan Suntan Lotion. Terry's award-winning U. S. Royal Water-Tite swim cap has a new and colorful tulip appliqué design.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS
CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED
ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON
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Voting over, Board members Pier Angeli and Jeff Richards pose with winning beachwear—swimsuits, swim caps, sandals.

Janet Leigh, Chairwoman of the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Board gets Tony Curtis' approval of the gay swimsuit she poses in on page 65.

MORE →

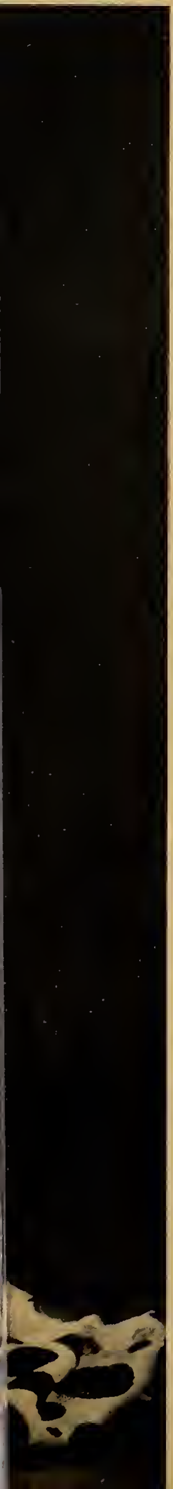
Washable wardrobe

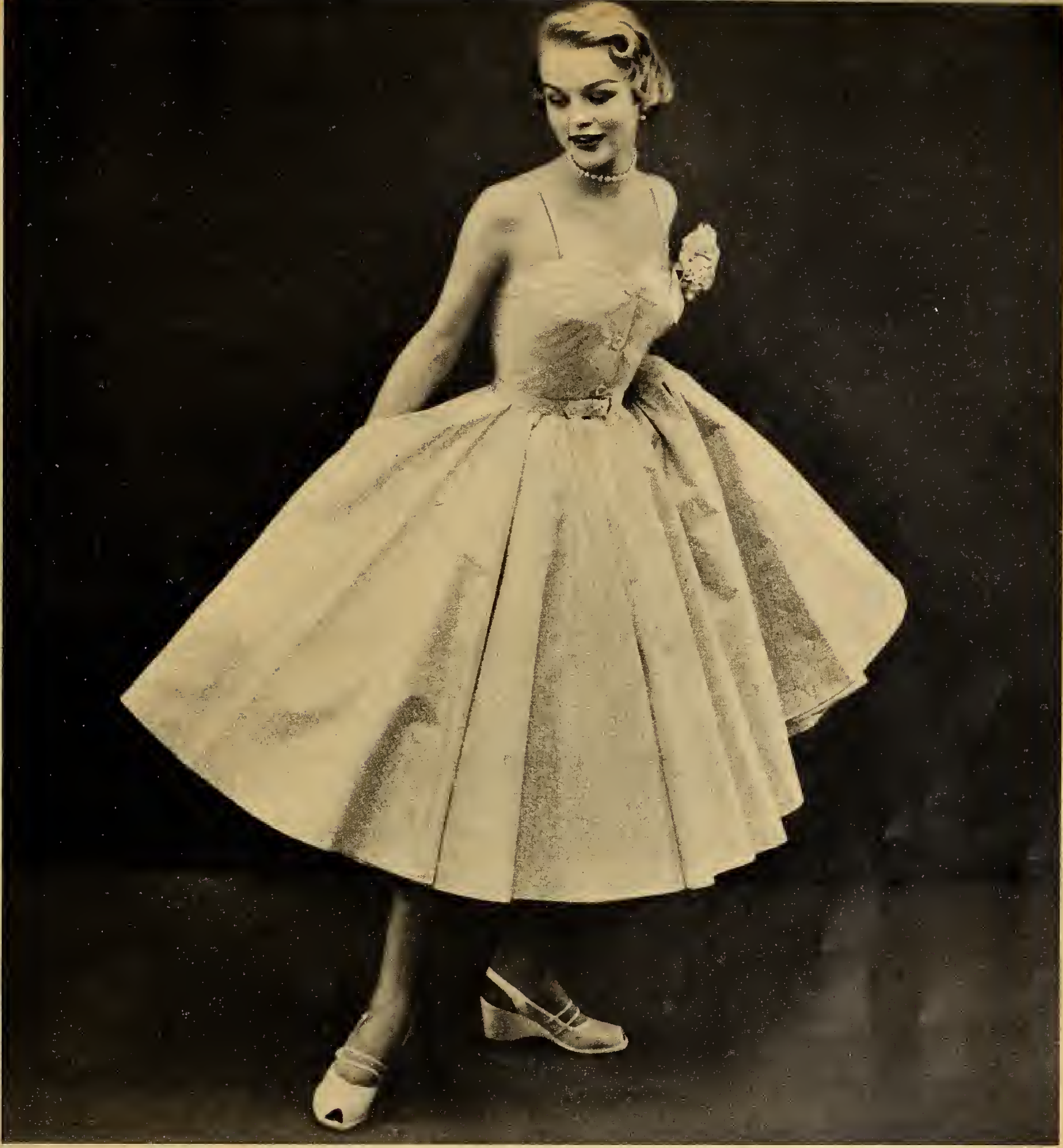
starts with your underpinnings

White bead jewelry by Capri

■ You can enhance your silhouette in slim or full frocks, shorts, slacks or swimsuits if you wear the newest fabric-lined Magic-Controller by Playtex. The model shown at the right wears the Magic-Controller panty-brief (about $7). Magic-Controller is also available in panty girdle with garters (about $8) or regular girdle (about $8). It washes in seconds, dries with a towel. Magic-Controller features a non-roll top—it stays up without a single bone or stay (invisible finger panels for firm abdominal control). Polly Bergen, TV and motion picture star, slim as slim in a Bobbie Reid Empire sheath dress of white piqué. About $15. Hansen gloves. Honeydebs classic wedgie pumps, *Hedda* (details page 74).

"CARNIVAL" BEACH TOWEL BY PACIFIC MILLS. ABOUT $3





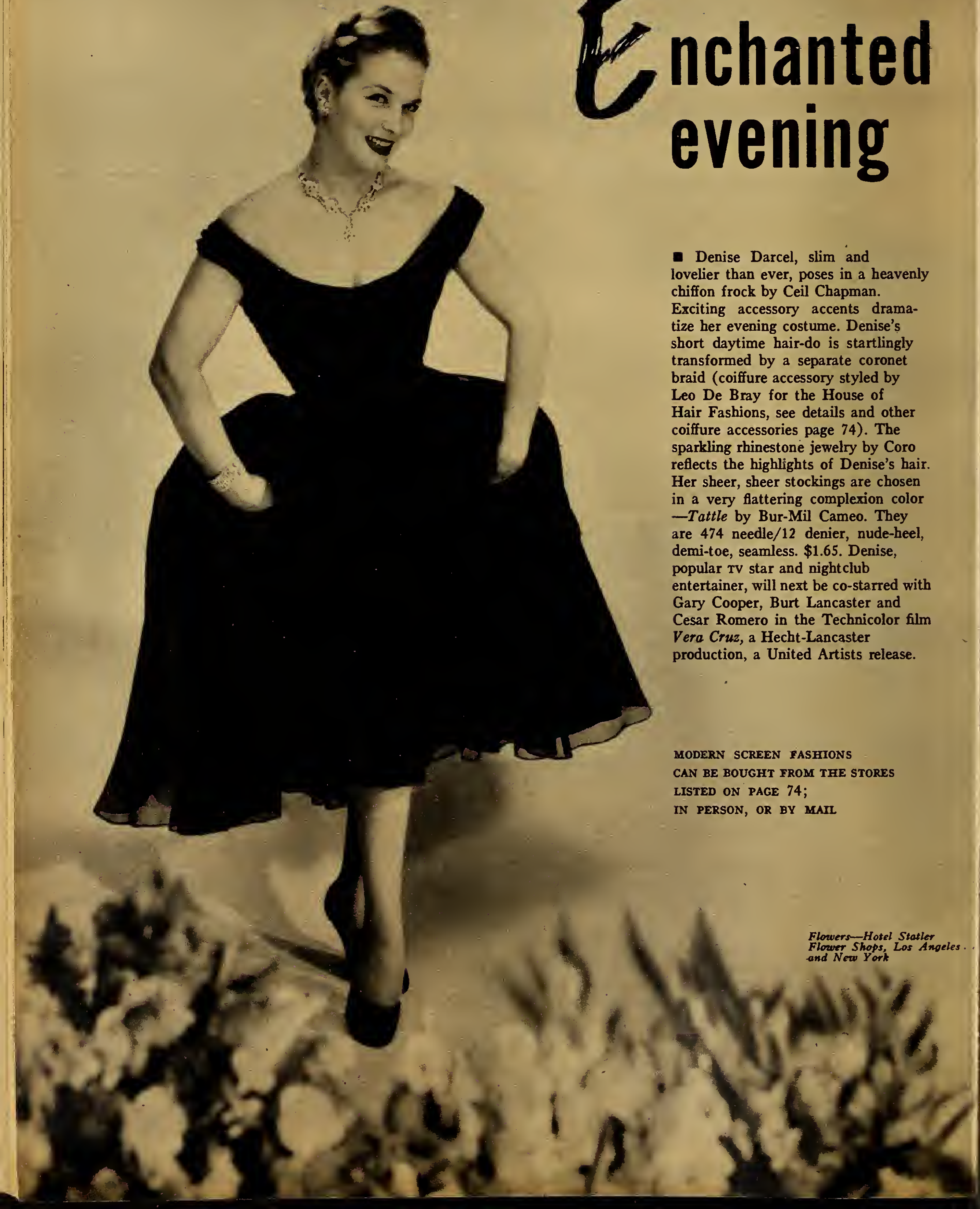
Pearls by Imperial Pearl Syndicate

■ The necklines of summer vary greatly but are usually low. No matter which neckline you choose, glamorize it with the correct brassiere. On the right the model displays Peter Pan's *Hidden Treasure* three-quarter bra called *Freedom Ring*—the perfect style for summer casual and dress-up wear. White nylon, about $5. Sandra Gross, famous model and young TV actress, wears this with her Bobbie Reid pink printed, glazed cotton frock that boasts a square neckline and double-circle skirt. About $13. Honeydebs wedgie, *Honey* (details page 74). Bur-Mil Cameo stockings — nude-heel, demi-toe, seamless. $1.50.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT
FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

More→

Enchanted evening



■ Denise Darcel, slim and lovelier than ever, poses in a heavenly chiffon frock by Ceil Chapman. Exciting accessory accents dramatize her evening costume. Denise's short daytime hair-do is startlingly transformed by a separate coronet braid (coiffure accessory styled by Leo De Bray for the House of Hair Fashions, see details and other coiffure accessories page 74). The sparkling rhinestone jewelry by Coro reflects the highlights of Denise's hair. Her sheer, sheer stockings are chosen in a very flattering complexion color —*Tattle* by Bur-Mil Cameo. They are 474 needle/12 denier, nude-heel, demi-toe, seamless. $1.65. Denise, popular TV star and nightclub entertainer, will next be co-starred with Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster and Cesar Romero in the Technicolor film *Vera Cruz,* a Hecht-Lancaster production, a United Artists release.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS
CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES
LISTED ON PAGE 74;
IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL

Flowers—Hotel Statler Flower Shops, Los Angeles and New York

beauty fair

(*Continued from page 68*) will not fall apart if a few days lapse without her doing either. She enjoys oil painting, at which she has displayed some talent, but only when she has time. Her glowing skin is regularly exposed to soap and water, but Rhonda doesn't go overboard on that score, either. She is meticulous about removing every vestige of make-up with cold cream before retiring at night. She makes a big effort to be orderly and usually succeeds—but when she is rushed, things do fly.

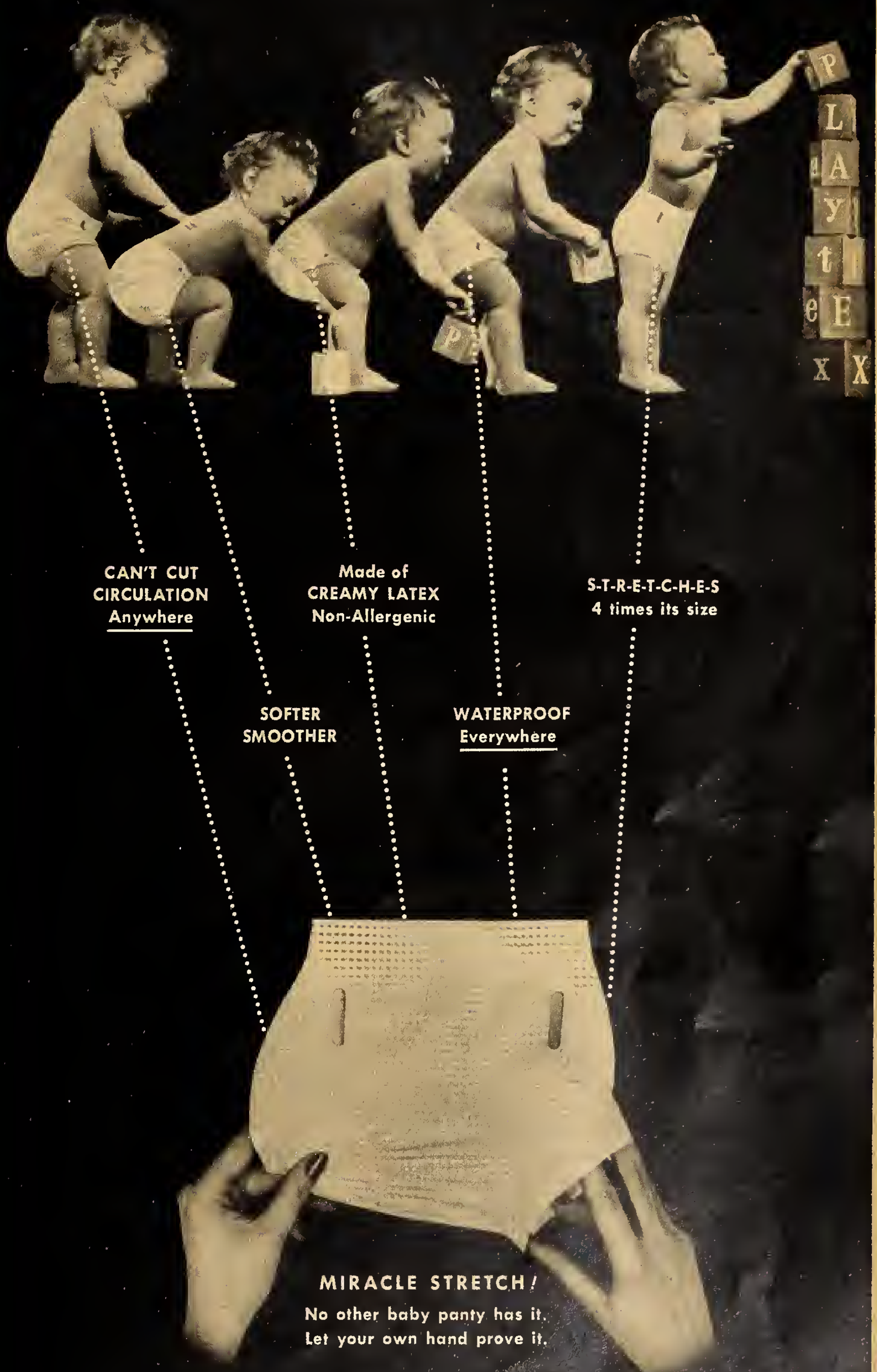
Three things she does not do in moderation. The first is to love humanity (although she had to overcome her native shyness). The second is to read; she is a quick and retentive reader who can go through an average script in an hour. The third is to sleep. Like Jane Russell, she can't do with less than eight hours nightly and feels better with a little more. And she is more than moderately beautiful.

STILL, as we said, people in Hollywood tend to think of beauties only in one way or another. They remark on the bewitching, gamin face of Jean Simmons, notwithstanding the fact that quite a body goes along with the face. Or they speak of Ava Gardner's magnificent body as though her ravishing face is superfluous. Our last entry in the Beauty Fair turned the tables on people half-blinded by beauty. For years Jeanne Crain was famous for the classic beauty of her face, the limpid innocence of her eyes, the sweet gravity of her mouth. And so they thought of her. Oh, they knew that she had an uncontrollable desire to play practical jokes, but they practically heard the whisper of angel wings when Jeanne Crain walked by.

It took even an intelligent girl like Jeanne a while to get bored by being thought of and cast as Little Goody Two-Shoes, but bored she got. Off came the long, girlish locks that seemed to belie the knowledge that she was a mature mother of four; she emerged with a sophisticated Italian-boy cut—and what hair there was left was purely *red!* A little of the devil that is in all the Irish danced in her eyes, lurked in the corners of her smile. The demure costumes disappeared; Jeanne Crain posed for cheesecake, yet, and it hit the town between the eyes that this girl had attributes other than a classically beautiful face.

It tickled her pink, humor being one of Jeanne's assets. She had fooled the town that knew everything about glamour. And how does she go about maintaining beauty of feature and of form? Little Jeannie Crain has a formula that might well be hers alone. High on a hill Paul Brinkman has built her a small studio, where she goes to paint, to read, to meditate. She likes to go there, also, to swim at midnight. There is something about the water and the atmosphere at that hour, she says, that relaxes her, gives her the balance and composure without which no woman alive can be beautiful. **END**

(These MODERN SCREEN Beauties Fair can be seen in these movies:
Grace Kelly—*Green Fire*—MGM 30th anniversary release, *Dial M for Murder*—Warner Bros., *Rear Window*—Paramount
Jane Russell—*The Big Rainbow*—RKO
Elizabeth Taylor—*Beau Brummel*—MGM 30th anniversary release
Cyd Charisse—*Brigadoon*—MGM 30th anniversary release
Ava Gardner—*The Barefoot Contessa*—MGM 30th anniversary release
Rhonda Fleming—*Yankee Pasha*—U-I
Jeanne Crain—*Duel In The Jungle*—Moulin Rouge Prod.)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where to buy modern screen fashions

Two colors of fine European hair are beautifully braided into a coronet—golden sable (Denise Darcel's own hair color) and silvery blonde. This coiffure accessory is easily and quickly attached to Denise's short bob with hair pins. Note the beauty of detail in Coro's jewelry.

Again, the short bob is transformed. Denise pins a *Bouclette* of dainty curls at the nape of her neck. Leo De Bray made this House of Hair Fashions coiffure accessory to match the silvery blonde tips of Denise's own hair. Denise wears Coro's novel rhinestone and golden earrings.

Here Denise adds a braided chignon coiffure accessory, also just attached with hair pins. Again, the color of the chignon is the color of Denise's own silvery blonde tips which gives a lovely two-color effect. Coro's feminine cluster earrings are of pearls and rhinestones.

BOBBIE REID (dresses)—Pgs. 70, 71

Polly Bergen (pg. 70)
Brooklyn N. Y.—Abraham & Strous
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Sandra Goss (pg. 71)
At all Saks Fifth Avenue Stores
Or write to Bobbie Reid, 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BUR-MIL CAMEO (stockings)—Pgs. 71, 72

At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

FLEXICLOGS (sandals, bags, belts)—Pgs. 64, 65, 69, below

Write Flexiclogs, Box 24-W, New Holstein, Wisconsin and a representative will call at your home (not sold in stores).

FORM CONTROL (swimsuit)—Pgs. 64, 65

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.—Dept. 900
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—The Vogue
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
Houston, Texas—Foley's—Dept. 900
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Or write to Form Control, U. S. Knitwear Co., 1370 Broadwoy, New York, N. Y.

HONEYDEBS (wedgies)—Pgs. 70, 71, below

At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

HOUSE OF HAIR FASHIONS (hair accessories) Pg. 72, left

Styled by Leo De Bray. Available at House of Hair Fashions, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., by mail (please send photo and sample snip of your hair); or call in person at the Leorence Salon, 33 East 60th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Prices $6.50 up.

PETER PAN (brassiere)—Pg. 71

At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

PLAYTEX (girdles)—Pg. 70

At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

ROSE MARIE REID (swimsuits)—Pgs. 64, 65, 66, 67

Rhonda Fleming (pp. 64, 65) and
Jan Sterling (pg. 67)
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker Bros.
Houston, Texas—The Fashion
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.
Mitzi Gaynor (pg. 66)
Decatur, Ill.—Linn & Scruggs (Jr. Dept.)
Los Angeles, Calif.—The Broadway (Jr. Dept.)
All suits (pages 64, 65, 66, 67)
Hollywood, Calif.—Spart & Knit
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Or write to Rose Marie Reid Inc., 5200 West Century Blvd., Los Angeles 45, Calif.

SEA NYMPH (swimsuit)—Pgs. 64, 65

Boston, Mass.—Conrad's
Bridgeport, Conn.—Howlands Dry Goods
Chicago, Ill.—Meyer's Dept. Store
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.
Denver, Colo.—Fashion Bar
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Little Rock, Ark.—N. M. Cohn
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker's
Richmond, Va.—Thalheimer's
Rochester, N. Y.—McCurdy's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
Tulsa, Okla.—Vandever's
Waco, Texas—Monnig Dry Goods
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Wichita, Kan.—Innes
Or write to Sea Nymph, Jordan Mfr. Corp., 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SURF TOGS (swimsuit)—Pg. 69

Albany, N. Y.—Clover Stores
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam
Detroit, Mich.—Winkleman's
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
Midland, Texas—The Dunlop Co.
Muskegon, Mich.—Homer Haydens'
New Orleans, La.—Lord's
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's
New York, N. Y.—Famous Fashion Shops
San Antonio, Texas—The Fashion
Toledo, Ohio—Crooks & Coleman
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Worcester, Mass.—C. T. Sherer Co.
Youngstown, Ohio—Strouss Hirshberg
Or write to Surf Togs, U. S. Knitwear Co., 1370 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

UNITED STATES RUBBER CO. *(U.S. Howland Hair Dry and U.S. Royal Water-Tite swim caps)* Pgs. 64, 65, 67, 69, below

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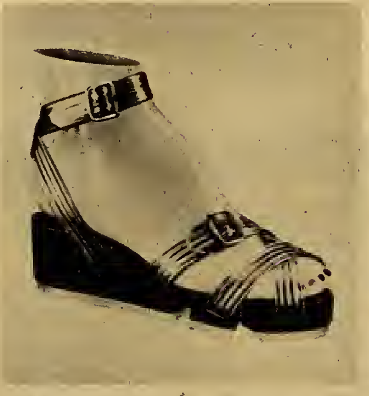
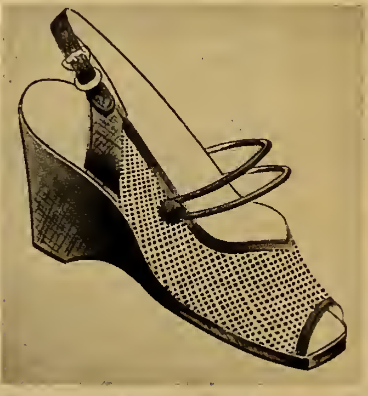
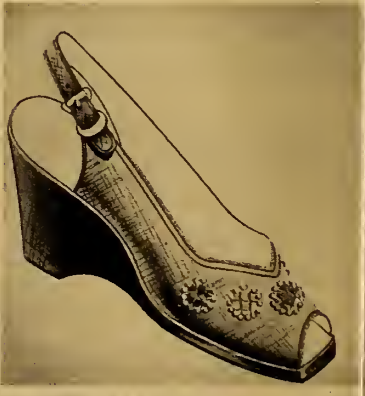
News in swim caps. Rhonda Fleming puts on an exciting new U.S. Royal Water-Tite swim cap with geranium appliqué design of contrasting colors—assurance of hair glamour. See Rhonda in Para.'s Technicolor film *Jivaro*.



FLEXICLOGS (pgs. 64, 65, 69): Sandals, *flexible* lacquered maple platforms, cushion crepe soles, soft plastic straps (eleven colors). Flexiclogs ($6 up); Flexiclogs handbags ($7 up, inc. Fed. Tax); matching belts (95c up). Sandals also available for men and children.



HONEYDEBS, *Honey* (pg. 71): Combination elastic mesh and shantung wedgie. Solid colors: Black, white, navy, wheat, red or green. Mesb and shantung combinations: Wheat mesh with tan shantung or white mesh with navy, black, gold, red or green shantung. $4.99.



HONEYDEBS, *Hedda* (pg. 70): Shantung sling-back, open-toe wedgie pump trimmed with snakeskin teardrops on the vamp. Solid colors: Black, white, wheat, red, navy, green, tan, gold or grey. Color combinations: Wheat with tan, white with navy, black or gold. $4.99.

the face is familiar

(*Continued from page 31*) She used to fret about nasty things she read about herself. Now she just laughs them off.

"At long last, she seems well adjusted to the wacky life of being a legendary movie star. She's a happy girl."

Part of the change is due to maturity. I don't mean that she's pushing middle age. Lana was thirty-four on her last birthday—a surprise when you consider how many years she has been an international trademark. She started in the movie business early. She was jiggling her way through *They Won't Forget* when Marilyn Monroe was learning to multiply.

But the passing of the years isn't the only reason for Lana's new look. Some glamour girls never grow up.

A happy marriage will do wonders for a girl's serenity. Lana's decision to marry Lex Barker was a considered one, but the idea did not appeal to many of her friends and business associates, some of whom seem to resent him because he is tall and handsome—and perhaps because he married Lana Turner.

One consideration, somewhat overlooked, is that Lex Barker is said to be one of those rare men whose blood is Rh negative. This is of little interest to most ladies, but Lana Turner is a negative, too. She is a devoted mother, but she has had a tough time trying to add to her family. An Rh negative husband is a blessing the doctor wouldn't have dared to order.

Lex has a new contract with Universal. Lana told him she wouldn't mind if he didn't take it. Certainly he'd do better on taxes if he concentrated on individual pictures, residuals, and such. But he took the contract because he didn't want anyone to say he's "living off" his wife. It isn't so.

LANA WALKED in for this interview exactly on time, certainly another sign that she has changed. She was as gorgeous as ever in a grey suit studded with pearl and gold jewelry.

She *did* seem different. There was nothing flighty about her. She talked philosophically about her life and times, laughed about her past mistakes and was pleased with the prospect of her future. She admitted she had changed.

"I've been hurt, time after time," she remarked. "Sure, I've heard all the stories about what I'm supposed to have done. They are fantastic! I would have had to be eight different people.

"Those stories used to upset me terribly. I would read the nasty little digs that were printed about me and stew about them until I made myself miserable.

"But now I look at it differently. There's nothing I can do to stop those stories. So I have adopted this attitude: the only person you have to answer to is the one you face in the mirror every morning. If you can look yourself in the eye and know that you're not guilty, you have no worries.

"I've tried that system and it works. Lex and I have tried to adjust our lives so we can avoid trouble. We stay home a great deal. We avoid big parties that look as hough they're going to end up in brawls. We can have a better time among our close friends. Let the others end up on the ront pages. I've had my share.

"I don't mind being knocked for somehing I do. If I make mistakes, I expect to be criticized for them. But the thing that makes me sore is having people make up hings about me. That's why I've always been wary of interviews. Sometimes a writer will take one brief quote out of a long statement I may have made. Out of context, the remark looks ridiculous."

A so-called exposé magazine recently printed a scurrilous article about Lana and understandably, she was incensed. She turned it over to the studio police department for further action.

"Why do they print things like that?" she asked. How long will they be allowed to stay in business?"

THEN SHE REVERTED to the new philosophical Lana and added, "Being a movie star would be a wonderful life except for all the slop that goes with it. You have to put up with a great deal for what you get in return.

"Nobody escapes it. Stay in this town long enough and you'll hear stories about every star. Without exception. You can hear every kind of story about anyone. As soon as you get up on top, they start aiming at you."

Of the stars who have had real troubles and some whose woes have been magnified out of all proportion by the gossips, Lana stuck up for three, especially.

"Nobody could have been happier than I when Ava Gardner got an Oscar nomination for *Mogambo*. She's just about my best friend. I love that girl. She's awfully hard to get to know; she's a very shy person. But once she considers you her friend, you'll find she's wonderful. She deserves all the credit she can get.

"Judy Garland is another one of my favorites. We're next-door neighbors; our kitchens practically look in at each other. Judy is another girl who deserves better breaks than she's gotten. I hope her *A Star Is Born* is the greatest picture ever.

"I'll tell you a girl I'd like to meet and that's Marilyn Monroe. She must be a fascinating personality, considering all she has gone through. She's taking a lot of knocks because she's on top now. I wish there were some way I could tell her not to let it get her down."

I remarked that Lana had done a pretty good job of chronicling her own life and hard times in her autobiography. "Oh, that!" she remarked. The story, which was printed in a woman's magazine, created quite a sensation when it came out.

At the beginning of the story, Lana dropped a bomb by telling how her father was killed in a crap game at Fourth and Mission Streets in San Francisco, December 14, 1930. She went on to tell how her father had been a bootlegger during Prohibition days, how after his death she was boarded with a Modesto couple who beat her with a stick when she didn't complete her tiring chores. She also gave intimate details of her first three marriages.

"I wish now I hadn't done the story," Lana confessed. "It's not that I regretted having those matters known. All the friends who knew me were aware of the facts, and they are the ones I am concerned about.

"The damage was not in the first publication, but in the way it has been used since. Writers have taken chunks out of it and used them for their own purposes. One magazine writer really got me sore. He took the record of each of my romances and tried to prove that I had a father complex.

"Now, look! I wish I had known my father better. He died when I was only nine and a half. But I didn't develop any complexes about it. I am a very uncomplexed girl."

THE IDEA of an autobiography arose when she hired an independent press agent. The writing was done by Cameron Shipp, an astute writer who had done similar jobs with Billie Burke and Lionel Barrymore.

"Cam had a mind like a vacuum cleaner," she recalled. "I'd talk with him for two or three hours at a clip. Sometimes I would toss off an incident with a sentence or two. He'd come back to it later and say, 'Now what about this?'

"He was very thorough. I didn't find out

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until later that he even went up to San Francisco and consulted the police records to find out that my father's death was still carried on the books as an unsolved murder. I hadn't known that.

"When it was all done, he brought it to me to read. I sat there reading it for an hour or more and I started to get scared. It's one thing to carry certain experiences in the back of your head; it's another thing to see them down in black and white. I wanted to drop the whole thing, but how could I tell the man after he had worked so hard?"

She did balk, but then her publicity agent swung into action. After an hour of steady convincing, Lana agreed to go through with the deal, but with certain deletions.

The autobiography appeared and created quite a stir. MGM, which had helped to keep out of print many of the details she revealed, was understandably peeved. Her mother, who has always stayed in the background of Lana's career, said sadly, "Why did you have to tell about those things after we've kept them quiet all these years?"

Lana learned her lesson. She had to continue to pay the press agent a stiff sum, but she never again did a story with him. She says she'll never hire another publicity man.

SHE SEEMED happier to talk about more pleasant matters—her hair, her husband, her daughter and her career.

The hair: She loves it. Doesn't care what anybody says.

"I let my hair go brown for a very simple reason: I had to do two pictures that called for it," she remarked. "In *Flame And The Flesh,* I played a real earthy Italian girl. Unlike anything I'd ever done before. At the beginning of the picture, you see a shot of the seamier section of Naples. Down in the streets a big fight is going on. There are a bunch of kids scrambling and a woman screaming at them like a fishwife. She turns around and you see that it's me. The words 'Lana Turner' come on the screen and the credits begin.

"Now I couldn't very well play a role like that as a blonde. In the other picture I made in Europe, *Betrayed,* I'm a Dutch spy who dyes her hair."

She said she was delighted with the privacy the new hair shade gave her. She could travel about during her ten months in Europe without being recognized by the public. Even as she spoke, men filed past the table and stared at her for a moment as if to say, "That girl looks familiar." But they passed on, still looking quizzical.

Lana intends to keep her hair brown, regardless of the advice of some people at the studio. One or two argued that she should wear a blonde wig when she appeared on the MGM 30th anniversary show on Ed Sullivan's TV show.

"I shouldn't have had to point out to them that it was good business to have me appear with brown hair with these two pictures coming out," she observed. "What better way to introduce the hair than before the millions of TV viewers?

"Personally I'm delighted with the whole situation. It's a controversy without a scandal. What could be more ideal?"

HER HUSBAND: She's also enthusiastic about him

"This is quite a guy," she said with a glow in her eyes. "Somebody was mentioning that it was nice that we were able to get to know each other well in Europe before we got married. I started thinking about it and it's true.

"If we had stayed here, we would have been all wrapped up in the Hollywood routine and our own friends. But we avoided all that. We had only each other and the experience of seeing Europe together.

"I decided this was the man for me. And I got married in Italy on purpose. When you get it done over there, the marriage has to last. There's no way out."

I mentioned that her remark had a slightly reminiscent ring. When she married Bob Topping in a garish free-for-all at a Sunset Boulevard mansion, she was reported to have uttered the deathless remark, "This is forever."

"Ridiculous!" Lana exclaimed. "I never said that marriage would last forever. How could I have predicted such a thing? The man could have dropped dead. He promised he wouldn't, but it was still possible. How can you predict anything can last forever?"

The Turner-Barker idyll may not be for the ages, but it would appear to have a better chance than her three previous entanglements. Lana has married four strong-willed men, but the last of these seems to have what it takes to keep Lana happy.

"Sure, Lex rules our house," she admitted. "But he's not overbearing about it. The thing about him is that he has the intelligence to back his decisions. And he has a great sense of humor. That's very important."

HER DAUGHTER: A source of constant amazement.

"Cheryl is only ten and a half years old but she's five feet, one, compared to my five feet, three," said Lana. "She's going to be taller than I am before long, and a real beauty. Oh, how I hope she won't be ashamed of her height! I keep telling her to walk erect and be proud of how tall she is, even if the boys are shorter.

"She gets along wonderfully with Lex. At first she was a little standoffish with him, and that's only natural. She called him Uncle Lex, and when she wanted anything, she'd wait until she could get me alone and ask me.

"That's all changed now. Both of them go right over my head. The two of them are conniving all the time, and I'm the last to know what's going on. She dreamed up her own name for Lex. She calls him Po.

"I couldn't figure out where she got that, so I asked her. She had something of a problem. She calls her own father, Steve (Crane), 'Daddy.' I didn't want her calling Lex by his first name alone, because it simply riles me to hear children call grown people by their first names. It just doesn't sound right.

"For a while it was Uncle Lex. But when she got so fond of him, she decided to call him Po. She said she took 'Pop' and dropped a 'P'."

HER CAREER: Moving in high gear.

Stars like Clark Gable and Greer Garson may be checking out of MGM, but Lana is there to stay. For another five years, at least.

Is she happy about it?

"Yes, I like Metro," she said, "though I do wish I could be allowed an outside picture a year. There are so many exciting pictures being made and I'd like to be able to take some of the offers I've had. I've never been loaned out in all the years I've been at MGM.

"In fact, until the two pictures in Europe, I never got off the Culver City lot. Except that I did a few days at Laguna for *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and at Monterrey for *Mr. Imperium.*"

Lana seldom speaks enthusiastically about her pictures, but she's all het up about *Flame And The Flesh.* "It's not a Lana Turner role at all. It's one of the few times I've had a chance to really act."

There's just one other matter that belongs in this report on the 1954 Lana. She hopes it will have happened by the time you read this.

Lana and Lex hope it will be a boy. END

(*Continued from page 24*) or Twenty-one. He'd rather stay home with his family . . . Next time you watch **Arthur Godfrey,** try to figure out the one member of the cast that the boss doesn't like too much. It's especially evident on the morning show, when Arthur spends so much time talking to the various Little Godfreys, but you can also spot it on Wednesday night if you're sharp. The person in question is pretty independent, and has a devil-may-care attitude that some of the others can't afford to have. Arthur's fond of subservience, so this attitude doesn't go too well. But there's not much he can do about it. He can't fire anybody else yet, not while people still remember the Julius La Rosa incident . . . Another nice sidelight on the success of *See It Now*: **Ed Murrow's** co-editor, **Fred Friendly,** and Mrs. Friendly have been able to afford two children. Before the show they just didn't have enough money, although Fred owns part of *Who Said That?*. But since *See It Now* started, over two years ago, the Friendlys have become the parents of a boy and a girl. Their friends doubt, though, that the Friendlys will ever move out of the city and into the suburbs where the children will have a yard to play in. Fred just works too hard and too long to have any commuting time left . . .

Clooney and Hepburn

Audrey Hepburn has officially met **Mel Ferrer's** relatives at a family dinner . . . Many people were mighty chagrined when they found out that **Charley Applewhite** had a wife and a child. He's been palmed off by his press agents—by implication anyway—as an eligible bachelor from Texas. From Fort Worth he is. But married he is, too . . . **Ethel,** of *Ethel And Albert,* is not only an accomplished actress who brings her role to life: she's also the sole author of the show, and always has been. She does most of her writing down in her small apartment facing historic Gramercy Park. When in the city writing or rehearsing, **Peggy Ronning** (that's her real name) lives alone and works. Her free time is spent in Connecticut, where her husband, their young daughter, and her mother live all the time. She takes great pride in her house, which is a very old one, and her furniture, which is all antique. And she's a great gardener—when she has the time. Peggy somehow manages to look just a little dowdy when she's playing the part of Ethel. But when she's off screen, she's quite chic—and many pounds slimmer than you'd expect. And it's quite true that the adventures of Ethel and Albert have nothing to do with the life of Peggy and her real-life husband—who's name is Odd! Peggy just has a flair for eyeing other people's domestic lives and turning them into plots and dialogue.

END

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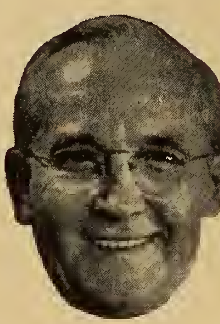

so ends the letter of Mr. R. B. S. of Chicago*—and his letter is typical of the many letters received day in and day out from the really enthusiastic readers of this great astrological magazine published monthly by Dell . . .

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*Actual names and places furnished upon request.

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who's got the money?

(*Continued from page 33*) estimates of his earnings on *The Glenn Miller Story* alone say three quarters of a million. Tyrone Power, John Wayne, currently Burt Lancaster and others have capitalized on this star-owner plan. Others have not been so shrewd. The $5,000-dollar-a-week salaries you read about really don't go so far.

For instance, a few months ago, two famed and high-salaried figures in the entertainment world barricaded themselves in a New York hotel room rather than accept a subpoena that threatened surgery on their wallet.

The husband, Dick Haymes, was reputed to get $5000 a week for his nightclub and theatre services, yet for some time he had been making plaintive noises indicating he couldn't scrape up five bucks he could rightfully call his own.

The wife, Rita Hayworth Haymes, is rewarded by something in the neighborhood of $250,000 a picture. $250,000 is a quarter of a million dollars. Now it seemed to be touch and go between room service and starvation.

At about the same time, back in Hollywood, an actor who raked together $250,000 all told in 1953 was faced with a tax bite of $196,000. That was not extraordinary. He could and did pay it. That *was* extraordinary. He was one of two stars of a certain business management's whole stable of Hollywood clients who was able to get up the scratch for Uncle Sam. Nor did this constitute a reflection on the business office's acumen. On the contrary, it is one of the shrewdest in town.

Meanwhile, a fourth luminary, whose weekly salary is roughly $1500 more than the average American family is paid in a year, was turning up at various Hollywood gatherings in a series of brand new Cadillacs. The answer was not extravagance. The performer had bought each car on credit, had been unable to meet subsequent payments, had it repossessed, then bounded off to get another one—on credit.

Now what the bemused public presumably would like to know is: Why can't these gilded cuties with the staggering incomes keep themselves in the black? How is it that a guy with a take-home pay of less than $100 a week can keep himself and his loved ones solvent—if barely so—and another guy who gets $200,000 a year is only a jump ahead of the sheriff or is running neck and neck with him?

Well, Modern Screen was curious about it, too, and presents a few of its findings.

But first, let it be clear that Modern Screen does not consider itself an apologist for the poor screen star. The element of pathos in the economic collapse of the $5000-a-week hero is not much stronger than it would be if the Aga Khan absent-mindedly took a Turkish bath on the day before his Moslem followers gave him his weight in platinum. The star has a pretty posh set-up however you look at it, and should be able to hang onto noodle money after the locusts have passed over.

But there *is* something of a case for the boys and girls. It will not and should not reduce you to a sympathetic crying jag, but it does negate in part the careless charges of spendthrift and addlepate.

There are a few of those still around, of course; the yacht-and-triple-alimony set is not wholly obsolete, and now and again, some lovely makes the journals by the rough equivalent of buying her favorite steed a chinchilla horse blanket. But all in all, these are, like the dinosaur, extinct, and the money troubles of most stars today are something like yours, if not much.

To begin with, let us take the actor who does indeed make in film salary $200,000 a year—under the usual contract, $5000 on a forty-week hitch. Salaries have dropped in the last years as taxes have risen, but there is a fair number of his kind left. If he makes this much money, he's been around for quite a spell—ten years is a reasonable norm—probably has a family, and has outgrown the yen to rub champagne in his hair and regard a 1954 Jaguar as a suitable runabout for the gardener.

Let us take him and then let us take his check, before someone else does.

In the first place, a salary check for $5000 is no such thing. It starts its abortive life as a salary check for about $3900, since our star must pay withholding tax, of course.

Then—pow! his business manager (and if a star doesn't have a canny, reputable business manager along the lines of Hollywood's Bo Roos or Myrt Blum or Roger Graham, he is just asking for it) immediately pops $2500 more into the star's tax account. This is the account the star stacks, like a squirrel, against the Ides of March, *der tag!* And *this* star, with his 200 grand, is in the ninety per cent bracket.

Very well. Mr. Got-Rocks now has $1400 of his flying start and more is yet to go.

To his agent goes $500, the customary ten per cent; to his business manager, a relatively modest $150, or three per cent; and to his insurance folk $100. Six-fifty left.

And fifty of that—zowie!—into the fund for the Motion Picture Home, and don't think *that's* not insurance. The Motion Picture Home is where he stands a good chance of winding up if he doesn't manage his affairs like a neurotic hamster, a small rodent that hoards *everything* against a rainy day. The Motion Picture Home is the final refuge for the improvident great, near-great and never-great. It is the film industry's looking after its own. It is at once pathetic, shocking and admirable—the names of some of its inhabitants would amaze you. But it must be maintained.

Fifty more dollars go to the mortgage. Stars are a mortgage-ridden lot. Those with fat contracts are prone to have much more credit than cash. So this one, say, has a $90,000 home with a $25,000 mortgage—and that makes him exceptionally solid.

Miss Billie Burke, Broadway star and wife of the late Flo Ziegfeld, once was assigned to the same table aboard a transatlantic liner with a gentleman who was sneezing at a dreadful clip. "Go to your stateroom," she advised. "Drink plenty of orange juice, take four aspirins, then cover yourself with all the blankets you can stand. Sweat the cold out. I know what I'm talking about. I'm Billie Burke."

"I've always wanted to meet you, Miss Burke," the gentleman assured her. "I'm Dr. William Mayo of the Mayo Clinic."

Bennett Cerf in This Week

What's he left with now? $550? *Still* big money, eh? Enough to keep the wolf away from *your* door! Sure it is. But look again.

He hasn't even started on his grocery bill, his utilities, his maintenance, his wardrobe, his wife's wardrobe, his children's education, his car's upkeep (maybe two cars, maybe three), his community taxes, his state taxes, and his rather fancy surplus overhead. For like it or not, a star isn't supposed to live in a tree or wear burlap, and the same goes for his loved ones. Furthermore, he should entertain now and then for business as well as social reasons. And that doesn't mean milkshakes and salt water taffy all around.

A close professional audit of this final $550—and this essay is based not on guesswork but on highly expert conjecture—indicates that our star is still solvent if he doesn't mind going without shoes.

And bear in mind that we are dealing with a fellow with no alimony trials (e.g. Dick Haymes, Errol Flynn, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra), no tax delinquency tribulations (almost anyone you care to mention) and no lawsuits pending (Marlon Brando) nor suspension of his pay (Marilyn Monroe).

At this point, you could hardly be blamed for snorting into your cambric tea. Evidently we have here a man who is working for nothing or less than nothing, who is skidding toward catastrophe on the sweat of his brow, and who might be better off employed for wages in a garage or simply shooting himself.

Well, not quite. There *are* outs. That's where the business consultant comes in. To over-simplify somewhat, our man can earn it, but he can't keep it. But that's impossible you say. Yes, of course, it's impossible. But here is the happiest conception of his balance sheet, according to one of the most illustrious business brains in Hollywood:

Say a star earns $500,000 a year—an almost unheard of sum. He *can* keep $50,000 of it. But the conditions are that he live in a hall room, subsist on graham crackers and water, go nowhere and see no one, and draw on hypothetical savings.

That is not an extreme statement of the matter. That's a fact. Now look once more at the financial statement of the star we have just left. To the extent that he's solvent—"liquid" is the preferred trade term—he's pretty well-heeled. But you saw how far we peeled him down simply by outgo for necessities. We left him no more than $550 at the top for what business managers call "personal living expenses"—and employed the term loosely.

Yet, one of the shrewdest of these men has appraised the personal living expenses of such relatively affluent stars as Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman and Dick and June Allyson Powell as running from $36,000 to $60,000 a year. Our "Star X" has been stranded with only $27,500. Minus shoes.

So here, by deposition of men best situated to know, is what he does.

First, he cuts a few corners. Domestic champagne will do as well as imported, or maybe the guests would settle for aspirin and Coke. His luxury car he may keep because it gives him the reassurance stars need so badly, but he drives it two years instead of one. (Two years, the management offices say, is the ideal economic life for a car anyway. No more, no less.) European and other trips, unless deductible or for sound business reasons, can be relegated to the category of fiddlefaddle. Last year's mink will have to do for Mrs. X. Trifling, but a beginning.

Our beleaguered financial invalid now has to take a positive forward step. That means what the hotshots call "risk capital." He's got a contract and an assured income, and hence credit. On this credit, he borrows money, always under the close supervisory eye of his business brain. With this money, he buys, for example, into income property—pronounced in Hollywood "inkum poppity." Inkum poppity can be a hotel or a motel or an apartment house. Fred MacMurray, whose nest is supposed to be spectacularly well-lined for an actor's, is up to his hair-line in inkum poppity. The idea for Actor X is that he picks up a $75,000 poppity for a down payment only a fraction of that amount, then sits back and lets the money roll in. Or if it doesn't exactly roll in, appreciation of values is working for him.

Alternatively, he can try for a capital gains set-up or a corporative deal or, if he'll accept the advice of one wizard, buy into purebred livestock, said by this man to be a very good thing in 1954. Real estate's not bad, nor

(*Continued on page 82*)

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JUST FOR THE RECORDS

A new, exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature: a nationally-known record expert gives you the latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment.

Singer of 16 hits, Eddie Fisher rehearses with TV director Herb Sussman (left), pianist Ken Cane.

by George Frazier

■ Possibly over a period of say, two years, the most popular recording artist in history is Eddie Fisher. Now, with the burgeoning sales of *"Anema e Core,"* his latest RCA Victor release, he has had sixteen consecutive hits (a hit is a record that sells a minimum of 250,000 copies). As far as I've been able to determine, that's unprecedented. It is always intriguing and often rewarding to try to determine the reason for such pervasive and persistent popularity. In Eddie Fisher's case, I think it is because he seems to be such an ordinary kind of boy.

My own theory is that it is Eddie's lack of any striking distinctiveness that sets him apart. Certainly, it would be a mistake to call him a song stylist. He does not exert himself physically in the way of a Johnnie Ray or a Frankie Laine or a Billy Daniels. He has none of the vocal individuality that makes a Nat Cole, a Bing Crosby or a Frank Sinatra immediately recognizable. It seems to me equally important that Fisher the person isn't a stylist, either. I suspect that only his fans would be able to pick him out of a crowd.

The Fisher phenomenon, a triumph of normalcy, has interested me enormously. I read a piece in this magazine which had to do with the fact that Eddie had managed to make himself cordially disliked while visiting Hollywood a few months ago. I immediately made up my mind to observe him more closely. In recent weeks Eddie has been turning up fairly regularly in the Cub Room of the Stork Club, a retreat to which I often repair for supper on evenings when I've worked late. Between forkfuls of Chicken Hamburger a la Walter Winchell, I studied him.

For one thing, he is undistinguished in appearance. He looks, indeed, very much as you would expect a young man fresh from a singing job at a Catskills resort to look. He is short, compact, dark and extremely boyish. Surrounded by the poised and celebrated—Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Louis Jourdan, Charles Boyer, Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, Alfred Drake and Franchot Tone (all of whom were appearing on Broadway) he seemed almost painfully shy. The chic and the glory and the choosiness that are the Stork appeared to overwhelm him. One night he was about to leave when Sherman Billingsley noticed him. "You're not going *yet,* are you?" said Billingsley.

Eddie looked suddenly apologetic. "Well, er, I—" he said, and then stopped, turned around and sat down. He seemed genuinely touched by the fact that his presence had been noted by an individual who is often described as "the world's most celebrated host." Later, when Eddie's girl was presented with a large bottle of Sortilege perfume, he stammered his appreciation. On a subsequent evening, when Jack Benny and Bob Hope came in after having attended the Friars' testimonial to George Jessel, Fisher gazed at them in unabashed hero worship. He behaved exactly as any youngster of humble origins would have behaved upon finding himself in the presence of fame and wealth. I think this attitude is apparent in his singing. As to Eddie's tactlessness in Hollywood, I find it entirely in accord with his personality. It was the behavior of an unspoiled person. I'm reasonably certain that a more assured celebrity, a shrewder human being, would have assumed a false complexion. Eddie is not sufficiently hypocritical to be able to mask his feelings. Or, to put it perhaps more accurately, he isn't worldly enough to do so.

A long time ago I described Frank Sinatra as "a Frank Sinatra fan," but young Edwin Jack Fishbein's number one hero is Perry Como.

As this is written, a new musical called *By The Beautiful Sea* is having its out-of-town troubles before opening on Broadway. The troubles do not include the performance of Shirley Booth, who is said to be her usual magnificent self. Nor do they include a beautiful song called "Alone Too Long." No matter how the show fares, this number is certain to become popular, as I think you'll agree when you hear the superb treatment it is accorded by Nat King Cole on the Capitol label.

By the time *Beautiful Sea* will have reached Broadway, a new dance band will have been heard on many a campus. It is Les Elgart's and you can hear it on the Columbia label. Its best release is a spirited version of "The Varsity Drag." Elgart once played trumpet with such bands as Charlie Spivak's, Woody Herman's and Harry James'. Columbia Records' Mitch Miller urged him to start his own group. It appears to have been a happy decision. If, after trying "The Varsity Drag," you find Elgart's music to your taste, you'll find a full portion of it on a 12-inch LP called "Sophisticated Swing."

Tex Ritter, who did so admirably with "High Noon," sings "Brave Man" (from Paramount's *Red Garters*) on a new Capitol. It's a fine performance, manly and eloquent and, it goes without saying, western all over the place . . . Jazz fans will be delighted to learn that RCA Victor's new label, called simply "X", will reissue some of the most memorable hot recordings of all time. The initial release will include ten LP's and will be followed each month by two additional LP's . . . In the low-priced field, which includes the splendid releases on RCA Victor's Camden imprimatur, Columbia's Epic label has some items you should investigate without delay—notably, it seems to me, the resonant faces by Count Basie's jumping band . . . Prettiest of the new girl singers (and a distinct bet for the movies) is Epic's Helene Dixon, a lovely blonde from Brooklyn. Her first recording, an Okeh of "The Breeze," excited favorable comment.

The problem of selecting the right equipment on which to play records becomes increasingly important. As I've said in past issues, there are several worthwhile low-priced machines on the market, among them Columbia's excellent "360" table model. But I would be leading you astray if I were to suggest that authentic high-fidelity reproduction can be bought cheaply. According to most experts on such matters, it costs at least $500 to assemble a unit that will provide above-reproach reproduction. I have just heard the Concerto Grand, which is manufactured by the highly-regarded Philips firm of Holland. It's magnificent, but so is the price. $850. On the whole subject of hi-fi, however, I can say that if you are at all mechanically-bent, you can assemble a superb unit more cheaply than you can buy a ready-made one. Eventually, of course, prices will be reduced, particularly when color television achieves a state in which it can provide competition. But until they come down, I can merely repeat that the low-priced machines put out by Columbia, RCA Victor, and Webster are pretty wonderful. END

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I flirted with sex

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(*Continued from page 79*) oil wells if there's oil in them. But he must invest risk capital and remember that high salaries, as a means of net gain, are as quaint today as the dodo.

"No star," said a well-known business consultant recently, "who has come up since 1940 will make a million dollars from pictures. Very few will get 'rich,' a word I'm using to mean 200,000 clear dollars or more. Those days are over. You don't have to feel sorry for the star but you don't have to envy him either."

AND IN SPADES, you do not have to envy Star X's opposite number, the immortal champion of it's-only-money and there's - plenty - more - where - *that*-came-from. This baby is truly in a spot. You might even wish to drop a wreath on the mangled remains of his billfold some time when you're in town.

We can call him Cornwall Birdbrain. In fact, he is a composite of four well-known stars who must remain nameless.

Cornwall Birdbrain did not have much money when he was a kid. He did not make much money when he was a youth either, nor when he was a young man. In truth, Cornwall Birdbrain was eating doughnuts and coffee two weeks before his twenty-ninth birthday, and not minding it because he never had gotten used to anything much more substantial.

Then all of a sudden Cornwall Birdbrain is making several thousand dollars a week, which strikes him as stage money because how silly can things get?

Cornwall does not want any business managers cramping his style, so he dispenses with any such idea, and shortly rares back and makes a down payment on a $150,000 home. He buys a Cadillac convertible and a Jag to keep it company and a station wagon to keep the Jag company, because a station wagon has always symbolized his ragged dream of opulence.

So has a yacht. So he buys a yacht, bearing in mind that off the shores of southern California, anything longer than a dinghy is a yacht. Cornwall's yacht measures a cool fifty-two feet, including Diesels, and wasn't it the late J. P. Morgan who said that if you had to ask how much a yacht cost to run, you couldn't afford it? Well, Cornwall never even asked.

Cornwall gets so he can't stand the sight of anyone else lifting a check of any kind, and he's the easiest touch in Hollywood. Nothing is softer than Cornwall's heart except his head. Bad debts are deductible but only if bona fide intent to repay is proved, and Cornwall's beneficiaries have no such provable intent. Cornwall says of these loans that he is moved to make them by remembrance of his own bad old days, but psychologists specializing in the star mentality won't give him passing marks on that. It is partially so, but Cornwall's real motives, they say, are over-compensating for all the years he himself was a beggar. Generosity and sentiment are only a small part of it.

Meanwhile, a couple of prior wives who up to now have forgotten Cornwall's middle name abruptly remember it, and Cornwall is paying alimony with both hands. And Wife No. 3, a post-prosperity item, entails a maintenance bill about equal to that of the Super Chief.

Cornwall always has had a secret yen to gamble, and now it bursts loose with an awesome blast. Hollywood snuggles up to two major race tracks, Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, and Las Vegas isn't far away. But Cornwall's judgment is even worse than his luck, and his luck is foul.

And what of Cornwall's business acumen, more fittingly called his gullibility? There are promoters around town who never turn down their beds at night without murmuring a prayer for Cornwall's continued health and earning power.

Not once does it occur to Cornwall Birdbrain that his phase in the sun will not go on forever. Hasn't his astrologist banged him out a scratch sheet saying as much? And he does not read the communications of the able economists of the Hollywood scene, one of whom wrote recently:

"Salaries have taken a terrific bump. I know (that) most salaries that were $175,000 (per picture) against 10% of the gross are now in the neighborhood of $50,000 to $100,000 and 4% or 5% of the gross, or 20% or 25% of the net." And this man is talking of top, established stars. Cornwall's just a skyrocket with freak propulsion.

Mr. Whiskers will be around talking to Cornwall by and by. Indeed, he was seen leaving Cornwall's house only yesterday—frowning. Cornwall, if he thought of it at all, thought Federal taxes were something you paid when you got around to it, state taxes a gag. He needs ready money now, and fast. A loanout picture? His studio, which thought up the fine contractual print Cornwall never bothered to read, says no. Sell the yacht? Who wants it? Call in the loans? From turnips?

Diana gets bitten by lobster.

SOME AUTOGRAPH!

Several years ago I went to Baltimore to see Bedtime For Bonzo, *starring Diana Lynn and Bonzo, the chimp. Both stars were there in person and after the movie I saw Diana Lynn in the lobby. As I walked toward her, someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around. To my surprise it was Bonzo. He immediately grabbed my finger and bit me. The teeth marks stayed for about three weeks, but fortunately all went well.*

Janis Crawford
Edgewood, Maryland

Las Vegas, incidentally, is not the answer. You have read about stars making whopping amounts for three-week stands there, settling their back taxes, and having plenty left over. Well, here's a sample:

Miss Y, a big picture name, was signed to a three-week engagement for $60,000, payable on the line. Her hotel bill there was $3800, including expenses for entourage, the whole works. Two costumes ran her $1100 apiece, not to mention fittings. Her commutings between Vegas and Hollywood tapped her for more. If she took the engagement to meet back taxes—and she did—she didn't get far, because the $60,000 itself was taxable; in fact, very much so. At the end, she was left with $7000, which went into her depleted tax account.

One may ask, "How about that entourage? Who insisted she take that along?"

No one. But the expression "living it up" is a peculiarly sensitive one in Hollywood, where the vocabulary is not flexible nor notably generous. A careful star is arbitrarily labeled pretty close with a nickel, and that is a sneer. The freespenders are right guys. As long as they have it.

Who's got the money? A quite authoritative list of who's got the money, or who *very likely* has the money, contains many of the names of those who are adjudged nickel-squeezers. Who ain't got it? Old Bring - me - the - check - waiter - and-keep-a-sawbuck-for-yourself!

The safest guesses at the truly affluent in the film colony go back to pictures' early days, when taxes were trivial, West Los Angeles and Beverly Hills cow pastures, and real estate there going for a song—and the smart investors sang their heads off. The names of these investors will be more familiar to mama than to you, and even more familiar to grandma. And Dun & Bradstreet knows them well.

Mary Pickford has well over a million, or the astutest observers of Hollywood fortunes are crazy. So has Harold Lloyd. And the self-exiled Charles Chaplin, who once and for all made a monkey's uncle of the sage who said: "You can't take it with you." Chaplin did—in amounts that can only be estimated, but the estimates are eye-popping. Marion Davies is not ready for the dole yet.

Of the present crop of performers, the supposed fat cats are mainly veterans or semi-veterans of the screen, and again, one must rely on informed conjecture.

Bing Crosby, enmeshed in a web of enterprises, should be set for life. His fortune has been rated as high as twenty million and as low as one, but no lower than that. MacMurray is by no means destitute but is alleged to become wrathful over any mention of the fact. Gary Cooper was thought to be extraordinarily prosperous until a few months ago, when he sounded off in oddly gloomy tones to one or two friends. These were not too alarmed.

The case of John Wayne, perhaps pictures' most highly rewarded figure, is in abeyance. Two years ago, an intimate has said, you could fairly have called him rich. Two years from now, the same should hold true again. But at the moment, Wayne would appear to be stanching the flow from an awesome wound ripped in his bank-book by his former wife, Chata.

Gene Kelly, no man for throwing quarters out the window, did his eighteen-month European hitch before the loophole in the tax structure had been plugged, and presumably came home fixed for life. Glenn Ford has said he'll never have to work again, and the same may well be true of Pat O'Brien. Joan Crawford has been on the scene for close to twenty-five years and conceivably could be in the rare millionaire class. Victor Mature is a successful businessman who employs the services of the shrewdest advisors; some think he could retire tomorrow. Clark Gable, another of the less-than-reckless spenders, may or may not have it, according to the most cautious advice, but if he doesn't, nobody can figure out where it's gone. The combined incomes of Dick Powell and June Allyson, plus Powell's canniness as an investor, make them likely candidates for authentic wealth. With such steadfasts as Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Spencer Tracy, Ronald Colman and the duo of Betty Grable and Harry James, stuffed safe deposit boxes are deemed altogether possible.

All these are nominated as likely to own entrenched and plentiful assets.

Among those with high-salaries but nobody knows what kind of savings are Bob Hope, Claudette Colbert, James Cagney, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Olivia deHavilland, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Lana Turner, Elizabeth Taylor, Judy Garland, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

At least two of the post-debutante group —Esther Williams and Kathryn Grayson— are reported on very good footing indeed, while two others in a category all their own these days—Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin—could easily have a mint.

It's the younger crowd who may be most discouraged at not getting a clean crack at Uncle Sam's greenery. Most are believed to be handling what they can get their mitts on sensibly enough—Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Marilyn Monroe, Doris Day, Montgomery Clift, Marlon Brando, Ann Blyth, Virginia Mayo and Robert Wagner are cases in point—but what *can* they get their hands on?

All this looks like quite a list, but it's only a handful. The trouble seems to be that to make money costs too much money, so spare a tear for the big-earning film star if you can.

Who's *got* the money then? Aga Khan. Couple of Rockefellers. The Nizam of Hyderabad. Oh, and Howard Hughes. *He's* got money. Has a multiplicity of interests, oil, tools, aircraft, airline and so on, only one of which costs him dough. Motion pictures. He's been losing on that. **END**

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what's happening to jerry?

(*Continued from page 49*) that Jerry Lewis is feeling his oats.

Jerry wants to sing ballads in his pictures that should logically be sung by the heroine—or by Dean Martin. And he was so furious about the script of *The Big Top* that he didn't want to make the picture. It wasn't until Hal Wallis threatened to take the boys off television and cancel their personal appearances and recording dates that Jerry got back in line.

The rubber-faced comedian's friendship with Janet and Tony Curtis has also cooled. The two young couples were all but inseparable for a couple of years. Patti and Jerry stood up for Janet and Tony when they were married. Almost every weekend found the Curtises out in Pacific Palisades with the Lewises.

Now? Well, you won't get either pair to admit that there's any friction. But last New Year's Eve there was a party at the Curtises'—and Janet hadn't remembered the Lewises. The same night there was a party at the Lewis house and the Curtises weren't asked.

Rapidly, rumors of feud spread through the movie colony. Jerry's press agent even advised the Lewises and the Curtises to make the rounds of the night spots together just to kill off some of the talk.

Modern Screen raises the discussion of Jerry's behavior because we have long admired his great talent and considered him a fine human being. We wouldn't want him to change.

Jerry has contributed untold time and money to charity and to the victims of muscular dystrophy, cerebral palsy, infantile paralysis and other diseases. He has been fined by his union for giving benefit performances without permission. Surely, he has spent thousands of dollars on other people.

We are convinced of Jerry's virtues and we hate to see him unwittingly antagonize his fellow employees.

Al Jolson did that kind of thing as a young man. In spite of his tremendous stature and remarkable public popularity he was once intensely disliked by those who worked with him. We don't want to see this happen to Jerry Lewis.

We hope Jerry won't need to reassure himself about his own value by behaving in a brash and dictatorial way—by appointing himself an authority on music, comedy, and story values—and by losing his friends.

Jerry is a kind, warm-hearted, considerate person. He could become one of our loved, admired and respected comedians.

It must be remembered that Jerry has been under a great strain since he returned from Europe last summer. He has

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RECONCILIATION BLUES

Now you see them, now you don't—those happily married (?) couples!

■ It was a big night at the Cocoanut Grove; Gordon MacRae was making a personal appearance. But the real spotlight was stolen from him by two movie stars—who showed up with their wives!

First to arrive were Jeff and Marge Chandler, formerly a fairly happy couple whose devotion was measured in terms of their two cute kids, Jamie and Dana. Last year trouble hit and they went through two separations and two reconciliations. Now it looked as though they might be trying a third. But insiders knew that only a few nights before, Jeff had escorted Susan Hayward to a producer's party and had dated others as well. Hollywood's self-styled love experts speculated that the other dates were a cover-up for an eventual out-in-the-open wooing of Susan and that Marge will start divorce proceedings soon.

Happier hopes were held out for the Gene Nelsons when they arrived together. Sympathy during their recent, much-publicized separation was largely with Mrs. Nelson, who calmly refused to file for divorce and admitted to friends that "Gene has been through something like this before. I'll play me a waiting game." Hence, it was no real surprise to see Gene and Miriam on the same dance floor where, a few months before, Gene and Jane Powell had danced cheek to cheek.

For once, the experts were right. Jeff and Marge Chandler show little chance of getting back together, despite their somewhat glum dates. Gene and Miriam Nelson, on the other hand, have held their marriage slimly but successfully together—though no one actually expects Gene not to stray again.

Oh, those reconciliation blues!

How to use a feminine syringe

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finished three motion pictures, starred in half a dozen TV shows, appeared at the Copacabana in New York and played countless benefits and dinners.

Jerry pushes himself, driving his meager physical resources to the limit. He ignores his physician's advice and works until he becomes nervous and irritable.

After earning so much money, it seems incredible that Martin and Lewis could be in debt both to the U. S. Government and to Paramount Pictures. They have already paid back more than $750,000, but they spend a remarkable amount of money. Jerry can't buy *one* pair of slacks or *one* pair of socks; it's got to be half a dozen in all colors. Dean's support payments to his first wife come to more than $3,000 a month. Between them, they keep twenty-three people on their payroll. You can see how tough it is for them to try to get even now.

According to some old friends, his financial situation is not responsible for Jerry's domineering ways. Others think that's part of it.

"Look," one of them said, "I remember that kid from the 500 Club in Atlantic City. In 1946 his act consisted of mugging to phonograph records. His wife was in the hospital with a new baby and he didn't have the dough to bail her out.

"I don't want to use an overworked line, but the kid was very humble then. Very nice and very grateful for anything good that came along.

"Three years later he was earning $15,000 a week. The hangers-on were gathering around him, and—well—the setup went to his head. He's only twenty-seven, after all. It's only natural."

An actress who used to be his pal and no longer is, says, "Jerry Lewis is a contradictory guy—a strange guy. One minute he's warmhearted and generous. The next he's fighting and quarreling.

"You've got to remember that his success came quickly. By the time he was twenty-two or twenty-three he was earning close to a half million a year. Under circumstances like that it takes great strength of character to keep a level head and a civil tongue. Jerry has begun to throw his weight around.

"Dean's wife recognized that early in the game. She felt and she still feels that Dean is 50% of the act and is entitled to 50% of the attention. That rubbed Jerry the wrong way, and that's why his wife and Jeannie don't mix. That's the way it looked to me, anyway.

"I've seen only one man put Jerry in his place—Hal Wallis. Unfortunately, both Dean and Jerry would like to get out of their contracts with Wallis. It's no secret that they've been more than dissatisfied. They believe they're being exploited in lousy pictures. Actually, their movies have been grossing less and less. It's difficult to find story material for them, but by contract they've got another four or five years to go with Wallis. Maybe that's one reason Jerry has been rather disagreeable of late." But the actress knows Wallis, too.

SHE SAID, "There's another side of the coin. Wallis is a producer of stature and experience. The boys have achieved their greatest popularity under his wing.

"Jerry is lucky to be married to Patti. There's a young woman with both feet on the ground. If it weren't for Patti I think Jerry would be completely unmanageable. She's a settling influence—it was she who got him to the point of sleeping without a gun under his pillow—and if anybody can keep him in line, Patti can."

Jerry likes to say, "I wasn't brought by the stork. The bat brought me." He was named Joseph Levitch when he was born in 1926 to a pair of vaudevillians, Danny and Rea Lewis.

Jerry was brought up in Newark, mostly by his grandmother and his aunt. His parents were on the road most of the time and he felt so lonely and unhappy that he hasn't been able to recover to this day. Probably that's why he has surrounded himself with yes-men and why he cannot abide being alone.

He never really had a definite home. During summer vacations he used to work as a bus boy in resort hotels where his parents were entertaining. At Brown's Hotel in the Catskills he put on a wig and began to do imitations. Irving Kaye, a local comedian, heard Jerry, thought he was hilarious and got him a job in a Buffalo burlesque house.

When the scared fifteen-year-old boy trotted on stage for his debut, the hardened customers shouted their disapproval. "Get off! Bring on the dames!" Jerry started to cry and ran to the wings. Max Coleman, a friend of Jerry's father, persuaded the boy to go back and finish his act.

WITH SUCH a rocky start, it's no wonder Jerry needs constant encouragement and admiration from those around him. He surrounds himself with employees who won't speak up when Jerry steps out of line, either because they don't know or because they won't take a chance on Jerry's reaction. As a boy, Jerry felt inferior too many times to hazard that experience again.

Essentially, Jerry is a moody, melancholy young man with a genius for mimicry that can take him out of his depression into the world of responsive laughter. So, again, he must have an audience.

The Lewis house is usually filled with people—Patti never knows how many will stay for dinner—all assuring Jerry that he is the greatest. He demands boundless loyalty of his friends. He gets jobs for acquaintances, gives them money, puts them on his payroll. In return he expects slavish devotion over and above the bounds of normal gratitude. Apparently, he has not yet realized that this is too much to ask. People can't give it. If they could, it wouldn't be worth much.

When they refuse to build their lives with Jerry as the cornerstone, there is bitterness and tapering-off friendship.

Under Jerry's wackiness there is perception and shrewdness. Probably he knows what's happening, but he does not or cannot stop it.

He knows he should relax, vacation, enjoy himself, but he doesn't. Maybe he can't. He loves to entertain. He is compassionate, generous, humanitarian and—like all great entertainers—stubborn and self-centered. Many Paramount employees will testify that he has done more for people than any actor on the lot. He is genuinely and deeply loved. It is a shame that a young man who formerly had only friends should now have enemies, too.

Of the explanations for this untoward behavior of late, probably the most valid is that Jerry and Dean are unhappy about their work in Hollywood. Several months ago they tried to buy back their contract. Hal Wallis wouldn't sell.

Since then, Jerry's temperament has been showing. END

Marriage at 15, motherhood at 16, divorce at 17—that was Sheree North, Hollywood's newest cyclonic blonde

Read all about her in MODERN SCREEN *next month!*

why duke likes them latin

(*Continued from page 39*) As one of his employees suggested, "Maybe this time he should go to bat with a blonde from north of the Rio Grande." But at this stage of his life, the hard-working Duke is settled in his ways.

Blondes leave him cold. Always have.

"Just a matter of taste," he explains. The rugged six-foot four-inch he-man is a sucker for señoritas.

The third Mrs. Marion Mitchell Morrison (Duke's real name) will surely be the black-eyed, black-haired beauty from Lima, Peru, twenty-four-year-old Pilar Pallete (pronounced pall-ette-ay).

By California law Duke cannot marry anyone until October 29, 1954, when he will receive his final divorce decree. If Pilar has obtained her divorce by that time, there will probably be a wedding.

DUKE AND PILAR are virtually inseparable these days. There doesn't seem to be much danger of any sudden breakup.

Pilar worships Duke and he, in turn, is extremely proud of her, and with good reason. Pilar is quiet and well-bred and knows how to make a dollar stretch.

Duke introduced her to his friends at the Gay Nineties Party given by his agent, Ned Marin. Everybody approved of Pilar.

An actress, noted for her acid tongue, said, "It looks to me as if Duke's gotten himself a winner in this girl. She's very polite, very lady-like, very appreciative.

"Of course I think there are prettier girls right here in Hollywood but Pilar is certainly an improvement over Chata. She's a naive sort, but I think Duke likes that type. Certainly they seem happy together."

When Duke was asked why he preferred Latin American beauties to the home-grown varieties, he was candid as usual.

A visitor from Las Vegas (says Hal Peary) saw a Coney Island merry-go-round and yelled, "You people must be nuts, gambling away your kids!"

Earl Wilson from The New York Post

"Look," he said. "I'm a fellow that happens to like girls. All girls. Only you can't like everyone in the same degree.

"No nation has a monopoly on beauty. I consider Latin American girls very exciting, very warm, very lovely. They have a strong feeling for home-life, for family life. And so have I.

"I like to take my vacation in Mexico and countries below the border. The Latins know how to relax, how to take it easy. They're never slaves to time. Up here I'm so darn busy it seems to me that I'm running all the time. That's why I go South.

"When a man is relaxing in Mexico, he meets Mexicans. When he's vacationing in Peru, he meets Peruvians. Years ago, if I'd taken a vacation in Sweden, maybe I would've wound up with a Swedish girl. Who knows? Friendships are frequently the result of geography and circumstance, and of course, individual taste.

"I happen to prefer brunettes. Sue me."

Duke hates to discuss his private life. He doesn't talk much about his plans with Pilar. When they were touring Las Vegas a few months ago, someone asked, "You two kids eloping?"

Pilar smiled and said nothing.

Duke merely grinned and muttered, "No. The judge made me promise that I wouldn't get married until November."

MARRIAGE COUNSELORS say that when a man marries more than once, the chances are very good that his subsequent wives will resemble his first. They say that unwittingly every man likes to improve on his failure, to start with some already known quantity.

Certainly this seems to be true of Duke Wayne. The failure of his first marriage to Josephine Saenz has been well hashed over. Some people claimed that Josephine was too social and that Wayne couldn't abide that sort of tea-party life. But they didn't know the Waynes..

More likely, the problems arose from the fact that Duke is Protestant and Josephine Catholic, and that, as the years went by, they began to grow apart.

There were four children in the ten-year period, but during that time, Duke was working so hard and so long that he spent very little time at home. He was just a beginner in the motion picture game, and he used to make a Western quickie in a little under three weeks.

Duke is a lusty, rugged, earthy, homespun man who enjoys the society of people like himself. To him the most important things are work, loyalty and love.

His first wife could not exactly understand or fit in with his philosophy. Duke has always believed in the sanctity of the home, and this divorce really broke him up. So he went down to Mexico.

In Mexico City he happened to meet Esperanza Bauer at a film luncheon. They started going together. Duke thought he had found a young woman who had all of Josephine's virtues and none of her faults.

"I thought," he was to say later, "that Chata would be satisfied with the simple things of life, a home, a family, friends.

"I didn't expect any wife of mine to go on location and shoot craps with the crew or to get loaded and fall all over herself in night clubs or to pair up with her old lady and hold a gun on me."

Duke has always fallen for Latin American girls because he thinks they are brought up to respect the institution of marriage, to respect their husbands and to understand that in a man's scheme of life, his work is paramount.

In Duke's book, Latin American girls are rarely flighty or sophisticated.

"They have a realistic sense of values," he once said. "And that's very important in a marriage. And another thing—they are wonderful with children.

"My four kids, for example. They're good kids and they're well-behaved. And all the credit for that must go to their mother. Over the years she's handled those children with complete mastery. And I'm as grateful to her for that as I can ever be."

Duke was under the impression that Chata was a woman who would subjugate her way of life to his. It didn't work out, and since the differences have been aired in court, there is no point in repeating them.

THE CRUCIAL question is whether or not Pilar Pallete will be able to fill the role of Duke's dream wife. Admittedly, Duke at forty-six, is not an easy man to live with. He is set in his ways, his friends, his business and his outlook.

At times he is brusque, ill-tempered and quick-to-anger, perhaps because he has consistently overworked in the mistaken belief that his popularity will be short-lived.

"An actor's hot for only a very few years," is one of his favorite remarks.

On the other hand, he is kind, considerate and generous to a fault. If he loves a woman the sky's the limit.

Chata, for example, testified in court that her monthly household expenditures approximated $13,000. She also drove a Cadillac convertible and had charge accounts in all the leading shops.

Even now she lives in a beautiful apartment in the swank Sunset Towers and lives

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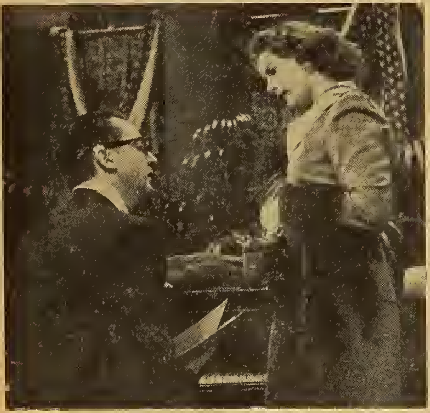
MEADOWS IN THE CLOVER

Audrey sometimes gets pie in the face and Jayne usually gets killed in the second act—but TV *is the field for the Meadows.*

Comedienne Audrey appears as panelist on CBS morning show, *I'll Buy That.* She was introduced to television by comic Phil Silvers.

Dramatic actress Jayne sits on the *I've Got A Secret* panel and often plays leads on such shows as *Studio One* and *Suspense.*



Jayne's most frequent date is popular comedian Steve Allen of *What's My Line?* and —of course—*The Steve Allen Show.*

On Saturday nights Audrey plays Jackie Gleason's pert wife in "The Honeymooners," one of Jackie's most uproarious sketches.

Born in China, both girls confuse escorts by talking Chinese to each other when double-dating, as kids spoke nothing else.

Until recently, Jayne was married to director Milton Krim. Audrey says she has no time for marriage, has never been engaged.

■ Every time you flip your TV dial, you come up with a Meadows sister. Since they dress alike, sound alike and live together, you can also flip your lid trying to figure out which Meadows is which. Which is why they never appear on the same show and probably never will—even if they could find a script tailored for one Grade-A comedienne and one Capital-A actress—or just for two beautiful and talented girls with a special talent for being confusing in the world's most confusing city—New York—and New York's most confusing industry—TV! Ah well, if this be perplexity, make the most of it!

---

extremely well on the $5,000 a month she gets from Duke as part of her alimony.

Duke also expects that his friends will become his wife's friends. Bo Roos, Ward Bond, Jack Ford, Jimmy Grant, Paul Fix, the whole gang must be treated well.

Duke cannot abide snobbery or high-handedness in any form. And that goes double for deceit.

Obviously Wayne feels that Pilar Pallete can meet his requirements.

When he gives a girl his heart, he doesn't give it lightly. His intentions have always been matrimonial and once he gets married he never strays. Although hundreds of dollars were spent by Chata and her attorney in an effort to uncover some evidence linking Duke with adultery in the seven years of their marriage, no such evidence was ever found.

When a wife disillusions him, he is quickly hurt and disgusted. And the next thing anyone knows he's pulled out of Hollywood and is wandering over Central or South America.

Then he meets another Latin American beauty who rekindles his flame and faith in the essential goodness of wifehood.

That's how Duke found Pilar Pallete.

They met in 1952 when Duke had flown to Peru to get Chata out of his mind and out of his heart. He knew by then the marriage was finished.

IN PERU the heart-broken actor decided to scout some jungle locations for a Wayne-Fellows production which was later shot in Mexico. He went up into the Peruvian jungle near the Amazon River where a local motion picture outfit was shooting *Sabotage In The Jungle.*

Pilar Pallete was playing one of the leads in this picture, and Duke was introduced to her. It wasn't love at first sight, but there was *rapport* between these two.

One of Pilar's friends who was secretary to producer Edward Movius, said, "Pilar knew all about Duke. After all, he's one of the most famous movie stars in the world. But Duke didn't know anything about Pilar. It didn't take him very long to find out. Pilar speaks good English. Also her eyes are very expressive.

"She was married to Dick Weldy, the Panagra public relations chief in Lima. She was his secretary, and when he got a divorce he married Pilar. So that Pilar knows what it is to live with an American. Anyway when she met Duke, she and Weldy were separated, and her divorce should come through any day now.

"Pilar comes from a respected Lima family. Her father was a senator and she and her three sisters were sent to good schools. When Pilar finished Lima High School she got a job as an airline hostess.

"Last year she flew up to Hollywood, and Duke gave her a screen test."

Duke and Pilar have been going together ever since. And as her love for Duke has increased, Pilar's desire for an acting career has waned.

She lives in a small apartment, makes many of her own clothes, and is Duke's constant companion when he isn't working.

Duke's friends like her fine. "She's a lady," they say. She finds all of them great fun.

At a recent party she spent most of the night snapping pictures of all the guests with a new Polaroid camera Duke had given her. One director said to Wayne, "Duke, I like Pilar. She is the first actress I've ever met who would rather take pictures than pose for them."

Duke grinned.

"Pilar's okay," he said. Then he walked over and slipped his arm around her shoulder. As the guests watched him, they all understood that it was just a question of time before she would become his wife. END

(*Continued from page 29*) who wanted a home and children, willingly signed an agreement before the wedding, waiving any claim to half of Jess' fortune (which otherwise would be hers under California community property law). Now, almost ten years later, Susan and Jess come to the divorce court—but the situation is reversed. Jess has been "between pictures" for several years; Susan is a big star; and it is Jess who wants to write off the premarital agreement!

Both Susan and Jess want to do what's best for their nine-year-old twins, but they don't agree at all on what's best. They seem to have been good parents. It was significant that their only complaints about each other's parental behavior were their fears that the children would be prejudiced and confused by their parents' rivalry for their loyalty.

If Susan and Jess are sincere in their wishes to protect their children—and apparently they are—they have chosen a remarkable way to do it. It's too late now to save their sons from unspeakable humiliation.

It's clear that Gregory and Timothy have been friendly and close to both of their parents, but that's all over now. What they've read and what they've overheard between their parents and about them has hurt them and filled them with mistrust and embarrassment.

Last July their home slid out from under them and their family became a public spectacle. If their elders can't handle the situation with dignity, how can a couple of nine-year-olds handle it?

After the lawyer who had drawn up the agreement had testified, the Plaintiff, Susan Hayward, took the stand to describe the fight in which she got her famous black eye. The case was heard by Judge Herbert Y. Walker. Miss Hayward's attorneys: Martin Lang and Milton A. Rudin; Mr. Barker's: S. S. Hahn.

(The testimony here is taken directly from the transcript of the Superior Court. Omissions are indicated by three dots; breaks in continuity by three asterisks.)

Q What time of the day or night was it?

A Well, it was late at night, because my husband had gone out to get the late editions of the newspapers; it was on his return.

Q Who was at home on that night, July 16, 1953?

A My husband and myself and my house guest.

Q Where were the boys?

A And my children were upstairs.

Q All right. And it was after dinner then, late at night, about eleven or twelve at night?

A Yes. We had been talking before this.

Q What were you doing on that occasion?

A I had been studying, and Mr. Barker had been watching television.

Q Studying what?

A My script, or a script. I can't remember right now whether I was working on something at the time or preparing.

Q When Mr. Barker went out for the late editions of the newspapers, where were you at the time he came back?

A In the living room.

Q Can you describe what happened on that occasion?

A Yes. As I said before, we started to argue. We argued about most of the things we've argued about in the past. I remember one thing; that I asked Mr. Barker for a divorce, because I said to him, under the circumstances, that I felt a divorce might be the only solution to these problems. He said I would never get a divorce.

Q Did you discuss the question of employment, or his not working?

A Yes; this was part of our argument.

Q And the effect on the children?

A Yes.

Q Give the conversation, please.

A As well as I can remember, it wound up in the fact that he said to me I'd never get a divorce. And I said, "If you don't love me, and don't want to do what I consider right, why do you want to hang on?" And he said, "Well, you're a good meal ticket."

Well, when he said that, I didn't understand, and I looked at him, and I said, "I don't understand you. I think you're very queer."

Q What did he do?

A And he walked over to where I was sitting and he slapped me.

Q In the face, Mrs. Barker?

A Yes.

Q Go ahead; proceed.

A I was frightened. I said, "Don't." So he

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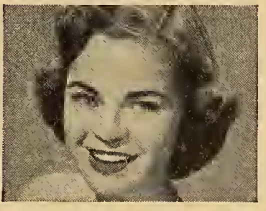

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He showed so much talent that one customer asked him why he wasn't in art school. He replied respectfully, "I am. I'm only doing this to raise a little money. I'm trying to save my dog from the public pound."

The woman never forgot that boy nor his love for animals. She died a few months ago at the age of eighty-four. She bequeathed him $150 of her $175,000 estate. She was Mrs. Mary Valentine Salvage, and in her youth she was one of Britain's top secret agents.

The young artist she remembered in her will was Michael Wilding. In Paris he was notified of the bequest. "It was a long time ago," he said, "but I remember her. A friend and I were working as pavement artists. We earned seven shillings, sixpence to save our dog, but some titled lady had come along and bought her out of the pound, so we were left with the seven and six."

Today, Michael Wilding and his animal-loving wife, Elizabeth Taylor, have four dogs and five cats.

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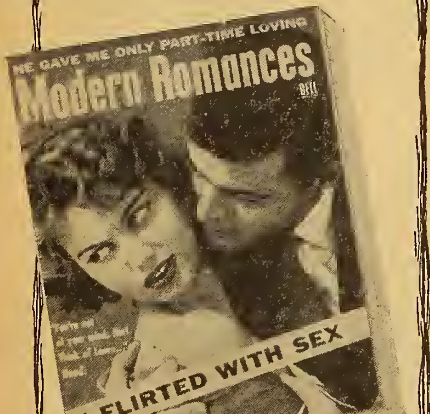

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slapped me again. I tried for him not to hit me. He threw me on the floor, and pulled off my robe, and proceeded to beat me.

* * *

Well, when my husband was beating me, I tried to get loose from him, first of all, because it hurt; secondly, because there were children in the house, and Martha Little, who is not well. I didn't want to disturb them. But when he beat me, it hurt, and I was crying.

So finally I got loose and ran out of the house into the back garden. I just wanted to get away. Mr. Barker caught up with me; he forced me back into the house. I was struggling with him, and he hit me again.

Q Where did he hit you, do you remember? I know it's tough, but we've got to do it.

A I don't remember where he hit me; he hit me wherever he could.

Q What were you wearing, by the way, Mrs. Barker?

A I was wearing a terry-cloth bathrobe.

Q And what underneath that?

A Nothing. I sleep in the raw.

Q All right. Then he was dragging you back in the house. Continue the story.

A When he continued to beat me, I had to get help. I ran to the telephone. I was going to dial the operator, call the police, or anything I could.

Q What happened?

A He came after me and knocked the telephone out of my hand, and he said, "I'll cool you off," whereupon he yanked me by the arm, and dragged me out again, back through the garden and up the steps to the swimming pool.

Q And what did he do then?

A He threw me in.

Q And will you relate what happened after he threw you in?

A Well, as I said, I was wearing this terry-cloth robe, and it's pretty full. It's a big, pink, voluminous thing, and when I hit the water, the water soaked it up, and I went down. It's hard to get up because there are many folds in a garment. I got up to the top, and I started screaming again, because I was afraid, whereupon he pushed my head under the water.

Q Were you in fear of your life?

A Of course I was.

Q And what did you do after he held your head under the water—pushed it under?

A I suddenly realized that I was not dealing with a person who was quite themselves. I knew that he was so highly enraged that he wasn't responsible for his actions that night.

Q So what did you do?

A So when I came up the second time, I kept my mouth shut, and didn't make any noise. He said, "Now get back into the house." So I went quietly.

Q What happened to the terry-cloth bathrobe?

A That was soaking wet; and as I said, it was very heavy. It was left by the pool side.

Q And you therefore had to go into the house without any clothes on at all?

A Yes.

Q What happened then? Proceed. You walked in with Mr. Barker behind you?

A Yes. I walked in the house with Mr. Barker. He pushed me into the bedroom, and he said, "Now stay there." Naturally, by this time I was pretty scared, and I knew I had to get out and get help somehow, because I didn't want to stay in the same house with him. So I went to the closet and threw on whatever clothes I could find. . . . There's a little door that leads out of the bedroom, a side door, so I didn't have to go out around again through the den where I thought he might be. I opened the door quietly and walked through the garden, and then, as I remember it, around by the kitchen door, because that leads out into the driveway, and freedom. I got as far as the kitchen door, and it was suddenly—I hate to tell these things.

Mr. Gang: I don't know what else we can do.

* * *

A It was suddenly opened by Mr. Barker. He said, "Where do you think you're going? Get back in there." At least I think that's what he said; it's hard to remember. . . .

THE COURT: You can't remember exactly. The Court wouldn't believe you if you gave me the exact wording. Give it as near as you can recollect.

THE WITNESS: He grabbed me and threw me into the kitchen ahead of him, and that was lucky, because he threw me with such momentum that I could race to the front door. You go through the kitchen and the dining room and the hallway to the front door. And I opened it, and I ran out, and I ran down the driveway, and he caught up with me, and started to hit me again. He said, "You're not going anywhere."

* * *

Q. Proceed.

A At this point, of course, again I was screaming for help. I was screaming the man's name next door. It was dark outside, and I was screaming for help from the man across the street, anybody.

The next thing I remember, he tried to get me into the house, and I refused to go, and I was struggling with him, and he threw me over the hedge and I was down on the ground, and he still kept beating me. And that's all I can remember until Martha came out the front door, and she yelled, "What's going on?" because—

Q "Martha" was Martha Little, your house guest?

A That's right. She came out the front door, and she ran over and said, "Stop it; stop it." Well, when she said that to him, he stopped momentarily, and I ran back into the house and grabbed the telephone, because I was going to call the police. He ran back in after me, and again knocked it out of my hand. And then suddenly, I don't know, there was a commotion outside, and I ran out, and the police were there. I said, "Would you please call me a taxi?" I told the policeman—

Q By the way, do you know who called the police?

A No, I don't; I never reached them.

Q Proceed. What happened?

A So, when I asked the policeman to call me a taxi, I must have looked a mess. I said I wanted to go to my mother's house. So they called me a taxi. They offered to drive me in their squad car, but I said that wasn't necessary. So they called a cab, and I got in it, and Miss Little came with me, and we went over to my mother's house . . .

Q You spent the night at your mother's house?

A Yes. And then I tried to reach your office in the morning, and I wasn't successful, so I called Mr. Wood, my business manager, at his home, and asked him would he go back to the house with me, and ask Mr. Barker please to leave. Also, my brother came with me.

Q And you went back to the house the next morning?

A Yes.

Q With Mr. Wood and your brother?

A Yes, and Miss Little.

Q And Mr. Barker left the house that day?

A Yes he left the house that day.

Q It was after that that you filed your Complaint for Divorce, and asked for a restraining order?

A As soon as I could reach your office, one of your attorneys came to my home; I explained to him what happened.

* * *

Q And did you secure medical treatment for your injuries?

A Yes. I was X-rayed, and taken care of.

Q And can you describe what your injuries consisted of as a result of what had happened the night before?

A You want a description of how I looked?

Q Yes. What were your bruises, contusions?

A Well, I had a black eye, I guess you call it; bruises on the left side of my face, on the temple, the jaw, the nose. I thought my jaw was broken. The eyeball was injured—it was all bloody. My body was covered with bruises, mostly on my "fanny" (indicating), and my feet and legs were scratched and bleeding.

Q What was that from?

A From being dragged up the steps and down the steps, and being knocked against things.

Q And how long a period of time did it take before the visible evidences of your injuries cleared up?

A Well, that black eye lasted quite a while.

THE COURT: That still doesn't answer the question about how long.

Q By Mr. Gang: About how long?

A I don't know; I didn't keep count of it.

Q About a week, or two weeks?

A Two weeks.

Q Now, Mr. Barker did not live at the home from that time on, did he?

A He did not.

Q Did he come to take the children with him on occasion?

A Yes, he did.

Q Would you, on those occasions, see him?

A Yes, sometimes I would.

Q And he would not stay at the house, however?

A No.

Q Just come and get the children, and bring them back?

A That's right. Or if he wanted to pick up any of his clothes, or things like that.

* * *

That's most of what Susan Hayward remembered in court about the fight on July 16-17. But this is the way Jess Barker remembered the same evening.

Q . . . Let's begin with the fact that you were out, and then you came home about a certain hour, and let us start from there . . . What happened?

A . . . We went home, had our usual drinks before dinner—never less than two . . .

* * *

After dinner I was sitting in front of the television set for a while, and the programs were dull, and I left it. Mrs. Barker wasn't studying a script, because she wasn't working at the time, and there were no scripts, to my knowledge, that had been sent to her. She had just finished a picture . . .

Q You know about scripts?

A I should know; I have worked with them enough.

Q You studied the scripts with her?

A Always.

Q And you advised her?

A Yes, I did.

Q And what else do you do helping prepare for the work as a star?

A To give her every bit of knowledge I have had in the years in the theater, and what I have had in the motion picture business.

Q Did you attend interviews with her?

A I was frequently present in interviews with magazines and newspaper people. Quite frequently Mrs. Barker would ask me to join, as she termed it the "light touch."

Q Did you have to advise her about costumes at the studios?

A I was with Mrs. Barker on practically every picture she started on the costumes, and I saw the tests made, suggested camera angles, anything connected with her work.

Q In addition to that, you bought the groceries for the house?

A I bought the groceries for the house.
Q And you bought the supplies, and maintenance for the home?
A I did to the best of my ability.
Q And raise the children?
A That I did to the best of my ability.
Q All right. Now, tell us what happened from there on. You say she was not working?
A Mrs. Barker was sitting in front of the television set when I went to get the newspapers . . .

* * *

Mrs. Barker . . . started reading . . . I had a newspaper . . .
Q And what happened? What was done by you or her?
A There was a discussion about families in general in Hollywood—not gossip—just in general, about this person, and that person, which is the way many of our conversations started out. During the course of the conversation, something was said where a remark about my mother was brought into the conversation. Why it was there, I don't know.
Q What remark did she make about your mother?
A Well, it isn't very pleasant. It was about an incident I told her about when I was a child. "Possibly," she said, "that's what's wrong with you." . . .

* * *

. . . after the mention of my mother, I sat in complete stunned silence; and Mrs. Barker gave me all of the bad things that she could think about me.

* * *

Q What did you do then?
A I sat on the couch. I stayed right there wondering why a woman that I had all the respect for in the world should say that to me, the father of her children. Mrs. Barker leaned across me to get a cigarette, and said right in my face, "Besides, I think you're queer." And with that, I think I said, "You're not going to get away with that." And I slapped her, and the struggle was on from then on.

* * *

She struggled back. I tried to quiet her down, and by this time Mrs. Barker got hold of me, and bit me very hard in the left arm, in the muscle . . .

* * *

Q Then what happened? How did you get to the swimming pool?
A Mrs. Barker ran outside; I brought her back inside. I let her back inside; and I gave Mrs. Barker a spanking . . .

* * *

I asked her to please keep quiet, the children were upstairs, and I picked her up, carried her and put her into bed, and covered her. . . . And Mrs. Barker got up again, and ran outside, and I said, "If you don't keep quiet I'm going to cool you off."
Q What did you do to cool her off?
A I picked Mrs. Barker up, carried her to the pool, and dropped her in.
Q Which side of the pool did you drop her in, the nine feet deep or the three feet deep?
A It's approximately four feet deep . . . The robe, by the way, that she was wearing, slipped right off.

* * *

And I said, "Now are you cooled off?" And Mrs. Barker was still screaming, and I helped her out of the pool, and took her back in the house. Mrs. Barker never entered the parkway area gate in the nude—never . . .

* * *

Q Did you ever drag her?
A I never dragged Mrs. Barker. Mrs. Barker fell on a couple of occasions pulling away from me, yes . . .

* * *

Q You did not try to drown her as she says?
A No, Mr. Hahn. I helped Mrs. Barker out of the pool . . .

* * *

Q Then you went back in the house, and what happened then?
A Mrs. Barker was in the room for quite some time, and I was in the den, and in the state I was in, I decided to take a walk in front of the home.

* * *

I was sitting outside by the driveway which has the drain, and Mrs. Barker came out fully dressed with a coat on; I mean fully dressed apparently to the eye, with a scarf over her head. She had the dog in her arm, and she was going down the street in the dark . . . I tried to get her back, and there was a struggle . . . I took her to the front door, and asked Mrs. Little to please put Mrs. Barker to bed, and she said, "I will."
Q That's the first time you saw Mrs. Little that night?
A That's the first and only time I saw Mrs. Little until she left shortly after that with Mrs. Barker . . . Mrs. Little opened the door and was waiting.
Q And then the police arrived?
A . . . I sat on the front doorstep, or stoop, and sat there until a gentleman walked up to me in uniform and said, "What's the trouble here?" And the only word I spoke to the gentleman was, "Domestic."

* * *

Q Did you at any time throw her over a fence of some sort?
A I did not.
Q Did you at any time hear her scream loud and long, "Don't kill me, don't kill me?"

* * *

A I don't remember that.
Q Did you try to kill her?
A No, sir, I did not.
Q Did you try to do her any physical harm other than what you say you considered she deserved, a spanking?
A I did nothing else, Mr. Hahn.

* * *

A I left the home in the hopes that the home would be reunited and perpetuated . . . I was back on a Tuesday with flowers. This is the first occasion . . .

* * *

Q You brought her flowers for your and her anniversary?
A I did.
Q She accepted them?
A Yes.
Q She appreciated them?
A She thought they were lovely . . .

* * *

A third witness was called to describe the same incident. Her testimony came between Susan Hayward's and Jess Barker's. Her name is Dodee Hazel Swain and she had been a maid at the house next door to the Barkers'. And she had a room with a view.

Q . . . you could see from your bedroom into the area in which the pool is located?
A Yes.
Q All right. Now, on the night of July 16-17 of 1953, did anything occur which you remember at this time?

* * *

A In the early morning of July 17, I was awakened with a loud scream—a lady's voice.

* * *

And then I got up out of bed with the loud scream still on. Then I went back to my bathroom and I went straight to the back kitchen door, and I stood in the doorway looking and listening.
Q At this time of the morning were there lights on in the yard of the Barker home?
A There was two lights, big headlights, in the backway.
Q And did you see anything at that time? . . .

* * *

A I saw a lady run by out of the gateway, the back of the house, and she didn't have on anything. If she did, it was very sheer to me.

* * *

A few minutes after she was in the house, I heard a loud scream, then they ran outside in the backway, direction of the pool, and I heard screaming real loudly, and she was screaming, "Don't kill me; don't kill me," and "Somebody help me; somebody help me; please don't kill me." I heard a man mumbling, said, "You're going to sign that deal." She said, "No, no." And I heard a big splash as if something bumped in the water, and she was screaming and struggling. And then I heard conversation out near the pool, but I couldn't see, so I just heard the mumbling. I couldn't understand what was saying otherwise . . .
Q And did you go back to bed?
A I stood there for a little while, and then I laid back down. And later, in the early morning, I heard a man in the backway, two men, talking. I didn't even get up to see who it was.
Q Now, did you recognize any distinctive part of the person you saw running—the lady; was her hair noticeable to you in the light?
A It was kind of red—reddish-like . . .

* * *

Q Was the person you saw Mrs. Barker?
A I would say she was.
Mr. Gang: Thank you very much. You may cross examine.

* * *

Mr. Hahn: Did you notice that naked lady again?

* * *

A . . . I saw her twice.
Q All right. Now, after you saw her run into the door, when did you see her again?
A When she ran out the back door next to where I am.

* * *

Q Did you notice her for just about a second again?
A It was running so fast I guess it was a second.
Q And that lady was still naked?
A Yes.

* * *

Q Where did the naked lady run after she got to the driveway?
A In the direction of the pool. I don't know where she ran after that.
Q That's the last you saw of the naked lady?
A That's right.

* * *

Q When did you hear somebody yell, "Don't kill me, don't kill me," after she ran to the swimming pool, or when the naked lady ran through the door the first time?
A When she ran back to the swimming pool.
Q That's the first time you heard a lady say, "Don't kill me?"
A No. She was just hollering when I was awake. I was awakened with a scream; that's what I told you.
Q Yes, and with screams, "Don't kill me?"
A Yes, when she ran back to the pool, and there was some slaps like that . . . Then I heard her hollering, "Don't kill me . . . somebody help me . . ." Then I heard a man's voice say, "You're going to sign that deal," and she said no, and splash, he throwed her in the pool, and there was a scrambling, and scrambling, and that's the way it was . . .
Q A scrambling over a deal?
A In the water.
Q Did you go over there and look?

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A No, I didn't go over, because I didn't want to interfere.

Q Did you call the police?

A I didn't call the police, because I didn't want to interfere . . .

* * *

Q . . . When you saw the naked lady run in the house, and when you saw the naked lady run out of the house in the swimming pool, you didn't see a man follow her?

A Yes, there was a man following her, but I didn't look at that second. He was sure following . .

* * *

Q Now, when the man's voice said, "Sign the deal," where was that?

A That was outside.

Q Outside, when she ran out the first time or second time?

A The second time.

Q Well, how soon after she ran out towards the swimming pool did you hear a man say, "You'll have to sign this deal"?

A It wasn't long afterwards, because that's when the most screaming was.

Q About how long?

A About a few seconds. I don't know just how long it was, but it wasn't very long.

Q How long did this yelling, "Save me; don't let him kill me," go on?

A It went on quite a while, because I don't see why somebody in the neighborhood didn't hear beside me . .

* * *

Q How long did they talk quietly in the swimming pool, in that direction, after the screaming stopped?

* * *

A Quite a while, I guess, because I went and laid down.

* * *

The Barkers were the only witnesses who appeared to describe their next struggle. Their disagreement about what happened on Labor Day was greater than their disagreement on the other fight. Miss Hayward was examined first.

Q What occurred on the Labor Day week end of 1953?

* * *

A I had taken the children and gone to Hawaii, and we had sort of a vacation, and I hadn't seen Mr. Barker, and he called and asked if he might take them out on Labor Day. And I said, "Of course." And they came back, and they were happy together. They were all, you know, laughing—stuff like that. I had guests, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen.

We were up by the pool. I guess Jesse brought the children back about around six o'clock, and as is the custom in our home, we dine early, usually six-thirty, latest a quarter of seven, because of the children. The children always eat with me.

As Mr. Barker came in, he knew Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen, and I felt it would be embarrassing for me not to ask him up at least to say hello, because the children would wonder why I didn't ask him. So I asked him would he come up and join us in cocktails. We had just started. He said he'd like to, and he came up by the pool side, and he poured himself a drink.

We discussed this and that, social conversation, and then he said he'd like to talk to me. I said, "All right." Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen left, and went down into the house.

I said, "Please, Jesse, will you please be sort of quick about it, because dinner is almost ready and I don't want any delay." He started to talk about reconciliation . . .

Q What did you say?

A I said it was impossible, and I didn't want a reconciliation. I felt it would be better for both of us to be apart. He is sort of insistent, and, well, to make a long story short, he didn't want to leave. This caused delays in the kitchen, in my guests, and the children wondering why dinner wasn't there, and why their mother wasn't ready to sit down.

I asked him again and again to please leave—"Let's talk about it some other time, not tonight." It was a holiday; I had guests; it was time for dinner.

Mr. Barker said he would leave when he was good and ready to leave.

Q Did the guests come in at any time?

A Yes, they did. They came in to see what was wrong, and tried to persuade him to leave. They were unsuccessful.

Q Then what happened?

A Well, I was furious, because I tried to get him to leave peaceably, because I didn't want there to be any disturbance . . . The children were there, and I had guests, and besides, it's not good. I was quite furious. He was sort of standing near me, and I had a cigarette in my hand; it was lit; and I have a temper, and I said, "I would like to push this cigarette right in your eye."

Q What did he say?

A He said, "You haven't got the guts."

Q What did you do?

A Whereupon I proceeded to push it in his face.

Q What did he do?

A He put up his hand (indicating) and then smacked me.

Q You did not succeed in getting the cigarette in his face?

A This I can't remember.

Q But you remember—

A I aimed.

Q And did you get smacked?

A Yes, I got smacked.

Q What happened then?

A Well, I yelled, and Thelma came running in.

Q Who is Thelma?

A She's Mrs. Dorsen.

Q All right; continue.

A Oh, I forgot when they came in before, they tried to calm down the argument, and said, "Well, have another drink, and then leave." So Thelma went out into the kitchen to make this drink, and as she ran back into the room, when I screamed, she had the drink in her hand, and I grabbed the drink and threw the contents of the glass in Mr. Barker's face.

Q And where were the children?

A They were in the dining room. Mr. Dorsen, as I understand it, was talking with them about various things, trying not to let them hear the commotion going on in the house; but it was pretty loud. Mr. Barker said that he didn't hit me, and that I was a liar.

Q In whose presence did he make that statement?

A Mrs. Dorsen, although other people could hear him, because he said it pretty loud. I just wanted him to get out of there; and I ran into the kitchen, and he ran after me; and I ran into the den, and he ran after me, and insisting I didn't tell the truth, and that I was a liar.

Q Did the children hear this?

A Yes, of course; they must have heard it, although they didn't say anything to me about it.

Q All right; proceed.

A Well, finally he was prevailed upon to leave. He left. That's all.

Q What happened after that?

A I called you the next day. I said it was impossible, that I want a divorce, and I want it fast . . .

* * *

But Jess's report is quite different.

Q Let's go to . . . the Labor Day incident. Tell us exactly what happened there, briefly, when you came over . . .

* * *

A . . . I said, "Do you mind if I take the boys down to Studio City and see your picture, *White Witch Doctor?*" because they had been promised to see it. And I said, "Would you join us?" Naturally, I was refused; however, I did take the boys to see their mother.

* * *

We returned home afterward in a very happy frame of mind. The boys talked about the picture, and I felt that they liked it very much, which I was very proud that they had seen their mother and enjoyed her performance.

I was invited up to the pool, and Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen were present.

* * *

I asked Mrs. Barker if I could speak to her, and Mrs. Dorsen left the pool and we chatted quite a while; and Mrs. Barker informed me that: "How did it feel to know I'd be the recipient of $100,000 at the end of the week?" I thought it was a rather large amount. My remark was, "Is that all?" I didn't know what she was talking about.

She told me—she informed me she was going ahead and get a divorce.

At this point, Barker testified that he had been going to the marriage counselor under the impression that he was a psychiatrist and that their visits to him were for the purpose of working out a reconciliation.

We were going for a reconciliation, but Mrs. Barker told me since then that she was going merely for the children, which she said, about how the children should be handled.

Q Go ahead and tell us the rest of it.

A Well, we went into the home. I sat on a chair and Mrs. Barker sat on a small love-seat, and we discussed at length about various things. And Mrs. Barker wanted a quick divorce—go to Nevada right away—give a settlement.

So I continued talking about the home, and about the children, and our obligations to the children. Mrs. Barker walked away from me to the table, lit a cigarette, came back, and during the course of the conversation (I was standing beside her), looked at the end of the cigarette and said, "I ought to push this right in your eye."

I said, "Well, I don't think you've got the guts to do it." I thought she was joking. With that, Mrs. Barker reached up and pushed the cigarette towards my face, and with my left hand I knocked the cigarette out of her hand, put my foot on it, and what turned me around was Mrs. Barker yelling and screaming that she had been hit.

I grabbed Mrs. Barker by the shoulder, sat her on the couch and said, "What is the matter with you?" With this, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen came in, and I said, "This girl claims she's been hit. Would you please take a look and see if she has a mark on her? She's got sensitive skin; it would show." Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen answered me.

Q Did you hit her?

A I did not.

Q Proceed. What happened next?

A The next thing I know, I was getting a drink in my face.

Q A drink of what, water or whiskey?

A Well, the part that came down my face tasted very much like whiskey.

Q All right. What happened next?

A I said to Mrs. Barker, "Will you please tell the truth?" Mrs. Barker kept yelling that, "You hit me, you hit me," and started moving around, and I moved with her, and I said, "Please tell the truth. I'll not leave the house until you tell the truth."

By this time I knew the children had heard it, and I wanted the children to know the truth too. And after several minutes of this I decided to leave, because I wasn't getting any place, and might have made matters worse. And I left, and the divorce was filed the following day.

* * *

In spite of their concern for the welfare of their children, the testimony of both the Barkers implied that their only worry besides protecting them from the knowledge of their parents' disagreements, was protecting themselves from each other in the eyes of their sons. In trying to get at the effect of the Barkers' troubles on their children, Judge Walker ruled:

I think this: Of course, the Court has raised three children of his own, and been around a lot of other children, and they restrain themselves, and you can't tell what they're thinking about. I think evidence as to their activity along that line is admissible even though it may be hearsay . . .

* * *

The Court is only interested in the attitude of the children. It's pretty hard to get it without knowing what they say, and in many instances, what they don't say when they are questioned . . . many times children will shell up, and you can't get anything out of them . . . I think the Court has a right to get the attitude, and he's doing it the best way he can.

* * *

Miss Hayward told about the questioning of their children about the separation.

The Witness: They didn't quite understand why their mother and father didn't live together any more.

Q What did they say, and what did you say?

A Why don't their daddy live here any more? And I said, "Sometimes when people grow up, and they can't get along together in happiness, it's better for them to live apart."

Q You started to say something about putting Gregory to bed one night. What did he say?

A He said, "Wouldn't you like it if daddy lived here?"

Q All right Did you answer him?

A Well—

Q Or did you evade the answering?

A I answered him.

Q What did you say?

A I said, "It's too bad, but sometimes grown-ups can't get along together."

Then she described her relationship with her sons and recounted a scene in which she believed her husband tried to undermine her position with them.

Q With reference to visitation rights, Mrs. Barker, will you relate to the Court the observations on the children when they leave for week ends, and when they come back?

A Yes. During the week they're pretty much relaxed, except for, well, boys will be boys, and once in a while they'll get out of line. But they're nice kids, normal, happy, and they have, well, the best way I could describe it is a rather relaxed and free relationship with me. I do notice when they come back over the week end with me, they're tense, and it takes a day or two for the tenseness to leave. I don't know why. I'd like to be able to talk with Mr. Barker and discuss with him how we can work this thing out so that we can work together and not against each other.

* * *

I told him it was wrong for two people to be in conflict, and to try to outdo each other.

Q What did Mr. Barker say?

A May I give an incident that's just come to my mind?

Q Yes. Go ahead.

A Mr. Barker came to the home after we came back from Hawaii . . And this kind of thing would occur, where we talked about the trip, and I said, "Tell Daddy how you were surfboard riding, and deep sea fishing, and so forth, and so on." And Mr. Barker said, "Were they very good boys?" I said, "Yes, they were very good boys, but once in a while I'd have to give them a little crack on the behind." So he looked at the children, and he said, "Oh, you've got a very bad mommy."

Well, it wasn't the kind of thing that you say in front of kids, because then, you know, they get confused.

* * *

And Jess Barker told the Court why he wanted to keep his wife from permitting her mother to live in the home with the children.

Q You don't want your mother-in-law to be in the house with you, your wife and your children?

A I do not.

Q Tell the court why.

A The children told me, during the time I had them at Christmas, that they couldn't understand something. I said, "What are you talking about?" They said, "Something that Grandma said right after you left home." I said, "What do you mean?" The child said, "Grandma said she would kill you." And the child said, "Grandma said to Mommy, 'Get rid of Daddy.' "

* * *

There was more examination and cross-examination of Mr. and Mrs. Barker that day. And there's more to come. But we've given you the gist of the testimony, and you can compare the stories for yourself.

It looks as though the divorce and custody hearings will be worse—an ugly fight with no winners. Of the losers, Gregory and Timothy stand to lose the most. END

(*Susan Hayward is starring in 20th Century-Fox's* Garden Of Evil)

wanted: a man

(*Continued from page 51*) me, provided it's in reasonable taste. I—I don't feel stuffy. I don't *want* to be stuffy."

Miss Grayson is always forthright, amusing and even, at the right times, earthy. She has one long-standing restriction—an intelligent one. She will not hold still for an interview if the story promises to be poisonous or saccharine.

Now the scene was Las Vegas' posh Sahara Hotel, where Miss Grayson was playing the first nightclub engagement of her life. Playing it very nicely, too. Putting out with mostly operatic arias and making the florid Vegas clientele like it. She was also breaking house records, although no columnist nor trade paper had said a word about it. She had followed Donald O'Connor in. Before him had been Marlene Dietrich, whose costume had given the sensational illusion of being transparent above the waist. Well, Miss Grayson had got some vicarious publicity out of that. She'd gone up to Vegas to case the joint, so to speak, before she opened, and had sat in on one of Miss Dietrich's performances wearing what she, Miss G., now describes as a moderate evening gown, and Miss Dietrich was said to have cracked a bit wise about it. One of the columns reported it.

"And after I'd complimented her on her show!" said Miss Grayson. So a couple of nights after she opened, Miss Grayson, who is an accomplished mimic and dialectician and perhaps should have been given a try at straight comedy long ago, stepped out of her routine. In a fine Teuton accent, she made noises so exactly like those of the throaty Miss Dietrich that she brought the house down. The edge was hers. Miss Grayson can imitate Miss Dietrich fine. Miss Dietrich, for sure, can't imitate Miss Grayson at all.

When Groucho Marx received $15,000 for doing the Arthur Murray TV show, he said to Murray: "Be a guest on my show and you'll get a chance to win it back."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

But with Miss D.'s departure, Miss G. was still getting competition from the throaty set. As she opened at the Sahara, the Sands, a mile or so up the road, unveiled Tallulah Bankhead. Miss Bankhead, as boomingly uninhibited as Miss Grayson is restrained, sprayed the air with dahlings, regaled the hypnotized press in *basso profundo,* and finally asked a harried reporter who had just left Grayson: "But tell me one thing, dahling! Why did you see a stahlet before you came here to see a stah?"

To have implied to Miss Bankhead that Miss Grayson's billing and take-home pay were at least the equal of her own would have been to invite carnage, so no one did. Miss Bankhead got the headlines, as had Miss Dietrich before her, and what did Miss Grayson get? Just a little old $90,000 for three weeks' work, it says here.

"I'm not the headline type," said Miss G., "and I honestly don't care. I've planned it that way, the way I plan everything. And I'm as happy as I can be. I've made my separate peace with everyone and everything, and those who say I'm not happy or that I'm lonely in my 'big, dark, gloomy house,' you tell them something for me. You say I'm happier than any of them. I'm the happiest."

It was early evening and cold and rainy in Las Vegas, which is most unusual. Miss Grayson was a little ill, with subnormal temperature and under a phy-

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Men prefer blonde Mari as a brunette!

■ Pretty blonde (or brunette) Mari Blanchard has brought something new to Hollywood. She got it in Mexico and she calls it "the full *enchilada.*"

An *enchilada* is a Mexican dish, but there are *enchiladas* and *enchiladas,* as Miss Blanchard discovered on her first excursions into Spanish. After some disappointing tries, followed by the volatile explanation of a Mexican friend, Mari learned that the thing she was aiming at was the *enchilada* with all the trimmings—the full *enchilada.* To Mari the words are symbolic of "the whole works, the completely joyful way of life."

"Whether it's food, work or fun, it's the full *enchilada,*" says Mari.

Miss Blanchard, who has been both blonde and brunette in film roles, is naturally blonde, but it seems that the Army, Navy and Marine Corps prefer Mari Blanchard brunette.

"An actress owes something to her fans," says Mari, tossing her *dark* curls. "You receive in proportion to what you give in this life. I'm all for the full *enchilada.*"

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sician's care. She may have been more than a little tired; for four years now, doctors have been trying to get her away from everything for a complete rest. 'Everything' includes Patti Kate, who is the strenuous type and Miss Grayson is not going anywhere without Patti Kate.

Miss G. wears no make-up except lipstick and something around the eyes, with the result that she tends to glitter a trifle, like a casually wiped winder. She didn't *look* tired and she didn't look ill. She looked great. But she had been sleeping a great deal and she sat somewhat slumped in a deep sofa and didn't move about much. Patti Kate did the moving. After a while someone came and took Patti Kate away for one of her excursions about the hotel. "What time do you want her back?" he asked.

"About Tuesday," said Miss G. A jest.

Patti Kate went, and Miss Grayson stirred faintly. She's a small girl with close-cut auburn hair, and the widely known heart-shaped face and snub nose. She didn't feel a lot like working but she was going to work.

"I want you to see my 'big, dark, gloomy house' sometime, so you'll know what they're talking about. It's a wonderful house—to sing in, to work in or live in. It's got bookshelves with *books* in them, and the books have been read. Isn't that horrible? And the grounds in the back slope down toward the Riviera golf course and there's a lot of space, so Patti Kate has room to play. It's fenced in just the way you've heard. But they just say, 'Oh, it's all fenced in,' without knowing why. It's not only for my own privacy but for Patti Kate's. There are a lot of drunks around the golf course—not the members, of course, but others who wander onto it. Therefore, the fence. It's very simple to me. I don't see why it should bother other people. I'm thinking of my child."

PATTI KATE's father, who is Miss Grayson's divorced second husband, Johnny Johnston, had been up to see her a few days before.

"I outgrew him," said Miss Grayson. "That's my side of it. There are two sides to everything—and isn't that a bright observation, considering my weakened condition? Johnny's a child. I think he'll always be a child. Johnny needed desperately to be loved but—I think not the kind of love that can be given indefinitely. You have to understand his background, though. Johnny and I are good friends. I'll always feel that way about him. But toward the end of our marriage—you remember?"

Toward the end of the Johnstons' marriage, there was some sort of mishmosh involving reported attentions of Johnston to Shirley Temple, Miss Grayson's subsequent wrath, and the attempt of a close friend and neighbor, Joe Kirkwood, Jr., to intervene. Kirkwood, a professional golfer and film portrayer of Joe Palooka, evidently was in the middle. He was quoted in the first stage of the disruption as wishing broken bones to Miss Grayson—purely a figure of speech. Later, he and Johnston got into fisticuffs at the Riviera bar. Very complicated. Anyway—

"Toward the end of our marriage," Miss Grayson resumed, "I could carom a cold cream jar off Johnny and catch Joe Kirkwood with the ricochet."

Prior to Johnston, Miss Grayson had been wed to another actor, John Shelton. That one had turned sourish, too. What now?

Miss Grayson took a long breath. It is one of Miss Grayson's modest prides that her chest expansion is three-quarters of an inch greater than that of Joe Louis, whose chest expansion is a dandy.

"I will think," she said on the exhale, "a long, long time before I marry again. And when I do, it'll be a man who can stand on his own feet, make his own living, be an adult from the ground up. I'm not sure I want any more actors and I'm not sure I want any more charmers and I'm absolutely sure I don't want any more children. That is, I want children but I want to have them in the normal way, not marry them.

"I keep reading I'm going to marry a man in San Francisco. But I'm not. At least, no one I know of now. I have a good friend there; he's my brother's friend, too. He's a wonderful guy. He's asked me to marry him. I'm afraid he didn't make out very well. He was down here last week. I had to suggest he go back home. I was working and—well, you know.

"But if I could find a man, the kind I've described, someone who'd stand up to the world and stand up to *me*—"

She wished to be dominated? Some sort of ruthless egotist might fit the bill.

She laughed. "No, I'm not sure there's a man alive who could dominate me. But I want it on an equal footing. I want to look up to him and have him look up to me. Stand up to me and let me stand up to him. That kind of scratches the ruthless egotist department, doesn't it? I guess a girl could get really bruised with one of those, not to mention really unhappy. No, that I couldn't take."

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

6, 7—INP, Beerman, Parry; 8—Globe; 11—Ciro's; 12—Panagra; 16—Wide World; 23—Maynard; 24—Peskin, CBS; 26—CBS; 30, 31—MGM; 32—Wide World; 33—Beerman, Parry; 34—MGM; 35—Engstead; 36—RKO, U-I, Warner Bros.; 37—MGM; 38, 39—Beerman, Parry, Scott; 40, 41—Beerman, Parry; 42, 43—Beerman, Parry; 44, 45—Beerman, Parry; 47—Globe; 48, 49—Paramount, Beerman, Parry; 50—MGM; 51—Desert Sea News Bureau; 52, 53, 54, 55—Beerman, Parry; 56—MGM; 58—Beerman, Parry; 59—Pollito; 65—Peskin, MGM, Paramount; 66—Beerman, Parry; 67—Basch; 69—Engstead, U-I, MGM; 70, 71, 72—Basch; 74—Basch, Paramount; 86—CBS.

THERE WAS a ruthless egotist of a sort pursuing Miss G. a while back. He was a hot-blooded deal, a chap from out of town. He would call Miss G. at two in the morning and wonder how she could stand it away from him. Unhappily, he had accumulated, since the days Miss Grayson had genuinely liked him, a set of atrocious manners. She never liked him beyond *liking*, you understand, so now it became intolerable. "I wasn't exactly swept off my feet," she has conceded.

Miss Grayson brooded gently for a moment and then took on "them" again. "I wonder what they expect of me," she said, apparently referring to the hungry segment of the public that will settle for nothing less than sidewalk brawls and bottle-smashing at Ciro's. "Just because I don't have a new love affair every week and I'm not seen around nightclubs, which I don't happen to like, I don't think I'm a bore and certainly I'm not perfect. I've even been out when perhaps a little elderberry wine had been mixed into the lemonade and I got the giggles. But what's wrong with dignity and why should it be confused with stuffiness? I'm *not* stuffy. You *know* I'm not."

Possibly the simple truth is that Kathryn Grayson is a very nice girl living in a professional climate where standards are sometimes sleazy. The barometer for conduct is a strange one: the garish are "colorful" and the well-behaved "dull."

Miss Grayson has actually been scored for her selfless devotion to her family, some people in the industry having called her, not wholly in reverence, "The Little Mother Of All The World."

"That's almost the payoff," said Miss G. "I love my family. We're exceptionally close. My mother and father are both ill. But there's enough to go around. That's what matters. Whether I earn it, or mother or father or brother—and whose business is it, anyway?"

PATENTLY it is no one's business. It may equally be no one's business that throughout her career, Miss Grayson has steadfastly refused to pose for cheesecake. She has said that she is "not the type." Neither her long-time home studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, nor Warners, to whom she now has a picture-a-year commitment, has been overjoyed by her stand in the matter, and one time, while with Metro, Miss Grayson found she was not overjoyed herself. This was after thousands of requests had come in from soldiers in Korea.

Miss G. called Metro and said to go ahead. The pictures were made, Miss Grayson looked them over—and killed every last one.

"I didn't want to do it. But look: I have a thirty-nine-and-a-half-inch bust, then taper right down to a twenty-four-inch waist, then hips something like thirty-four. That's—I don't know—rather emphatic, wouldn't you say? Frankly, I guess I'm embarrassed. After *Kiss Me Kate,* a woman wrote to me and said I should—uh—use restraint, and I think so, too. I'm a moderate, all right, and nothing can be done about it."

Doubtless it is a good thing. The vast majority of Miss Grayson's large following gets rattled when she kicks up her heels, and registers grief and disappointment. At Vegas, to break the semi-lofty plane of opera and ballad, she had a bit wherein she detached a voluminous skirt to reveal a tighter one, slit to the knee. It was a reprise on a dance number she'd done in a picture called *Two Sisters From Boston,* a charming little change of pace, delighting the audience. But somebody reported that regal Katie was peeling right out in front of everybody. Peeling, yet! The first letter began: "*You* don't have to do a strip-tease to sell yourself, *you* with all your God-given talent!" That, as television's Mr. Peepers sighs from time to time, is the way she goes.

Kathryn Grayson was born in Winston-Salem, North Carolina and named Zelma Hedrick. When she was three, the family moved to St. Louis, and that she thinks of as home.

Miss Grayson was educated in St. Louis and got her professional start through the good offices of Frances Marshall, then a star of the Chicago Civic Opera. It was Miss Marshall who developed her voice, nurtured her assurance and gave her the flying start to what she is today.

ONCE IN HOLLYWOOD, Kathryn was snapped up in a hurry—it was one of those no-test-is-necessary bits—by the astute Louis B. Mayer, and jumped into the top brackets in her third film. She's been there since.

But whether or not she's entirely happy there is problematical.

"I'm certainly not retiring," she has said. "But there aren't going to be any more of these cream-puff parts. No more meringue. I've had it. I've a wistful idea I might be able to act, and I'd like a chance to prove it. *Some* singing, yes, but incidental to the story. Did you see the picture in which I played Grace Moore? That was the best so far. I'd love another like it."

And what did she plan next?

"Now, you mean? After I leave here? That long, long rest I've been hearing so much about. I'm going where nobody'll know I'm going. There's an element of risk about that, but the complete privacy is worth it. I'll bet you a Vegas dollar right now that inside a week, they'll have me secretly married or in a sanitarium getting over a breakdown or consulting an analyst in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Only one thing worse could happen—their not even bothering to guess."

Not one of Miss Grayson's biographies makes note of a calisthenic accomplishment she swears is hers. One-arm chinning—a feat essayed by Mr. Darryl Zanuck but not accomplished. Mr. Zanuck said at the time that only five men in the world could do it, and after he'd made his try, there were only four. Miss Grayson has news for Mr. Zanuck. *She* can do it.

"He was talking about men," she said. "But I can do it. Honest. If there were a bar here, I'd show you. A chinning bar, you know."

Her biographies do make such notes as: "she devotes considerable time to her garden" (just a so-so amount of time), "long and frequent walks" (more frequent than long), and "ten hours of sleep a night" (correct).

They say that she likes drawing and painting, horseback riding and golf (Babe Zaharias' assorted titles are safe enough) and has a St. Bernard named Throckmorton.

Actually she *had* a St. Bernard named Throckmorton and a wonderful dog he was. But a few months ago, Throckmorton gamboled out onto San Vincente Boulevard near Kathryn's Santa Monica home and was killed. It wasn't the driver's fault. And naturally it wasn't Throckmorton's, because dogs in the intrinsic nature of things are faultless. But the driver wept on Miss Grayson's kitchen table, and who can blame him?

There's nothing about how Miss G. has her hair done twice a week at the Brentwood Market in West Los Angeles and buys her gas from Union Oil and travels with an entourage of brothers and sisters and in-laws (and they are all very close) and an efficient secretary named Sally Norton, or about what a bright little girl Patti Kate is, with an I.Q. way, way up to here. When Patti Kate met Art Linkletter, the radio and TV man, in Vegas, she was most impressed and crawled up and down the aisles of the Sahara's Congo Room to prove it. And "That," said Linkletter, "is how I'd act if I were meeting her mother!"

Do you detect herein anything overly prim or straight-laced about Patti Kate's mother? Do you find her innate niceness a necessarily dull quality? If so, MODERN SCREEN begs to differ. **END**

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I had just bought the February issue of Modern Screen at a neighborhood market. While waiting to have my groceries checked out, I opened the magazine to the Jane Powell story—the account of her break-up with Gene Nelson. Sensing someone looking over my shoulder as I read, I turned—and looked into the sad eyes of Jane Powell.

Nina Kaplek
Los Angeles, Calif.

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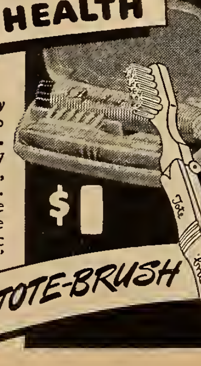

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what she doesn't have she doesn't need

(*Continued from page 46*) had been for *Ondine*—a fluke?

"I have to show them." She nodded, with sort of a half-smile, as she lay back on a *chaise longue,* in her luxurious dressing room.

"I'll have to do a whole series of pictures and plays to do that," she continued. "I think *Ondine* has done a little toward it.

"But it has by no means established me as an actress yet. Maybe *Sabrina Fair,* which should be around somewhere pretty soon, will help."

You may think this is false modesty. But I do not. Miss Hepburn has convinced me of her sincerity and her earnestness.

She sees herself now at a new phase of her career. She's no longer a pixie from Hollywood who's sort of interesting to audiences. Sort of "cute." She's on the spot now. She's got to do far, far *better* acting now, because henceforth she won't be judged as a pixie, but as an important leading woman who will, or will not, measure up to the greatest actresses of our time.

How amazingly serious she is about the battle was brought out by Ferrer in some more recollections of her recent activities.

"We were in Boston opening there with *Ondine,*" he said.

"It was opening night—just before the curtain. All day long, Lew Wasserman, head of her agency, had been trying to get her from Hollywood.

"There she was, about half way through her make-up, fifteen minutes from the curtain, when the call came through. I ran into her on the stairs and I asked her, 'What are you doing in this part of the theatre now?'

"She told me Wasserman had called from Hollywood to tell her that *Sabrina Fair* was a great success. That people got up and cheered.

"And this had happened in Long Beach, where people don't do that.

"We went on and did the first act of our show then, and at the intermission I said to her, 'That was wonderful news about *Sabrina Fair.*'

"I again complimented her on the success of the picture, and she said, 'Yes, that's all nice, and that's all fine—don't you think we were kind of slow in our first act?"

THEN THERE WAS the problem of her hair shade for *Ondine.*

Ondine is a water sprite. Alfred Lunt, the director of the play, had felt from the first that the girl should be a blonde.

Audrey had wished to play the part with her own hair which, of course, is dark. But she decided that Lunt might be right.

And when did she decide this? On the afternoon of the day the show opened.

"She went that very afternoon and got her hair bleached," recounted Ferrer.

"But she felt it wasn't right. It was false. She said it seemed that she was 'cheating' a little. She didn't like her hair blonde. So she changed her hair back to its real color—and got a blonde wig.

"But the wig didn't satisfy her, either."

To me, Miss Hepburn had many descriptions of that wig. It was stuffy and hot and horrible. She felt "it looked dead in the back."

So Miss Hepburn determined to discard the wig, too. But what could she do to be a blonde without a wig?

She found that she could paint it with some gold-looking dust each night.

And this was what she wanted.

She had on her own hair, it was sprinkled with some blonde or gold powder, and she felt natural and real.

"She does a Mary Martin every night washing that gold out of her hair, but it is finally the way she wants it," said Ferrer. "And it no longer looks dead in the back."

THEN THERE was the matter of costume.

Nobody quite knew what an ondine should wear. In fact, until the show started getting attention, many people around Broadway didn't know what an ondine was.

Miss Hepburn, however, knew. She designed two of her three costumes herself—including one that's received much attention because it seems that about all she wears is a fish net—although actually she wears tights, too.

She created, personally, a blue make-up powder to blend with a blue costume; a creamy make-up powder to blend with a white outfit. And then came her most startling contribution.

Miss Hepburn designed for herself two pointed ears.

She created them out of plastic. Make-up genius Eddie Senz decorated them with gold. These pointed-up ears gave her the look of a fawn or a sprite that was so essential to the show, but which nobody else had worked out.

WHEN THE PRAISE began pouring in for the show—about the same time she began receiving all the awards for *Roman Holiday* . . . Miss Hepburn allowed all of that flattery to roll right off.

It seemed to make no impression on her at all.

But there was one thing that touched her, from far away.

She learned that Ingrid Bergman had gone to see her picture, *Roman Holiday* in Italy, and had liked it.

The story was, in fact, that Miss Bergman had come from the theatre crying.

"What are you crying for?" Rossellini had asked Ingrid. "Was it a tragedy?"

"No, it was a comedy."

"What are you crying for then?" Roberto had demanded.

"I was so touched by Audrey Hepburn," Miss Bergman had answered.

This was the one part of recent praise for Miss Hepburn that practically "knocked her out." And it is easy to see why, knowing what we do about her now. It was because Audrey was such an admirer of Ingrid Bergman, the actress, and wanted to be thought a good performer by one like Miss Bergman.

Let me make clear, however, that Miss Hepburn will not disclose most of these things about herself.

When I saw her in her dressingroom, she offered me tea or coffee or a drink, and was almost jocular. She mentioned that she herself still did not drink any hard liquor ever. Just wine occasionally.

"Just lately I've been drinking beer after the show," she said. "I find I've been terribly dehydrated after a performance. Beer quenches my thirst and is very relaxing to me, too."

As for restaurants:

"I eat a great deal at Dinty Moore's, always the red meat department!"

Don't miss the complete story of Suzan Ball's wedding next month in MODERN SCREEN!

I asked her whether she would tell me how she felt about her own career.

"Yes. First I was given a break when I appeared here in *Gigi*. That was the year I was sort of discovered.

"The next stage was when I did *Roman Holiday*. When they found whether I had any future in pictures, whether I was photogenic, whether I could act in front of a camera.

"They discovered, perhaps, there was hope for me."

As she told me all this, she got up from her *chaise longue* and darted across to her dressing table to get some hand cream.

She returned to the *chaise longue* and settled back in it, her pretty legs stretched out. I thought of the words of Billy Wilder about her: "This girl single-handedly will put bosoms and sweater girls out of business in Hollywood."

For this lean, unvoluptuous child was exuding all the sex appeal that should be allowed. Without seeming to try to do so. Above her head was a small wreath of seaweed that Ferrer had given her on opening night, and all around the dressing-room were gifts from other friends.

"And now," she said, "is when I must prove I'm not a fluke."

I asked her about her great ambition that we'd talked about before—to play Shakespeare.

Susan Zanuck's been at Ciro's every night to catch Johnnie Ray . . . Sez Johnnie: "I like Susie Zanuck. She's the hot-dogs-on-the-beach-grab-the-blue-jeans-and-go-for-a-hike type. I really dig a plain Jane like Susie. I can't see going with a doll like Marilyn Monroe and having every jerk in the joint coming up to her and saying, 'Ditch the square you're with, chick, and let's hit the road!' This you can quote, Dad!"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

"I would have liked one day to go to Stratford or to the Old Vic Theatre," she said, "but you need a much vaster knowledge of Shakespeare than I have to do it well.

"I don't just want to *try* to do Shakespeare. I want to do it *well!*"

She added that she probably should wait. "But you don't want to wait forever."

Of course, it's the romantic life of Miss Hepburn that worries lots of people. They can't seem to be content unless they get her married off, or at least engaged.

"What about Mel Ferrer?" I asked her.

"No comment," she replied, with a smile.

"How about your love life?" I persisted.

"No comment," she repeated. "There's nothing to tell . . . it's sad but true."

"I've predicted that you won't be getting married to anybody for five or six years," I said.

"Five or six! That's a bit long. A couple, maybe!" she flung back.

A Broadway character, ticket-seller Georgie Solotaire, had stated the situation pretty well not long before. He said he had been quite happy one Sunday afternoon when, in a movie theater, he found himself sitting next to Audrey Hepburn.

"Then I saw somebody holding her hand," Georgie said.

"It turned out to be Mel Ferrer.

"Now, *why*," demanded Georgie, "does that guy have to watch her Sunday, too, when he's with her every night?"

It seems that about one-half the New York male population is jealous of Mel. Before Mel came into the plot, there were rumors that Gregory Peck and Audrey were acting romantic 'way back when they were making *Roman Holiday* together.

Audrey didn't exactly deny it. She just didn't discuss it.

Before that, she was definitely going to marry handsome James Hanson, a rich British trucking gentleman, whose family has interests in Canada and the United States, some of them, in fact, in the El Morocco nightclub. They got engaged, then broke it off, and Miss Hepburn quite sensibly explained it.

"As we were not going to get married, it seemed sensible not to stay engaged."

"But why did you decide not to get married?"

"We saw as much of each other as we would have if we had been married—and it was bitter little," she replied. "So I decided this is not the proper climate for married life."

All this indicated to me a great growing-up on the part of Miss Hepburn and her emotions. For the first time I had talked to her about romance, about two years ago, she had been extremely enthusiastic about getting married to James Hanson—immediately.

"Why?" I had asked her.

"Because," she'd retorted, "I think it's a great waste of time *not* being married to James."

She explained further, "We met at a party and was I lucky! I knew I wanted to marry him the first day I met him. It was love at first sight."

She was impatient to get married at once, but with a "proper marriage." Honeymoon and all that.

Her career kept getting in the way. There was *Gigi* to finish on Broadway. Then there was *Roman Holiday* to do. And besides, her husband-to-be was busy all over the world, too, because his father's company is in London with branches in Canada.

And so they chose to get unengaged.

Although Audrey has grown up, it remains difficult for me to dissociate her from that Dutch pixie I saw the first time I popped into her dressing room at *Gigi*.

She was barefoot that night, romping nervously around the room receiving people dropping in to exclaim about her triumph in the opening of the show.

Each time I saw her in her dressingroom, she seemed to be barefoot.

"The trouble is, I don't have pretty feet," she said once, trying to hide them. "They're knobbly."

This could be, but you wouldn't notice it. Even though she's what you call "virtually flat-chested," being a size thirty-two in the sweater department, you don't notice that, either.

The fact is that this little 110-pound wonder girl with the twenty-one-and-a-half-inch waist, who grew up under the Nazi occupation in Holland, has everything—and what she doesn't have, she doesn't need.

Her Dutch mother is in New York sort of looking after her now. One of her mother's duties is keeping track of all her trophies. A little porcelain rabbit that her mother gave her for luck when she was a little girl, is on her dressing table, still.

Audrey has ambitions besides Shakespeare, right now.

One is to get back to her ballet lessons which she dropped during her concentration on *Ondine* and the two movies.

"And in there somewhere, I'd like to get a little holiday," she added with a certain wistfulness.

The last time I saw her in her dressing-room, I noticed and commented on the fact that she wasn't barefoot this time.

"The next best thing to it," she said, indicating her thin-soled slippers.

Little Audrey not barefoot? Little Audrey has *really* grown up.

END

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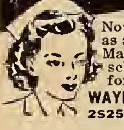

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like father, like son

(*Continued from page 42*) "I see." "Dad," pursued Pete, "have you got another empty can and some more of that old film?"

"Not on your life."

"Then—uh—can I have that chemistry set for my birthday—I'll keep it in the hut."

"We'll see."

"Dad," queried the youngest Ford, "what you staring at me for?"

"Oh, nothing," grinned Glenn Ford quickly. "Nothing at all."

Flashing through Glenn Ford's mind even as he ducked a fatherly decision was the picture of another kid, skinnier and with darker hair, but about the same age and with the same adventurous thrust to his jaw. A kid named Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford who also had a hut out in his backyard in Santa Monica—with a chemistry set inside. Glenn was thinking about the time he traded a World War I helmet for a big can of a "chemical" he could add to his set. The label was gone and the can was rusted shut. He and his friend decided to open it. Inside was a hunk of crumbly stuff that glowed when you knocked it off. Luckily, he'd had sense enough to use gloves and it was great rubbing the junk all over the hut, making luminous skulls and crossbones on the wall, until suddenly the chunk started hissing and smoking. They beat it outside with only a second to spare before it exploded, caught the other chemicals and blew the whole shack to splinters. The chunk was pure phosphorus.

"Mum's the word about the rocket," he told Pete. "Now, let's say our prayers and hit the sack. I'm sleepy."

More and more, it seems to Glenn Ford, he looks at his son Pete, and it's like looking in a mirror. He sees himself and something else—his own second chance at life. It's a gratifying, even thrilling, view most of the time, but a little scary, too. That second chance is important to Glenn. Pete is the only child of two only children and it looks as though he might remain the last of the Fords. No wonder his old man stays awake some nights staring out the window and adding himself up. Pete is no longer a baby; he's growing up and sizing up. His dad is still his hero but, as Glenn sometimes puzzles a little wryly, "How can you stay the right kind of a hero when your checkered past keeps jumping up at you?" Like just last summer down in the jungles of Brazil.

Glenn was there on location making *The Americano*. Pete was there and Ellie, too, because of a chance remark his kid made. When Glenn came home with his travel plans Pete had asked, "Say, Dad, what's it like to ride on a train?"

That handed Glenn Ford a jolt.

"You mean you've never been on a train, pal?" he gasped. But even as he said it he knew it was true, and for a special reason he felt shame and neglect.

His own dad was a railroader with the Canadian Pacific, and as a kid trains were the most glamorous, exciting and wonderful objects in the world to Glenn. Even today when he hears a distant whistle or just the tinkle of ice in a water pitcher, it brings back those dining car sounds of his boyhood and makes him itch to climb aboard. At the studio they've long since given him up for any other kind of travel. The company flies off to locations—as they did last year to Oklahoma for *The Human Beast*—but not Ford. He climbs happily aboard a rattler and they can count on him to show up two days later, cinders on his collar and rapture on his face. The first Christmas present Pete had was an electric train. The first book Glenn read to him was about a choo-choo. And what had his boy just said?

"Look," Glenn decreed a little firmly, knowing that Ellie would have to be pried loose from home with a crowbar, "this family is going on a trip."

So they had three delicious days on the Southern Pacific to New Orleans and then took a boat—Pete's first—around to Rio, settling finally in a comfortable cabana at Guaraja beside the most beautiful beach in the world. But right at their back door was the *Mato Grosso*, daddy of the world's jungles. That's where Glenn worked and naturally Pete insisted on being by his side. Soon Glenn began to wonder if his family excursion idea was so sound.

Because where Pete wandered happily with his bug jar and butterfly net was also where panthers prowled, tapirs and wild hogs roamed, cobras, coral snakes and all kinds of poisonous things slithered. How Glenn ever played a part with Pete on his anxious mind, he'll never know. Sure, he would have been as venturesome himself at that age, if he'd had that chance, but now he wasn't that age.

The inevitable scare came when he took Pete and Ellie fishing on the bank of a tropical stream. If fish didn't bite, as these didn't seem to, Pete's impulse was to wade in and see why not. They had all been eating apples and tossing the cores into the sluggish waters and suddenly there was Pete, in above the knees before he could be stopped. Glenn looked and his heart froze. Something glided at the speed of a torpedo right toward his son. A cavernous mouthful of jagged teeth yawned open!

What happened next is still sort of a blur in Glenn Ford's memory. He screamed, "Pete!" and leaped off the muddy bank, meeting his thoroughly scared son halfway out of the water. Glenn threw him the rest of the way, then sank to the mud, trembling. The crocodile was going after those floating apple cores, but it might have been something else.

"Won't you ever learn not to take chances? Suppose that crocodile, suppose—" Glenn sputtered. "You've got to be careful, boy! That was just plain crazy wading in that river. A stupid, dangerous thing to do—"

"Look who's talking," a voice cooled him down. Ellie's. She was hugging their son, acting calmer but every bit as shocked. "The man who climbed the Matterhorn and pierced the Iron Curtain!"

That wave came over Glenn again. Here he was bawling out Pete for taking risks and—well—he knew exactly what Ellie referred to. It wasn't the Matterhorn. It was Mont Blanc, the highest peak in Europe, and if ever there was a silly, reckless escapade that was it, for sure.

He was in Switzerland that year making *The White Tower*. It was winter—avalanche season—and what he knew about climbing Alps you could put in your left eye. But there was that big, beautiful, challenging hill and sometimes romantic Welshman Ford gets wild ideas from playing in moving pictures. So he found himself one day panting at the very last hut. From there you made a dash for the top—and if you didn't get back before dark, chances were you'd never get back.

Glenn shuddered to recall it. A sudden blizzard, a slip, miscounted minutes for a greenhorn and—well, there wouldn't be any pop today for Pete. As if that wasn't crazy enough, he'd tackled the *Aguille du Midi* next—not so high but even tougher. That 100-to-1 luck was with him again. In fact, the plaque the Syndicate of Guides gave him for his climbs was Pete's treasure. But Pete didn't know the details.

The Iron Curtain thing was even more impulsive and rash. That was after *The*

Green Glove in France, only three years ago. He was thirty-three and should have collected some discretion. But one thing had led to another. First he'd visited an old service pal in Munich and heard about the big DP camp at Fernwald down the line, where 25,000 cooped-up, homeless people milled around, hungry to hear about the Land of the Free. So he went down to raise some hopes. Elated by that experience, he got the bug to see Vienna. He bought a ticket on the Orient Express and at Innes, where the trains enter the Russian sector, talked to a G.I. sergeant named Blum.

"Hmmm," frowned the sarge, looking at his passport. "With all these names, 'Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford, known professionally as Glenn Ford'—chum, you'll be a pigeon. The Russians won't get it so they'll toss you in jail just to make sure. Better lose the idea." After a round or two of vodka it was, "You really want to go to Vienna?" And of course he'd said, "Sure!" Then the guards told him how to get on a cattle car, turn up his coat collar and not show his passport at all—sometimes it worked. But this time it didn't. They caught him and hauled him before the American consul.

But then what did he do, after seeing the sights of Old Vienna, but get this stubborn idea to take home a rock from the Blue Danube to add to his collection from the Tower of London, Henry VIII's castle, Alcatraz and scattered points he'd already visited. The American side was cemented in, so he strolled across the bridge to the Russian bank and filled his pockets. As he was bending over something jabbed him in the ribs—a rifle.

SMILEY

Every morning the train on which I commuted to work was driven by a whitehaired motorman. He was pleasant looking but he never seemed to smile. One morning, though, I saw a pretty little girl sitting on his lap with her hands on the controls, and he was smiling as broadly as she. Even before the conductor had stepped out to introduce her, I knew that it was Shirley Temple—about nine years old!

Alfred A. Calvano
Yucaipa, California

On the other end was a red star boy. He made unmistakable gestures meaning "Gimme—and come along." Well, Glenn lost all the Blue Danube pebbles except one which he hid. It is in his garden today. But to get it and Glenn free the Department of State had an awful hassle. The consul told him, "It's crazy Americans like you doing crazy things around here that cause all the trouble." He reminded Glenn that a newspaper reporter named Bill Oatis was then in jail somewhere nearby just for trying to get a story, not rocks. But Pete never knew how close his dad came to being another Oatis case. Pete might have been answering questions, "Where's my Daddy? Oh. he's over in Siberia mining salt!"

At such introspective moments Glenn Ford sometimes wonders if he's a model block for the chip he sees before him. Actually, of course, Glenn is going through a common soul-searching sooner or later encountered by all fathers of sons. Actually, no dad, in Hollywood or elsewhere, has been closer to his son. And no parents—because Eleanor Powell has something to do with it too—have done a better job by starting a boy in the fundamentals. For faith, health and character, Peter Newton is an example of conscientious homework.

PETE HAS YET to go to bed without saying his prayers with either Ellie or Glenn, yet to miss grace at dinner. The Presbyterian church in Beverly is a family must, with Pete singing in the boys' choir and Ellie teaching a Sunday school class. One look at Pete's sturdy build—he's going to be a bigger man than his pop—attests to the patience and ingenuity expended in getting him to clean up his plate. Setting the right example almost fattened Glenn out of pictures until he learned the ruse of heaping his own plate with impressive but low-caloried hunks of lettuce.

IN MATTERS OF discipline and physical courage Glenn has been a stickler. When Pete gets cracked with a baseball and starts to water up, Glenn is prone to yell—to Ellie's horror—"No tears—not unless I see the bones sticking out." Being a hard-headed Welshman himself, he has encouraged thrift in Pete, a penny a pound for wood he stacked, fifty cents for the weeding job, etc. Pete is already a good business man. In Brazil when he uncovered a particularly repulsive but harmless giant beetle, the director got ideas to have it crawl over Glenn's sweaty face in a scene. "I'll rent your bug, Pete," he offered.

"How much?" asked Pete, and haggled the dollar offer up to three. Back home the money he had collected went into an ancient power mower for his dad. He dug it up for five bucks around the neighborhood. And although it cost Glenn a hundred to make the thing run, he was proud of his kid.

Glenn knows that besides bugs Pete has collected the right instincts by now. He's not worried about that or about the way they are instilled. You're the right kind of guy and your kid can't miss. You give him security, teach him manners, consideration and honesty, how to handle himself and how to stay away from danger. You feed his early hungers, prod his inquisitiveness with toys, flood him with books if he's a bookworm like his dad, buy him records if he likes music like his mom. Give him love, understanding, encouragement and care. Simple enough. But what dents a wrinkle in Glenn's brow these days are the nebulous issues, the yes-maybe-no problems a pop faces when a subtle yet all-of-a-sudden change takes place in his house.

Pete Ford will be ten on his next birthday, in fifth grade next year and already Glenn's pride and joy is beset with vague questions. He's knocking his brown head against the world, having scraps with the boys, puzzling encounters with females, angling toward the track he'll follow to manhood. Glenn knows that now is the time for him to pitch the right answers Pete's way. But how can you serve them up except from your own experience? After all, you have only a few opinions you've gathered on debatable subjects, some right, probably a lot more wrong.

The other day Glenn came home, riffled through his mail and held a lacy heart-shaped object in his paw, wondering who had sent *him* a Valentine. Then he saw the scrawl. It wasn't for him; it was for Pete. A gypsy girl made goo-goo eyes on the other side. "I'll be your loving, wan-

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dering Valentine," it read. "Guess who."

Glenn mused. Well, this was what had come of giving in on dancing school. It wasn't much of a family issue really. He just thought Pete was too young to get exposed to that school of social manners and dancing. But Ellie snorted, "He's nothing of the sort. I'm not going to have my son grow up a tanglefoot like his father." So he gave in. After all, Ellie had accomplished a thing or two in the dancing department and had a right to feel strongly on the subject. Glenn was thinking guiltily, too, that in all their married life they'd been dancing exactly twice—at Mocambo once, Ciro's once. He'd walked around the floor those times, as usual. Never had learned to dance worth a nickel, since—wow, this was 'way back—his first public performance.

He was in first grade at Venice, California, right after they had moved down from Canada, and there was this May Day pageant. The teacher dreamed up a kiddie take-off on *The Merry Widow.* Because he had black hair that could be slicked down they picked him to play John Gilbert and that was great because the girl chosen for Mae Murray was a taffy-topped cutie named Elaine Shaeffer, his dream of dreams. But at rehearsal when he rapturously pranced out with Elaine the teacher said, "No, Glenn—no! I didn't say 'walk out'—I said 'waltz out.'"

"I can't dance," he'd blurted.

"I can!" piped up a freckle-faced guy named Vernon, his arch rival for Elaine. So Vernon waltzed dreamily in the spotlight while Glenn sulked in the corner of the big production, ignominiously dressed as a clown and feeling every inch the part. Maybe Ellie was right at that. But now look. Girls!

"Hey, Pete," he called a little later. "Uh-how do you get along with the girls?"

"Okay, I guess. Why?"

There might be a way to stall this off a little longer. "The way to handle girls, Pal," said the voice of experience, "is to play hard to get. Keep aloof, pay them no mind. They love it."

Pete nodded without much reaction and Glenn forgot the whole thing. Just what followed he's not quite sure. But at Miss Ryan's Pete is the beau of the ball, a snap dancer who has the girls fluttering around him like butterflies, including such cuties as Van Johnson's daughter, Ann Sothern's, and Pete's special throb, Edgar Bergen's Melisse. What his dad would like to know (but doesn't dare ask him) is, did he follow the advice, or didn't he? Glenn has evidence—less happy to be sure—about another word of wisdom concerning manly affairs he passed on.

He'd noticed unmistakable signs when Pete came home from school—ripped shirts, scuffed knuckles, scratches here and there and once the beginnings of a black eye. He'd seen Pete right at home wrestling around with this and that kid. "He's turning into a little roughneck," concluded Glenn. "Got to stop this." Again a memory bulb lit up. His coach at Madison School in Santa Monica had a system. When kids tangled in the schoolyard he drew a ring, put them inside and made them fight it out. Glenn had been in that ring only once. That was because of an argument with a much bigger kid, and miraculously he'd been able to dust him off. After that, he noticed, nobody picked on him and life was a breeze.

"Look Pete," he counseled. "I don't care how many fights you get into but there's just one rule: See that you always pick a bigger guy than yourself to mix with."

Pete stopped brushing his hair and struggling with his tie. "Why?" he inquired in amazement.

"Because," said Glenn, "it creates respect. Now, at this party you're going to this afternoon—when you walk in look around for the biggest boy there. If there's any trouble make it with him. From then on your problems will be over."

About a half hour later the phone rang. A highly indignant hostess shrilled in his ear, "Mr. Ford, I'm sorry, but you'd better come get Pete. He has just created a terrible disturbance."

So Pete was in the car, mussed up again and chewing his lip. "I didn't do anything wrong—just what you told me to, Daddy."

"What was that?"

"Why, like you said. Right off I picked out the biggest guy there and I told him, 'I can lick you.'"

"What happened?"

"He knocked me f-flat on my ear!" sputtered his son.

And I knocked you out of a party, Glenn groaned to himself.

The trouble is, Glenn realizes at such anguished moments, that you forget your words are literal gospel. Before you pop off, you've got to stop and think, "I'm this little guy's hero. He thinks I wrote the book." And since you didn't and can still learn a lot yourself—why, this hero role is the roughest ever. That's how it seems to Glenn, and he's played plenty of other hero roles for the cameras (done all right, too) which is another thing that turns a black hair grey for Glenn as Pete sheds his kidhood and looks around.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE!

After seeing Jerry Colonna on stage in Hartford my friends and I went to an Italian restaurant for dinner. We looked up when the door opened and Jerry walked in with a group of people. As he passed I spoke his name and he stopped to chat for a minute. I asked him if his mustache were real. He said, "Don't tell anyone; this one is false. The real one I carry in my pocket!"

Mrs. Angela Scaramozza
Hamden, Connecticut

Since the day Pete was born Glenn has been hipped on one thing: Pete was going to have a normal American boyhood, just as he'd had. There'd be no puffed-up movie star's kid around his house. Not that Glenn Ford has anything against movie stars. He has enjoyed solid, satisfying success, collected a healthy bank account, interest in some oil wells and paper mills, and a devoted wife, Eleanor Powell, who was a very big screen star herself. Glenn and Ellie have been super wary from the start against spoiling Pete. They know how easy it is for an actor's only son to get high falutin' ideas.

Despite their comfortable station in life, Pete has never been pampered. He didn't have nursemaids; he had his mother and dad to take care of him, busy as they were. Glenn even pitched all by himself once when Ellie went off to dance in London—and came back spurning five-figure paychecks and junking her career for keeps because, "It isn't worth it to leave Pete."

Glenn has kept the home atmosphere plain—even sometimes sternly severe. There's still a rule that if Pete breaks a toy, he either fixes it himself or does without. He has had the responsibility of tidying his room since he was six. He earns his own Christmas money. Last year he came home with a flashy gilt compact for his mother, encrusted with glass diamonds and rubies. Ellie uses it and prizes it more than another she owns that's the McCoy.

The only time Glenn indulged Pete was with the swimming pool, and in a way he earned it. When he was only six, Pete asked Glenn about that.

"Tell you what," Glenn said. "When you can swim the length of the Beverly Hills Hotel pool, turn around without touching and swim back, you get your own pool." Soon after, Pete took his dad down to the hotel and proved he could do it. So the pool went in.

FOR A LONG TIME Glenn managed to keep Pete in the dark about what he did for a living. When he'd go off to the studio it was just "on business." But sometimes he had to rig up at home in high-heeled boots and a Stetson. Then he told Pete, "Got to go help a man with some horses." Pete got the idea his pop was a ranch hand, which was okay with him. He was nuts about cowboys, and Glenn could remember when *he* had thought Tom Mix was a far greater man than the President of the United States. So he kicked the gag along. The only pictures he'd let Pete see were outdoor ones where he rode a horse. The first set he took Pete on was *The Redhead And The Cowboy*. Pete began to compare his dad with other two-gun heroes like Hopalong Cassidy, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry—and especially his TV favorite *The Range Rider,* Jock Mahoney. Glenn suspected that comparisons weren't rating daddy so high.

So when he'd watch *The Range Rider* with Pete, and Jocko would pull a particularly death-defying feat, Glenn would scoff, "Ah, that's easy. I can do it better than that." Or if Pete admired a certain horse, he'd say, "My horse is twice as fast and smart." But he got skeptical looks and sometimes a "Yeah?" And it began to get his goat. After all, Glenn is human.

The thing ate on him so that he collared Jock, whom he's known for years and asked, "Do me a favor, will you?"

It wasn't long after that seventy kids were whooping and tearing around the Ford home at Pete's birthday party when the doorbell rang and there—wonder of wonders—was the Range Rider himself, pistols, fancy boots, buckskin shirt and all.

"Hello, *hombre,*" he greeted Pete. "Does a cowboy named Glenn Ford live here?"

"Yuh-yes, sir. He's my father," gasped Pete, as the seventy gaping revelers crowded around. "I'm his boy, Pete Ford."

"Well, now, you're a mighty lucky boy." Jock played it to the hilt. "Matter of fact, I've come out here to thank your dad."

"What for?" Pete tingled to his toes.

"What *for?*" boomed the great man. "Why, sonny, your father taught me everything I know. He's the greatest cowboy of them all!"

Of course, such deceptions no longer work. A fourth grader at El Rodeo public school in Beverly Hills knows a thing or two. If he doesn't, the kids tell him. So of course Pete came home one day with an awed and questioning look in his eyes.

"Dad, are you a movie star?"

"Don't know about that," said Glenn. "Let's say I make my living as an actor."

"Gee," Pete whistled. "I wanna be an actor, too, when I grow up."

Well, there it was. Like father, like son. Was there ever a kid who didn't want to be what his dad was? Glenn had wanted to be a railroad engineer just like his dad, and if the Fords had stayed in Quebec he might have been. What could you expect of a boy whose parents were both entertainers? He checked up. Yep, there it was in old Pete—the same imagination, which his dad had subconsciously stimulated from babyhood. All Glenn's tall tales and poses were catching up on him. He didn't tout Pete onto his spinach any more with tales of his friend Cecil, the seal, who lived under the house and brought it in especially for him to eat. He didn't hide chewing gum in the magnolia tree and tell Pete it grew there just for him. He didn't make up a hair-raising bedtime story each night about his—Glenn's—astounding prowess with rod, gun and wild-bucking broncos. He didn't have to. Pete dreamed up better ones.

Last summer down in Brazil staying at a *fazenda* (like a ranch house) Pete knocked out a front tooth when, playing pool with another kid, a cue ball bounced up and smacked him. But what did he tell the gang when he came home? "See this tooth? I lost it in a fight with a panther. He clawed it out before I finally got him." And right before his own dad too, without batting an eye. Where did Pete confidently announce he was going next with Glenn? The Fiji Islands, no less, and following that a tiger hunt on elephant back with the Maharajah of Hyderabad and then a big game safari in Kenya. And who had given him those ideas and someday would have to make them good? What had Ellie always said when Glenn racketed off on those location trips to Europe, North Africa, Yucatan? "Don't worry about me. I'm never really lonesome when you go away. You see, I have two Glenns." Um-hm—and both with itchy feet.

"No, Pete," Glenn said, "you don't want to be an actor. Anything but an actor."

"Why?"

"Well—" How could he tell his boy that the odds were too long, a million to one? How could he tell the kid who worshipped him that he, Glenn Ford, had made it only by the rarest luck? How could he say what he really felt, "I still don't know how it happened to me. It's still just playing cops and robbers." But Pete liked to play cops and robbers, too.

"Oh, it's a hard life," Glenn lied. "Look, isn't there something you'd rather do?"

"I like music. How much do musicians make?"

Too close. "Oh, not much. Two or three bucks a day," he cut it way down.

"How about a doctor? I saw that bill on your desk—twenty-five dollars. Did the doctor get that just for looking at you?"

"Well—he has to know a lot to look at me."

"How much do doctors make?"

"Forty or fifty thousand a year if they're good." Glenn built that one way up.

"I'm going to be a doctor," decided Pete.

Glenn started to smile—but it wound up a frown. He'd talked Pete right into that. He felt a little ashamed of himself. What business was it of his what Pete wanted to do? What difference did it make whether he was a doctor, lawyer, plumber—or actor—so long as he was a good one and, more important, a good man? He'd find his way and in his own way. Pete is his son, but Pete is a person, too, part of a million other people stretching way back into time. The trouble with fathers like himself, Glenn decided, is that they overplay their parts—like ham actors.

YOU'VE GOT A son and you've got a second chance and that is both a privilege and a responsibility. But it's no mandate to make over anyone in your own image, even if you could. That's the danger of looking too closely and trying too hard. Sure, you die a thousand deaths trying to do the right thing, but the right thing is not steering him but backing him up. Funny, you worry about teaching Pete, and all the time he's teaching you. What was it that poet wrote? "He doesn't die who has a son." Well, you don't live unless you have one either, thought Glenn Ford.

"All that stuff's a long way off, Pete," he said. "Let's see what's for supper." **END**

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how tony and janet saved their love

(*Continued from page 55*) And they caught up on talk—not studio talk which is mostly on their tongues when they are working, but small talk—the little things about each other that each wants to know and can't find out when they are busy at the studio.

"Why don't you ever imitate Cary Grant's voice any more when you telephone me?" she asked one afternoon.

"I don't have to now," he said, "because I know you won't hang up on me. That's why I used to do it then."

About the third night after their arrival they decided they were strong enough to do a little dancing, and in a dreamy moment Tony wanted to know how Janet could be sure she was still interested in him.

"Funny you should mention that," she said, "because one of the ways I'd know whether I still really have 'it' for my husband is whether or not I still like to dance with him; whether when the music gets real soft, so do I, and whether I have that real gone feeling when I'm in his arms."

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, what?" she wanted to know.

"Well, you know what," he said.

"Yes," she said, and buried her face deeper in his shoulder.

Walking home from the movies one night they met an old New York friend of Tony's who said, "Well, so long, you old car thief." Janet was curious. As soon as they were alone she wanted to know about that. "That man was kidding, of course."

"No, he wasn't kidding," Tony told her. "It's true. I—I was a car thief in New York. Dum-de-*dum*-dum!"

Janet laughed, but her hand was at her heart and she was already wondering where they might find a lawyer to fight extradition. Then Tony explained. He put his arm around her and picked the shadowy places on the street to walk through while he told her the story. It wasn't automobiles he had stolen, he said. It was a trolley car—a full-sized, Third Avenue trolley car. He was nine years old then.

"But why?" asked Janet.

"It was a slow afternoon," replied Tony, "and I had nothing else to do. A bunch of us kids were wandering around and suddenly we found ourselves in the car barns on Third Avenue in the Sixties. Somebody said something about liking to go for a ride so I got in one of the cars and—it was so simple—a couple of gadgets to work and the car moves. Who could resist working them? First thing you know, I was running the trolley down the street!"

"What did the car people do?" asked Janet.

"They chased us—in another trolley," Tony said. "I slammed on the brakes and we all jumped out and scattered. End of story. End of criminal career. What's your reaction?"

"I think that before going to bed I'll have a chocolate fudge sundae," said Janet.

"Poor thing," said Tony, comfortingly. "I don't blame you. I'll have a salami on rye with cheese."

"I'm not going to try to do anything more about the way you eat," Janet told him. "I think you could digest granite with the right seasoning."

"Sure," Tony agreed. "The salami people pay me for the endorsement. If I tried to eat frou-frou salads like you I'd disappear like Judge Crater. By the way, who was Judge Crater?"

"A guy who disappeared," said Janet.

Tony stopped short and waved his arm at all of Palm Springs which lay before them, dark and sleeping under its rustling palm trees. "Between Janet and me," he announced to whom it might concern, "we know everything."

Among the friends they met there was Ed Trzcinski, one of the writers of *Stalag 17*. Tony did a nice portrait of him. Ed was so pleased that in return he offered to teach Tony enough Freud to enable him to psychoanalyze Janet. Tony refused.

"I don't want to analyze her," he said. "I just want to idolize her. And I know I can't have both."

"That's the nicest thing you've ever said about me," Janet told him. "I think."

There were serious interludes, too, during the vacation, like the afternoon Tony revealed to some of their friends that he and Janet were not at all unmindful of their future and the necessity of planning.

"We have a feeling that one day we might want to pull up stakes and maybe go to New York, produce our own picture abroad, or something like that," he said. "If that turns out to be the case we don't want to be walking around with a mortgage and a pair of worried looks. We want to be able to take off in a couple of days."

"So that's why you rent a house instead of buying, eh?" he was asked.

NOR HEED THE RUMBLE OF THE DISTANT DRUM

Two years ago I visited Sugar Hill, an off-Broadway night club. The tables were pushed close together and right next to me sat Dane Clark and Phil Foster, making the rounds stag. The lights were dim and a lovely Negro girl was dancing to the beating of drums. At the very climax of the dance, when all was still and expectant, Dane Clark yelled, "Tondelayo!" and convulsed the nearby tables. Later on they good-naturedly signed autographs and took pictures with us.

Marilyn Lenoff
Washington Heights, New York

"One of the big reasons," he replied. "We could slap enough money down now to 'go into escrow' on a mansion somewhere, but it wouldn't be wise. Outside of the fact that we want mobility, we want to be liquid. I mean we never want to have to accept a role just because we need the money for our obligations, real estate or otherwise. We owe it to our professional selves to keep out from under pressure and to determine all our moves by artistic considerations. We don't want any of our followers to have to see us do anything which is not suitable for us and which we would not do well.

"For instance, even though Janet and I partnered up for *Houdini*, and we fit well into our next co-starring picture, *The Black Shield of Falworth*, we are *not* a team by any means. Just because *Houdini* did wonderfully at the box office and they predict the same thing for *The Black Shield Of Falworth*, doesn't mean we should work together again—not ever if the right roles don't come up. We are essentially just two people who happen to be married, not an actress and an actor who married because it was a smart thing to do professionally."

Everybody said Tony had the right idea, but a girl who had been listening to him asked Janet if this reasoning suited her. "After all, you want your home and your homemaking now, don't you?" she asked.

"I have my home now," replied Janet. "It's a rented one, but if Tony and I hadn't been fortunate enough to be in pictures, and be making the salaries we do, a rented home would have been all we could afford anyway. And we'd have loved it!"

"Yes, but a home that isn't your very own, really your own, doesn't feel the same, does it?" asked the girl, persisting. "I mean nothing has a sense of permanence and you don't feel it's a place with all the things that, well—like the song goes, 'All The Things You Are.' "

"All those things we've got and we're still getting," Janet assured her. "We've got probably the only eight-room bungalow in Beverly Hills with only one bedroom. Don't you think that's individual? Everything except the dining room, living room and kitchen has been turned into a den, nook or plain hideaway. Of course we call them the bar room and the trophy room and what not, but they could turn out to be nurseries!

"In the meantime our little memories are accumulating, if nothing else. I love to be in the bar room sewing when Tony gets home from the studio. It's like a little ritual as he moves around, letting me know he's home in his own way, going about the business of forgetting his workaday world and fitting back into the role of husband and man of the house. He does it with a kiss, with a word about this and that, with the strange, gentle jazz music he likes to turn on every night. I'll say, 'Will you have a little glass of wine?' And he'll reply, 'Can't I have both?' And I'll ask, 'Meaning?' And he'll say, 'Meaning you.' "

What Janet knows about Tony, and likes to make plain, is that he doesn't think actors should be stable—like bankers. "The thought frightens me," he has said. "The minute you are settled, then you no longer want to gamble. To young people like Janet and me the picture business is still great adventure—like the wildcat oil business. We both know this may not be a sensible viewpoint but we are both for actors not being too sensible.

"I know I could be criticized for this but I don't mind. I don't mind almost anything reporters have to say about me. I'm lucky to get my name in print, if you ask me. Sometimes, however, I wish they wouldn't get off on a wrong kick like with that thing about Jerry Lewis and me feuding. You know how that started? Aw, what's the difference? If stories like that can get around about two old friends none of us has to worry about being too stable."

On the tenth day after their arrival at Palm Springs Janet and Tony went out to the pool to soak up a last dosage of sunshine. Charlie Farrell, their host, came by to lark around with them and bid them godspeed. A messenger walked out on the lawn paging, "Mrs. Tony Curtis," and handed Janet a package. Janet and Tony always open packages when they are delivered. She had to show it—an inscribed cigarette case for him.

"I hadn't meant to give it to you yet," she said. "The boy *had* to bring it out here!"

"Well, it's a nice present," he said. "But what's the occasion?"

She thought for a moment. "Oh, I haven't figured that out yet," she said. "Would St. Patrick's Day do?"

Tony responded to the best of his ability and then lay back in the sun again, closing his eyes. Janet leaned way over.

"I know," she said. "Him's baffled at me."

Tony reached up and around for her.

"Always," he said.

END

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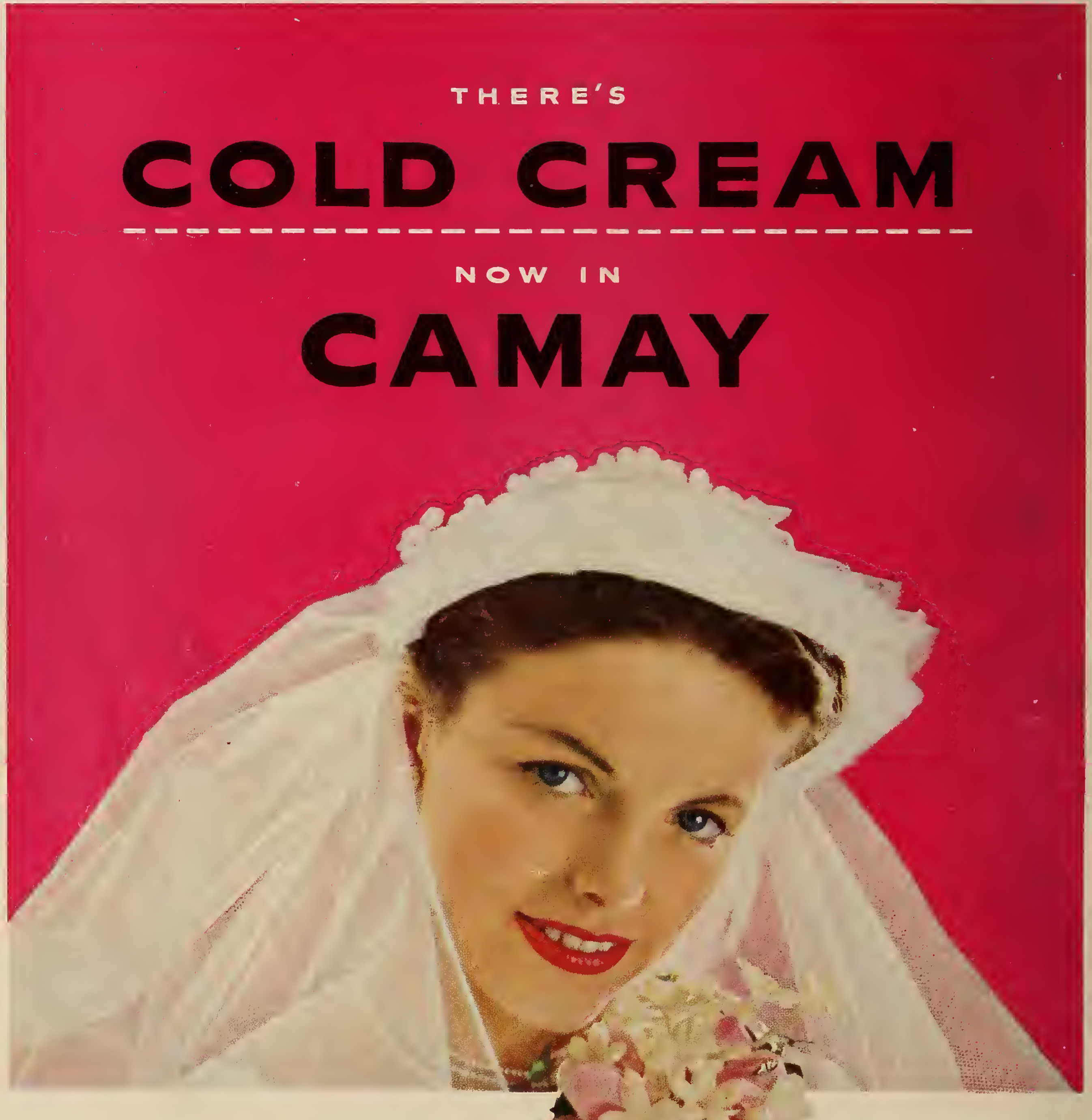

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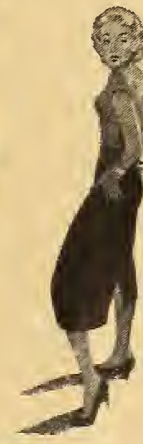

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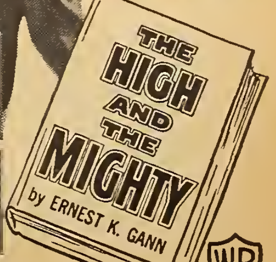
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* On the cover: Color portrait of Doris Day by John Engstead. She can be seen currently in Warner Brothers' *Lucky Me*. See page 73 for other photographers' credits.

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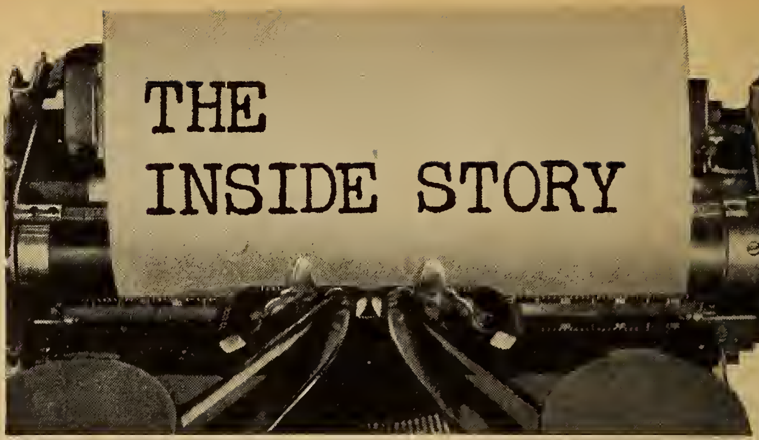

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that John Wayne was handed a $400,000 certified check to star in *Indian Fighter* and turned it down?
—H.E., Fresno, Cal.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Now that Greer Garson is no longer at MGM, what does she plan to do? Retire?
—E.S., Ashland, Ky.

A. *Miss Garson plans to make a western at Warner Bros. with Mervyn LeRoy.*

Q. Did Donald O'Connor really lose $45,000 while gambling at Las Vegas?
—M.S., Jackson, Miss.

A. *No, he won $14,000.*

Q. Any truth to the rumor that Joan Crawford fainted when she was turned down for the lead opposite Bing Crosby in *Country Girl?*
—J.C., Springfield, Mass.

A. *No. She simply went east, vacationed, came back with a new romance, Chicago Ford dealer Charles Baron.*

Q. Can you tell me if Carlos Thompson has been dating Gary Cooper's wife, Rocky? What is Thompson's real name?
—T.T., Linden, N.J.

A. *Yes, he's been dating Rocky. His real name is Juan José Mundanschaffter.*

Q. Didn't Andy Russell divorce his wife Della because he fell in love with a Mexican girl?
—E.D., Tampa, Fla.

A. *Andy will soon be free to marry Señorita Velia Sanchez Belmonte.*

Q. Can you tell me if Marilyn Monroe is as sexy out of motion pictures as she is in them?
—L.C., W. Hazelton, Pa.

A. *She is.*

Q. Is Barbara Stanwyck's grown-up son her own or is he adopted?
—S.K., Dinuba, Cal.

A. *Adopted.*

Q. Does Rock Hudson plan to marry Betty Abbott in the near future?
—A.F., Syracuse, N.Y.

A. *He says no.*

Q. How many times has Tyrone Power been married and has Lana Turner ever forgiven him for jilting her when he married Linda Christian?
—J.W., Pascagoula, Miss.

A. *Power has been married twice; Lana has forgiven and forgotten.*

Q. I read that when Michael Wilding goes out with his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, he never wears his hair piece. Didn't he wear one the night of the Academy Awards?
—A.G., Hunter, N.D.

A. *Yes.*

Q. How many children does Stewart Granger have by his first wife and why doesn't he bring them over here?
—E.V., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Granger has two children, plans to bring them over from England for a vacation.*

Q. I hear that the James Mason marriage is on the rocks and that Mrs. Mason is planning a divorce. Is that on the level?
—D.C., Florence, Ala.

A. *Mrs. Mason has frequently threatened divorce.*

Q. There are hardly ever any stories on Claudette Colbert. Why?
—V.G., El Paso, Texas

A. *Miss Colbert has been in Europe for eighteen months.*

Q. How come Joanne Dru and Zsa Zsa Gabor got into so many fights while making *The Big Top* with Martin and Lewis?
—N.F., Detroit, Mich.

A. *Their personalities clashed.*

Q. When they go out, do most Hollywood actresses wear artificial eyelashes?
—P.T., Kenosha, Wis.

A. *About half of them.*

Q. Why was Janet Leigh released from MGM?
—V.E., Merced, Calif.

A. *She asked for her release.*

Q. I understand that Esther Williams will make personal appearances this summer. Does she plan to swim?
—N.Y., Mobile, Ala.

A. *No. She plans to sing in Las Vegas, Nevada, for $25,000 per week.*

IT'S MR. FUN... AT HIS FUNNIEST!

DANNY KAYE

THE HAPPIEST EVENT OF THE YEAR!

Danny sings clowns, and dances at the top of his form!

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KNOCK ON WOOD

Costarring
MAI ZETTERLING

Choreography by Michael Kidd
Words and Music by SYLVIA FINE · Written, Produced and Directed by NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK
A Paramount Picture

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Still a frequent twosome, Debbie Reynolds and Tab Hunter arrived together at *Executive Suite* première; denied all romance rumors.

Vera-Ellen, famous for her collection of costume jewelry, wore one of her most elaborate pieces to première. Richard Gully escorted her.

Pat Crowley came to the preem with Vic Damone. Pat has been making television appearances lately, getting a really big buildup.

June Haver and Fred MacMurray attended together, of course. Fred's most important picture, *The Caine Mutiny*, looks like a hit.

DALE ROBERTSON'S ROMANCE . . .

SHELLEY WINTERS, who exploded in Rome because she was so hurt over Vittorio Gassman, returned to Hollywood calmed down—at least on the surface.

She told me, "I just want to forget him. I don't want anything from him except support for little Vittoria. Thank God, I have my baby. I'm going to devote my life to her."

Right here is where I made the fatal mistake of asking Shelley if it is true she has fallen in love with another actor in Europe.

Shelley snapped, "I am no longer in the import-export business."

THE MORE I hear and see of Rock Hudson the better I like him. When première-time for *Magnificent Obsession* was rolling around (it's Rock's greatest picture) his studio asked him to take a famous glamour girl to the event.

Rock just shook his head. "Sorry, fellas," he said, "I invited Betty Abbott weeks ago and she's going to be my date."

Betty is the very pretty script girl at Universal-International whom Rock has been taking out pretty steadily. I asked one of his best friends if he thought it was a serious thing between Rock and Betty.

"Let's put it this way," the pal explained, "right now the big love in Rock's life is his career. He feels he is just beginning to get the right roles and he wants nothing to divert him from improving himself as an actor.

"He finds Betty wonderful company and she is very understanding of his point of view. I doubt if wedding bells have entered either of their thoughts. But as time goes on, and Rock becomes more firmly established—who knows? Betty may prove to be just the right girl for him."

SPEAKING OF the première of *Magnificent Obsession,* you should have seen the expression on Donald O'Connor's face when Julia Adams (the girl he's rumored to be "crazy about") walked right past him into the theatre on the arm of designer Bill Thomas!

Don had come stag because he thought Julia had a cold!

JOAN CRAWFORD wore what she described as a "little girl dress" of white embroidery to the surprise birthday party she gave for her press agent, Henry Rogers. But there was nothing "little girl" about the enormous diamond pin she was sporting—a real whopper.

The party was held in the private room at Chasen's cafe and it suddenly became the most glamorous "nightclub" in the world when the guests started putting on an impromptu show.

First to take over were June Allyson and director Chuck Walters who did an exhibition dance that would have done credit to the De Marcos or Veloz and Yolanda. Beaming proudly from a ringside table was Dick Powell, who thinks everything June does is perfect anyway.

Then Donald O'Connor and his sidekick, Sidney Miller, took over the mike. No one was surprised that this team was funny, but Don brought down the house when he sang, "My Secret Love" as beautifully as I have ever heard it.

Doris Day had first been invited to warble her Oscar-winning song. But she said she was too nervous to do it. So she sat nearby coaching Don with the words which he did not know.

Next came Jane Wyman really going to town singing "Sunny Side Of The Street" accompanied by the composer, Jimmy McHugh.

Joan's fifteen-year-old daughter Christina was permitted to come to the party and stay until ten o'clock. From the expression on her face at ten o'clock, methinks the young lady didn't care for that going-home routine.

Fred MacMurray was with June Haver. Who else? No matter how crowded the room, these two never seem to realize anyone else is around.

I continue to be amazed by the way the pregnant ladies of today get around—and in the highest fashion, too. Jane Greer Lasker, who looked as though she might have her baby the following morning, was radiant in a cute natural straw hat with a perky rose on top—and she danced every time the music struck up.

Another expectant mother, Frances (Mrs. Van) Heflin wore a cocoa chiffon cocktail dress that could have been worn by a Paris model. She and Van arrived in his low-slung Jaguar. "I love riding in it," said Frances, "but the getting in and out takes a bit of doing."

One of my favorite bits of the evening was watching George Burns do a soft shoe routine a la the old vaudeville days. It was quite a wingding Miss Crawford hosted—or should I say hostess-ed?

RAN INTO Dale Robertson right after his return from location on *Sitting Bull* in Mexico City and he was plenty hot under the collar over printed stories that he got into a saloon brawl down there over Mary Murphy.

"It was just one of those things that often happen to actors in public," Dale said. "An obnoxious drunk gets funny, passes some cracks and there's nothing left to do but take a poke at him."

Whether he got into a fight over Mary or not, my money says that she is the big romance in his life right now. These two have dinner almost every night in one of the quiet bistros and the way they look at one another isn't chilly.

Shortly after Dale parted from his wife there was a lot of noise that he would marry Cherie de Castro when he is free. Cherie is the cute chorus girl at the Moulin Rouge whose press agent started beating the drums that *she* was Dale's true love.

Dale settled this with, "Cherie's still married. So am I until my interlocutary decree becomes final in eight months. But even if we were both as free as the air we would stay that way!"

MOST OF HOLLYWOOD was on the police blotter for some happening or other this month. For a few weeks movietown sounded like one of Jack Webb's *Dragnet* episodes. Here are the facts, ma'am:

A few hours after about ninety guests and I departed Jane Wyman's house after a gala party, a housebreaker lifted $19,000 of Janie's jewelry and padded out of the house so softly that Jane, Freddie Karger, the two children and the servants slept through the whole thing!

P.S. A man was later arrested in Tia Juana and part of Janie's stolen gems were found on him.

JUST A FEW DAYS following the Wyman theft, a police ambulance was called to take Dr. Lew Morrill away from the home of his estranged wife, Rhonda Fleming. Lew had fallen and broken his leg in three places.

"We had been discussing our problems late into the evening and I asked Lew to get some firewood," redheaded Rhonda explained. "He slipped on a rock and was barely able to drag himself to the back door. He was screaming with pain."

Rhonda said she was "very sorry" about the accident, but she didn't see how it necessarily meant she should make up with poor Lew who, doctors say, will be laid up from seven to ten months. She filed for divorce the day after he left the hospital.

And Aldo Ray was actually picked up by the cops after he left the home of his fiancée, Jeff Donnell, and returned several hours later to pick up the script of *Battle Cry* which he had forgotten.

Attempting to slip quietly into the patio where he had left it on a table, and hoping not to awaken Jeff, Ray was suddenly seized by patrol guards who had been posted in the neighborhood after a series of robberies.

If Aldo hadn't beaten on the door hard enough to awaken Jeff and clear himself, he would have spent the night in the bastille.

WHETHER it was lost, dropped or stolen, the police were called when Mary Pickford's $20,000 canary diamond clip, surrounded by 250 baguette diamonds, was "missed" somewhere between the Mocambo and a private party.

WITH ALL the fuss about Donald O'Connor's reference to her pregnancy after she sang "Secret Love" at the Academy Awards, I asked Ann Blyth McNulty herself how she felt about it.

"I thought it was cute," laughed Ann. "Don and I have been pals for years. I was amused when he said 'Secret Love' had been sung by Ann Blyth *and family*."

So there—all you critics who panned Don!

THE RECONCILIATION between the Gene Nelsons didn't take although Gene did everything in his power to woo Miriam back after the Jane Powell episode.

Miriam dated Gene, and she thought seriously about it because of their little boy.

But she finally decided, "When love is *really* dead, and not just hidden under the embers, it is almost impossible to bring it to life again no matter how hard we try."

TAKE IT EASY, take it easy! Bing Crosby is not pictured as a hopeless drunk in *The Country Girl.*

Alarmed over the barrage of letters flooding the studio, Paramount is launching a campaign to counteract the rumors that Bing is soused throughout the picture with Grace Kelly and Bill Holden.

Head man Adolph Zukor says, "To calm all fears, we will show the finished film to a committee of churchmen before the release. This will assure all the fans who respect Mr. Crosby and look up to him that he will not be portrayed as an unsavory character."

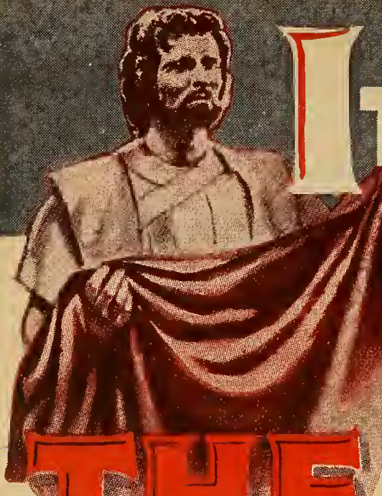
Bing himself says, "I'm shown taking only one drink in the whole picture. It's really a theme of faith and two people's belief in a

Spike Jones' Easter TV show was seen by many stars' kids. Jane Powell took Geary, Jr. and Suzanne; Pat Nerney took daughter Mona.

Joan Crawford brought daughters Cathy and Cynthia, who wore identical dresses and accessories. (Note name tags worn by all the kids.)

Dale Evans brought Cheryl, Doe, Sandy and Rusty. They were the most colorful except for Spike Jones, Jr., who wore a gay checked suit.

IT BEGINS WHERE



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The Robe LEFT OFF!

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FIDELITY STEREOPHONIC SOUND

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Based on a Character Created by
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MATURE

co-starring

MICHAEL RENNIE · DEBRA PAGET
ANNE BANCROFT · JAY ROBINSON
with BARRY JONES · WILLIAM MARSHALL

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news Continued

man who has lost his way and who gets back on the right path because of them."

I'M REALLY on my soapbox against Simone Silva, the brazen French girl who posed nude-above-the-waist with Robert Mitchum at the Cannes film festival, coming to Hollywood for a film career.

And while I'm on the subject, I think Mr. Mitchum's conduct was unpardonable, too, and if his excuse is that if he hadn't been in the pictures he would have been forced into a creek, I say he should have fallen in the creek!

Somebody is going to have to bring this young man to terms before he brings another major scandal on Hollywood. He has been very, very lucky in having the friendship of a powerful producer to keep his career going. And, he has been lucky in having a wife like Dorothy, a very fine woman.

But to get back to this Simone person. She impudently stated in Cannes that she did her outrageous act because she wanted a career in Hollywood.

When she arrived in New York she "obliged" the photographers by doing a modified version of her Cannes striptease. And, in Hollywood, she stated at the airport, "My bosom is larger than Jane Russell's or Marilyn Monroe's and I shall become just as famous."

This is what we are looking for in Hollywood?????? I shan't even mention the name of the sensation-seeking producer who signed her and I hope by the time you read this she is on her way back to France.

MADLY IN LOVE with brewer Philip Liebmann and wanting to be with him all the time, Linda Darnell (usually a doll to work with) was as snappish as a cross puppy making *Night Music*.

If an actor missed a cue or muffed a line, Linda would break into nervous tears and then time would have to be taken out while her make-up was repaired.

When a reporter asked her if she and Liebmann, a very attractive young man as well as a rich one, would be married when the picture was finished, Linda snapped, "Wait till the picture is finished and find out."

Unless present plans go way astray, I'm betting that Linda and Liebmann (head man of the Rheingold Beer Company) will be married by the time you read this and on their way to a honeymoon in Europe.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: The supposed feud between Ava Gardner and Italy's leading glamour girl, Gina Lollobrigida, in Rome was strictly a phony, just for the publicity on *Barefoot Contessa*. Gina is said to have visited the set and Ava refused to meet her. For the record (straight from my Italian spy) Ava wasn't even working this day. . . . They held a private showing of *The Caine Mutiny* for me and I can tell you that Robert Francis, the newcomer who plays the boy, will be a terrific hit. Watch for this boy, he's going to be *great*. . . . Ooops! William Holden's "asking price" has jumped to $200,000 per picture since he won the Oscar. . . . Cleo Moore is too pretty and too talented to permit her press agent to keep harping on the fact that she is "the kiss girl" whose long smooch with disk jockey Jack Eigen got him fired from his TV show in Chicago. . . . Isn't Kirk Douglas ever going to get a screen role which will permit him a haircut? Kirk has the longest bob in town. . . . 'Kinda cute the way Lex Barker is teaching Lana Turner to economize, something Lana has never heretofore gone in for. Lex told her, "We can either take a two weeks vacation in Honolulu or build a new room on the house for the kids. Which do you prefer?"—and Lana settled for the new room! . . . Frank Sinatra wants to turn director and I love Frankie's reply to someone who asked him, "What makes you think you can be a director?" He said, "The same thing that made me think I could be a singer—and an actor!"

EASTER IN Palm Springs was plenty hot (110 in the shade—and no shade)—but plenty of fun. The William Perlbergs had a big party on Saturday night which became

Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea had to build an additional room onto their home to accommodate baby Mary Catherine, ended up remodeling entire house to include porch in photo. But the O'Sheas say it's worth it, plan to have more kids. Complete story of their wacky, wonderful life on page 36.

No other deodorant now asks women to Shave First!

Actual skin tests prove YODORA SO "KIND" TO SENSITIVE SKIN we can make this bold statement

FIRST . . . shave under arms. (For faultless grooming — ask your druggist for Yodora shaving booklet.)

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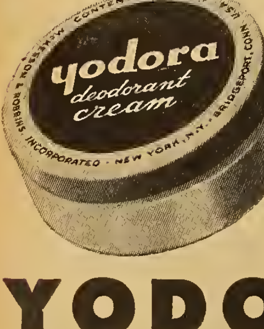

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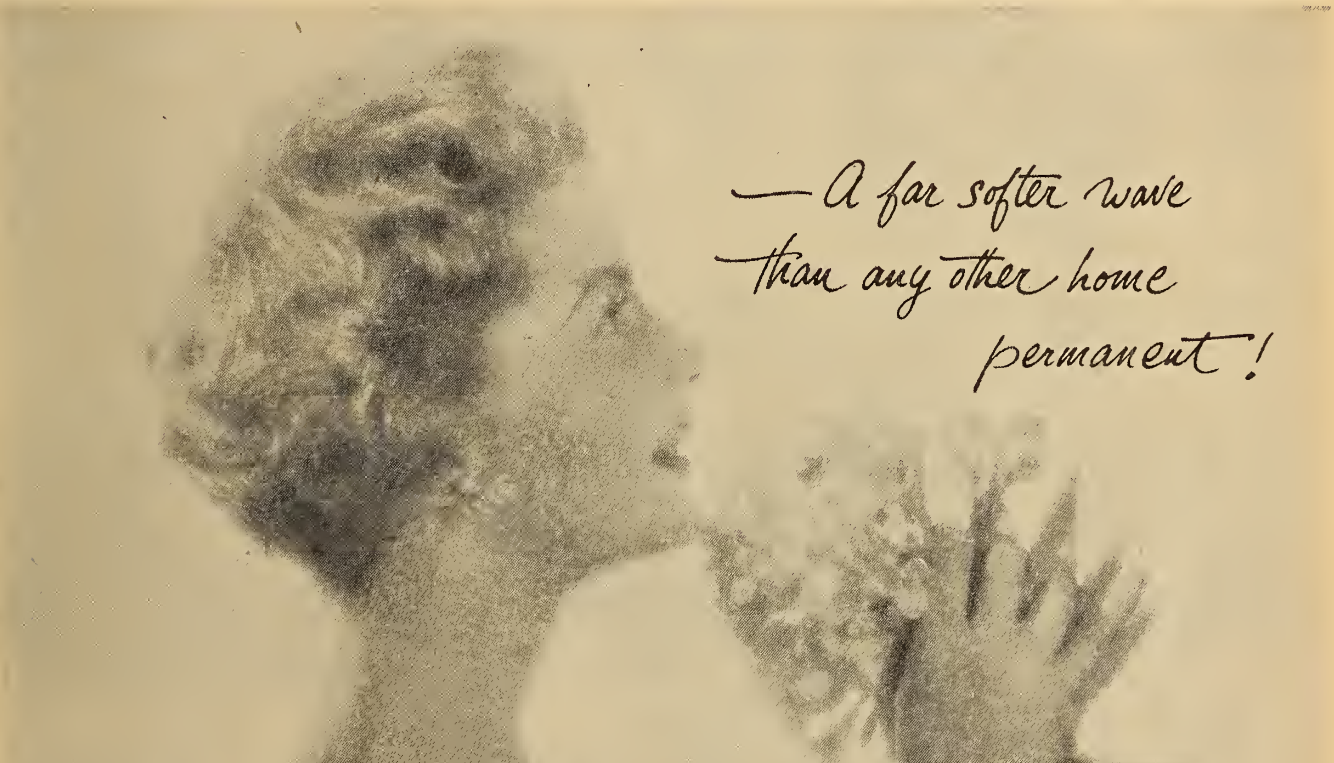

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She stuck in her thumb,
And pulled out **PINK PLUM**
And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

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Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

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Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

cashmere bouquet
INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

even bigger than expected when Lindsay Crosby showed up with eight of his Loyola school pals—and they all had dates.

Lindsay's old man, Bing, is like a mother hen whenever Lindsay and his cronies are around. "I have so much fun with the kids," Bing told me, "I've called off my trip to Europe."

One of the prettiest girls in Lindsay's group was Danny Thomas' daughter, Marjorie. She's a student at Marymount and so attractive.

Mary and Jack Benny and Kitty and Mervyn Le Roy were also among the guests who had a time with the kids.

THE LETTER BOX: "Chalene," of New York, writes: "I want Dale Robertson to know he hasn't lost a single fan by his divorce. In a magazine Mrs. Robertson is quoted as saying, 'I had the feeling from the beginning that he regretted our marriage.' Looks like she didn't expect the marriage to last and with her thinking like that, how could it? She blames everything on him. Gallantly, he has nothing to say against her. We're for Dale!"

Dorothy McDonald, The Plains, Ohio, doesn't go for Peter Lawford: "I always think of him as Petah Lahwfahd. Don't you?" Not necessarily. Many fans are crazy for Petah.

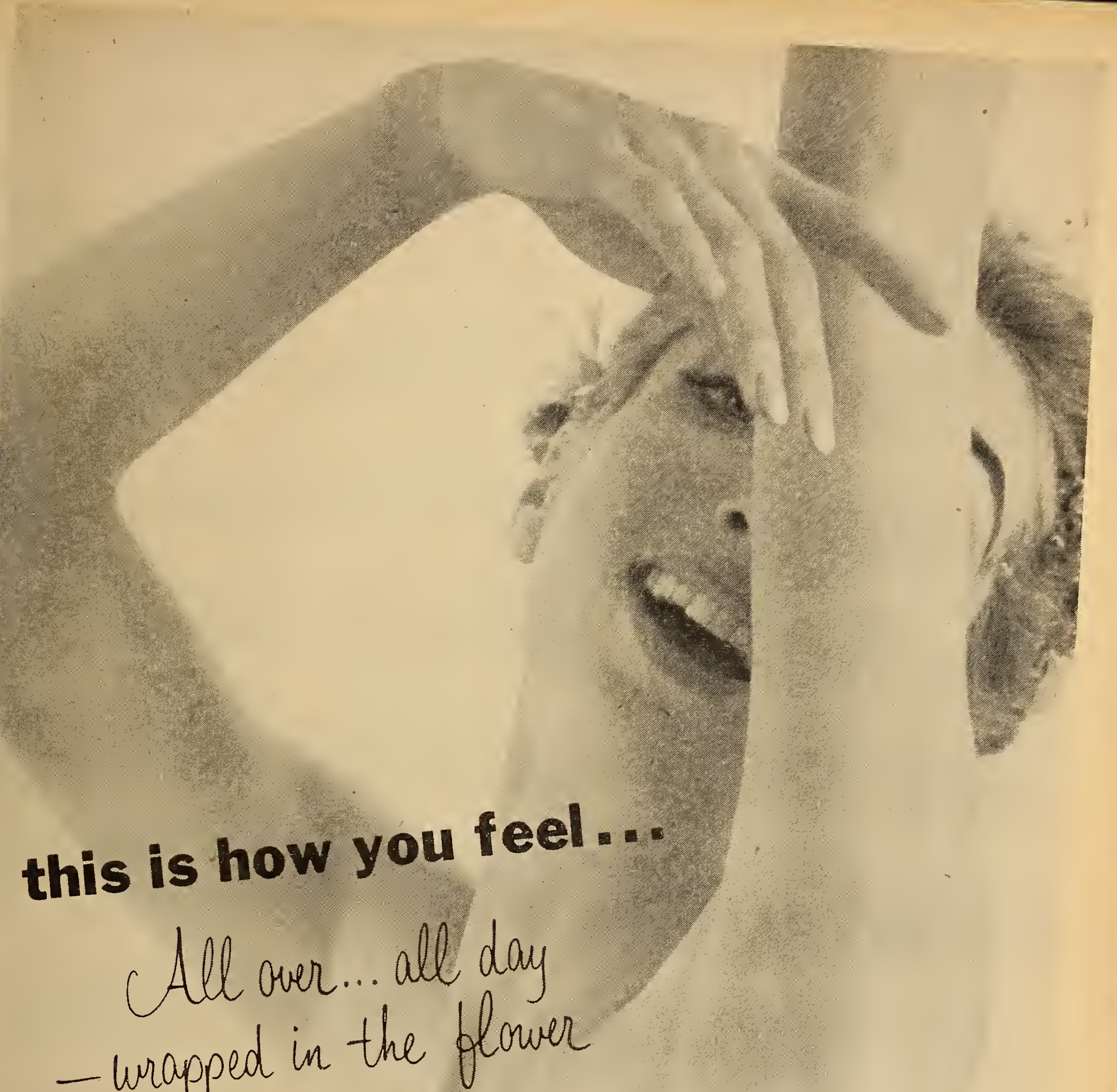
Emily MacMasters, Sanford, Florida: "I am completely through with Vittorio Gassman, his conceit and his heart of rock." You and Shelley Winters, Emily.

"I wish Suzan Ball and Dick Long to know that they have made the heart of the world beat a little more tenderly because of their inspiring love story," writes Sally del Valle, from Havana, Cuba. "They more than make up for such sordid romances as Zsa Zsa Gabor and *that* man, and many others I shan't dignify by naming."

Mrs. Donald Wallisch thinks Montgomery Clift was robbed because he didn't get the Oscar for his "inspired" playing in *From Here To Eternity*. "Clift is the screen's greatest actor," says Mrs. Wallisch. William Holden isn't bad either, Mrs. W.!

That's all for now. See you next month.

Peter Lawford married Patricia Kennedy, daughter of Ambassador Joe Kennedy. Ceremony took place in St. Thomas More's Church, New York.



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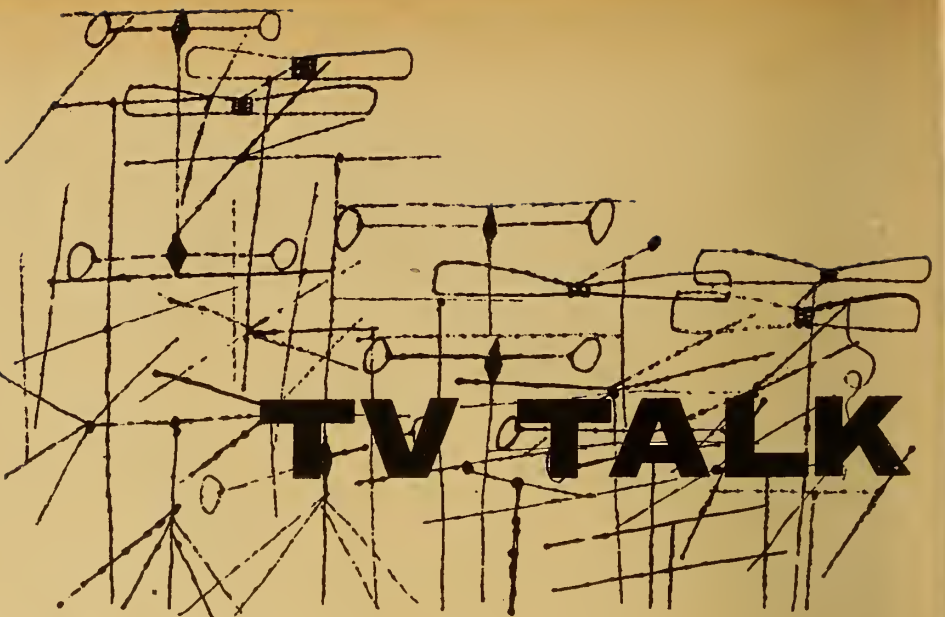
Says
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School



TV TALK

Brando can be funny . . . Ray Milland is unhappy . . . Wally Cox becomes a ladies' man . . . Ed Murrow is shy.

You hear lots of things about **Marlon Brando**, but you hardly ever hear about his sense of humor. Well, he has one, all right. And he doesn't always duck when his fans approach. One time, when he was holed up in his apartment in New York and the newspapers were full of how he was dodging their reporters, he was playing a little game with a few of his fans who wanted his autograph. They found their way to his door and he answered it right away. He wouldn't open it of course (he's not *that* friendly), but he talked to them through the keyhole, claiming he was too short to open the door. And then he climbed up and chatted through the transom, claiming he was too tall! He may be a crazy, mixed-up kid, but he has his fun. All his friends consider him a great wit, in fact; and **Wally Cox**, his old pal from grammar school days, just wishes he could be as amusing . . . Wally, of course, is a real wit, on the screen and in private life. If you can cock your ear close enough to hear his whispery voice, it's mighty rewarding. His friends are devoted to him, and like nothing better than to have him around entertaining them. He sometimes picks up very old-fashioned books in his meanderings around town and arrives to read them out loud. With his dead-pan delivery, the dullest, most Victorian prose in the world turns into something that could wow 'em in vaudeville. His hosts also like him because he's so wonderful with children. He has that knack of talking to them that makes them love him as much as he loves them. The main reason he likes kids so much is that he's jealous. He would love to have some of his own. And, seeing as how Wally has turned into quite a ladies' man, he just might do what he's done on *Mr. Peepers* and get married. In the meantime, though, he's got his mind on making a movie. But he won't make it in Hollywood. He insists that it be made in Europe so he can have some fun along with his work. Wally has only been to Europe once (last summer, when he joined Marlon there for two weeks), but he fell in love with it, and he's eager to return . . . **Gary Merrill** is looking seedier and seedier, and no one can figure out why. Even when he goes to the theatre on an opening night, he's got a few days' beard and sideburns that can't be beat. If he were playing a part that required them, everyone would understand. But he's not . . . You hear lots of talk about some celebrities who keep their wives in the background because they want to keep their professional lives and their private lives far apart. **Perry Como** does it. But **Garry Moore** is even more insistent on the sanctity of his home than Perry is. The main reason in the Moore household is Mrs. M. She doesn't care for show business, not one whit; for all anyone knows, she's never even looked at one of Garry's shows. She just ignores his career and doesn't even use the name "Mrs. Garry Moore." She's Mrs. Garrison Morfit (that's Garry's real name). Garry absolutely refuses to have any reporters or photographers anywhere near his wife and children. One other reason for the curtain: Garry's afraid his sons will let the publicity go to their heads, and he wants them to grow up as nice, normal boys . . . Everyone knew that **Dorothy Kilgallen** was going to have a third baby, but no one could have told it from looking at her. She remained impeccably groomed and quite slim. And she started gadding about town again about ten days after the little boy arrived. Dorothy looked wonderful, too. She and her husband, **Dick Kollmar**, have an elegant town house. Dick prowls all over town every Christmas to find something special for one of their favorite rooms in it. It's their "Americana Room," and he picks up real art treasures for the little woman to put in it . . . Some of **Steve Allen's** friends wonder if **Jayne** (*I've Got A Secret*) **Meadows** is quite the girl for him. They can't quite envision the gay Jayne scrambling eggs. But Steve's a sensible young man and he knows what he's doing. He certainly knows what he's doing when it comes to careers. His has never been in better shape . . . You'd never realize it to look at him on TV now, but **Robert Montgomery** used to be a brat of a boy. When he was very young, he lived in a boarding house; and he used to have a cute trick of lying in wait for the boarders to come home at night and then jump out, yell at them and run away down the dark halls. It's hard to believe that little boy has grown up to be a big movie star, movie producer, television star, television producer and adviser to the President of the United States! . . . **Peg Lynch's** real-life husband (she's the author and star of *Ethel And Albert*, of course, looks as little like Alan Bunce, who plays Albert, as any man could. He's one of those Scandinavians who look so young for so long. Odd Knut Ronning (yes, that's his name!) could pass for a man of twenty-five if he wanted to—the slim, blond type. He looks, in fact, very much like a pale version of Montgomery Clift . . . **Audrey Hepburn** has gotten so fancy now that she calls shops from her elegant dressing room at the theatre and asks that they bring her a selection of clothes to choose from. The shops do it, of course, even in the pouring rain. Speaking of Audrey's dressing room, her co-star and constant companion, **Mel Ferrer**, only wishes he had one as elegant. Audrey's was redone and refurbished until it was almost as grand as Rosalind Russell's. But Mel had to fight to get a decent chair in his . . . **Ray Milland** has never liked his TV show, *Meet Mr. McNutley*, very much—and that's putting it mildly! He insisted on some changes at first, and they made it a little better. But he's still not happy. Why does he do it? One reason is obvious: money. The other: Milland just loves to work. He can do more than almost any other actor, and he thrives on it. He also doesn't let it take away his social pleasures. Milland can find time for both . . . You know that black-sequinned dress **Jack Benny** wears when he's masquerading as his old friend Gracie Allen? Well, it's one **Rita Hayworth** once wore in a movie, believe it or not. We don't know how much it had to be altered where! . . . When **Edward R. Murrow** is praised for his modesty, whoever says it is telling the truth. Ed's favorite memento—out of thousands—is a silver box from the CBS newsmen who worked with him all through the war. Where do you think they had their signatures engraved? On the bottom. They knew Ed as well as anyone did when they wrote them there rather than on the top where people could see the names. And Ed appreciated the modest gesture just as much as they knew he would. Ed's modesty probably doesn't have anything to do with it, but do you know that he still, to this day, sweats when he delivers a speech? Even when he's talking to a group he knows, the beads of perspiration roll down his face. And he gets as pale as a ghost. No one can understand it. After all, he's been on radio for nearly twenty years, and on TV for three. But the nerves in the man are painfully visible every time he starts to make a public address. Did you know, by the way, that Ed is the highest-paid man at CBS? He makes a lot more than the president or even the chairman of the board!

At last on the screen!

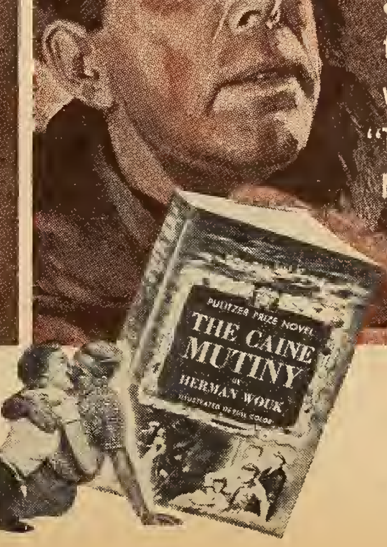
THE CAINE MUTINY

HUMPHREY BOGART
as QUEEG...
the captain and
the cause of
"The Caine
Mutiny."

JOSE FERRER
as GREENWALD...
who understood
the reason for
"The Caine
Mutiny."

VAN JOHNSON
as MARYK...
whose damning
diary sparked
"The Caine
Mutiny."

FRED MACMURRAY
as KEEFER...
the brain
who plotted
"The Caine
Mutiny."



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Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK

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She calls him Baby

South of the border in a small hotel, Gene Tierney and Aly Khan found privacy—and a new security in their love.

BY ALICE CRAIG GREENE

"I certainly consider myself engaged," Gene told reporters at the Rosarito Beach Hotel in Mexico, added that they'd marry soon.

Unlike Rita Hayworth, Gene is not a homebody, thoroughly enjoys Aly's extensive traveling and social life with the international horsey set.

■ The playboy of the eastern world went to Mexico to join his fiancée, American movie actress Gene Tierney.

For a couple of years the world press has been wondering aloud if the love of Gene and Aly Khan would come to marriage. Now the formal answer has come from an obscure, sun-drenched little resort about twenty miles below the Mexican border, in Baja California.

The Rosarito Beach Hotel has a reputation for being the most deserted hotel in the world—even when it's full. People go there *not* to be seen. Although all facilities of a busy resort hotel are encompassed in the attractive, sprawling white buildings, most of the guests don't use the swimming pool, the tennis courts, the bar or dancing salons.

Word of the discretion of the management and the anonymity to be found there, has spread among people who want to disappear a little while.

A group of such people drove to the doors of this remote little spot on the afternoon of March 28. Two Cadillac limousines (rented previously from a San Diego taxicab company by telephone from Mexico City) and a black Jaguar two-seater sports car had waited at the Tijuana airport. The Jag was so new it had no license, only a windshield sticker. At two-twenty that afternoon a couple alighted from the Pan American plane from Mexico City, on which they were registered as "Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Taylor, independent worker and housewife."

As they stepped from the plane, attendants (*Continued on page 19*)

"cute tomata"!

by CUTEX

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America's favorite suntan lotion!

Hollywood's worried about Lanza; this time he's really

OUT OF SHAPE

■ Mario Lanza weighs 252 pounds. He owes an estimated $165,000 in income taxes for 1952. His wife has ordered him out of their Beverly Hills home several times lately. He is estranged from his parents, too. It would seem that things can't get much worse for this popular singer who was on top two years ago. Nonetheless, there are chances for him still —if he will only take advantage of them.

From Las Vegas, Mario Lanza has received some good offers—payment of his tax debt plus a salary of $25,000 a week—*if* he will get into shape. So far, he has refused to make the necessary effort.

Columbia Pictures considered Lanza for the re-make of *One Night Of Love*, but they insisted that he get psychiatric help before they were willing to take a chance on him.

Now the Lanzas live on a small weekly allowance from his royalties at RCA Victor. The rest goes to the Government for unpaid taxes. Victor is releasing recordings Lanza made with Ray Sinatra in 1949 ("Lolita" is the first one). And that's about the only way you can hear Mario Lanza sing these days.

she calls him baby

(*Continued from page 16*) whispered excitedly among themselves in Spanish, recognizing actress Gene Tierney and the fabulous Prince Aly Khan. With them were her mother, Belle Tierney, and Aly's valet-bodyguard, William, who has attended the Prince for twenty-four years.

The luggage, Mrs. Tierney and William were put into the Cadillacs. Aly and Gene got into her Jaguar (a present from him) and the caravan started south. Half an hour later, the Cadillacs—now with Aly—drove up to the Rosarito Beach Hotel.

Manager Roberto Bravo came out to greet the newcomers, and was astonished to recognize the prince, who had made no reservations. His hostelry was unaccustomed to serving royalty and he suffered a moment of panic before assigning the party to the Presidential suite—actually three connecting living room-bedroom suites at $54 a day each, one for Aly, one for Mrs. Tierney and one for William.

All Bravo could think of in those first hectic moments was how sportily the prince dressed—a sweater, a sports coat, a scarf and tight-fitting black pants like Mexican charros, but without the usual bright braid down the sides of the legs.

About an hour later, the black Jaguar drove up, and Manager Bravo recognized Gene Tierney. She wore black slacks, a heavy black coat and big black glasses. But the familiar and unusual beauty of the famous redhead wasn't really hidden by the superficial disguise. Gene was taken to her mother's section of the suite.

She remained until midnight when she and her mother drove to the international border to meet a car which drove them to the 20th Century-Fox Studio in Hollywood. Arriving at six A.M. Gene went to work on her new picture, *The Egyptian.* But by four the next morning she had rejoined Aly in Rosarito.

MEANWHILE, Gene's studio was rounding up a confused press conference. Fox publicist Peggy McNaught flew south Tuesday afternoon to try to organize it.

The famous pair appeared early in the afternoon to "meet the press." Gene wore a pale green flannel skirt with a matching cardigan sweater. Aly wore casual slacks and a sports shirt. They posed freely for photographers, although Aly requested, "No corny shots, please," as he once refused to pose with Gene when she sat on a playground swing. He put his hands into his pockets, but Gene put her arm through his as they posed.

Gene was more aggressive and informative than Aly. She displayed the enormous square-cut diamond, set in platinum (about $25,000) which Aly had given her.

"I knew I loved Aly a year and a half ago," she said. "He told me he loved me long before that. He proposed a year ago May, and I told him I thought it would be a good idea. It is untrue that Aly's father ever objected to our marriage. And I see no conflict in our religions. I certainly consider myself engaged, and," looking toward Aly, "we're very much in love, Baby and I—

"We probably will be married within six months, I imagine in Europe." She added she would take her two children, Daria and Christina, with them and would give up her career when she married.

Gene refused to allow her statements to be recorded on the sound film of newsreel cameras. "I get *paid* for doing that at the studios, so why should I do it for nothing?" she said.

A photographer asked Aly whether to call him "prince" or "mister."

"Anything you like." Aly grinned. "I've already been (*Continued on next page*)

THEY BUILT A DREAM OF SPEED AND DARED THE WORLD TO FOLLOW!

The story of a boy who challenged the future ...the girl he loved, the friend he fought and the thousand engine-roaring miles of danger they shared together!

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Prices plus tax

by CHERAMY
PERFUMER

(*Continued from page 19*) called everything, anyway. Usually, they refer to me as the 'dashing playboy.' I don't really give a damn what they call me. I race horses and I travel. My suitcase is my home. But I wish you could come along on the tours I make for my people to see the work I do. I've visited many countries as an emissary for the world's ten to eighteen million Moslems.

"I wish more of your people could come to the Middle East, and more of my people could come here. I'm a believer in getting together for a better understanding."

Aly said he hoped to stay in Mexico a week or so and then return to "my domicile in France" after a trip to Venezuela. In August he plans to be in Saratoga for the horse sales, and he'll see his two sons, one at Harvard and one at prep school.

He refused to speak of their romance or marriage plans. "No, I won't talk about that. This is an extremely personal thing. I'm entitled to some privacy. That's why I sought out this place, particularly."

When Gene refused to speak for the sound film of the newsreels and they declined to take pictures of her without sound, she hurried off to her new Jaguar with Aly following. She got in behind the wheel, said, "Jump in, Baby," posed for one photo, and then headed north.

There was speculation as to whether the couple would marry while they were in Baja, California. But although they made inquiries about the possibilities of marriage there, they learned that for the marriage to be legal in the States, a six months' residence was required. Gene's mother echoed her opinion that they would be married on the Riviera within six months.

After the first twenty-four hours of excitement, with the press, photographers, and curiosity seekers swarming about the usually quiet resort, with Aly angrily phoning periodically to demand privacy, they got the peace they wanted.

They had all their meals in their suite. They only came out for one walk on the beach each day. Completely absorbed in their talk, they walked hand-in-hand or with their arms around each other. It was a week of just being together.

Manager Bravo had no complaints about his royal guest and party. The only thing Aly complained about, he said, was that there were too many phone calls. Six of these were person-to-person from Dick Haymes in New York, the husband of Aly's former wife, Rita Hayworth. Aly would not accept the calls. Speculation was that this was in regard to a proposed meeting with Rita over a final financial settlement on their daughter Yasmin. But apparently Aly didn't intend to let anything interfere with his vacation. (Of course he did go to New York later to help Rita when she was accused of neglecting her children and to straighten out the terms of the settlement.)

Manager Bravo pointed out, "We don't have the kind of service these people are used to. They have put up with our facilities very graciously. They are wonderfully understanding, nice people. Naturally, when someone like the prince visits us, expenses go up. We have to hire extra people to expedite service. We must have a wider selection of foods. But they presented no real problem. It was a pleasure to have been host to them."

When Manager Bravo offered Aly horses to ride, Aly said he would let Bravo know, but that he liked only *fine* horses. After looking over the stable, he suggested he would prefer to walk. And did.

As a reporter remarked one day, when Gene had to go to Hollywood for shots on *The Egyptian,* "That guy almost walks you to death. Three miles down the beach, three miles back, at full speed. Then jumping up all those steps. He's in excellent physical shape. Not the usual 'international set' type. Quite a wonderful guy. He likes races, gambling, horses, travel—but he has a deeper side, too."

Aly also has a keen grasp of world affairs and politics. Most interesting was his report of traveling for his father through the Middle East and India, on hospital projects, school programs and general improvement for their people. The famed birthday donation for his father's weight in platinum—except for a small token acceptance by the Aga Khan—was put into a fund to back small business enterprises. On Aly's travels, he had to be a bystander officially, but behind the scenes he worked actively, feeling that the Moslem world must find an alliance with the West.

One of his hardest tasks, he said, is to find names for every one of the children born each year to the people of the ruling house—no matter how remote the ties of family blood. It amounts to about 2000 names a year. Another chore is to sign all licenses to marry and okay all divorces.

On Wednesday night the couple drove down to Ensenada to put some miles on Gene's Jaguar, to look around the picturesque Mexican town, sixty-four miles south of their resort hotel, and to listen to Mexicans shout *tequila*-flavored love songs at the sky. They didn't return until nearly midnight. They shopped, saw all the little bars and hotels, and wandered almost unnoticed along the streets.

On Friday, Gene reluctantly flew to the Mojave Desert for some final location shots on her picture. But she returned as quickly as she could. Saturday the couple drove to Ensenada again, and despite Aly's avowed aversion to fishing, went fishing.

> **A lot of folks in my home town, soon as they heard I was on TV, went out and bought sets. That may not sound like much, but it does when you realize that there wasn't any station!**
>
> —*Herb Shriner*

"If you want something on me no one else has," she laughed, "you can say I came down here and had more fun than I've ever had in my life. I went out on a boat and went fishing. I threw my line overboard and pulled in a fish, threw it again and pulled in another. Six times—and I pulled in six fish!"

They were expected in Tijuana for the races at Caliente Sunday, but they didn't return in time. They slept late and spent the afternoon wandering in the shops.

They returned to Rosarito Sunday night and had another day together before Aly checked out Tuesday morning, April 6. Gene had checked out the night before. Aly left the hotel with his man William and the chauffeur of the hired limousine.

Somewhere along the lonely stretch of highway, Gene met the prince in her Jaguar, for when they reached the border, Aly was driving the sports car behind the sedan. It took only a few minutes for border officials to wave them across the line.

The limousine went on, and Aly drove the sports car north. Close beside him was the woman he loved, the woman who calls him "Baby." It might be a while before they could be alone together again. Gene would have to return to work and Aly would have to continue his trip.

But their ten days had reaffirmed their faith in happiness ahead. And the world finally had been admited to the secret of their love and their plans for marriage, as Gene said, "perhaps within six months, probably in Europe." **END**

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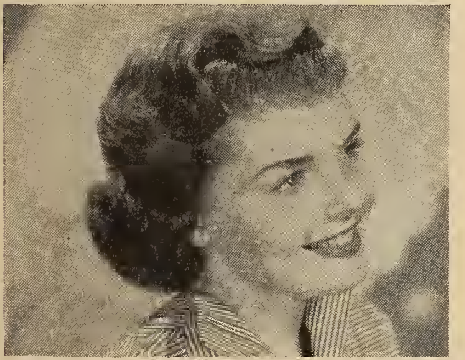

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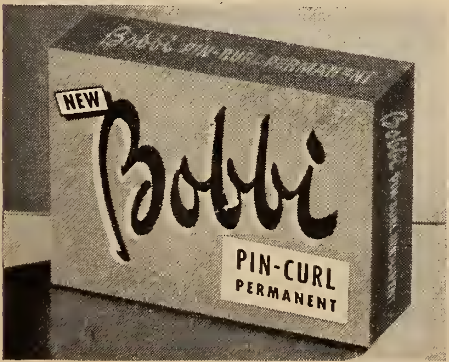

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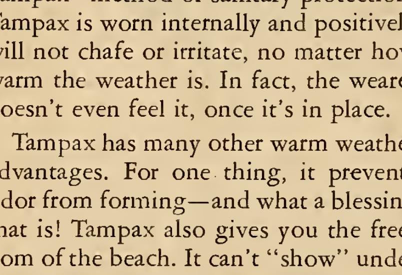
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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

Picture of the Month: THE CAINE MUTINY

■ The trial scene from the Pulitzer Prize winning novel, *The Caine Mutiny*, was turned into a hit play. Now Stanley Kramer has produced a film—in Technicolor—which is based on the whole book. It's a brilliant, beautifully acted job. A new actor, Robert Francis, is perfectly cast as Willie Keith, around whom much of the story revolves. He is a young ensign, assigned to the *Caine*. Among his fellow officers are Keefer (Fred MacMurray) a novelist and intellectual whose talk lays the groundwork for mutiny but whose weakness forbids him to act; Maryk (Van Johnson) honest, earnest and competent who, once the seeds of suspicion are sown in him about Captain Queeg, moves forward doggedly toward what may be his own doom. Queeg himself—a staunch believer in absolute discipline, petty about details, petrified to the point of immobility in the face of danger—is played superbly by Humphrey Bogart. José Ferrer is a shrewd lawyer under whose questioning Queeg breaks down and Maryk is exonerated from the charges of mutiny. There is romance, action and depth in *The Caine Mutiny* which, like the book, is slick and genuinely dramatic. Others in the large cast are Tom Tully, Katharine Warren, May Wynn.—Columbia

Ensign Willie Keith (played by promising newcomer Robert Francis) has a troubled romance with nightclub singer May Wynn before reporting for duty.

Stationed on the broken-down destroyer-minesweeper *Caine*, Willie meets Lt. Maryk (Van Johnson), rugged, competent officer of a worried crew.

Lt. Keefer (Fred MacMurray), an intellectual with little ability to carry his plans through, believes Lt. Comdr. Queeg (Humphrey Bogart) is unbalanced.

In a typhoon Queeg's erratic behavior forces Maryk to take command, leading to his courtmartial and defense by Lt. Greenwald (José Ferrer).

Joan the glamorous! Joan the gunfighter!
She's fire and steel in a story
of passion and bitter
hatred as big as the
great Southwest!

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• Save $2 on this exquisite loose-powder compact. Magnificently jeweled with simulated Baroque Pearl and sparkling stones. Opens like heirloom watch. Mirror and puff inside.

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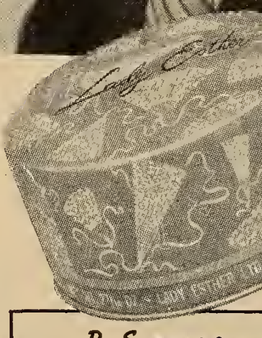
Lady Esther's fabulous

NEW POWDER SHADE

Honey!



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RAILS INTO LARAMIE They're trying to build a railroad out Laramie way but everybody's lying down on the job because Dan Duryea tells them to. He runs the town, owns the saloon and wants to keep those railway workers around as long as possible. The good citizenry demand Army troops, they get John Payne. What can one man do? Well, he fires everybody, thus threatening a general depression; he closes the saloon, tangles with Duryea's henchmen and incites general violence. Isn't a body in town doesn't want to run him out, but he has faith in himself. Even has the audacity to haul in Duryea on a murder charge. Isn't a man in town fearless enough to sit on the jury. So Payne calls for an all-woman jury (headed by Mari Blanchard), and justice is done in Laramie. Technicolor. With Joyce MacKenzie, James Griffith, Lee Van Cleef.—U-I

JOHNNY DARK "Safety and strength for six," is the motto of the Fielding Motor Company, and President Sidney Blackmer will stand or fall on that. Well, *he's* standing, but business is falling off due to his reactionary policies. Build a sports car, his stockholders tell him. Never, he sneers. One day chief engineer Paul Kelly trots out a beaut of a sports car design by Johnny Dark (Tony Curtis) and Blackmer says, Okay, make it. But sell it? No sir. Blackmer just wants a sample model with which to placate the stockholders. Little does he wot that said car is being entered in a race from Canada to Mexico. Wot or not, that car restores business to its former prosperity. The race itself is thrilling, full, as they say, of chills and spills. Between times test driver Don Taylor and Curtis chase Piper Laurie, Blackmer's granddaughter. Technicolor, with Ilka Chase.—U-I

PLAYGIRL Seems that when a pretty girl comes to New York she takes her life in her hands. Anyway, that's what happens to colleen Miller. Arrives all agog to be met by nightclub singer Shelley Winters. Shelley rushes her into an evening gown and there she sits in a cafe with men ogling and social Richard Long implying it's okay to take money from guys who like to throw it around. Shelley says it's okay, too, but the way her life's going she's no judge. She's in love with publisher Barry Sullivan whose wife won't leave him. Barry turns Colleen into a cover girl and makes Shelley so jealous she goes gunning after him. Scandal ruins both girls' careers. Jaded? Bitter? They'll tell the world! *Playgirl* is supposed to be slick but even with a happy ending it comes out sordid. With Gregg Palmer, Kent Taylor—U-I

THE MIAMI STORY Swiftly paced, suspenseful, *The Miami Story* has a documentary air which lends even more excitement. Luther Adler heads a gambling empire so successfully that the police can't pin anything on him. A citizen's committee is formed and a lawyer on it remembers Mick Flagg (Barry Sullivan), ex-gangster whom he saved from the chair. Flagg is leading a farmer's life with his son (David Kasday) but that changes in a hurry. He sets up a flashy front in Miami, poses as the head of a powerful Cuban mob and then warns Adler that he's moving in. And does he move fast! Well versed in underworld rules, he knows how to handle all the punks, henchmen and molls that come his way. Evidence piles up against Adler who, in a desperate move, kidnaps Flagg's son. But he can't win any more. John Baer, Adele Jergens, Beverly Garland are among the cast.—Col.

APACHE When the last of the Apaches went down into the reservation there was one, Massai (Burt Lancaster), who rebelled with such violence and pride that he became a legend. In irons along with Geronimo, on the way to imprisonment in Florida, Massai escapes. He wanders dazed through a midwestern city and with the endurance of a fanatic, walks back to his reservation. His girl (Jean Peters) welcomes him. Her father (Paul Guilfoyle) betrays him to the authorities. Massai escapes again. Vengeful, he wreaks havoc at an Army post, rides off into the mountains with Jean. He plans to kill her but her loyalty is evident and they live together, always on the move. A scout (John McIntyre) one of his greatest admirers, is nevertheless relentless in his search for Massai. One day he finds him. Massai, who now prefers peace, meets that day like a warrior. Technicolor.—U.A.

WITNESS TO MURDER Try to report a murder these days and you're liable to wind up in the loony bin. Mum's the word, I tell you. Case in point is Barbara Stanwyck, who spots George Sanders strangling a lady across the street. (That is, Sanders lives in an apartment across the street and does his strangling with the blinds up.) Barbara calls the cops (Gary Merrill and Jesse White) but by the time they arrive that corpse must be in heaven because it sure isn't in Sanders' apartment. I *couldn't* have been dreaming, says Barbara, and what wise, patient smiles that statement evokes! Only one who believes her is Sanders. He sneaks into her apartment to type himself threatening letters, even boasts of his crime, feeling free, since Barbara's generally considered daft. When he tries to wipe her out, though, those smart California cops realize whose lid is flipped.—U.A.

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LUCKY ME Here's a gay Technicolor musical (in CinemaScope) with a new score and old situations. Doris, Phil Silvers, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Nancy Walker are stranded in Miami after their act flops at a local theatre. Starved, they walk into a swank hotel, order dinner. Naturally, they can't pay and wind up in the kitchen. Noted songwriter Robert Cummings is a guest at the hotel. He's writing a musical, will produce it on Broadway if Martha Hyer's father, Texan Bill Goodwin, will back it. You know who gets to star in that show—Doris, of course. How? By a series of coincidences whereby she meets Cummings, mistakes him for an auto mechanic, blows up when his identity is revealed, softens, rehearses, blows up, relents, etc. Anyhow, the songs are swell and the atmosphere is cheerful and sometimes a lot of fun. You'll be crazy about Doris.—Warners

GORILLA AT LARGE Here's an old fashioned thriller in CinemaScope. Starts off with a gorilla thumping his chest while Anne Bancroft dangles above him on a trapeze. Scares the customers blind. Anne decides to put Cameron Mitchell in a gorilla suit so she can fall into his arms. Those tricks never work. When Anne falls that's no fake monkey grabbing her! Things get awfully complicated. No sooner does Mitchell get his suit than park employees start dropping dead of broken necks and gorilla scratches. Who done it? The motive, I can tell you, was blackmail. But as to who done it, even detective Lee J. Cobb doesn't know. Could it be Raymond Burr, owner of the park and Anne's husband? Could it be Peter Whitney, the gorilla's silent keeper and Anne's ex-husband? Could it be the gorilla? You'll see. Cast includes Charlotte Austin, Lee Marvin, Warren Stevens. Technicolor—20th Century-Fox

HER TWELVE MEN All the well-bred grace and charm that made Greer Garson famous are back in *Her Twelve Men*, the story of an exclusive boarding school for boys whose parents may be wealthy but not altogether wonderful. Greer is an inexperienced teacher, and the first woman to be admitted to the faculty. She meets with some hostility, especially on the part of Robert Ryan, another instructor. Inevitably, romance develops between them despite strenuous courting of Ryan by local glamour girl Barbara Lawrence. Essentially, though, this film deals with the lonely boys and the way in which Greer wins their love and respect. Particularly touching is young Ronald MacDonald's performance and the moment when Tim Considine, neglected son of tycoon Barry Sullivan, turns from a tense troublemaker into an appealing child. Cast: Richard Haydn, Rex Thompson, James Arness. Technicolor—MGM

Who Made You Love Him?

Come on, tell Mama all about it. Whose picture is that, stuck in the back of your wallet and absolutely not for peeking? Cary Grant? Tab Hunter? Come on, give. And whose photo did we spot you ripping to shreds lost week, hmm? A star's? A starlet's? Whoever it is, we're dying of curiosity, and if you won't tell for love—well, we're offering money! Yup—a one dollar bill goes to each of the *first hundred* nice people who tell us oll on the coupon below! So fill it out and send it in—and better hurry up!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

☐ She Calls Him Baby (Gene Tierney)
☐ No Time For Tears (Suzan Ball-Dick Long)
☐ The Heart Is Everything (Doris Day)
☐ Those Lucky Ladds (Alan Ladd)
☐ "I'd Rather Stay Home" (Virginia Mayo-Mike O'Shea)
☐ To Daddy . . . With Love (Frank Sinatra)
☐ Sweet on Sweaters
☐ The Secrets of Marilyn's Life as a Model (Marilyn Monroe)
☐ Can a Glamour Girl Live Happily at Home with Mother? (Terry Moore)
☐ I Believe (Guy Madison)
☐ Forbidden to Love? (Robert Wagner)
☐ Sheree North
☐ If You Knew Beedle (William Holden)
☐ A Day to Remember (Esther Williams)
☐ Out of Shape (Mario Lanza)
☐ Keel-Hauling Keel (Howard Keel)
☐ Fathers and Sons (John Wayne-Patrick Wayne-Tyrone Power)
☐ To Each His Own (MacDonald Carey)
☐ Puttering Peepers (Wally Cox)
☐ When Is a Star? (Audrey Hepburn)
☐ The Inside Story
☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
☐ TV Talk
☐ New Movies

Which of the stories did you like least?

Which 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

Which FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

Which photographs in this issue did you like best?

My name is..............................
My address is..........................
City.......................................
Occupotion..........I am.....yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT. MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

PRINCE VALIANT (*20th-Fox*): Bob Wagner, James Mason, Janet Leigh, Debra Paget star in this swashbuckling, romantic tale of medieval chivalry. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

MAN WITH A MILLION (*U.A.*): A hilarious Technicolored British comedy with Gregory Peck starring in Mark Twain's story of a guy without a penny to his name and a million-pound banknote in his pocket.

ROSE MARIE (*MGM*): This one has Ann Blyth to sing "Indian Love Call" and be pursued through the Rockies by Mounties Howard Keel and Fernando Lamas—plus Bert Lahr and CinemaScope to make the chase more fun.

LA RONDE: Delightful French comedy with Anton Walbrook, Jean-Louis Barrault, Simone Simon, Danielle Darrieux as some of the lovers in a series of Viennese romances. English subtitles.

FRENCH LINE (*RKO*): Jane Russell sings, dances and clowns her way through this Technicolor musical about a girl too rich to be married. With Gilbert Roland.

NIGHT PEOPLE (*20th-Fox*): Swift-paced, suspenseful film about an American soldier kidnaped by the Russians in Germany. Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford, Rita Gam. CinemaScope.

DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD (*Col.*): Mickey Rooney does a top acting job as a naive auto-racer inveigled into assisting a bank hold-up by beautiful Dianne Foster.

EXECUTIVE SUITE (*MGM*): June Allyson, Bill Holden, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas are among the exciting people involved in the business (and love) life of a big corporation.

TOP BANANA (*U-I*): Phil Silvers stars in this saga of a burlesque-to-TV comedian. With good tunes, lots of girls, the movie is as funny as the Broadway show.

RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 (*A.A.*): Filmed in Folsom State Prison with hundreds of actual prisoners appearing in mob scenes, this is one of the tensest, most exciting convict movies ever made.

NEW FACES (*20th-Fox*): Eartha Kitt in Technicolor is the most fascinating thing to happen to movies since sound. Surrounded by most of the Broadway musical's original cast, including Ronny Graham, Robert Clary, she slinks her way through "Monotonous," "*C'est Si Bon*," "Santa Baby," other hits.

Tangee's newest lipstick shade—BRIGHT 'N CLEAR is the brightest, clearest, most dazzling red on record. It is exactly the color and lipstick America's leading beauty authorities say smart women should wear. And—exciting miracle!—here is an indelible-type lipstick that actually stays BRIGHT 'N CLEAR for hours and hours. It will not dry your lips . . . will not go dull and lifeless even after blotting. So start your BRIGHT 'N CLEAR future today!

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Your hair is romance...

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You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight . . . leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain . . . you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

No time for tears

There's never been a lovelier wedding than Suzan Ball's—nor a more beautiful sight than this courageous girl walking down the aisle.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ There are always some who will cry at a wedding. But when Suzan Ball, as nervous and triumphant as a child taking her first steps, chose to make first public use of her artificial leg to walk down the aisle at her wedding the eyes of all two hundred guests at the El Monticido Presbyterian Church in Santa Barbara, filled with tears.

Yet an old studio friend of the bride and the bridegroom (Dick Long) even in her weeping, whispered to a companion, "There shouldn't be any crying here. The kids have never done any crying. If everyone knew the whole story, the real story, of Suzan's fight and her victory, they'd be cheering!"

Only three months before, Suzan, still hopeful after a year and a half of fighting to cure cancer of the bone in her right knee without amputation, heard the final shocking news. She had lost. Efforts to effect a cure by modified surgery (*Continued on page 79*)

by Ida Zeitlin

the Heart is Everything

Here at last is the warm and wonderful story of Doris Day and the men in her life!

■ She'd just turned fifteen and life was over. She was lucky, they told her—she and the others who'd cheated death. This was true, yet the truth failed to sustain her. Last week she'd been dancing, now she lay like a strange block of cement in plaster casts. How could a gay, harmless evening lead to such blackness? How could the years of her life add up to this? Some day, when she was an ancient eighteen, she might walk again, on crutches or with a limp—if she stayed lucky. Against wave after sickening wave of disbelief, her face turned toward the wall, but monstrous contraptions held her body fast. From under the closed lids, hopeless tears welled and soaked slowly into the pillow.

The girl in the bed was Doris Kappelhoff, whose legs had danced from babyhood to the rhythm in her blood. The rhythm she owed to her father. A teacher of German in the Cincinnati schools, his spirit fed on music—but *real* music, as he called it. Anything less dignified than Brahams offended his soul. The popular records Doris loved were trash to him, and he had no patience with them. Nor much more with the vagaries of childhood. Brought up in the strict Teutonic school, he followed the same pattern with Paul and Doke. (To him she was always Doke, maybe in simple affection, maybe in protest against the foolishness of naming her after Doris Kenyon, her mother's favorite movie star.) Just as popular music spelled trash and no arguments, nightmares spelled nonsense. When she woke screaming against phantoms of terror in the dark, her screams would be choked by the voice of paternal authority. "Go right back to sleep and stop imagining things." Rigid amid the clamor of her pounding heart, she'd wait for her mother's footsteps, her mother's figure in the doorway, the blessed comfort of her mother's arms, shutting out all danger.

Why the Kappelhoffs separated is their own business, which is how they kept it. That they were temperamentally unsuited seems fairly clear. That tensions must have mounted to an intolerable pitch seems equally clear, since in their circle, man and wife stuck together, if sticking were possible. They parted in '35, when Doris was eleven. Whatever the cause, any rupture in a child's background affects the child. Alma Kappelhoff eased the break by fostering friendly relations between her estranged husband and his children. Growing older, Doris grew in understanding of her father and wrote to him regularly. But she remained the child of her sunny, outgoing mother. (*Continued on page 71*)

At thirteen Doris Kappelhoff and partner Jerry Doherty were dancing professionally (and successfully) in summer shows.

Turn page for pictures from Doris Day's life

At fifteen a near-fatal accident ended Doris' dancing career. Restless and unhappy, she felt silly when her folks insisted that she try singing for a local music teacher.

But within three years Doris was singing with Les Brown (seated), working with music-men like Louis Prima, Andy Russell, Jimmy Dorsey. Re-named after her lucky song, "Day After Day," she changed names again by morrying trombonist Al Jorden.

With *Romance On The High Seas* a hit, Doris became star singer for Bob Hope. Terry and Grandma joined her in California and Doris' famous grin appeared again.

Living together for the first time in years, Doris and Terry got to know each other again. Without disturbing his deep-seated love for Grandma, Doris grew closer to her son. Gradually, she felt her six-year-old turning to her for love and comfort.

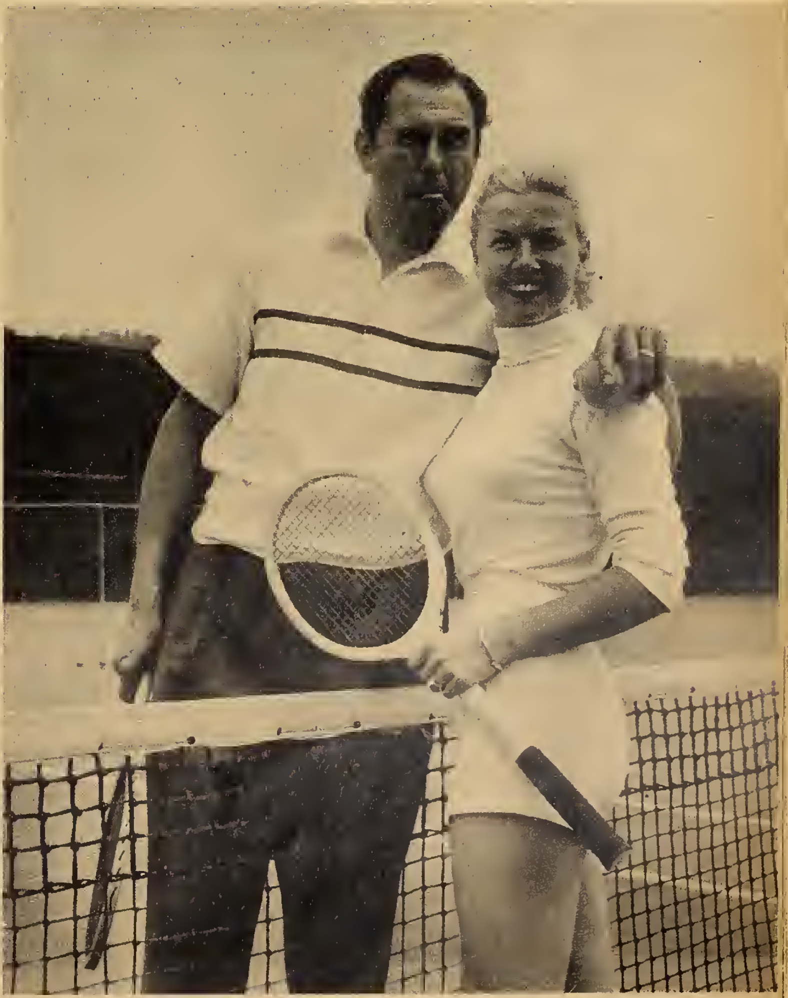
The life story of Doris Day is the story of an impulsive girl who twice loved too well

In 1947 Doris sang on The Hit Parade with Frank Sinatra. Her marriage to Jarden had failed, leaving her with a son, Terry. For the second time Doris fell "insanely" in love, married George Weidler.

Doris followed George to Hollywood, had one happy year before the marriage collapsed. Heartbroken, she wept singing "This Love Of Mine" in a cafe, sobbed through first interview with film director Mike Curtiz (above).

Content with her home and career, Doris nonetheless felt incomplete. "When you're not married," she said, "you're lonely." She dated a lot but found peace only in her new religion, Christian Science.

—and now is learning to love wisely!



Both Terry and Doris fell in love with Marty Melcher. For the first time, Doris let her romance grow slowly, made sure that trust and friendship were present, too. They married on April 3 (Doris' birthday), in 1951.

THOSE LUCKY LADDS

Home from Europe, Alan plans a fishing trip with David.

Well-off, Alan could retire to his beloved ranch right now, still afford the cars he promised Alana and David "when you grow up."

"Alan never believes he's here to stay," Sue sighs. But her husband doesn't have to worry. He's the original Man Who Has Everything!

BY JACK WADE

■ It had been a great day—and there was nothing wrong with this particular night, either. The California moon hung like a gold medallion in the velvet sky, dappling the pool below with sequins. A breeze from the sea teased the olive trees on the terrace of the big house, which was dark because it was well past midnight. Before a wide glass expanse framing this view two very tired but extremely happy people, Alan Ladd and his wife Sue, lounged back on a love seat, silent and thoughtful.

They had been awake since six o'clock that morning, when Alan restlessly got down from his (*Continued on page 86*)

Everyone's got to have a hobby. So some stars do the town and some do sunsets in oils —but Virginia Mayo does nothing at all but sit still and think about Mike!

BY TONI NOEL

"I'd rather stay home!"

This was a marriage that couldn't possibly last, as any counselor could have told them and probably did tell them. There was the difference in their ages. Virginia is not yet thirty; Mike is in his mid-forties. A serious handicap. A religious conflict was expected. Virginia has always been a Presbyterian; Mike is a devout Catholic who says, "Maybe going to church once a week satisfies some people, but I need my religion. I live with it." Two strikes against them already, some of the gossips were saying. Sounds pretty ominous, doesn't it?

Add the fact that, at the time of their meeting, Virginia had never even been in love and Mike was still married, though long since separated from his first wife. Their chances for a successful marriage looked slimmer and slimmer.

There would be a career conflict, too. Although Mike insists that any male held together with spit and baling wire could have achieved stardom during the lean war years, he was unquestionably at the top of the heap when he met Virginia. She was merely another import from a Broadway chorus then. But when they were able to marry, five interminable years later, O'Shea had given way to heroes returning from the war and Virginia was forging right to the top of Warner Brothers' star list. Obviously no male ego could survive a belt like that; there had to be trouble.

Finally, they were as different temperamentally as two people could be. O'Shea is a big Irishman, possessed of every implausible, inexplicable facet of the classical Irish personality. He has the gift of laughter, but he's a brooder, too—and a thinker of subtle thoughts, shatteringly forthright in his expression of them. He's restless, jumping with nervous energy, happiest when he works with his hands—but he also lies awake until five in the morning, reading alarmingly intellectual books.

This mass of contradiction is Virginia Mayo's man. Virginia, a model of repose and tranquility, has a remarkable facility for enjoying herself most when she's doing precisely nothing. No one ever sees her edgy or disagreeable. Even when she tackles something new and difficult, Virginia is relaxed, happy, at home in the world.

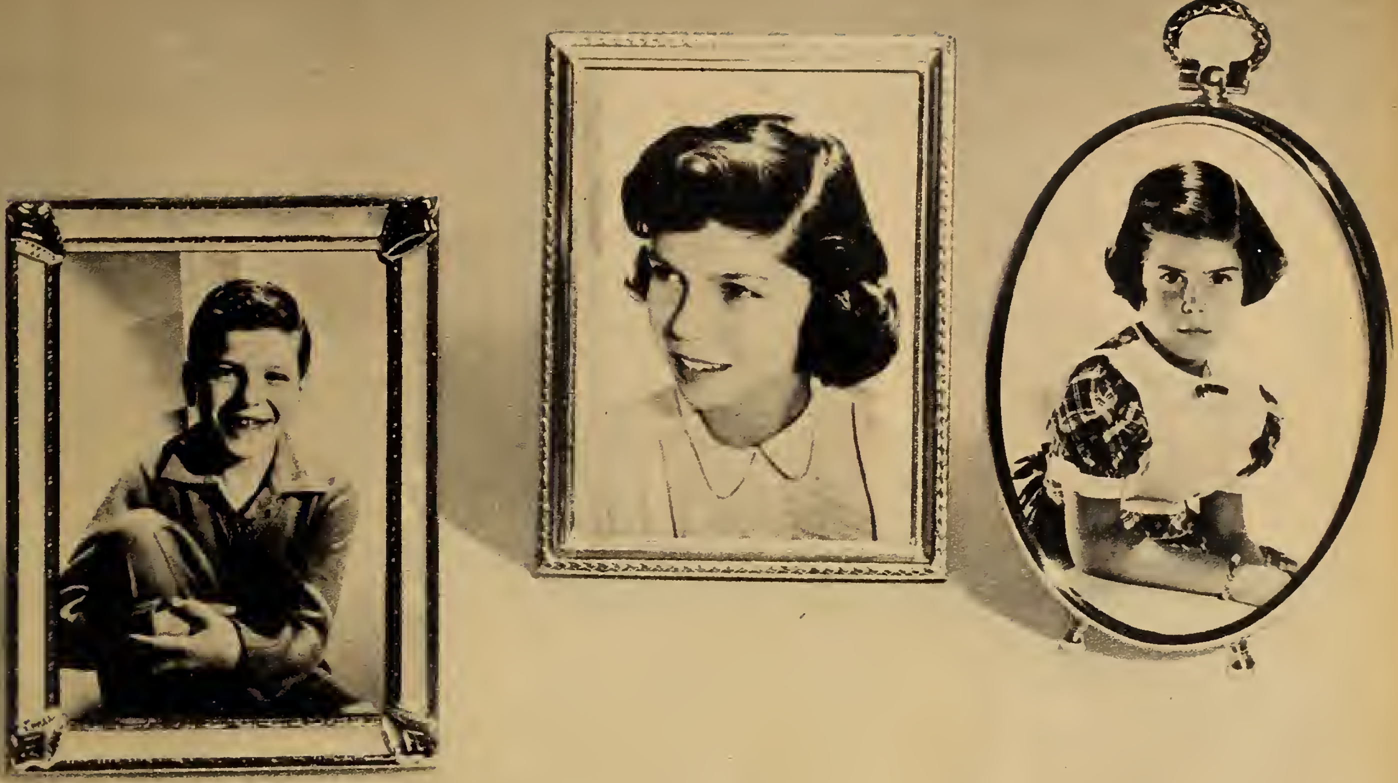
"People are always asking me what I do between pictures," she once told a reporter. "And they think it's peculiar when I tell them that I just sit. I know actors and actresses who work harder at their hobbies than they do at the picture business. I love my husband, my home and our life together, and my hobby is thinking about them." An uncomplicated, refreshing girl—but hardly a suitable wife for an explosive Irishman like O'Shea. This was a marriage? This was a farce, as any fool could plainly see, and it wouldn't last six months.

But thirteen years after they met, eight years after they married, Virginia and Michael are as happy together as can be. In totting up the odds against the marriage of these two, the cynics overlooked one important point. Far from thinking love is corny, they like it. Their love for each other is an unmistakable and unabashed pleasure.

When the O'Sheas were entertaining at lunch on a recent Saturday, Mike and one of the guests chanced to be discussing cigarettes. Virginia *(Continued on page 90)*

To Daddy With Love...

This is the
other side of Frankie:
the guy who still
hurries home to his brood—
the father who's a hero
to his kids—
and deserves to be!



by Hedda Hopper

■ I got stood up by Frank Sinatra. We had a date for three-thirty one afternoon. I was helping Art Linkletter as fashion commentator at a tea party for the American Cancer Fund, but when I noticed that the hour of my date was at hand and the party still wasn't over, I sneaked out and left Art holding the bag. After rushing home, I got a phone call from Frank. "I'm terribly sorry," he said, "but I can't make it."

Well, you could have heard me scream two blocks away!

Then he explained. He wasn't finished with a recording session at NBC, and he had a date in a couple of hours that he just wouldn't break. And with another girl, yet. What was more humiliating was that this "other woman" was only thirteen years old, and Frank was taking her to her confirmation at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, and later with five of her friends to dinner at LaRue.

"I can't stand *her* up, Hedda," he pleaded.

I couldn't compete with the other woman in his life, because she was Nancy with the laughing face, his oldest daughter. It was through her "pull" that he now owns an Oscar. Here's the inside story.

His three kids presented him with a St. Genesius Medal (patron saint of actors) with a tiny Oscar in bas relief on the back and this inscription: "Dad, we'll love you from here to eternity." In case he didn't win the award, they wanted him to have their Oscar.

But Nancy had her own idea. She didn't confide in her brother Frank or her sister Tina, but just before the awards were announced, she slipped her hand into her dad's and said, "This is from me and Saint Anthony." It was a Saint Anthony medal.

Well, that did it. With Saint Anthony and Nancy on his side, Frank's Oscar was in the bag. He later told me: "Saint Anthony is her dearest friend. She seems to get a lot done with him. I sometimes suspect she has a direct wire to him."

I simmered down about being stood up and made a date with Frank for the following day. He arrived on the dot, but before he came there was a telephone call waiting for him. I said, "You'd better get rid of it because this is going to be a long, tough grilling."

He returned the call, came into my den, sat down, and said, "Okay, shoot! What's on your mind?"

Then it was his turn to be amazed.

"I'm not going to ask you a lot of foolish questions about Ava Gardner," I said. "I'm not even going to ask what your plans are when she returns from Europe; what kind of jewelry you're buying; or whether you're house hunting. This story I want is about your children."

Frank relaxed, and the sigh that emanated from his small frame all but smothered both of us. This was a subject about which he could become eloquent. In fact, he glowed. He lit up like a Roman candle. "Imagine Hopper not wanting to know the intimate details of my

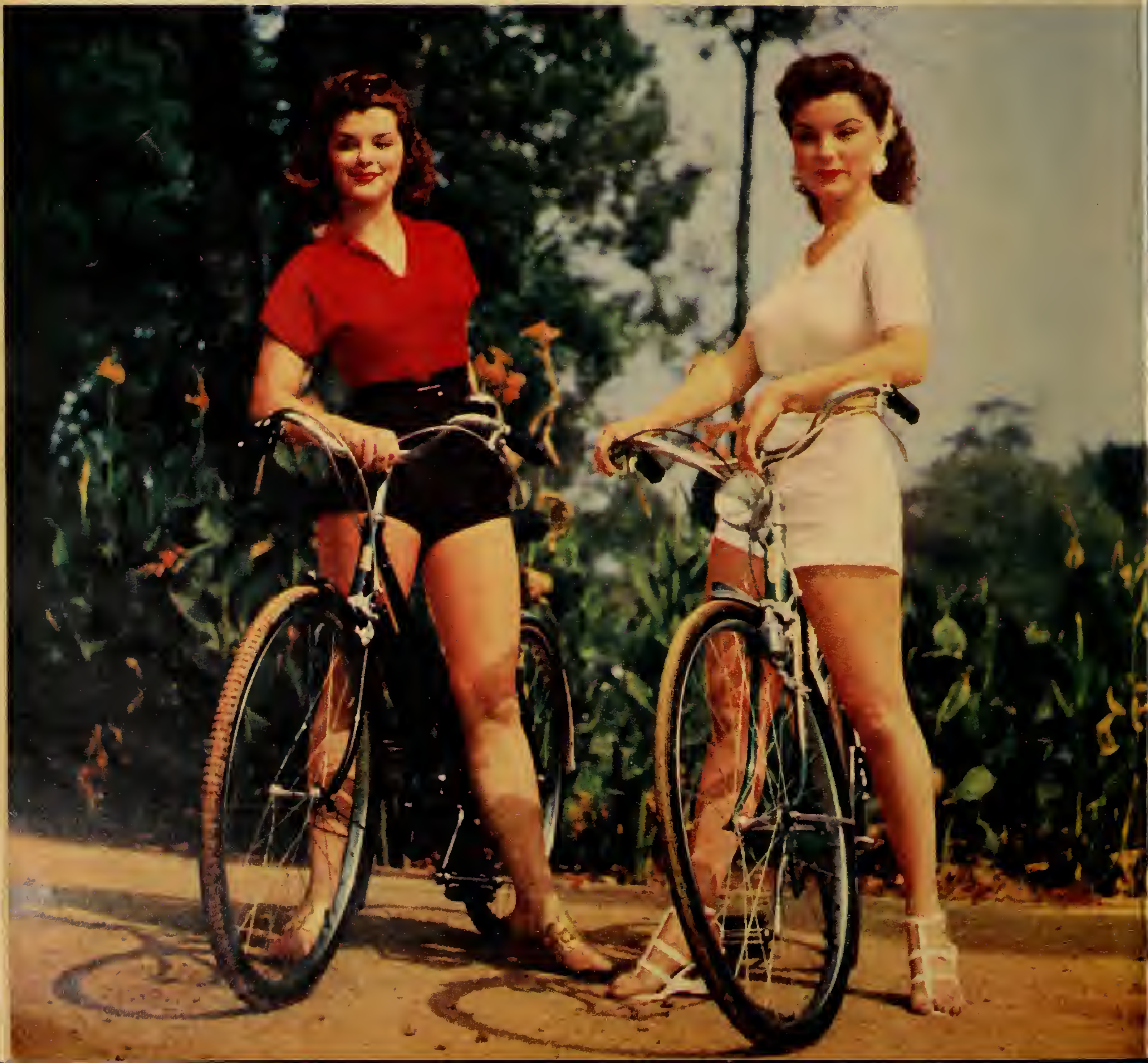
(*Continued on page 64*)

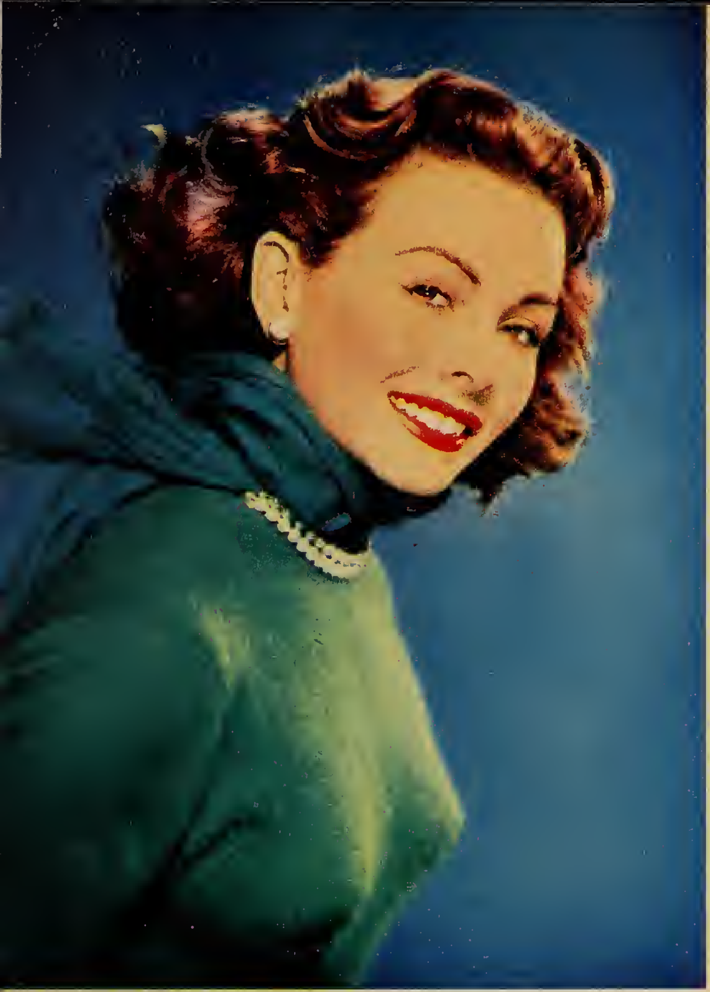
Sweet on Sweaters

Sweaters go everywhere now—from a sunrise walk to the Sunset Strip—on stars and starlets—and on you!

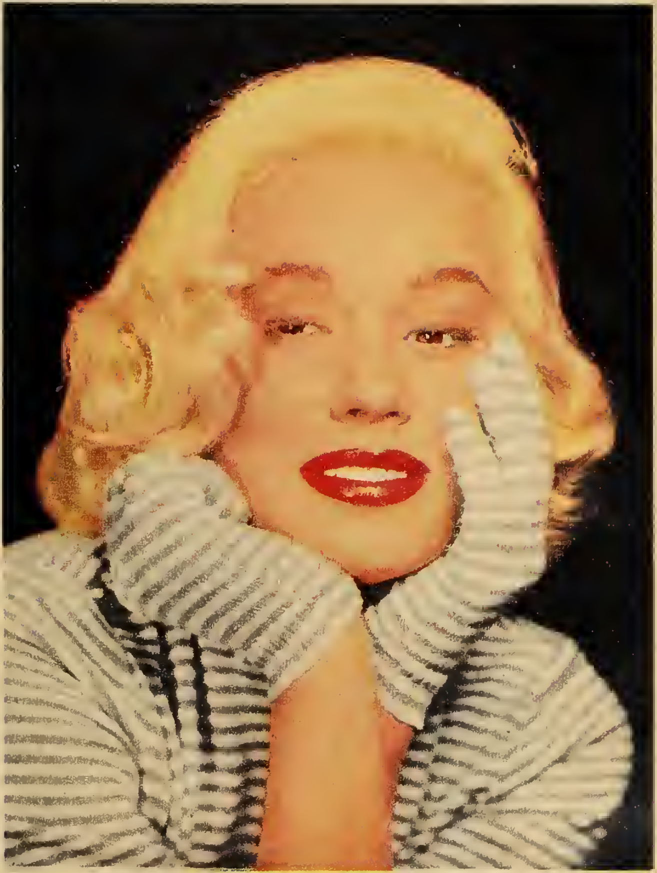
■ BLT (Before Lana Turner) movie stars appeared in satin gowns with trains—or a few scraps of expensive lace. Girls-who-never-left-home wore a shapeless woolen something called a sweater. But ALT (you figure it out) things changed. You can still spot a star in silk, but you're more likely to see her in a sweater—and anything but shapeless! The sweater today is all things to all girls—a touch of childhood or a dash of sex-appeal. Most stars, like most girls, wear them because they are pretty and practical and mixable—and because, as these photographs show—you can go anywhere in a sweater!

In combed cotton T-shirt, Lisa Gaye joins sister Debra Paget for a bike ride. Debra's sport sweater is of light wool. Her bike by Schwinn.

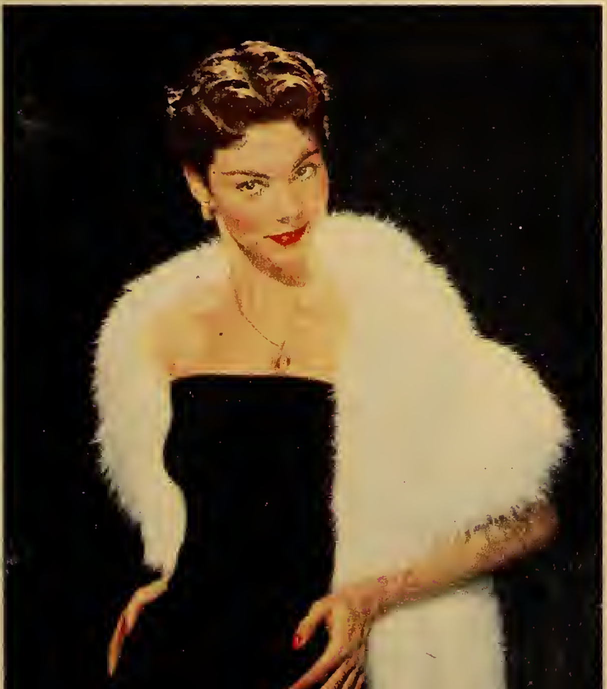




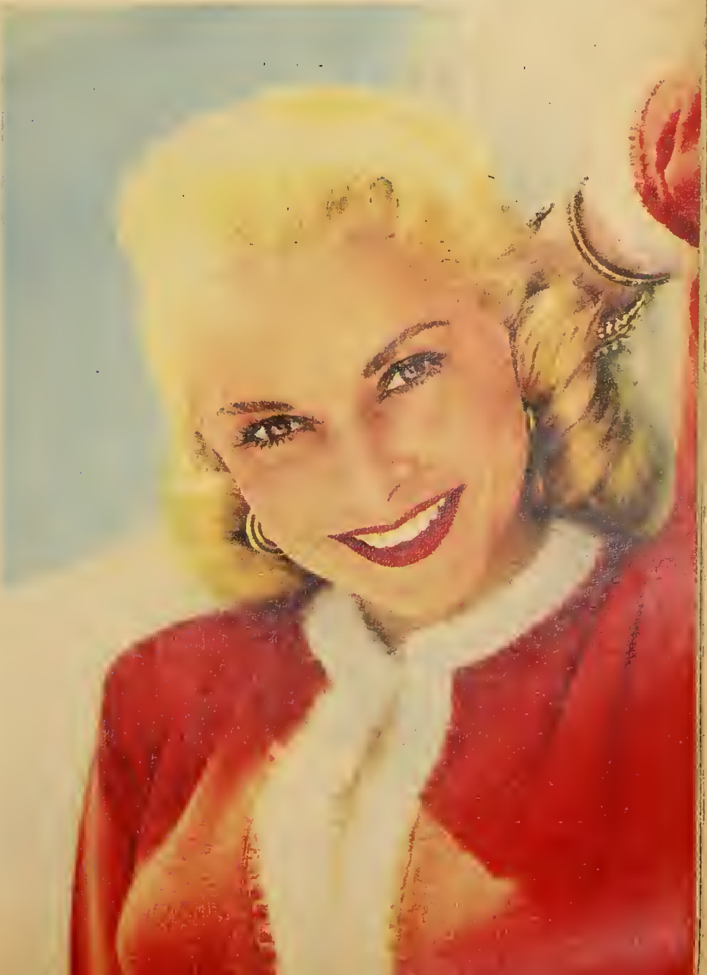
Jeanne Crain's classic sweater can be worn on any casual occasion. Popular with school girls as well as stars, the pearl and scarf accessories add style. Jeanne is in Warner's *Duel In The Jungle.*



Sophisticated and smartly designed, Mamie Van Doren's striped sweater and matching gloves are perfect with tailored, solid-color suits or straight line skirts. Mamie's next picture is *Francis Joins The WACS.*



Simple and stunning, Joanne Gilbert's black evening sweater is dressy enough for any but the most strictly formal occasions. Other evening models feature elaborate embroidery, jewels, sequins.



Janet Leigh's angora-trimmed novelty sweater can be worn with party slacks or a full skirt or carried in warm weather instead of a jacket. Her next is U-I's *The Black Shield Of Falworth.*

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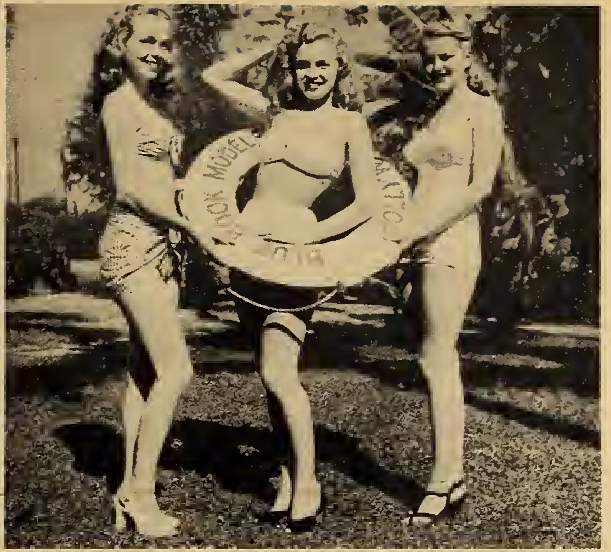


In 1945 Norma Jean Dougherty enrolled in modeling school.

TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME:

the secrets of Marilyn's life as a Model

by Emmeline Snively

■ For fifteen years I've been running the Blue Book Models School in Hollywood. I've watched our girls make the big jump to stardom after working with us, but the graduate I'm most proud of is Marilyn Monroe. Not only because she is today the most successful and well-known of all my students, but because she started with the least.

When Marilyn came to me back in August, 1945, she had no money, no background, one sharkskin dress, a man-tailored, teal-blue suit and a bathing suit.

Her name was Norma Jean Dougherty and she was married to a merchant seaman. She was cute-looking, but she knew nothing about carriage, posture, walking, sitting or posing.

A photographer I had worked with, Potter Hueth, brought Marilyn around to the school in the Ambassador Hotel.

He explained that he had inherited her from another photographer, David Conover, who had shot Marilyn's first portrait while she was working at an aircraft plant out in Burbank. Before going into the Army Conover had brought Marilyn to Hueth's studio on Pico Boulevard and Fairfax. He had said, "Here's a cute girl who photographs very well. Maybe you can get some work for her."

Potter looked at Marilyn and said, "If you're willing to work on speculation, I'll take some shots of you."

Marilyn smiled and asked, "What do you mean by speculation?" And Potter explained that he couldn't afford to pay her in advance for posing. "If any *(Continued on page 76)*

Marilyn's first portrait was taken by David Conover, who discovered her working in an aircraft plant. Note her too-curly hair; later she had it straightened.

Photographed as a wholesome, All-American girl, Marilyn had some success but often lost work when editors complained that her "smile was too high!"

Hair bleached and smile lowered, in 1946 Marilyn moved into the "sexy sweater-girl" phase of her career.

←Blonder, more voluptuous, Marilyn stands before a collection of her old magazine covers.

POPULAR AND VIVACIOUS, TERRY IS A MEMBER OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST EXCITING YOUNG DATING CROWD. THAT'S WHY EVERYONE IS ASKING THE $64 QUESTION

TERRY MOORE:

can a glamour girl live happily at home with mama?

Chipping in her share of family expenses, Terry is delighted with the Kofords' new home near her studio and classes. She had only one disappointment: Dad decided a pool would cost too much—and what will he do with it if Terry gets married?

Wanting to "follow nature's way," Terry used dark grey carpets, lighter walls, pale ceiling in her bedroom, accented one wall with pink and grey paper. Mom added satin stool in vain hope that Terry wouldn't flop on bed when answering phone.

by Marva Peterson

If you read about Terry Moore in the papers—and who doesn't?—no doubt you'd expect her to be the wackiest of the wacky, a flighty, supercharged girl who lives every moment as if it were her last. She would seem to be the kind of girl who rents her own apartment, furnishes it sharp and snazzy-like, and races her motors until all hours of the morning.

But Terry isn't like that. She lives at home with her parents, attends the Mormon Church each Sunday with Greg Bautzer, Hollywood's perennial escort, and remakes her own clothes. Terry's way of living is closer to that of the average American single girl than practically any movie star you could name.

Of course she's seen at ritzy nightclubs and photographed at all major previews, but these are professional requirements. Give Terry her choice of dating spots, and she always picks home, the eight-room, white clapboard house in Westwood. She loves to bring her dates there.

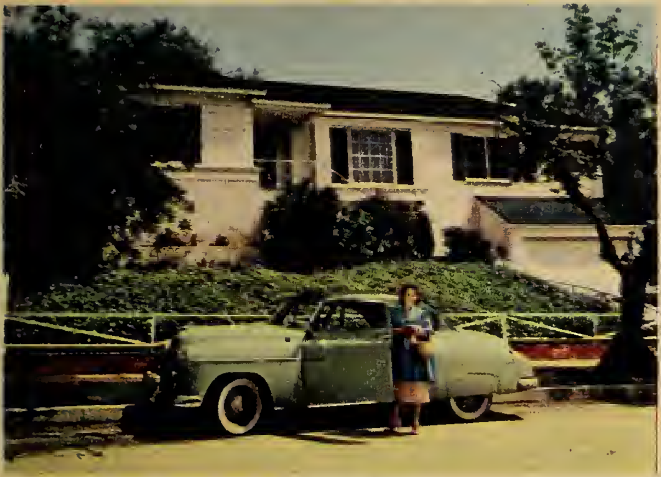
Terry and Rita Moreno double dated Eddie Fisher and Joey Foreman, one of Eddie's pals, on Eddie's last visit to Hollywood.

"Shall we make the rounds?" Fisher asked, trying to live it up as befits a man of his mounting income—$450,000 last year.

"You mean hit the spots?" Terry inquired.

Eddie nodded. He didn't really want to. He was just being the sporting gentleman.

"Let's not," Terry suggested. "Let's hang around here. We'll have a ball." (*Continued on next page*)



The Kofords' new $25,000 house in Westwood is only slightly larger than their former home, stands in a similar suburban neighborhood. Only major change in their way of life was hiring housekeeper.

A good cook, Terry loves to feed friends, will use any excuse to putter around in charming red, white and blue kitchen. The specialties of the house are roast lamb, lemon pie and cider—no liquor is served.

The old-fashioned, paneled den is the room to which Mom and Dad retreat when Terry and her friends take over the livingroom. Cosy and quiet, it has a fireplace, outdoor exit, only television set in the house.

"Date Hangout," the brick patio where Terry's gang spends many evenings, boasts a barbecue, starlight and a brick floor for dancing. Concrete lampshade on right conceals a loudspeaker for the record system.

more pictures on next page

TERRY MOORE

continued

Her mother takes care of Terry's needs in the evening gown field by remodeling her wardrobe at home.

"Just make sure I have room for my shoes," Terry asked when the Kofords started house-hunting. She owns seventy-five pairs of flats and heels.

According to Mom, one of Terry's troubles is forgetting to plan ahead just what she wants to wear and do.

Terry usually does her own hair before a date, uses the time under a dryer to study for her night courses at UCLA, catch up on her reading.

(Continued from page 45) When Terry Moore says there's about to be a ball, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lamar Koford, move at once into the den and turn on their TV set while Terry and her gang take over the livingroom.

On this date, Terry took out her tape recorder and the two couples went to work recording songs, jokes and corny patter.

Between sessions, the hostess served peanuts in the shell and a chocolate drink of sorts called Hemo. Real wild Hollywood party.

As Terry and Eddie began to break peanut shells, Mrs. Koford rushed in from the den.

"For Heaven's sake, Terry," she scolded, as mothers have scolded since time began, "how many times have I told you to spread out some newspapers on the floor? The studio has scheduled a picture layout at home tomorrow, and I'm not going to spend all morning vacuuming a lot of peanut shells!" Terry did as she was told.

"She's a good daughter," Mrs. Koford declares. "Really is, Making her get enough rest is probably the only big problem I ever had with her. It used to be that if I said, 'Come home early, Terry,' she'd die with embarrassment.

"Now she appreciates it when I remind her escorts to bring her home at a reasonable hour. She's learned how awful it is to try to work the next day if she's tired. That's why she likes to date here at home.

"Of course, she's not perfect. Who is? Right now I'm having such a time trying to get her to plan ahead. What she wants to wear, who's coming for dinner, what sort of food to serve.

"Some of the candid photos taken at previews and formal dinners have just about convinced Terry that she should always try on her gowns at least a day ahead of time.

"And then we've had a little trouble about food and dinner guests. Terry's just got mobs of friends, and they're always dropping in, and we just love it, and I try to keep food on hand for any emergency. But we've been caught short quite a few times, especially on Fridays, not having enough fish for Terry's Catholic pals.

"All in all, she's a good child. And we're happy that she prefers living at home with her parents to getting a place of her own. So many girls these days, as soon as they *(Continued on page 85)*

Guy's faith lies in
his absolute honesty,
his inability
to hurt another—
and in his firm confidence
that others
will treat him fairly.

I BELIEVE

by Guy Madison

■ One thing I have always known about my life: I get miserable results any time I am not fully honest—with myself or with others.

Whatever I am a part of, whatever I put my hand to, if there has been any dishonest aspect to it at all, it will fail somehow. Maybe the venture will appear to go through but if it does the knowledge that the gain involved wasn't rightly come by is enough to give the whole thing a bad taste.

This is more or less the basis of the *(Continued on page 69)*

Casual dating is fine for some men—but is Bob Wagner happy this way? Or is there another reason why he sidesteps romance?

BY ALICE FINLETTER

Forbidden to Love?

Once a man-about-town, Pete Lawford has left his title of Hollywood's most eligible young bachelor vacant for Bob.

Gossip columns had Bob engaged to both Mona Freeman and Terry Moore at various times, but he denied stories.

Bob's newest, possibly most serious interest is Jean Peters, but something seems to be holding up this romance, too.

■ Bob Wagner is single by choice—but whose choice?

He has never made noises like one anxious to settle down quickly although he does take out eligible girls. Recently there have been fresh rumors that his bachelorhood is enforced by contract. That nice, new contract of his that pays him thousands every month.

Last year when he was earning $350 a week, Bob Wagner suddenly began to draw more fan mail than any other player at his studio—with the exception of the exceptional Marilyn Monroe. R. J. Wagner, Jr., had developed a tremendous following, mostly among teen-age girls.

When contract renewal time rolled around, Wagner's agent was in an enviable bargaining position. He blithely suggested to Fox that "we give my boy a new deal."

Knowing that R.J.'s rise in popularity was no fluke, the studio agreed. How much did Mr. Wagner's agent think young Mr. Wagner was worth?

"I think," came the answer, "that the kid is entitled to a thousand a week for the next six months. After that he should get $1500 a week and then yearly options until he hits $4,000 or $5,000 a week."

The studio executive took a deep breath and whistled.

"Now, look," he began, "I agree the kid is hot right now and deserves more money. But who knows how long he'll stay hot? Most of his fans are bobby-soxers. Let Wagner get married tomorrow, and they'll drop him in a minute."

"You don't have to worry about his getting married," the executive was told. "He's a smart kid. He'll stay single until he's thirty!"

The studio man grinned. "Can you guarantee that?"

(Continued on page 60)

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

SHEREE NORTH

there's never been anyone
quite like this explosive, unstoppable blonde-
you've never read anything like the story
of her rollicking rise to fame!

■ One night, a couple of years ago, a Hollywood choreographer named Bob Alton dropped into a spot called Macayo in Santa Monica, California, for a nightcap. Before he could order his drink, however, something made him yank his elbow off the bar. A sun-bronzed girl with a popcorn ball hairdo and the streamlined figure that Venus should have had was making the floor rock and roll with sensational modern jazz dancing of high voltage.

He asked the waiter to bring her to his table. "I just want to tell you how good I think you are," he said. "You've got a great future in dancing." The girl gave him a wry grin and her reply had a hollow ring.

"Thanks," she said, "but my dancing future just passed. This is my last night here. I'm quitting. I'm sick of nightclubs. I hate the noise, the smoke, the late hours, the guys making passes. I hate what people think a nightclub dancer is. Tomorrow I'm dyeing this hair back to brown. I'm changing my name. I'm starting a secretarial course and I've got a job lined up at Hughes Aircraft. I've been dancing for a future since I was six years old—but it's all over now. Believe me, I've had it!"

The disillusioned nineteen-year-old girl—who called herself Sheree North—could have told him a lot more. That she'd been married at fifteen, for instance, had a baby at sixteen and since her divorce at seventeen had struggled to make and support a home by kicking her legs—without much success and with a lot of heartache and disappointment.

Bob Alton nodded understandingly, although he didn't change his pitch. How could he? He was a top choreographer with a string of hit shows behind him both in Hollywood and on Broadway. He'd seen discouraged kids like this before, but he'd helped (*Continued on page 80*)

If you knew Beedle...

. . . like few know Beedle,
you'd know why Bill Holden is
a Man of Mystery to his fans—
and Hollywood's most popular actor!

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ "I guess I'm the most accident-prone guy in this entire country. I can sense when something's going to happen, especially to me." Bill Holden was explaining that things *do* happen to him, although they're not for headlines.

"One night a few years ago, when we had just bought a new car, Ardis and I decided to go to a movie." Bill is married to Brenda Marshall whose real name is Ardis Ankerson.

"I had a feeling that something would happen to the car, so I asked the parking lot attendant to let me park it myself. I left it a good distance away from any of the other cars.

"During the movie, I began to fidget.

"'What's the matter?' Ardis asked.

"'I'm worried about the car,' I answered.

"'Don't be foolish,' Ardis muttered.

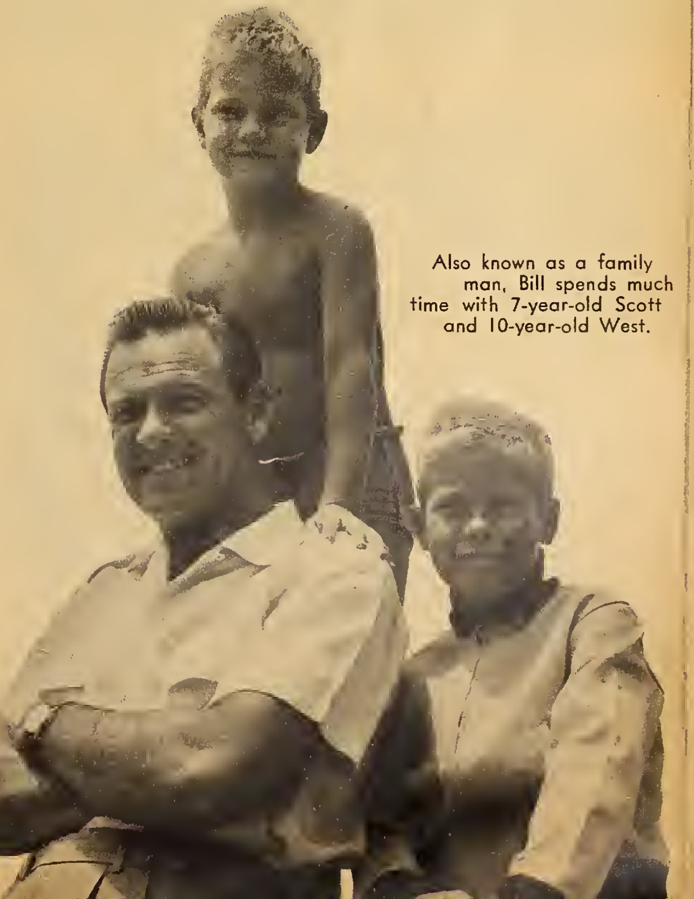
"Sure enough when we got back to the car, the front right fender was completely smashed in.

"Only recently, on the night of the Academy Awards, I had that feeling again. I felt something was going to happen to the new Cadillac. And on the way home it did. Banged into a pole."

An actor who once flew to New York with Holden insists that Bill is psychic.

"He's in the wrong profession," Leon Ames insists. "He should be a fortune-teller. On this particular flight Bill predicted that the hostess would upset a tray of coffee cups on his lap. I told him he was nuts. (*Continued on page 66*)

Bill's wife, Brenda Marshall, gave up her career when Bill established himself. That took some time; after being in movies for 13 years, unobtrusive Bill was voted a Star Of Tomorrow!



Also known as a family man, Bill spends much time with 7-year-old Scott and 10-year-old West.

BY JANE WILKIE

A day to Remember

In the vice-principal's office Esther signed guest book.

Escorted by sweatered Knights (members of the school honor club in which Esther was a Lady), George Washington's most famous alumna headed for the athletic field to watch a gym class work out.

Everywhere she went, Esther was surrounded by kids who ducked out of classes, scrambled through windows to follow her. Nearsighted Esther wore glasses part of day, admitted she had once feared they would spoil her looks.

Autographing drums for members of the band, Esther recalled her own extra-curricular activities. She had taken the school's commercial course which allowed her to squeeze in as many as possible.

In the bungalow used for Student Body meetings, Esther took over the gavel. As a student at George Washington High she had been president of the Student Body and held office in half a dozen other campus and honor groups.

"I remember the basketball games I played in more clearly than my first screen test." Esther told the kids, but didn't join game in progress.

For a carefree day Esther revisited her high school and renewed for always her happiest memories!

■ Esther Williams' mother-in-law has a penchant for saving mementoes. No matter how old, faded or worn, if they mean anything to the elder Mrs. Gage they are wrapped in ribbons and tucked away. Otherwise Esther would have got away with it the night Ben came across the battered box under the window seat.

He'd been looking high and low for some canceled checks that would untangle his income tax work sheet, and now he was pacing the livingroom dramatically, hoping for help from his wife.

"They've got to be *some*where," he said. "You just don't throw things like that away."

Esther put her book in her lap and regarded him in her Wifely Manner. "You haven't thrown them away, dear. If you're your mother's son, they're still around here somewhere."

And so it was that, long minutes later, when Ben unfolded his big frame from a kneeling position *(Continued on next page)*

Greeted by school principal Dr. Paul Fisher, Esther was rushed backstage for the second "aud call" of the day.

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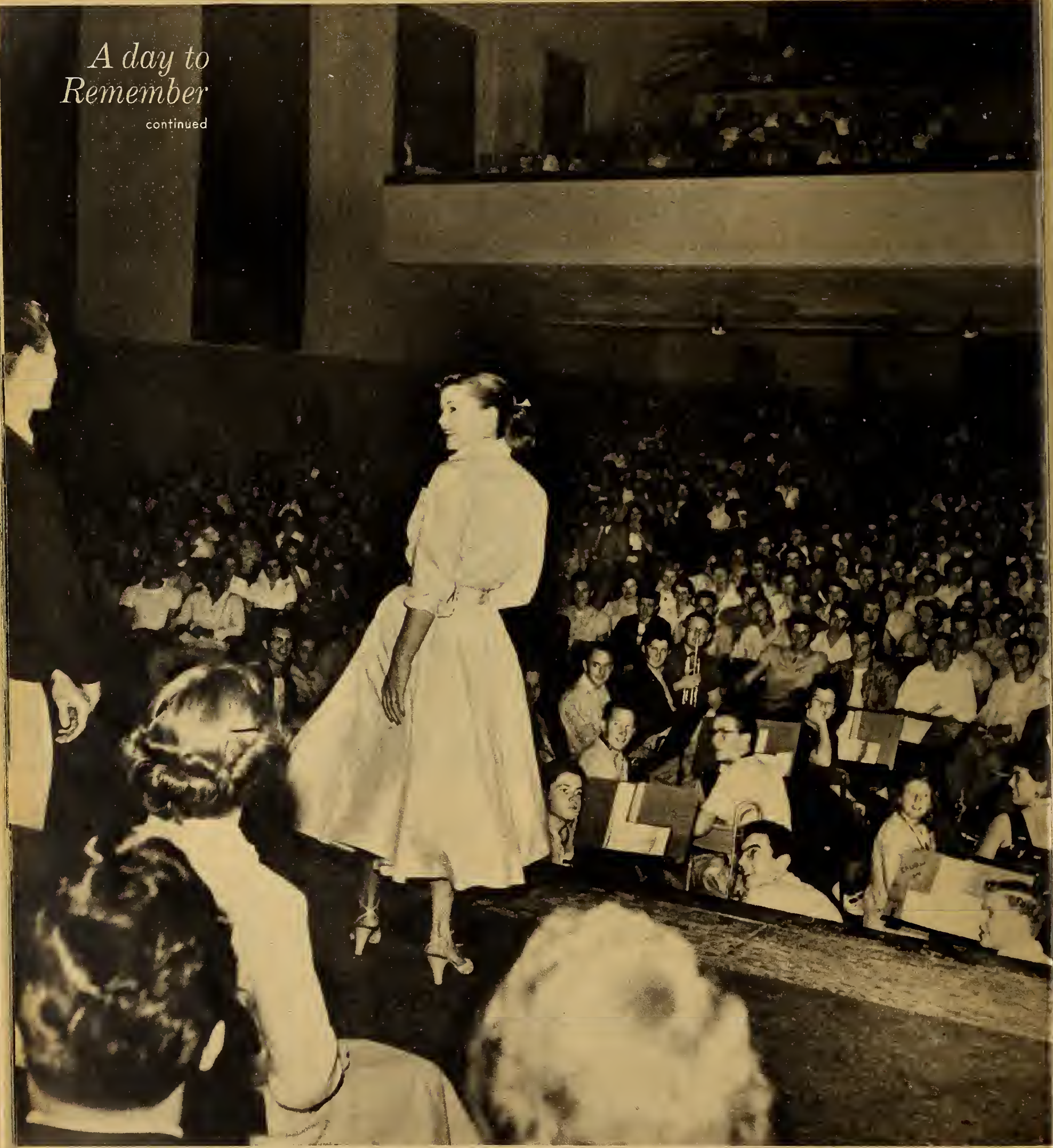

Introduced by Student Body president, Esther noticed his height, told kids sadly, "When I was here, all the boys were so short!"

"Nobody's changed!" Esther said—but she had. She came late and was kept after school!

In front of a statue of George Washington Esther kidded with students. Later she told Ben that the old school hadn't changed a bit; it was *still* more fun than any other high school in L. A.

(*Continued from page 55*) in front of the window seat, holding a large, falling-apart cardboard box, he was wearing a remarkably evil grin.

"Ha!" he said.

Esther looked up from her book again. "What are you snorting about, sweetie?"

"You, too, are a string saver—*Mother* Gage," he charged.

"What are you talking about?"

Ben strode to the center of the room and gestured as though stroking a long beard. "Heah!" he shouted. "Lindy! Were you out theah with that Lee cur? If you were ah cain't see how you could be mah daughter!"

Esther's first thought, naturally, was that Ben had gone mad. And then, out of the past, came a faint recognition of those lines. Back in George Washington High School, in '38 or maybe '39, she had portrayed a character (*Continued on next page*)

Best part of day was chatting and lunching with favorite teachers like physical instructor Mrs. Segal (above, left); Esther's beloved "Spearsy" (above, right); Miss Fitzpatrick (below).

The Drum and Bugle Corps reminded Esther of the football rally she and 4 other girls had attended in bright pink sweaters—actually the team's red-and-white jerseys which the girls had swiped and washed!

(*Continued from page 57*) named Colonel Brewster in a musical comedy. It had been part of a football rally and Esther had been the colonel (because (1) nobody else would, and (2) because of her height) sporting a beard and a southern colonel-type hat. The play hadn't been exactly Noel Coward caliber. In fact, Esther had written it, and it had been pretty awful.

She came back to the present with a start, and jumped out of her chair. "Ben! Where did you get that? Give it to me!"

And Ben held the box above her head. "From whom was Essie Williams hiding in the cafe closet?" he mimicked.

Esther groaned. Her treasured Memory Book must be in there, too, with all the gossip columns from the school paper, the dance programs, the flowers. "Ben! Please!"

"I understand a guy named Randy Henderson took you bowling and didn't have to pay for you because your score was so low."

He finally lowered the box and gave it to her, on the condition that she answer some questions. "Who," he said, "was this Jimmie character whose name appeared on every page? And who were Frank and Kenny, the ones who always took half the dances away from Jimmie?"

"One at a time," said Esther. "Jimmie McKinlock was one of mother's pets. I went with him while he was still in school, a couple of terms ahead of me. I don't know about Frank and Kenny—it might have been Frank Cookson. If you'll give me that box, maybe I can find out."

"What about the poetry?" goaded Ben. He snatched a rumpled paper and read,

"Once upon a time I knew
A coy, petite young miss.
There wasn't a thing I wouldn't do
To earn from her a kiss."

"Help!" howled Esther, but Ben continued.

"However, she was not the type
To lose herself in love.
She was young and frivolous
And flight as a dove.

The first time that we e'er went out
I lost my head, I did.
And so I close with these three words,
I love you—Esther kid."

By that time Esther had collapsed in hysterics and Ben wasn't much better off.

"I know you're enchanting and all that," said Ben, "but tell me how you managed to collect a whole box full of poetry, all from different guys?"

"You might say I asked for it—in self-defense."

Ben grinned and lit his pipe. "Elucidate."

And so she told him how she used to wonder how to say no when a boy wanted to kiss her—the classic problem of the teen-ager. She had gone to her mother for advice and her mother had said "Talk about something else. Get their minds off the subject." Even the sixteen year-old Esther knew that bit of advice wouldn't work for thirty seconds. And said so. "All right," her mother had said. "You're smart. *You* think of something to say." So Esther cooked up a line of defense. The minute a boy began his overture she backed off and looked at him coldly. "*Why* do you want to kiss me?" inquired the young Miss Williams. This usually set him back two or three years and when he recovered Esther said charitably there was no hurry for his answer, that he might like to give it to her in the form of a poem. So she collected a ream of poetry (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) and the system, as a stall for time, worked.

Remembering all this, Esther slipped into a comfortable hour of reverie, poring over her souvenirs, sharing some of her memories with Ben, punctuating others only by a giggle. Husband-like, Ben wanted to know, what with all these slaves at her feet, hadn't Esther ever had a crush on any of them. Had she? There had been devoted Jimmie, but before he joined the Coast Guard she had been too young to be serious. And Don Schutz, the boy famous for being the only one with a car of his own, and Frank Cookson captain of the football team. She and Frank had double dated so much with Bud Fisher and Barbara McConnell. Whatever had happened to them all? And there was Randall Henderson, dear, sensitive, deeply intelligent Randy, who later had been killed in the war. There were dates with all of them and a certain fondness for each, but she couldn't remember a crush until she thought of Frank Reynolds. He had been the football hero and she recalled that after he made that ninety-yard touchdown she kept dreaming of it—and of him. There was the night she went to her first formal dance, wearing the peach chiffon handed down from her sister's wardrobe. She had walked into the gym on Jimmie's arm and there had stood Frank Reynolds. Esther believed this was a rare creature, a blond giant, and when she heard him tell Kenny, 'There's a nice looking dish—I'll have a dance with her,' Miss Williams stood riveted to the floor. Kenny had warned her about Frank, reputed to be the school's sophisticate, and tried to keep them apart. 'You're too innocent for him,' Kenny had said like a big brother.

Ferenc Molnar's "The Play's The Thing" . . . concerns a jealous husband who eavesdrops on his blonde wife and another man, and believes that the lover is describing his wife's physical charms—when, in truth, he merely was describing an ordinary peach. In all productions of this play, therefore, a peach is an important prop . . . When Ezio Pinza did this play last summer, the peach was on a table backstage.

Elaine Stritch was backstage, too, rehearsing for the play she was to do there the following week. She saw the peach, picked it up and ate it . . . Pinza heard the cue to produce the peach—as the climax of the play. No peach. He used the only piece of fruit at hand—a dark plum.

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

She remembered the football rally immortalized by the stunt she had dreamed up, in which she and four other girls swiped the team's jerseys for their song and dance number. It would have gone great, except that when the girls managed to get the jerseys out of the boys' lockers they considered one and all sufficiently gamey to deserve a tubbing. So they took them to Esther's house and dumped them into the washing machine. When they came out the red numbers had run into the white jerseys until the whole thing was a pink mess, with the numbers indistinguishable.

She spoke aloud to Ben. "Poverty Flats, we used to call it. Because the kids who went there came from such poor families. But I'll bet there was more fun there than at any other school in L.A."

"You were busy enough," said Ben, looking up from her year book. "From what I can find out by a casual study you were in the Tri-Y two semesters, a member of the Scholarship Society, and an officer—usually president—of your class, of the cabinet, of the Girls' League, whatever that is, of the Student Body, and of the Commerce Honor Society."

"I was so busy," Esther laughed, "I had to go to City College for my education."

"Some fireball," said Ben. "Here's one of your speeches, for some office or other. Listen: 'You and I know that what I say here will make very little difference in the way you vote. You want in your girl's vice president someone who will be your friend. If I have been friendly, perhaps you will trust me again to be your friend as girls' vice president of the Student Body'."

Esther grimaced. "Pretty corny, huh?" And Ben nodded.

She thought a moment and said, "I wonder if Spearsy's still there."

"Who?" said Ben.

"Miss Spear. She was my pet teacher—science. A wonderful woman. She used to be so interested in all the school activities, and she'd help us get out of scrapes all the time. She was my mentor."

"Why don't you call her up?"

It was as simple as that. Esther called Miss Spear, who was delighted and asked Esther to come to Washington High for lunch with the faculty. Esther asked if she could say hello to the kids while she was there, and Miss Spear said she'd arrange it—maybe an auditorium call.

The night before the appointed day, four-year-old Benjy began to run a fever. It began at 101 and climbed steadily. It was 104 by the time the doctor arrived, and he suspected German measles. "There," thought Esther, "goes Washington High, Spearsy and the whole day."

Instead of measles, however, Benjy developed a twenty-four-hour virus and all through the night Esther sponged him with alcohol to bring down the fever. At five A.M. he went into a fitful sleep and the next morning Esther was ready to call the school and cancel her date. But the doctor returned and said it was perfectly all right for Esther to leave for the day, the nurse would stay with Benjy. Esther flew into a pink orlon dress, jumped into her station wagon and drove the twenty miles to the school, through the city's worst traffic, with as much speed as the law would allow.

When she arrived the first auditorium call was over, and the second 'aud call' in progress. Doctor Fisher, Washington's principal, met her at the stage door of the auditorium and steered her backstage, where she was greeted by the teachers who remembered her. There was Spearsy, of course, and the two women fell into each other's arms. And there was Miss Fitzpatrick, who'd had Esther in 'home room,' and Mrs. Segal who'd taught her physical education. There was much hilarity and Esther was puzzled at the fact that all the teachers, after fifteen years, looked exactly the same as she remembered them. "I'm the one," grinned Mrs. Segal, "who advised you against a swimming career because it would be too strenuous for you."

"I've managed to last," said Esther. "Maybe because you put me into good shape for it."

"I see you're wearing glasses," said Miss Spear. And they laughed together, remembering how they had discussed the problem of Esther's nearsightedness and how she had worried about snubbing people. Spearsy had told her to smile at everybody she saw.

"Anyway," said Miss Spear. "I'm happy you're wearing them because it might have some influence on the girls here. They're as bad as you were—afraid it'll spoil their looks."

While they were speaking a girl's voice

drifted backstage, a youthful voice thanking the students for bestowing an office upon her. And Esther thought of the many times she had stood on that very stage, asking to be elected or grateful that she had been. Now a tall boy was introduced to her, Merle Lauderdale, president of the current Student Body. He went on stage to announce Esther to the students.

SHE JOINED HIM, almost buckling with nostalgia, and put on her glasses to hide the mist in her eyes. "I'm not wearing these to look intellectual," she told the assembled kids. "I'm nearsighted, and without them I can get into a lot of trouble." She told them Spearsy's advice to smile at everybody. She thanked Merle for his introduction and remarked upon his height. "When I was here, all the boys were so short," she said and fondly stroked the sleeve of Merle, who blushed and hurried to his seat.

Esther told them a lot of things that made them laugh. She told them of the day she was honored by membership as a 'Lady' in the Knights and Ladies organization, and given the prized sweater with its emblem. Esther was wearing a blouse that day which had been worn to the last straw by her two older sisters. The back of one of its sleeves had been steadily ripping all day and was now left in plain sight by the sleeveless Ladies' sweater. Her only recourse had been to wear her long-sleeved Tri-Y sweater over everything, and the temperature that day had been just over 100 degrees—so Esther had been dissolved by both the honor and the heat.

She turned serious, too, and told them that the old cliché about high school being the best years of their lives was true. She said she remembered her first dance, and the basketball games in which she played more clearly than her first screen test or her first movie. And she told them that while she might kid about studying, and grades, it was true that she had been a Sealbearer and that if they didn't mind her giving a bit of advice, nothing is worth doing (or any fun) unless you do it well.

THE TEACHERS backstage smiled happily at the sage counsel being handed out by G. Washington's celebrity, and afterward steered her through the school. It all looked dear and familiar to Esther, and every few minutes another teacher would approach her, and Esther would remember another friendly face out of her past. They took her to the vice-principal's office where she signed the guest book, then to the bungalow where the Student Body holds meetings and where Esther herself had so often presided.

By the time she sat down to lunch in the faculty diningroom, all of Washington High, including those students who had missed her because they were in the first 'aud call,' knew that Esther was there. She found time to write this last group a note of apology, to be put on the bulletin board, before she was whisked away to the drama class. Here the Thespian Club stood her on the stage and she worried that they might ask her to spout Shakespeare, which, Esther explained, is not her forte. She stood a moment longer while a breathless boy with a complicated camera knelt to take her picture. "Gee!" he said. "I thought I'd never catch up with you. They told me there was a celebrity in 'aud call,' but I thought it was the County Supervisor or something, so I didn't go. Gee, I darned near missed you!"

When Esther left the drama class and headed for a gym class on the field, the students could no longer be controlled. Wherever she passed, boys and girls broke out of classrooms, even jumped out of windows, in order to join the mob fol-

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Or: How a girl with a fast line roped Howard into a fishing lesson.

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Then (but only if you're Angel Moro, Howard's singing discovery and therefore enjoy privileges) you wrap him in rope.

Having thus convinced—and choked—him into agreeing to teach you to fish, you spend at least twenty full minutes learning the art.

By then you're tired and Howard is wide awake—so you hold the net while he reels in. (You feel sorry for the fish.)

When Howard, too, is ready to drop, you give him back to his wife, who has been hoping he wouldn't catch any fish she'd have to cook.

And at last comes the well-earned reward for the weary fisherman—a hearty meal, definitely not of the seafood variety!

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lowing her. Doctor Fisher, the principal, was worried for Esther's safety, but she smiled and assured him she was accustomed to such things.

It added up to a great day for Esther and, despite the crowds, even included a long talk with Miss Spear. It was after four in the afternoon when Esther got home, to find Benjy much improved, and soon big Ben came in the front door.

"How'd it go?" he wanted to know.

"Just wonderful, thanks to you."

"To me?"

"If you hadn't found that box of souvenirs, I never would have got started on the whole project."

"Glad to be of service," said Ben. "But I never did find those canceled checks I was looking for. Maybe if you could bring yourself to graduate from high school now and marry me—you could help me look for them!"

"Sure," said Esther, pulling a cluttered drawer out of a table. "Like I told the kids today, school days are the carefree days." END

(Esther Williams' next picture will be MGM's Jupiter's Darling.)

---

forbidden to love

(*Continued from page 48*) "Of course not," R.J.'s agent admitted. "But I know this boy, and I can tell you that he's strictly married to his career. You've got the privilege of renewing his contract—or not renewing it—every year.

"If he elopes or does something crazy and loses his fan appeal by 1955, don't pick up on him. Let him out."

The Fox executive nodded. "Wagner's a shrewd young man," he said. "He's got a level head on his shoulders. We like him and we think he's going to be around a long time. You've got your boy a deal."

That's the inside story of R. J. Wagner's $1,000-a-week contract, a contract about which there have been many rumors, the outstanding one being that it contains a clause forbidding Bob to get married for the next seven years.

It is no secret that studios like to keep their young and upcoming stars single. Janet Leigh, for example, was asked by a prominent producer not to marry Tony Curtis lest she injure his drawing power at the box office. Janet told the producer to go whistle and eloped to Connecticut with Tony.

Similarly, Marilyn Monroe's studio is wondering whether or not her recent marriage to Joe Di Maggio will cost her any fans. Marilyn was married while she was suspended and there are many who insist that she would not have married if the studio had quickly come to terms on a new contract and a rewrite of *Pink Tights.*

When Bob Wagner was asked if anything in his contract prevented his getting married, he declared, "Absolutely not. I can get married any time I want to. Only I don't want to get married. Not right now, anyway. And for a very good reason.

"I just don't happen to be in love.

"When the right girl comes along, a girl I can't do without, someone who's the greatest—then, that's it. I'm done and gone. No one's holding me back."

"No one but yourself!" someone remarked. "Let's face it, R.J. You know that any man can stop himself from falling in love. Just as soon as he finds himself slipping in a certain direction, he stops seeing that particular girl. Isn't that the way you've been operating? Isn't that what happened between you and Debbie Reynolds?"

R.J. furrowed that smooth, unlined forehead and a look of meditation came into his hazel eyes. He's not one to talk first and think later.

"No," he said after several moments. "I don't think I've been operating that way at all.

"Right now my career happens to come first with me. I'm twenty-four years old and I know that I've got a long way to go to become a good actor. So I'm concentrating on that for the time being.

"What I'm trying to do is to live a decent, balanced, respectable life. I'm trying to avoid entangling alliances. That's a pretty difficult job in this town, because you start taking a girl out and right away the papers have you headed for the altar.

"About Debbie, all I can say is that it never was serious. No matter what they say, I'm pretty sure she's still my friend.

"I don't think I've ever antagonized any girl I've dated. I never build the friendship into a big romantic thing because I'm just not ready for the responsibility that love and marriage demands."

If any girl is sore at R.J., one would expect it to be Debbie Reynolds, whose fondness for him allegedly went unreciprocated.

Debbie was asked if she thought R.J. had put a check rein on his emotions, whether he was going high hat, whether he was fickle, and about the other gossip circulating about young Prince Valiant.

"I think I know R.J.'s character pretty well," Debbie said, "and he's as sweet a guy as I've ever met. He doesn't make false promises, and he doesn't hold himself in, and all that stuff about high-hatting old friends is just a lot of bunk.

Jane Russell asks: "Now that I'm a producer, what's with these temperamental actresses?"
Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

"I know that they're saying something about him and Jeff Hunter, but those two are still very close friends. Jeff was originally slated for the role of *Prince Valiant,* and then R.J. got the part, and I guess it was sort of strange because R.J. likes to visit with Jeff and Barbara and I guess he was embarrassed. But Jeff understands and I know Barbara does.

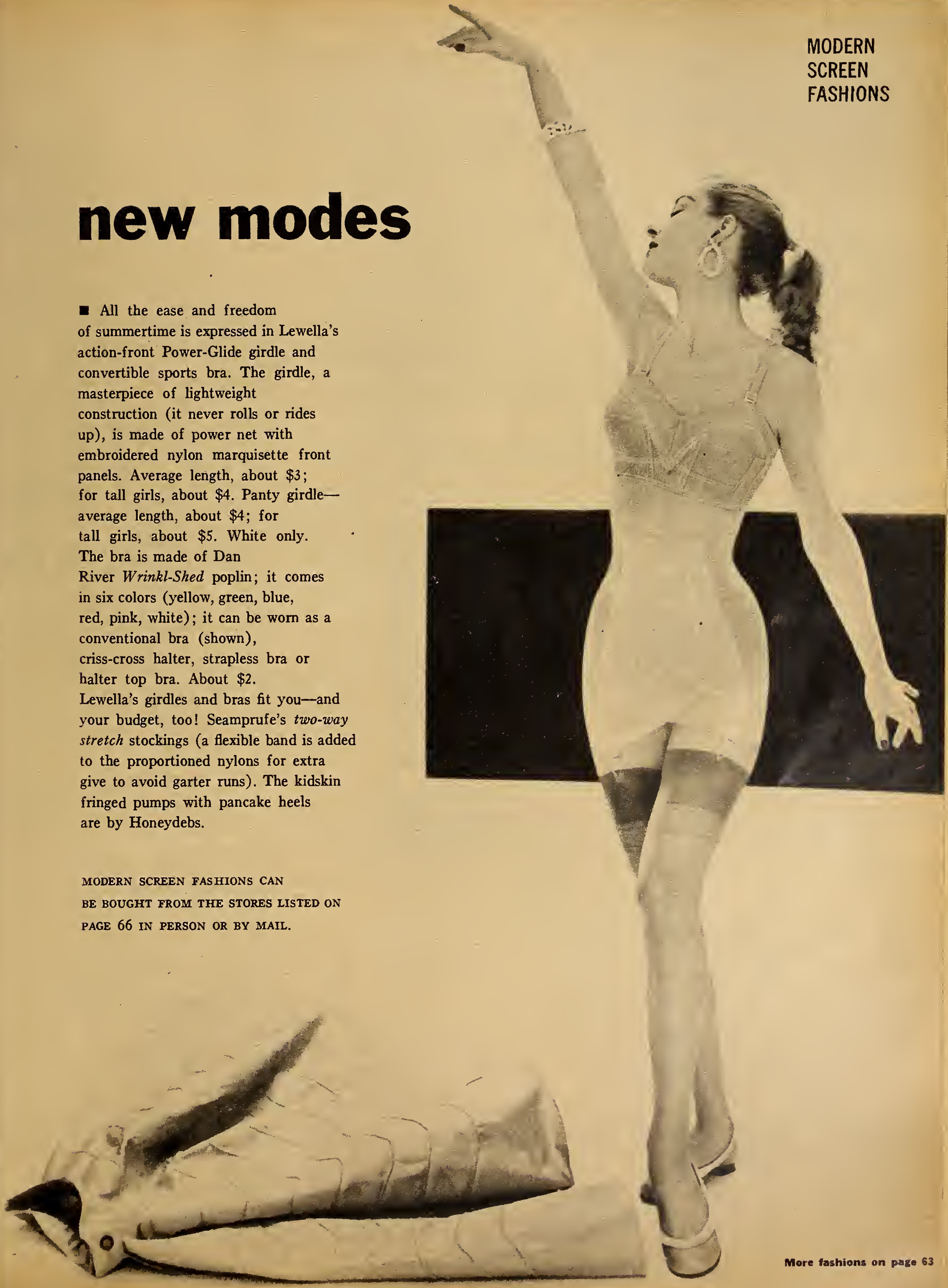
"You hear people say that R.J. doesn't have time for old friends any longer, and they make it sound as if he's grown snobbish. But what they don't realize is how hard he works. He has been in one picture after another—he's had to learn to fence for *Prince Valiant,* to brush up on his riding for *Broken Lance*—and I've seen him when he has rehearsed every Sunday for two or three months. I remember one time in particular that will give you some real insight into his character.

"I was having a shindig for the Girl Scouts over at my house, and I asked R.J. to come because one of the Girl Scouts thought he was the most. She was simply dying to meet him.

"R.J. said he would try to make it, and I knew he really would. But Sunday came along and we had the party and no R.J. But you know what he did?

"He phoned me and apologized for not showing up—'I'm awfully sorry,' he said, 'but I've got to stay home and practice my fencing.' And then he asked to talk to the Girl Scout and (*Continued on page 62*)

new modes



■ All the ease and freedom of summertime is expressed in Lewella's action-front Power-Glide girdle and convertible sports bra. The girdle, a masterpiece of lightweight construction (it never rolls or rides up), is made of power net with embroidered nylon marquisette front panels. Average length, about $3; for tall girls, about $4. Panty girdle—average length, about $4; for tall girls, about $5. White only. The bra is made of Dan River *Wrinkl-Shed* poplin; it comes in six colors (yellow, green, blue, red, pink, white); it can be worn as a conventional bra (shown), criss-cross halter, strapless bra or halter top bra. About $2. Lewella's girdles and bras fit you—and your budget, too! Seamprufe's *two-way stretch* stockings (a flexible band is added to the proportioned nylons for extra give to avoid garter runs). The kidskin fringed pumps with pancake heels are by Honeydebs.

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More fashions on page 63

(*Continued from page 60*) he explained everything to her—that he had to turn up on the set the next day and that he had difficulty in handling the swords. He talked to her and treated her as though she were his closest buddy.

"That shows you the kind of consideration R.J. shows everyone. And it's not affectation, either. It's genuine with him."

WOULD DEBBIE classify R.J. as the "love-'em-and-leave-'em" type?

"No," she went on, "R.J. is completely honest. He doesn't shoot a line or pull any fast passes or anything like that. A girl knows right away that he's tremendously enthusiastic about his work.

"I remember one time over at my house I was trying to teach him a dance step. He just couldn't seem to get the hang of it. He was really impatient with himself.

"He has a bad eardrum, you know, and he suffers from terrible headaches because of his water skiing accident, but he just kept going until he got it.

"I don't think anyone in Hollywood can say one disparaging thing about R.J."

From a girl who has drifted out of Bob Wagner's life that's praise indeed. But it tallies with what other girls say—Terry Moore, for example, who was linked with Bob in a phony engagement story.

"He's strictly a fun date," Terry explains. "Never gets serious, never discusses marriage, loves his golf, his Jackie Gleason records, his hardtop Mercury and, of course, his work."

ASKED THE SECRET of his success in handling girls, Bob grinned boyishly and said, "I've got a sister and I've been brought up to treat other girls with kindness and respect. That's all I try to do."

"But isn't it on the level that you won't let yourself go, that you won't permit yourself the pleasure or danger of falling in love? After all, R.J., you've dated a lot of girls in and out of Hollywood. Haven't you met a single girl who'd make a good wife?"

"I've met a lot of girls who'd make fine wives," Bob answered. "Only not for me."

"How about Jean Peters? Wouldn't she make you a fine wife?" That one stopped Bob cold. He'd just finished making *Broken Lance* with Jean. They had been on location together in Arizona. He had taken her to the preview of *Prince Valiant,* and they'd managed several dates.

"Sure," he said, "if I could find someone like Jean I'd think about marriage pretty seriously. There's a girl who's got everything: a sense of humor, brains, looks, ability, the whole works."

Writer we know says he quit his studio because of a difference over money: they didn't want to pay him any.

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

"But you've found Jean! Why look for a copy when you've got the real thing?" Bob changed the subject.

IN HOLLYWOOD Jean Peters is known as the mystery girl. When she first hit town, Jean (who is three years older than R.J.) was completely candid.

She had won a popularity contest at Ohio State. The prize had been $200 and a trip to Hollywood. The studio had tested her and given her a contract, and Jean didn't mind telling all about her past.

Her father had died when she was ten and she and her mother had run a tourist camp. Jean had learned how to lay bricks and sew her own clothes and repair electric lines and refinish furniture.

In Hollywood she moved into a small bungalow with a grandaunt, Cis Francomb, and was cast in her first movie. And then bang. No more news about Jean Peters.

The story is that while Jean was on location in Mexico, one of the most powerful men in the movie business flew his own plane down there just to see her.

An attempt was made to hush the story of this trip, but it was impossible because just about that time Lana Turner went AWOL and flew down to Mexico to visit Tyrone Power, also in Morelia.

The reporters and photographers had a field day, and the story wafted back to Hollywood that Jean Peters and the producer were extremely affectionate. That belief still exists—which may be one reason the friendship between Bob Wagner and Jean Peters is probably destined for nothingness or, at best, pleasant memories.

OF COURSE Jean might drop her producer and Bob might stop playing the field. But such a change is not likely.

R.J. is having a ball these days, and he doesn't want romance or marriage to slow or complicate the amazing progress he's made. But he's facing a dilemma about which he says, "They've got me in the middle, and it's kind of puzzling. If I go out with one girl a few times, I become a romance item. If I go out with several girls then I'm a regular Romeo. It's one of those heads-you-win-tails-I-lose deals.

"I've got to be careful, so I date in out-of-the-way places and I stay away from parties, or if I do go to some affair like the "This Is Your Life" party honoring *Prince Valiant,* then I show up by myself. That way there's no talk.

"Funny thing, when you're just beginning in pictures everyone wants to help you—your old friends, the grips, even the commissary waitresses. Then you get a little success and something happens.

"Guess you'd call it responsibility. People expect you to change. Suddenly you find yourself on the defensive. Right away you're accused of being snobbish and deserting old pals and every date becomes a great love affair.

"Barbara Stanwyck, who's one of the nicest women ever, told me when we were making *Titanic* that the more successful an actor becomes, the bigger target he makes. She sure was right.

"All of a sudden I'm protecting myself from rumors and gossip and enterprising press agents who try to marry me off in print to their clients. Me, who's nothing!

"They say I'm playing it careful, that I'm ducking marriage, that I'm afraid of love. All bunk.

"I'm counting on marriage—not right now, but in the future. And I'll probably wind up marrying some girl who's in show business or some girl with a goal in life.

"I like girls who're enthusiastic, who know what work is all about, but they've gotta have a sense of humor and like outdoor sports. I'm golf-happy, you know.

"But before I can think of marriage, I've gotta save some dough. That's why I've got a business manager who limits me to a few bucks a week and stashes the rest of it away. After taxes and agent's commission and a few of my ritzy sports coats, there's not too much left.

"But I'm not complaining. No, sir. I'm the luckiest guy alive and I'm grateful to everyone who ever gave me a helping hand.

"And it's not true that anyone has forbidden me to get married. I'd never put up with such a silly ruling. But neither am I going to let anyone stampede me into a wedding.

"I've seen what fun the Hunters get out of life—Jeff and Barbara and little Chris—and that's for me. But the time's got to be right, and I've got to find the right girl."

"How about Jean Peters?"

R. J. Wagner grinned. "The most," he said. "Absolutely the most." END

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more fashions on page 65

(*Continued from page 39*) life," he grinned. "Thank you and I'll never get over it."

"How did your dinner party with little Nancy come out?" I asked.

"I've never heard so much girl talk in my life," he said. "Nancy looked beautiful at her confirmation. I had ordered baby orchids for her and her friends. They were at each place at the table. I didn't get to say a word all through dinner. They just yacked away about school and boys—'he's a drip,' somebody else was 'even more of a drip.'"

"I'll bet they were too excited to eat," said I.

"Not on your life," replied Frank. "They lapped up everything from soup to nuts to ice cream."

I'd heard many stories about Frank and his kids from our mutual friend, Al Levy. "I know he's prejudiced," I told Sinatra, "but are the stories true?"

"That all depends on what he told you."

"Well, for instance, that when you were singing in Miami and little Nancy was sick, you telephoned her every day."

"That's true, but I phone the kids almost every day when I'm away. And when I'm in town, I go by to see them five nights a week. We watch television together and have musical shows, and lately I've been helping them with their painting. There's a new gimmick on the market—portraits of people like Liberace and Bob Hope, with sections of the face numbered to correspond with different colors of paint. I help the kids blend the colors. You'd have had hysterics watching what we did to Hope the other night. He never would have recognized himself."

This is the only painting Frank has had time for lately. His old friend, the late Perry Charles, got him started painting clowns, but he's been too busy lately with his career for the hobby.

Al Levy had told me that little Frankie is the spitting image of his old man. I questioned Frank.

"He's so like me it's frightening. Only a little rounder in the face. If I stand in front of the fireplace with my hands behind my back, he does the same thing. He composes his own music and sings, too." Frank laughed. "He kills me. When I do a television show, he'll quote everything I said the next time I see him. He's very show-wise and talks stage lingo. 'Now about that joke, Dad,' he'll say.

"He loved *Anything Goes,* the television show I did with Ethel Merman, but he's quite a critic. The day after the program, he said, 'Dad, that bit you did dressed in women's clothes was very funny.' He thought the chase scene was the best part of the show.

"The kids' favorite TV shows are the comics—Skelton and Berle. They also watch the cowboys. When it looks as though Bill Boyd is about to kiss the girl, Frankie says, 'Oh, go on, kiss her. Get it over with and get on with the show.'

"He met Boyd once and has never gotten over it. He didn't have a word to say to his hero except a polite 'How do you do?' That's the way he is. When he gets really excited he's perfectly quiet. But an hour or two later, after he has thought it over, he starts yacking. He'll tell you everything that went on, describe the scene and re-enact the whole event."

Frank was off to the races on his favorite subject—his son—so I didn't interrupt.

"What I love about Frankie," he said, "is his great comedy sense and droll humor. He rarely laughs at anything he says, and seldom at anything anybody else says. But when he gets tickled, he falls apart. His eyes water, he breaks up. He laughs inwardly.

"I was having dinner with the children the night before they were to give their annual music recital. I asked Nancy what she was going to play. She replied, 'The piano concerto.' I was discussing it with her and didn't think Frankie was paying any attention. He's a dreamer, but when you think he's miles away he'll come up with something funny and let loose with a line that knocks you right out of your chair.

"Right in the middle of this serious discussion with Nancy, Frankie said, 'I gotta play that stinking *Hungarian Dance.* I did it last year and I don't want to repeat.'

"'What do you want to do?' I asked, after I'd pulled myself together.

"'I'd like to get up and tell some jokes or something.'

"'One-man jokes?'

"'One-man or two-man jokes.'

"'Well,' I said, 'maybe you and I could get some candy-striped suits, straw hats, and tell some two-man jokes.' We have a routine that breaks Frankie up. I'll say to him: 'Have you seen any new one-hundred-dollar bills?'

"And he'll come back with: 'Haven't even seen any old ones.' He reads his lines like W. C. Fields might have. We have another that Frankie thinks is funny. I ask: 'Why did you cut holes in the rug?'

"'To see the floor show,' he answers.

"I really think he wants to be a comic. He likes Red Skelton, and after a Skelton show he'll talk about Red's jokes by the hour. He can remember every joke on the show. Good or bad, I don't know, but he might be a comic—and if he is, he'll be a good one."

Frank took Frank, Jr., and Nancy to Academy Awards. When his name was announced he kissed them before running down the aisle.

"What would *you* like your kids to be?" I asked.

"I'd like that to come directly from them," said Sinatra. "I will guide them in whatever they want to do. Frankie seems talented in music. If later he wants to conduct or compose, I'll guide him, tell him where to go and who to see. But then he may want to be a mathematician. He's a whiz at figures."

"And where does he get that talent?"

"Not from me," said Frank. "He must get that from his mother. She's very bright at figures." (Still I didn't mention Ava.) "I can put numbers together, but when it comes to adding nines, I'm in real trouble.

"Like most kids, Frankie knows all about jet planes and automobiles, too. The other day when I went to see him, he said, 'Dad, those fins are much too high on your new Cadillac. I like the Nash better.'

"One day when I walked in Frankie was playing the piano. He didn't know I was there, so I stood outside the door and listened. Finally I walked over to the piano.

"'Oh, hello, Dad,' he said.

"'How are you, son? What's that you're playing?'

"It was something that sounded almost classical which he had composed. We discussed it a minute. Then he said, 'You know, I've been thinking about that new car of yours. I've given it a lot of thought. It's not too good. You know they haven't had a body change in those cars since 1950.' When he comes out with something like that, what are you going to do but laugh?"

"You've told me about Nancy and Frankie. How about Tina? What's she like?"

"They're all three a different species," said Frank. "Nancy's the practical one, the little mother; Frankie's a dreamer; and Tina is an explosive hellion. While Nancy and Frank both are rather complacent, Tina is the firecracker and a great flirt. She knows how to work a guy over—she'll be a heart-breaker some day. She's just about four feet high, so I was a little surprised when she asked me for one of my pink shirts. 'What for?' I asked. She explained that the kids in her class all do fingerpainting, and they use their dads' shirts with the sleeves cut off as smocks. Well, that figured. Then I asked, 'Why pink?'

"'Well,' said Tina, 'I like to use all the colors that blend well with pink, and if I get paint on the smock it won't look bad.' I took her a shirt, and you should see her in it. She all but trips every time she takes a step.

"My clothes are very popular with the girls. Nancy wanted to know if I had a long-sleeved yellow cashmere sweater. I found one and gave it to her. It was pretty horrible on her—came down to her knees. But all the kids wear sloppy-Joes, so she just pushed up the sleeves and liked it.

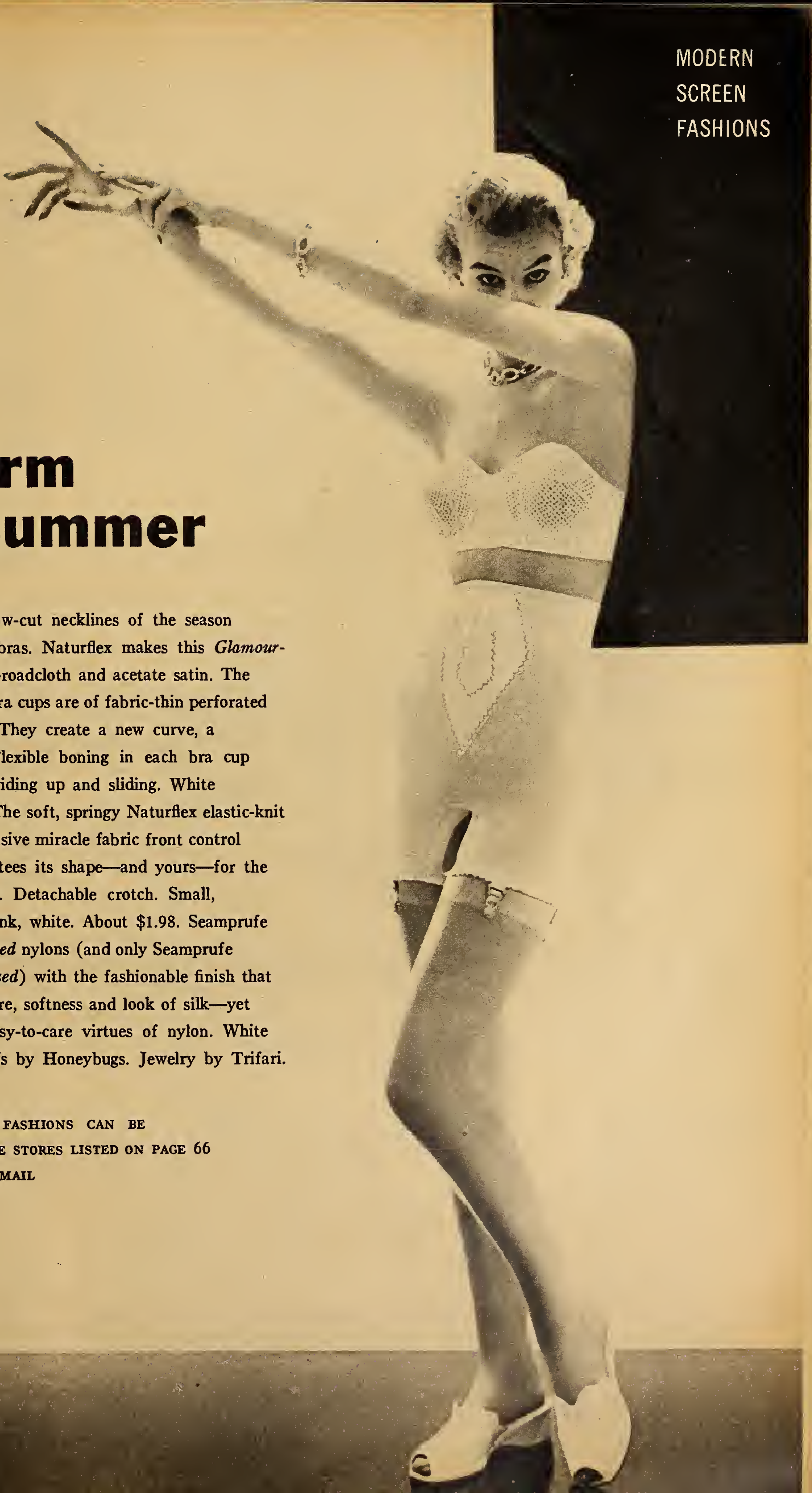
"Frankie hasn't asked for any of my clothes so far, but I have a suspicion it won't be long now. He's usually content to wear blue dungarees and scuffed shoes, but the other day he said, 'Why do I always have to wear dark blue or grey suits? Why can't I ever wear bright colors?' He dotes on bow ties."

All the Sinatra children, unlike the offspring of many movie stars, attend public school. That's the way Frank wants it. He feels they should be able to get along with all types of children, and judging from the number of their friends they seem to do a good job of it.

Frank left his family for the nonce and got onto another subject, about which he yacked just like his kids. "You know, Hedda, I've got a wonderful program lined up, and I want to shout about it. After *Pink Tights,* I'm going to do a musical with Gene Kelly. I've talked with Leland Hayward about the part of Ensign Pulver in *Mr. Roberts,* and to Stanley Kramer about a role in *Not As A Stranger.* I've got so much picture work lined up, I'm giving up nightclubs for the time being. I'm beginning to settle down."

"I've noticed that," said I. "Success is a great settler, isn't it? The thing I've noticed most about you lately is that you don't fly off the handle like you used to. How do you explain that, please?"

"I've got a new system. When anybody needles me, I ignore him and walk away. Things have (*Continued on page 66*)



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Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley Lindsay & Curr
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Scranton, Pa.—Cleland Simpson
South Bend, Ind.—Robertson Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
Or write to Lewel Manufacturing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

NATURFLEX (girdle and bra)
Page 65

F. W. Woolworth & Company
J. J. Newberry Company
McCrory Stores Corporation
S. S. Kresge's
and other leading variety stores throughout the country. Or write to Wm. Gluckin & Co., Inc., 358 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

STEPHANIE (girdle and bras)
Page 63, below

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
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(*Continued from page 64*) improved. But—and this is important—I'll never lose the feeling of hating to have my privacy invaded. We in show business (anybody in the public eye from President Eisenhower on down) are under a magnifying glass. Everything we do is reviewed. I've often wondered what kind of a world it would be if every working man's efforts were reviewed as ours are. If the plumber, say, who came to fix the pipe and didn't get it quite right got a big review about his error in his trade paper next day. We'd have the most neurotic world you can possibly imagine.

"If someone comes up to me and says, 'Could I see you for a minute?' or 'Could I have a picture of you?' I'm more than willing to comply. But let somebody snap his fingers and say, 'Get over there quick!' That does it! If I did it to them, they'd react the same way I do. There are at least five guys who love to needle me. They know my low boiling point. But since I know who they are and what they're after, I avoid them or try to smile and keep my temper in check."

"You've got to admit, though, that you've got a healthy temper."

"Sure I've got one—who hasn't? But after the thing is over, I feel twice as bad. You feel awful and think, 'Geez, I'm sorry that had to happen.' The thing to do is to see that it doesn't happen again."

It was then that I noticed a tiny bald spot on top of his head. "Hey," I told him, "you're getting thin on top. I've got the very thing for you. I know a man who's invented something wonderful to grow hair."

He screamed with laughter. "I know a guy who shrinks heads so it looks like you've got hair."

I insisted that my friend really had invented such a substance.

"Hedda, if you say so, I'll use it. It'll probably work so well I'll look like a poor man's John L. Lewis with big bushy eyebrows, too. On the other hand I might wind up wearing a wig if your friend isn't a good chemist. But say, I think I know where you can contact a guy who'll sell you the Golden Gate Bridge."

"All right, you'll be sorry when you have to wear one of those skull doilies like Bing Crosby."

Frank got up to take his leave, and I walked him to his car. "You know what?" I said. "Frankie's right. The fins on your Cadillac *are* too high. And why did you get a soft top? The way you drive, if you turn over there's nothing to protect you."

"Remember me?" he said. "I'm Sinatra, that reformed character. No back talk, no temper, no speeding. I've slowed down to a crawl."

He took off as though the entire Los Angeles police force were after him. **END**

if you knew beedle . . .

(*Continued from page 53*) "The very first time the hostess came down the aisle loaded with coffee the plane dipped. You guessed it—everything landed on Holden."

Ronnie Reagan, one of Bill's closest friends, tells about the time Bill was invited to talk at a Friars Club dinner.

"He decided to talk about his unhappy experience with the airline hostess," Ronnie recalls, "when amazingly enough, a waiter carrying a load of chocolate sundaes suddenly stumbled, and Bill found his suit full of syrup and ice cream."

Bill's wife says that very early in their marriage she learned that Bill was accident-happy. It started with the wedding. "We decided to get married over a weekend in Las Vegas. Bill was working at the time and said that as soon as he was finished, he and Brian Donlevy, his best man, would charter a plane and fly in.

"He had made arrangements with the Congregational minister and hired the bridal suite at El Rancho Vegas. We were to be married at ten P.M. in the chapel.

"At ten P.M. there were no signs of Bill or the best man.

"They had chartered a plane and had made an emergency landing in a mud flat some place. They finally reached Las Vegas at three A.M. By that time the minister was fast asleep and the hotel had rented our suite to someone else.

"We got another room and called the minister. He was a very sweet man. He came over and married us at four A.M. And then we had a champagne breakfast.

"The pilot then suggested that we'd better get going if we wanted to beat the fog back into Los Angeles.

"So Monday, the next day, Bill went back to work at Columbia, and I took off for a location trip to Canada.

"The day I got back, looking forward to our delayed honeymoon, Bill went on location to Carson City. Two weeks later he came down with appendicitis and went to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

"The day before Bill was to be released, I came down with an emergency case of appendicitis, and they had to put *me* in the hospital. So you can see what happened to our honeymoon."

Bill Holden has been close-mouthed with magazines, another reason why his fans don't know too much about him.

Bill isn't exactly uncooperative. He is chary because some writers almost cost him his career before it began.

Bill's father, head chemist of the George W. Gooch Laboratories, wanted Bill to major in chemistry at school.

Bill didn't like chemistry. He used to spend summers in the lab analyzing the constituents of fertilizer. He decided when he was eighteen that this was not for him.

At Pasadena Junior College he took a course in dramatics. He played the role of Madame Curie's eighty-year-old father in the Playbox Theatre, then under the supervision of the Pasadena Playhouse.

A Paramount talent scout saw Bill in his role and offered him a screen test. Nobody thought the test was sensational, but Bill was signed for $50 a week, "because he's a nice clean-cut young man who looks like the boy next door."

In 1938, Columbia Pictures was conducting a nation-wide search for a Golden Boy to play opposite Barbara Stanwyck in the picture of the same name. More than 5,000 contestants had been interviewed before Paramount decided to let Columbia look at Holden's screen test. Columbia agreed to give Bill the role if Paramount would split his contract. Paramount agreed.

According to a close friend of Holden's, "This was when the fan magazines began to drive him crazy.

"Every single day at least half a dozen writers would interview the poor guy. 'How does it feel being a boy Cinderella? Do you sleep in the raw or in pajamas? What are you doing with all your money? Do you consider yourself the luckiest boy in the world?'

"If you remember *Golden Boy*, Bill had to play the part of a kid who was half violinist and half prizefighter. It was his first role, and he was scared silly. The studio assigned Cannonball Green to teach him how to box. A music teacher taught him how to finger the violin. A voice coach taught him how to speak. The make-up department curled his hair each morning. The kid was going nuts.

"In between, he had to memorize his lines. On top of all this, he had to sit for interviews. He was bewildered. After a month of this routine at fifty bucks a week, he just couldn't take it.

"'I quit,' he announced. That's when Barbara Stanwyck stepped in. She's the baby who saved him."

Barbara recalls, "I simply put my foot down and ordered the set closed. Like all beginners, Bill was a little unsure of himself, and I did my best to keep him relaxed and self-confident."

Barbara did more than that. She insisted that Bill be given the best camera angles, that his part be built up, that he be left some time to study his lines.

Bill has never forgotten Barbara's kindness. Each year on the anniversary of *Golden Boy,* he sends her a tremendous bouquet of roses.

"If I'm anything in this business," he says modestly. "I owe it to Barbara and a few other fine people who took pains to teach me."

Bill also insists, "I have absolutely nothing against any magazine or any type of magazine. I just don't have time to be autobiographical."

Bill is not only short on time, he is short on inclination. He just doesn't like to talk about some things.

His brother Bob, for example. Bill and his kid brother were inseparable all through their youth in O'Fallon, Illinois, where they were born and in Monrovia and South Pasadena where they were brought up.

Lana Turner's reply to a British correspondent's question as to whether she was considering starring in a movie to be made in Holland: "Could be—I get in Dutch easily!"

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

As a youngster Bill owned a motorcycle and was something of a daredevil. He used to take bets that he could stand on his motorcycle and balance himself while the machine rode down the highway.

His mother, a former teacher, was outraged by this stunt and absolutely forbade it. She told Bob to notify her whenever Bill pulled one of his crazy stunts. But Bob, who was four years younger than Bill, worshipped his big brother. He never told on him. And Bill in turn loved and protected his little brother.

In World War II, Bill volunteered for the Army Air Force and Bob for the Navy Air Force. Bill was stationed in Texas and California, and Bob went to the Pacific on the aircraft carrier *Bunker Hill.*

In Fort Worth, Texas, Bill lived off the base, and his roommate was Hank Greenberg, the Detroit baseball star.

A series of robberies had occurred in their neighborhood, so Lieutenant Holden was sleeping with his .45 under the pillow.

One night Greenberg, supposedly on leave, returned earlier than expected. He started to tiptoe into the room. Holden heard the footsteps, reached under his pillow for the revolver, and whirled toward the door. When he saw it was Hank, he slipped the gun back under the pillow.

"I never told Hank," Bill says, "how close he came to death at an early age."

On January 4, 1944, Ensign Robert Beedle was killed in combat on a mission over Kavieng, New Ireland.

When Bill received news of his brother's death in the Pacific, he was naturally quite broken up. Ardis had given birth to

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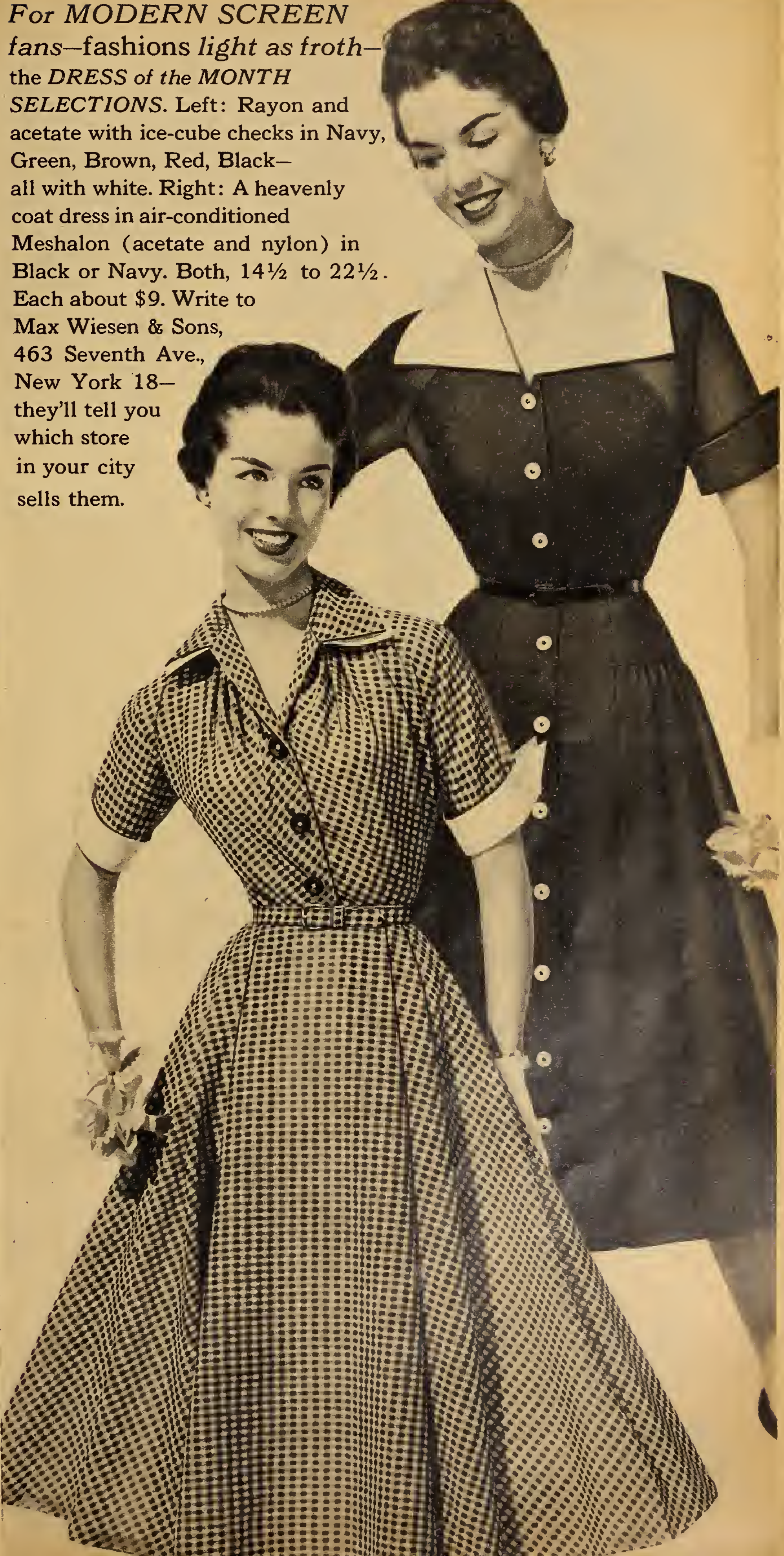

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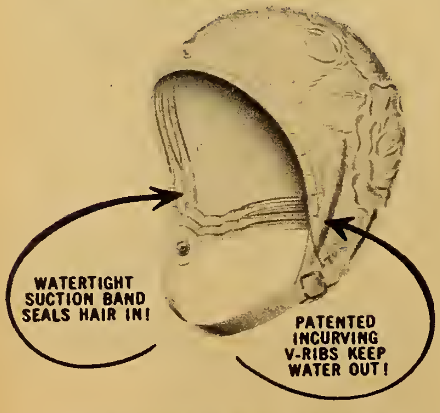
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a son two months before, and Bill had written his brother that the child would be named Peter Westfield in honor of Bob, whose middle name was Westfield.

Although many actors talk constantly about their own emotions, Bill cannot. He could give no tongue to his sorrow about Bob, and he finds it difficult to talk about his deep love for Ardis and the children.

Even in matters that don't touch him so deeply, Bill is less than garrulous.

When he won his first Academy Award for his superb performance in *Stalag 17,* he was asked how it felt. "Lucky," he said.

"Where'd you get the name Holden?" he was asked. Bill's real name is Beedle.

"A newspaperman," Bill answered. "Took it from him."

Asked to describe his courtship of Ardis, Bill's answer is usually something like, "Who cares about that?"

A studio publicity agent, once assigned to Holden, used to ask him for news every few days. Bill would always smile and shrug his shoulders to signify that there was nothing new—whereupon the publicity agent began to call him "the mystery man."

Bill is by nature unassuming, modest and unobtrusive, so unobtrusive in fact, that in 1951 after he had been in the movies thirteen years and had made some thirty films, the theatre-owners of America voted him their second choice as "star of tomorrow!"

Billy Wilder, who directed Holden in *Sunset Boulevard* and *Stalag,* has a ready explanation for Bill's sedateness.

"He is interested in his performance," Wilder points out. "Not his publicity."

Another reason relatively little is known of Bill's personality is that he has never lived any of his life in the headlines.

"Things happen to me all right," Bill says, "but since they're never tinged with scandal, thank the Lord, they never make the papers."

Bill married the only girl ever linked with him in the gossip columns. He never took out many girls in Hollywood. Never had the time. Never had the dough.

In 1939 after he made a hit in *Golden Boy,* he took a house in the Hollywood Hills with Hugh McMullan, the dialogue director on the picture.

Hugh offered to get Bill a date with Brenda Marshall, a girl he had known in New York who was then under contract to Warner Brothers.

"Are you crazy?" Bill asked. "She's married."

"She's separated," Hugh explained. "And besides she's a really wonderful girl."

"Skip it," Holden said. "I'll stay home and read a book."

A few weeks later Bill was loaned out to Warner Brothers to co-star with George Raft in *Invisible Stripes.* Second day on the lot he ran into Brenda Marshall.

"Hugh McMullan," he began. "He's a friend of mine. That is, we live together. And we were wondering—well."

"Yes," Brenda helped out, "you were wondering what?"

"We were wondering," Bill asked, "if you'd care to take dinner with us one night."

"I'd be delighted," said Brenda, who was then earning $750 a week.

That's how it began. It moved along at a rapid pace.

Bill and Brenda fell in love. They wanted to get married immediately, but it took twenty-one months for Brenda to work out her divorce from director Richard Gaines and to obtain custody of her daughter Virginia, now sixteen.

During this time, Bill took his girl to the movies and to dine at drive-ins and the most inexpensive restaurants in town. Bill wasn't earning much money, and although the girl complained, he refused "to go Dutch on our dates."

The Holdens were finally married on July 13, 1941, and nine months later Bill volunteered and was assigned to the Air Force Training Command. He remained in the service four years, but he was able to see Ardis on furloughs. She agreed to retire when the war was over and Bill had re-established himself.

Seven years ago when Ardis gave birth to a second son, Bill, whose contract was still split between Columbia and Paramount, started asking for better roles.

"If I can't get them around here," he pleaded, "please loan me out."

That's exactly what the studios did. They sent Bill over to RKO for *Rachel And The Stranger,* to 20th Century for *Apartment For Peggy,* and then they began to realize that their boy-from-next-door had developed into quite an actor.

Bill was given a lead in *Sunset Boulevard,* nominated for an Acadamy Award, the lead in *Born Yesterday,* which won the Academy Award for Judy Holliday, and then two years ago, Paramount offered him a fourteen-year contract and the right to make one outside picture a year.

Bill hopes to set up his own independent company for these outside pictures and to make the first one with Audrey Hepburn, with whom he co-starred in *Sabrina.*

Bill Holden is popular with his fellow-actors, high praise in Hollywood. He has been elected vice president of the Screen Actors Guild, and whenever the group wants someone to speak for them, the honor falls to Holden.

Bill owns a large collection of guns, but when he goes hunting with Brian Donlevy or Richard Carlson he comes back empty-handed, although he's a crack shot.

Brian Donlevy likes to tell about the time he and Bill went hunting for coyotes.

"I explained to Holden," Donlevy says, "that the best way to shoot coyotes was first to shoot a wild burro. We'd stake out the burro. Then when the coyotes came to scavenge, we'd let 'em have it.

"Bill agreed and we took off for Death Valley one weekend. You wanna know something? We must've seen at least a half dozen wild burros. Only Holden didn't have the heart to shoot one of 'em!"

"Neither did Donlevy," Bill said later. "He should talk!"

Most Hollywood actors wandered onto the scene by accident. Not Bill. Besides his Air Force duty, acting is the only profession he's ever known—and he loves to work. Because of that he gets more work than he can handle. In the last two years he has made *Turning Point, Stalag 17, Escape From Ft. Bravo, Forever Female, The Moon Is Blue, Executive Suite, The Bridges At Toko-Ri, Sabrina* and *Country Girl.* No wonder he was tired the night he won his Academy Award.

He had worked all that day with Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly on *Country Girl,* and he just made it to the Academy Theatre. When he and Ardis got home that night, Bill flopped into an easy chair. Ardis covered her husband with a blanket, and Bill slept the whole night sitting up.

In the morning he was awakened by children's voices. He looked around and a bunch of neighborhood kids were in the room with him. Peter Holden, ten, was showing off the Oscar.

"See this?" he asked proudly. "My dad got it for being good."

Bill smiled, drew the blanket over his head, and closed his eyes, sleeping the sleep of those fortunate few who are blessed with accomplishment, love and peace of mind.

END

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RICHARD HUDNUT

I believe

(Continued from page 47) pattern of conduct I must follow in my existence, and I don't suppose it is necessary to say that it also applies to my faith and the manner in which I practice it. I never think of myself as a pious man. Yet in my heart is belief fostered in the home in which I was born.

Everyone, I think, has some pattern of life which is best for him and wisest to follow. When he deviates from it something, I suppose it is conscience, tells him about it. The governing instinct is the feeling of well-being that fills us when we know we are living as we should. I was only a small boy when I first realized this. I don't suppose I will forget it if I live to be ninety-nine years old.

I LIVED IN Bakersfield, California, when I was nine years old and I had some cousins who lived just out of town. On Sundays we would visit, and sometimes we played ball. One such day, when the game was over I slipped the ball—their ball—into my pocket and said nothing about it. I knew I was stealing it, all right. I practically started to get sick the second I did it.

That night when we got home I felt so horribly guilty that I threw the ball into a corn field just to get rid of it—and rid of my guilty feeling, I guess. But when I went to sleep I started to dream about it; I dreamed I could see the ball lying next to some weeds in the field, and then I awoke. It was more than I could stand. I went to my father and told him all about it.

He got out of bed, we went into the field, and there I found the ball next to some weeds, just as I had seen it in my dream. My father started the car and we drove to my cousins' right then and there and I returned the ball. I will never forget the weight that untangled itself from around my heart and dropped off.

At Dubrow's dinery some cats were skinning an actress who's getting married for the steeeenth time. "Her trouble," one sighed, "is that she just can't be faithful to any one guy." "Oh I don't know," interrupted Betty Reilly, "she's had the same lawyer for all her divorces!"

Hy Gardner in
The Herald Tribune

I suppose that some people either have little or no conscience, or can turn a deaf ear to it. I think I knew kids like this. I can remember one who, when we were both about ten or so, wanted to let me in on a great scheme. He had found a way of sneaking into the church vestry unseen and he suggested that we steal the money from the collection plates on Sunday morning immediately after the offering.

By this time I was pretty well set on the sort of life I had to follow in order to be able to live with myself and stealing church money was not on the list. My declining didn't bother him nor did he give up the scheme; come Sunday he got away with $70, mostly in small coin.

A little detective work involving a check-up on which boys who belonged to the church were not at service at the time, and a further inquiry as to which of these had suddenly become prosperous, ended with the Bakersfield police force triumphant and my pal quite rump-sore. But only a couple of days passed, it seemed to me, before he was ready with new ways and means of breaking the law.

YOU'RE EITHER one kind or the other. I couldn't be the way he was, and for a fellow who was going to continue stealing

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FATHERS AND SONS

It's a wise child
who has Ty Power or
John Wayne for his dad!

■ When *The Long Gray Line* started rolling at Columbia, John Wayne stopped by to wish good luck to his son.

Patrick Wayne plays a cadet in his second screen role. His first was with his father in *The Quiet Man.* Whether or not the boy will make a career of acting remains to be seen, but he is always hanging around the set when his dad is working—listening, studying, learning.

Present at the meeting of the Waynes was Tyrone Power, star of *The Long Gray Line.* When Tyrone was Patrick's age, his own father, Tyrone Power, Sr., was also working in pictures. Tyrone, Jr., was eager to follow in his father's footsteps—on the stage—but his father advised against it. The thing for a young actor to do at that time, he believed, was to make a place for himself on the screen. He was confident his son could become a star.

To point up his argument, Power, Sr., writing from the location of *The Big Trail,* described the cast and added, "and there is John Wayne, a tall, good-looking youth who has never before been in pictures. But he is ideal for the part of the hero and will be a great success. His future, I should think, is assured."

A few months later, Tyrone, Sr., collapsed on the set of *The Miracle Man.* Early next morning he died in his son's arms. That was December 30, 1931.

Mr. Power's judgment has been sustained. Both Tyrone Power and John Wayne have fulfilled his prophecy.

probably it was just as well he wasn't like me!

I may be giving the impression that my reason for staying on the straight and narrow was my fear of getting caught. This is not the way it works out with me, I am certain. I know that in any wrong-doing I am hurting the other man. That seems to stop me more than the knowledge that I may be punished if caught. My punishment would start the moment I had done my deed and getting caught would have nothing to do with it. I remember taking some eggs from a grocery store and throwing them at someone's house. Later on I was nabbed for it, but I know I felt worse thinking of the mess I had caused someone else than I felt after my guilt was established and I was "messed up" myself.

It happened that in my parents' home there was a strict regard for what was good and what was evil; my father and mother were Baptists who subscribed fully, even intently, to every tenet of their church. Their way was the only way I knew from earliest memory and what they thought and did seemed right to me. One rule which I followed without question may be of interest in view of the kind of work I am now doing; none of us as children was permitted to go to Sunday movies and I was never inside a theatre on a Sunday until after I was seventeen years old.

It goes without saying that while other kids did go to movies on a Sunday I was in church. I didn't mind it much and I think the reason was not that I was naturally pious or anything like that, but that the custom was iron-bound; you didn't even discuss breaking it. I have always felt that a young child feels more secure if he has a definite program of life to follow, one which is laid out for him and from which he can't deviate, than he does if he is allowed to feel that he can choose what to do. He doesn't want that much responsibility yet and he senses that guiding a life as important as he feels his own to be is really a responsibility!

I don't suppose that my relationship to the church today is as close and uncompromising as my parents'. No man can measure his piety, nor should he, perhaps; but the faith into which I was born is the faith that I understand best and rely on. I pray as I was taught to pray, and I have always felt that my prayers have been recognized if not answered directly.

I have a pretty positive attitude towards religion. And more than this, I carry through with this attitude in my everyday life—I have no truck with negative views.

If, for instance, I have to meet someone —a producer or studio head, perhaps—in regard to some arrangement affecting my career, I always expect that we will get along well and that I will be treated fairly. I do not change this feeling even when, as they sometimes do, friends warn me that I am dealing with a particularly aggressive individual and will find myself on the losing end if I don't keep on my toes every second. In almost every case I have found myself treated well if I have expected good treatment. I have a sneaking hunch that if I were worried about getting cheated that is exactly what would happen.

This confidence that all will turn out for the best is something a fellow can use around Hollywood where so many things happen (or the printed gossip says they will happen) to confuse you.

If all the pictures I read I was in were actually filmed with me in the cast I would probably be the most often-seen actor in the business. If all the companies I was supposed to be with had actually signed me I would be working in no less than three studios at a time—most of the time. I never said or did most of the things I'm credited with. I wouldn't have had time for anything else! If this sounds all mixed up then you are beginning to get the general idea of the atmosphere around here.

To make it worse these reports about your work aren't the only kind that fly up about you; there are the more personal ones to upset you unless you learn to save yourself the headache of worrying about them by eliminating them from your mind. Before my marriage columnists had me romantically identified with actresses I had never even met. They would tie me up with one, and when this association proved to be obviously without foundation, they would merrily trot out another girl—and again a stranger, or at least no more than a casual friend—with whom I was supposed to be hunting full moons to sit under. And, of course, when I did get married, the experts really went to town.

Well, our marriage didn't go well. But I think both of us would have suffered a great deal more than we have if we had not learned to ignore negative stories about ourselves. If I am bothered at all by such stories today it is because the columnists always feel they have to place the blame for every marriage that fails. I do resent any such outside judgments. Equally, when they absolve me of any fault and imply that the fault is my wife's, I resent them. No one knows the situation but the principals in such a case—and no one else should know or pretend to know. When two people are immersed in personal difficulties of this kind, outside opinions delivered without any real knowledge of what is involved can be very cruel.

Something else I was taught as a youngster was to be resourceful, to make do with what I had when I couldn't get what I wanted. I mention this because I think the idea of it stems from the humility with which my people faced their Maker and their destiny on earth.

My father was a mechanic in the railroad shops in Bakersfield. He wasn't a rich man; he was better than just rich, he was a contented man. By this attitude he showed his sons and his daughter that life was worth the effort and that one didn't need much material bolstering to be spiritually happy, that is, to be really happy.

This teaching has been invaluable to me in so many ways; in small ways and in big ways. When I wanted a bow and arrow as a child I didn't have to have the fancy one hung in the window of the sporting goods store downtown. I made me a crude one out of a tamarack branch with arrow weeds for arrows and I was really happy. When I wanted to make good as an actor in Hollywood and didn't catch on it didn't have to be that or nothing. I was not only willing to learn my business all over, but I had fun doing it.

Now, to go back to my boyhood for a moment—after my tamarack and arrow weed archery my grandmother in New Mexico sent me a real Indian bow and arrow when I was twelve, and it meant more to me because I was now trained in its use. Similarly, when I found myself again recognized as a top picture star by the studios after some lean years, the time I had spent in going over acting fundamentals in TV and lesser pictures helped me to really take advantage of this second opportunity. In each case when I didn't get what I wanted I could have been so hurt as to do something foolish and really spoil my chances. I refused to let it mean that much to me and, curiously enough, I am getting a lot out of my career now because I was willing to accept so little before.

I might make one more point about my dependence on honesty as a sort of guide rail in everything I do. There isn't any business as crazy as the movie business is (or can get at times) and it takes all a fellow has to keep himself sane and well balanced. If you are susceptible to flattery, for instance—well, you're done. Because they can sure hand it out here.

Furthermore, flattery comes in unsuspected ways. *The Charge At Feather River* was my first "A" picture in eight years, but it turned out to be a huge success at the box office. For my second picture, *The Command*, the studio made big plans to assure another success. When I got the script I realized the writer had put in some mighty fine scenes for the character I was to play. They were great.

The temptation to play them was strong but I knew in my heart that I wasn't the man the writer had in mind when he wrote them and I couldn't live up to his hopes. Unless I could be myself in my part I wouldn't be much of anything. I told the producers and the writer this and I made sure to explain that it wasn't the writer's fault, it was the fact that he was stuck with a guy like me. They understood, and with a few changes I was able to play my role and be a lot more believable in it.

My particular defense against developing too much ego as an actor is to keep seeing myself as the small-town boy I was when I arrived in Hollywood, and to keep telling myself that essentially I *am* that boy and not much more. Any time I get too far away from the sort of fellow he is I am making a mistake.

Too many odd things can happen here for a fellow to lose his head over himself. One night I remember leaving Los Angeles on a Southern Pacific train bound for Dallas, Texas, to attend the world première of *Texas, Brooklyn And Heaven.* I was a star in that picture so I had me a fine bedroom on the train. But that's all I had. In my pocket was thirty-five cents and in my stomach was the hunger of all time. If a porter hadn't come to my rescue with a loan of five dollars I would have eaten the fancy cowboy boots I had brought along in my bag—I was young enough.

Yes, something had gone wrong with the arrangements. But the point is that something can always go wrong, not only with the arrangements about a train trip, but with your whole trip through life. Against such eventuality a fellow needs to know that his faith in his ultimate, his spiritual future is so strong that he will be able to ride out any kind of trouble. It's wonderful how much more secure you feel to know this about yourself! **END**

---

the heart is everything

(*Continued from page 31*) Unwilling to disrupt their lives more than absolutely necessary, Mom kept the big nine-room flat that had always been home, and went to work. If they were shorter on cash, they were longer on freedom. Nobody now to keep Doris from spinning her platters, and whirling like a young dervish all over the house. Once, as she broke into song, Paul pricked up his ears. "Hey! Maybe you should make with the pipes instead of the feet." Cherishing this rare tribute from an older brother, she paid it no further mind. Dancing was what came naturally, and her feet might be her fortune. That's what they said at Hessler's Dancing School. That's what they said at school and church affairs, where she teamed up with Jerry Doherty. With Jerry she entered the contest staged by a local department store and they waltzed off with first prize—five hundred bucks. This windfall, their mothers decided, must be used for the children. What better use than to further their careers, what better place than Hollywood? Westward they traveled and reaped a small triumph. Im-

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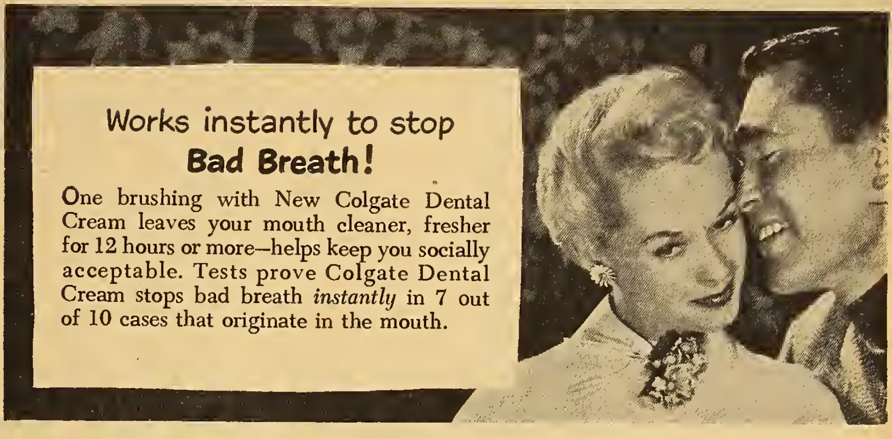

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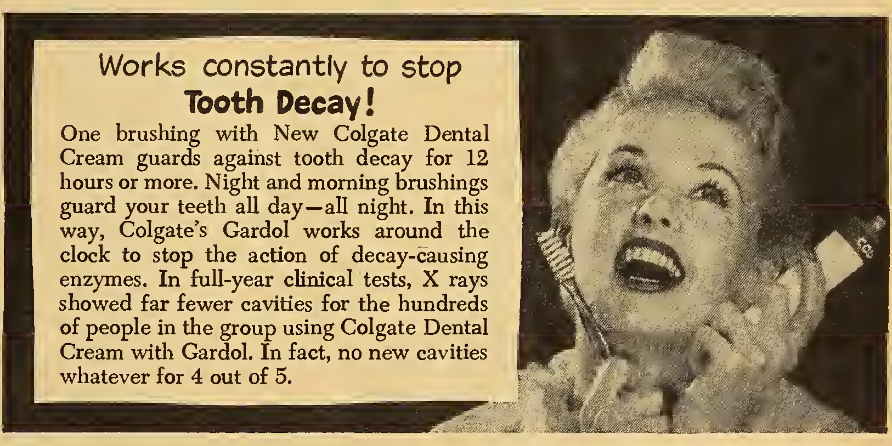

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pressed by the kids' comedy routines, Fanchon & Marco booked them for a series of summer shows. In high fettle, they returned to Cincinnati and school, practically professionals. A little more wrestling with stuff like algebra, a little more growing up and they'd be on their way.

A FORMER CLASSMATE who'd moved to the nearby town of Hamilton asked Doris over. A boy friend was coming with another boy to take them for a drive. The boys were cute, the moon was full, the evening lovely—until they reached the unguarded tracks, and from out of the peaceful night saw doom descending in the headlights of a fast freight. For a split second, for an eternity, they sat in frozen horror. Then it hit—ripped the hood away, dragged them a block and a half, came at length to a shuddering halt. Only the front of the car had crossed one rail—by which slim margin they escaped.

"Multiple leg fractures," the doctors told her mother. "She may never walk again. She may be crippled for life." With Doris they handled the facts more gingerly, but she was a girl who could read between evasions. So she lay alone, weeping for her shattered body and the dreams shattered with it.

As the slow months passed, however, as she moved from hospital to home, from bed to crutches, hope and resilient spirit took over. Unable to make with the feet, she made with the pipes—mostly to release her thwarted energies. Mom and Paul put their heads together, the result being a casual call from a friend who happened to teach singing. Casually, he asked Doris to perform. Feeling silly, she did. He said she was a natural. He said she had rhythm and feeling. He thought maybe they should work on her range a little. "You think he's kidding?" she inquired after he'd gone. "Why should he bother?" shrugged Mom, and went in to fix dinner. From the kitchen a few minutes later she heard the strains of "Tea For Two," which was normal, followed by another sound which wasn't. Her daughter beating out a jubilant tap routine on crutches.

Not until fourteen months after the accident could Doris navigate under her own steam, but she made the time count. At the same local shindigs where her hoofing had once drawn applause, she now hobbled up to sing, and professionals took note. Danny Engel, song plugger, boosted her to Grace Raine, WLW's voice coach, who offered to iron out the rough spots in her style. Providentially, Doris discarded the crutches just as Barney Rapp prepared to open *Sign Of The Drum* and called Miss Raine at the radio station. "Got anyone ready for bandwork, Grace?"

"Sure thing," said Grace with nary a quiver. "Name of Doris Kappelhoff—"

"The name I can't use, the girl maybe I can. Will you send her over?"

She sang "Day After Day," and just like that he hired her. "Now about this name—"

"Means something like churchyard," she told him helpfully.

"And that's where it belongs—"

"'Day After Day' was lucky for me, Mr. Rapp. How about Doris Day?"

So she made her professional bow—a slim, freckled girl with corn-colored hair and cornflower eyes. No beauty, but her smile broke like sunlight, radiating friendliness, and her voice held the same quality of warmth, as if she were singing straight to each hearer's heart. The customers liked her. They liked her well enough to pump up her courage. Greatly daring, she cut a record of "The Wind And The Rain In Your Hair," sent it to Bob Crosby, then at the Blackhawk in Chicago, tucked a note inside. "I love your band, I would like to sing with you." The answering wire came while she was at work. Mom phoned her. "It's signed Bob Crosby!"

"Yes, but what does it *say*? Stay home?"

"Now you know he's too smart to say that! He says, 'Come right up—'"

FROM CROSBY to Fred Waring to Les Brown and a ballad called "Sentimental Journey" which rocked the juke-set and spread the name of Doris Day from coast to coast. Only by that time she was Doris Jorden, housewife.

In later years she said: "Twice I loved madly. Insanity's the word for it—blind, starry-eyed worship." Not yet eighteen, inexperienced, romantic, impulsive, she gave her heart to Al Jorden, trombonist with Jimmy Dorsey, and retired to domesticity in a cottage on Cincinnati's Price Hill. As blithely as she'd set out to sing, she quit. Both instinct and training told her that, married, you devote yourself to your husband. What's an empty career compared to the glory of love? An eager, earnest bride, she proceeded to tackle the range with indifferent results. At ten she'd start cooking. At six she'd hover over Al with her mouth open. "Is it good?" No matter how the meat loaf tasted, the marriage turned sour. No alibi kid, she insists that the blame lay as much with her as with him. Nor could she regret the union which gave her Terry. The year after insanity struck she divorced Jorden and asked the manager of WLW for a job. He gaped. "But, Doris, you're bigtime now. We can't pay you more than sustaining rates—sixty-four a week minus taxes—"

"I need the money," she said.

Money was soon replaced by another problem. It took only the news that Day was again for hire to bring bandleaders flocking. But bandwork meant the road and separation from Terry. Emotions torn, she finally took the long view, signed with Les Brown, left her baby with Mom, and fared forth to seek security for them all. Whenever the outfit worked within hailing distance of home, Mom and Terry joined her, and for a while her hungry arms would be filled.

AT THE RIPE AGE of twenty-two, she met George Weidler, playing sax for Stan Kenton in New York, and Cupid fitted a second dart to his bow. Though one marriage had flopped, her illusions remained intact, her nature turned trustfully toward the sun of love. Besides, this was different, this was the true flame, the man predestined. Again she quit her job, this time to travel with her husband. Bookings landed them in Hollywood, the housing emergency landed them in a trailer. Anything was fine with Doris as long as she had George. She had him for a fast year.

Even when he pulled out with the band, leaving her behind to nurse the trailer, she refused to admit more than a passing cloud on their happiness. If he seemed moody at times, aren't we all? If he seemed to be drifting away, she was just over-sensitive. If they quarreled, they always made up, and the first year is the hardest. She loved him better than when she'd married him, and love conquers all. Having spent her first anniversary with loneliness, virus X and budget nightmares, she accepted a month's engagement from New York's *Little Club*.

The story has been told, and by no one more movingly than Doris. "Once I sang

TO EACH HIS OWN

The lean years
left MacDonald Carey with
a few amazing habits!

■ With all the delicacies he has to choose from, MacDonald Carey's favorite food is peanut butter and onion—that's right, raw onion—sandwiches. Carey invented the combination when he was a struggling Broadway actor, doing research on the cheapest foods available in bulk with the highest nutritional value.

"You can live indefinitely on nothing else," says Carey. "It's a solitary life, but a healthy one." The onions cut the clinging taste of the peanut butter, and the peanut butter cuts the tang of the onions. "I used to have a small room in New York —just a bed, a chest of drawers, a sack of onions and a big tin of peanut butter that doubled as a stool," Carey continued, "and my outlay for food was under two dollars a week until the cost of bread went up."

Carey is back in New York, following production of *Fire Over Africa* which was filmed in Spain with Maureen O'Hara. Co-starred with Kitty Carlisle in the Broadway smash hit *Anniversary Waltz*, he now lives off the fat of the land with a superb French cook quartered in his kitchen.

Back in the pantry, under the truffles, *escargots* and *pate de fois gras* is a fifty-pound tin of peanut butter. He still likes it.

a love song in a nightclub with the tears running down my face. Because I'd lost a love that was very important to me. I told myself I'd given that love everything. I told myself I'd never love again." In her dressingroom she'd picked up a letter in the cherished handwriting. Unsuspecting, she opened it. The blow fell on a wholly vulnerable heart. George felt the whole thing had been a big fat mistake. It wasn't her fault, she'd been swell, he was sorry, and couldn't they be friends?

In the midst of her crumbling world came a knock at the door. "Ready, Miss Day?" Like a puppet on strings, she walked out to do her job, and did it—after a fashion. The audience stirred uneasily as a sob caught in her throat, the blue eyes welled and the tears flowed while she sang *This Love Of Mine* to the bitter end.

In four weeks she lost ten pounds. It was a crushed and miserable girl who returned to Hollywood, got rid of the trailer, moved to the Roosevelt Hotel. She and George had agreed on no divorce yet. Lawyers cost money. Neither contemplated re-marriage. Maybe deep down a spark of hope still lived. If so, it flickered too feebly to lighten her grief.

ONE DAY AL LEVY called her. "Meet me at nine tomorrow. We're due at Warners—"

"What for?"

"To see Mike Curtiz about a movie—"

"You're crazy, Al—"

"So I'm crazy, so meet me anyway—"

When you have an agent, you go along with his notions, crazy or otherwise. She was grateful to Al. With Marty Melcher and Dick Dorso, he owned Century Artists and from "Sentimental Journey" on, he'd been a Day booster. Because he believed in her, she signed with him, and his opening gun was an effort to sell her to Bob Hope. "Never heard of her," said Bob. "You will," Levy assured him. "When I do," cracked Robert, "bring her around." It would have been great to sing on the Hope show. Any job would be welcome. But *movies!* Movies took people who looked like Hedy LaMarr, who could act like Bette Davis. This would have been a laugh if she'd felt like laughing.

Meanwhile Mike Curtiz brooded over a snarl called *Romance On The High Seas.* With visions of borrowing Betty Hutton, he'd sent her the script. She called back to rave. "We're in business, Mike." Ten minutes later her agent called, unnerved. "I don't know, maybe she's got a hole in the head. *Why?!* Because she's *pregnant.* Till her baby comes, she couldn't work for a king. Including you." Wherefore Mike held his throbbing head in his hands. A million-dollar musical needs a million-dollar star. If not Hutton, then who? His buzzer rang. "Al Levy's here to see you with a girl singer."

"Tell him I'm busy."

For two hours he knocked himself out getting nowhere, then decided that food might generate an idea. In the outer office Levy jumped up. "Mike, this is Doris Day."

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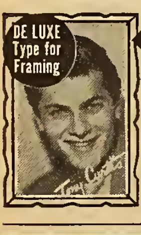
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"Not now," he started, but there the girl stood, so he looked. In his own words: "A look costs you nothing. Often it pays much. I am used to artificial girls with lips rouged. This one looks nice and real. Her hair has a western windblown something. She also looks sad. I like her. I invite them inside. I ask her about experience. Usually, you listen for an hour how they understudied Cornell, how they just missed a Broadway hit. 'Nothing,' she says. 'In school, when I was nine years old, I played a duck.' Out of my eye I see Levy starts to sweat, he thinks she doesn't sell me but her honesty sells me. She is sexy, too, but in an unsexy way. Her sex sneaks up on you. 'If you feel sad,' I say, 'sing me a sad song.' She sings a song not so sad, "Embraceable You." The voice is good, but the heart is everything. I tell them, 'We'll test.' "

The tests run, he communed with himself in the dark projection room. "Mike, you need courage. Go ahead and gamble with the company's million dollars." But he staked his own reputation, too, by putting her under personal contract—a contract later sold to Warner Brothers.

WITHIN TWO WEEKS Doris was facing the cameras. To her, the whole business seemed unreal. She'd written her mother about the tests. "I don't know what'll happen, but I'm not going to worry. If it's meant to be, it will be." Such was her state of confusion that, phoning a few days later, she was about to hang up when Mom asked, "What about the movies?"

"Oh, I forgot. I signed a seven-year contract."

Which doesn't mean that she underrated her fabulous break. But a seven-year contract, with options, sounds grander than it is, since the studio can drop you at the end of any six months. Not till *Romance* and its fresh young singing star hit with a major wallop, did Doris feel any security under her feet. And once the rains came, they fell in a golden deluge. "It's Magic" climbed and crossed the million mark. Bob Hope called Levy. "Why didn't you tell me about Doris Day?"

"You wouldn't listen."

"Well, I'm listening now."

"Now it'll cost you."

"Now she's worth it," groaned Hope, and Doris became featured vocalist on his show. Three years after Curtiz took his calculated plunge, she entered the magic circle of Hollywood's ten top moneymakers.

Her professional triumphs are written in the history of records and radio, in a roll call of pictures down through *Calamity Jane* and *Lucky Me*. The coming of Terry and Mom eased her private hurts. In the warmth of home created by her mother, she was at last living under the same roof with her six-year-old, and her first objective was to woo him without disturbing his closeness to the Nana they both loved. Nana helped. When, by long habit, he turned to her, she'd refer him elsewhere. "Whatever your mother says is right." As for Doris, she took it step by patient step, respected his individuality, refrained from over-demonstraton, grinned "Hi!" when she wanted to cry "Darling!" One day he popped in with a skinned knee and ran to her, instead of Nana, for comfort. She bathed the knee, kissed him, sent him out to play and sat smiling to herself like a freckled mandarin.

But mother and son, however dear, couldn't fill her life. A career certainly couldn't. "When you're not married," she stated flatly, "you're lonely." To escape loneliness, she took a brief spin on the Hollywood merry-go-round, and dropped off with the taste of ashes in her mouth. Financial security wasn't happiness, success bore no relation to peace. These she found through two men. One had been her husband, one was her husband-to-be.

She met George to discuss their divorce, which wasn't filed till eighteen months after they separated. As they talked, she watched him with growing wonder. He was a man with quiet eyes who had exchanged tensions for serenity, irresolution for strength. "Something has happened to you!"

"Yes," he agreed. "Would you like me to tell you about it?"

His way toward inner harmony had led through Christian Science. In that crucial hour, he revealed a new attitude of the spirit which she'd never thought possible to him. At first she listened incredulously, then with mounting eagerness. He told her where to go for guidance. Before long the philosophy of Christian Science captured her, gave her life fresh meaning. Everyone seeks his own road to God. Through one channel or another, Doris' questing soul would have found hers in the end. She found it sooner because of George Weidler.

"Some day I'll meet the right man," she prophesied, "and he won't be a man who smites me off my feet. I've *been* smitten!"

MARTY MELCHER didn't smite her, nor did she perform any like service for him. Transacting most of her business with Al Levy, she'd seen his partner around—tall, dark, withdrawn—reportedly heading for divorce from Patti Andrews. Too bad, thought Doris, and dismissed it, a girl who's all for minding her own affairs.

The first date wasn't a date. To Melcher, it loomed as a pain in the neck. "I've been called out of town," Levy told him. "Will you take Doris Day to her broadcast tonight, see that everything goes smoothly?" Hooked, Marty canceled his plans as any agent must for a profitable client, saw the job through, prepared to drive the girl home. "I'm hungry," she said, without ulterior motive. "I'm hungry," is her theme song. Day or night, she craves food as though she'd been starved from birth.

They stopped in for a snack. Under her native friendliness, Marty thawed a little. He found this blonde Miss Huckleberry Finn (as she'd been tagged by her fans) easy to talk to. He found himself wanting to talk to her again, so he asked her to dinner. As dates multiplied and Hollywood linked their names, both scoffed, "It's just business." Maybe they thought so. Maybe, having been burned, they pushed away tenderer possibilities. Maybe they were just kidding themselves. In any case, Doris began leaning on him for services beyond the call of duty. "Marty, can you come over? The faucet's leaking." Mom started timing meals for his arrival. Terry shoved his chair so close that the other could barely bend an elbow. "What are you doing that for?" Doris asked.

"Because I like him."

According to Mom, it was the family doctor who opened her eyes. "Cardiac condition there," he commented, as fair head and dark vanished into the den with papers to sign. "And a good thing, too. He's the sort she ought to marry."

"*Marry*? Why, he's here on business!"

"I bet!" chuckled the medic.

THE ROOTS of trust and friendship grew deep before love flowered—or before they acknowledged it to the world. "We're not engaged," caroled Dodo. "Nobody planned, nobody promised anything. We're just in love. We're just going to be married as soon as we can." This announcement was preceded by a confab with Terry. You don't bring husbands into a boy's home without finding out how the boy stands, as if Doris didn't know. That night he opened the door to Marty with a flour-ish and spoke the words of the pure in heart. "Welcome, my intended father!"

Her decree became final in June, 1950, his the following February. Waiting till she finished *On Moonlight Bay*, they picked her birthday, April 3, for sentimental reasons, and a Burbank justice of the peace to tie the knot simply. If Mom hadn't shooed them out, they'd have skipped a honeymoon trip altogether. Lured by home and Terry, they docked it to a couple of days. Once formalities could be cleared, Marty adopted Doris' son as his own. Terry couldn't be bothered with formalities. The day after the wedding, he wrote his new name large and proud on his spelling paper.

This is the sound marriage Doris hungered for in her teens and at last achieved. Gone is the fever. They're homebodies, confining their social activities to a circle of intimates. "When you don't drink, know any gossip or care about hearing same, what's to do at a party?" she demands.

"I've had it," he counterpoints. "I'd rather look at my wife in blue jeans than any showgirl in sequins, and no entertainer can top Terry for my dough." Any man and wife must make adjustments to each other. Urbane, articulate Marty sticks them where they belong. "If you're adult, minor differences don't annoy you. It's the old story of the toothpaste cap. If it's off, let it stay off. Who cares?"

Both offer capsule explanations of their happiness. Says Melcher: "The principle behind marriage is closeness. Doris and I have a talent for staying close. She insists on it and I like it."

Says Doris: "He's my understanding husband and my favorite friend."

He's her boss now, too. In June she starts *Yankee Doodle Girl* for Martin Melcher Productions, releasing through Warner Brothers. There's a segment of Hollywood, smaller than you think, which enjoys sniping. Behind their hands they buzz that Doris got him the job, refusing to sign a new contract otherwise. As anyone who knows Melcher will confirm, this is the bunk. An astute operator long before Day ever dawned on his horizon, he has neither the need nor the make-up to ride anywhere on anybody's coattails. He's a solid citizen and Warners got as good as they gave.

MUCH HAS also been made of her recent illness. It was quite simple. Like thousands of women yearly, she underwent surgery for the removal of a benign tumor. Till the tissue is analyzed, benignancy can't be 100% determined. We daresay other thousands suffered just such an emotional shock as hers. Not being movie stars, the limelight left them to deal with their nerves in private. For Doris, still another complicating factor entered. Her faith advocates healing through prayer. Doctors insisted on surgery. In the end she bowed to their judgment, but the conflict tore at her. If during this period, Marty stood like a bulldog between her and the curious, what husband wouldn't? If she conserved her energy while making *Lucky Me*, she showed great good sense. On April 3 they celebrated her birthday and their third anniversary at Palm Springs, and Doris splurged on six evening gowns, indicating that her health and spirits are fine. On which pleasant note, it's pleasant to leave her.

With one added word. Life has given her plenty, including a bunch of hard knocks. Good luck never spoiled her; bad luck never soured her. Through both she kept her vision of warmth, clung to the human and ethical values which are richer than stardom. It happens in glamourland as elsewhere, but you've got to be equipped.

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one way to become truly popular—avoid using this word to Mom and Dad—accepted ways to meet new boys—how to introduce your date most favorably—how to draw the other person out—say this and you won't be kissed—how to pick the gift that applies—new boys will like you if you follow this rule—what to say on the phone—know the danger spot in necking—rules for the road and how much to tip

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to
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marilyn's life as a model

(*Continued from page 43*) magazines buy your pictures," he explained, "I'll pay you a percentage."

Marilyn was quite enthusiastic about this and Potter posed her with a Dalmatian dog and then dressed her in a farmerette's outfit and photographed her sitting on a bale of straw. He worked with another photographer, Bob Farr. He brought both Marilyn and the color photos to my office and asked if I might be interested in helping her.

When Marilyn first walked into my office and saw the bulletin boards plastered with magazine covers, she grew breathless and excited.

"Those are the prettiest girls I've ever seen," she said. "Do you think I could ever, *ever*, get *my* picture on a magazine cover?"

"Of course," I said. "You're a natural."

Actually, Marilyn was so naive, so sweet, and so eager to succeed that my heart went out to her at once.

I told her that tuition for a three-month instruction period in the school cost $100. I saw the look of disappointment well up in Marilyn's eyes.

"But you don't have to worry about that," I quickly added. "You can work out the tuition."

Then I began to interview the girl and jot down her measurements. In 1945, according to my records, she was a size twelve with a thirty-six-inch bust, twenty-four-inch waist, and thirty-five-inch hips. Her age I estimated at seventeen or eighteen.

Her hair is listed as "California blonde" which means that it is dark in the winter and light in the summer. I recall that it curled very close to her head, and was quite unmanageable. I knew at once that it would have to be bleached and worked on.

I asked Marilyn about her background and she confessed (again shyly), "I sing a little. That's all." She had no ambition at the time to become an actress, unless, of course, it was a secret desire.

She did have a pleasant personality, what we call an All-American girl kind of personality—cute, wholesome and respectable. There was no sultry sexiness about her except that her clothes were a little too tight across the chest. That sex build-up was to come much later, although I did realize immediately that Marilyn would never do as a fashion model.

Most fashion models are tall, sophisticated-looking and slim-chested. Marilyn was none of these.

The first day Marilyn attended classes, I knew she would do all right, because she aroused the good nature in people. She would walk in and in her cute, high voice say, "Hello, everybody." And everybody would answer, "Hello." There was something arresting and sincere about the girl's personality.

When I introduced her to a photographer, she would look him straight in the eye and cling to his every word. She was sincerely eager. She made everyone she talked to feel as if he were the only guy in the world. She did this naturally without design or premeditation. It's still her way. She's not obsessed with herself.

A week after Marilyn enrolled in my school, a steel company called and asked for a hostess at the industrial show, a girl to be pleasant and hand out programs. The salary was ten dollars a day for nine days.

I gave the job to Marilyn. The report came back that she was excellent. When the child was paid off, you know what she did? She gave me the whole ninety dollars. Took nothing out for carfare or meals or

"This," she said, "will take care of most of my tuition."

I knew at once that Marilyn was a fair and honest and very fine girl, and I decided to get her as much work as I possibly could. I sent her out to audition for some Montgomery Ward catalogue work. She didn't make the grade, but she wasn't discouraged.

"Maybe I'll do better next time." That's what she said, and those words really typified her spirit. It was upbeat all the way.

On several occasions I gleaned that all wasn't going too well between her and her husband. He had come home from an overseas trip and discovered that Marilyn wasn't the child he'd married. They probably had arguments, but Marilyn never discussed any of her personal problems.

As a youngster she'd been kicked around so much, sent from one orphanage to another, one foster home to another, that I guess she developed self-sufficiency. I've always admired her for that.

Most girls who attend my classes come with their mothers. They have someone behind them, someone to drive them to different jobs, a father to protect and oversee things. Marilyn had no one. Only herself.

I guess it was because of this that I took a strong interest in the girl. I concentrated on her. She gobbled up every bit of instruction. She was wonderful on hand positions, body positions, and simply great when it came to make-up. But I just couldn't do anything with her fashion modeling, probably because of her cute figure and her walk.

When Marilyn walks her knees lock. She's double-jointed in the knees. So she can't relax and that is why her hips seem to sway when she stalks into a room.

Even after 20th Century-Fox signed her and gave her further instruction, the child couldn't fashion model. I saw her when the studio loaned her out to model in a benefit fashion show at the Ambassador, and she still couldn't make it. This was in 1948.

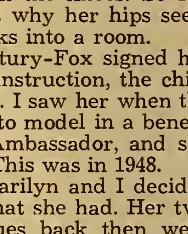
In 1946, however, Marilyn and I decided to do the best with what she had. Her two great photogenic virtues back then were her "cutie" figure and her face.

The photographers liked her. When they got an order from an advertising agency, they tried to work Marilyn into the pictures at twenty-five dollars a day.

Some of her first pictures with me were taken on location. Her hair was so frizzy that the photographer covered it with a bathing cap. The bathing suit pictures were sold to some Canadian magazines.

Marilyn's first cover was sold to *Family Circle*. For this cover, Marilyn was posed in a pinafore holding a little lamb. Practically nothing of her figure was shown.

IT HAPPENED TO ME



On the first day of my new job at the famed Hotel Del Monte, I was more than surprised to hear screaming and shrieking. I stepped around the corner to see what was going on and got belted in the face with a pillow. With a breathless apology Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard continued their pillow fight all the way down the plush corridor. I stood there, laughing with them while they enjoyed their honeymoon.

Ernest L. Poncetta
Salinas, California

I also got her photographic jobs posing as an airline hostess and an airline passenger. The Douglas Aircraft people thought she was just fine. At this time Marilyn was working under the names of Norma Jean, Jean Norman, and Jean Dougherty.

Her husband had gone back overseas, and several men were trying to date her. But Marilyn wouldn't go out with any of them. Many of my other girls whose husbands were overseas dated several nights in the week. But not Marilyn.

When photographers offered to drive her home after a sitting, she'd hold up her key ring, jingle it, and say cutely, "I've got my own transportation." By that time she'd earned enough money to buy a jalopy.

But I still couldn't get her to bleach her hair and have it straightened. Marilyn knew that once she started the process she would have to keep it up, and she wondered where the money would come from.

"Look, darling," I told her, "if you really intend to go places in this business, you've just got to bleach and straighten your hair, because now your face is a little too round and a hair job will lengthen it. Don't worry about money. I'll keep you working."

A few weeks later a photographer named Raphael Wolff got an order for a shampoo ad. He hired Marilyn with the understanding that she would do something about her hair. "I'll pay for everything," he said.

Marilyn was a stickler for naturalness and was still against any change in her hair styling. But she finally gave in when we all explained that blondes were more in demand photographically because they could be photographed light, medium or dark, depending upon the amount of light directed on them, whereas Marilyn's hair always photographed more dark than light.

We sent Marilyn to Hollywood hair stylists Frank and Joseph who did their best. First a straight permanent to make the hair more manageable, then a regular permanent at the ends after shaping. Then the hair was bleached and Marilyn emerged the golden blonde you know today.

From this point, she went into her bathing suit stage, and the demand for her was simply terrific. She averaged, I should say, $150 a week, and men began talking to her about going into "the motion picture game."

One afternoon I got a phone call from the Howard Hughes office. Hughes at the time was recovering from a plane crash. He wanted to know the name of the cover girl on *Laff* magazine. I told him and then called the columnists and told them to announce that Howard Hughes was on the road to complete recovery. He had his weather eye open again.

She asked if she should accept any of the offers concerning movie tests, and I said, "Before you do any movie work, I'm going to see that you get an agent who really knows the business." I sent Marilyn to Helen Ainsworth, a fine agent, and on my recommendation Helen signed her.

Helen sent her out to read at 20th Century-Fox. A color test was shot of Marilyn on the set of *Mother Wore Tights.* Darryl Zanuck looked at it and said, "This girl may have possibilities. Let's sign her."

She was signed the next day at seventy-five dollars a week. That's the true story of how Marilyn Monroe got into motion pictures. All those rumors that producers fell in love with her, that Johnny Hyde of the William Morris office greased her way, and all the other ridiculous rumors about how she got her start are simply not true.

It was her photographic modeling that brought Marilyn know-how, attention and a screen contract. Unlike several other girls I know, the screen contract did not go to her head. She was the same sweet, unassuming girl she had always been.

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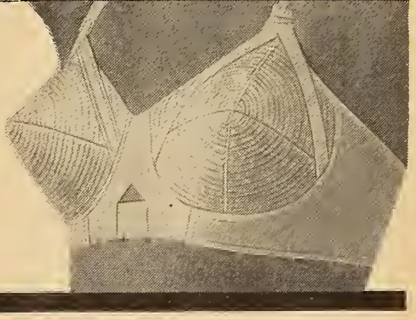

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PUTTERING PEEPERS

Meet Wally Cox: creator of Mr. Peepers*—and a lot of other things!*

1. Whenever there's a story about my wanting to get married I get a flood of mail like "Dear Mr. Peepers, I am 19 years old and divorced and have three children."

2. I use the sink mostly for cooling off silver after I solder it. I made some tea, so far, and a can of soup once, vegetable. I'm generally invited out where I can't say no.

3. As a kid I liked to carve; darts, a flat baseball bat. I never have any fear of trying to make something. I make mistakes but I sort of learn by elimination.

4. Many sensitive people have been bewildered out of doing what they'd be good at by beard strokers who say you won't be any good until you're as old as they are.

5. I started out to make a set of silver of 12 of everything. I'll probably chicken out at six. After a few years of woodcarving I picked up some metal and I just puttered.

6. I made this Shepherd's Pipe out of a plain piece of bamboo with little holes cut out. There was a guy at the Village Vanguard who made them. I asked him how.

7. I'm making shoes . . . to have them made would take 16 weeks. That's flying in the face of Providence, hoping you'll be alive. I get the imprint of my feet on a latex mat

8. While I'm working I confine myself to practical daydreaming—what it'll be like if I get to go on that expedition next summer to the south Pacific to collect fish

she'd worked with—a good thing, because the screen contract didn't last long and Marilyn had to take up modeling again. She posed for calendar art and sometimes calendars take a long time to get published. Four Earl Moran photographs of Marilyn are appearing on the 1954 Brown and Bigelow calendars. These were shot years ago.

Marilyn divorced her husband. She went to Las Vegas to see someone she referred to as "auntie" and stayed six weeks. When she came back she had her freedom.

It was only after that period that she began going around with Johnny Hyde. Marilyn has led a scrupulous life. She has made her own breaks without benefit of powerful relatives or friends.

She has always believed in work, believed so much, in fact, that unwittingly she antagonized several of the more jealous girls who were in studio classes with her. They just couldn't believe that any beginner was willing to work as hard as Marilyn did in order to get ahead.

Marilyn did everything she was told to do at the studio. She devoured every crumb of instruction. Usually late to most functions, she was the first to attend classes and the last to leave.

Studio photographers did wonders with Marilyn's nose. When publicity stills first came out on my ex-student, I was sure that a little plastic surgery had been done on her nose. It seemed to photograph smaller than it used to.

Photographers who had shot Marilyn said the same thing. Their photographs of her in 1945 had been rejected by magazines because "Marilyn's nose was too large and her smile too high." By smiling too deeply, Marilyn was accentuating the lines around her nose, thus highlighting what was not a very good nose—too broad and too curvy.

I've made many inquiries, and the truth is that Marilyn still has the nose she was born with. She's not happy with it and has talked from time to time about altering it. But as yet she's done nothing about it.

Cameramen at the studio say it gives them no trouble since Marilyn has learned how to bring her smile down and concentrate on her lower lip. I'm glad she's mastered this trick because I was the first one who suggested she do exactly that.

Nowadays when Marilyn poses for photographers the accent is usually on her figure, not her nose. But it wouldn't surprise me if she submitted to plastic surgery.

By nature Marilyn is a perfectionist, an open-minded learner. I think that accounts for the improvement in her wardrobe. It used to be charged that Marilyn had no taste in clothes, that she was overdressed. It was true and the reason was that she had so few clothes to begin with. As soon as she got a little money she indulged herself, bought frilly dresses with yards and yards of pleated material.

It's certainly understandable. The boy who's never had enough ice cream buys too much when he can afford it.

Students who know that Marilyn Monroe is my prize graduate occasionally ask me if there is any possibility of their "getting the same breaks Marilyn Monroe got."

My answer to that one is, "What breaks?"

Marilyn Monroe, I tell them, is a self-made success. Of course, she's endowed with charm, personality and a provocative figure, but thousands of girls are similarly endowed. What most of them lack Marilyn has in spades—persistence and fortitude.

These are two requisites for any person who wants to crash Hollywood. This is no town for the weak, the weary or the easily-defeated. **END**

(Marilyn Monroe can now be seen in 20th Century-Fox's River of No Return.)

Gives your hair
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No other hairdressing
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2 forms: lotion,
or creme (in jars),
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Gives your hair
healthy-looking glow
...relieves dryness

no time for tears

(*Continued from page* 29) and bone-grafting had failed. Still two months short of her twenty-first birthday, Suzan fought back hysteria and told herself that her most important job was to have no truck with self-pity, and to try to make sense, and even happiness, out of her life as she would now have to live it. And this is the victory of Suzan Ball. She has baited the future with new and deeper interests, and has gotten exciting nibbles in return.

IT WASN'T EASY. Suzan was presumably convalescing when her physician, Dr. Francis Engleman, told her that the condition of the leg made amputation imperative and no time was to be lost. Dick was at her bedside when the surgeon made his report before leaving for the night. When another doctor confirmed the diagnosis, Suzan telephoned Dr. Engleman and told him he could operate in the morning if he wished.

Then she and Dick looked at each other.

"Do you want to talk about it?" he asked.

"No," said Suzan.

"Then let's don't," he said.

He reached for a deck of cards and began to deal gin rummy hands. They played till a nurse came with a sedative.

H. Dale Ball, Suzan's father, who had to give legal consent to the operation since Suzan was not yet twenty-one, had just arrived on her hospital floor early the next morning, when she was wheeled past him on her way to the operating room. She was wrapped in blankets and wore the green skull cap used for surgery patients. He had time only to call her name. She replied, "Hi, Dad! Dig this crazy hat!"

No, it wasn't a bit easy to make all the adjustments. When she came swimming up into full consciousness from the anesthesia to look at Dick, and to realize that she was an amputee, the thrust of proud girlhood (or she admits it might just have been desperation) caused her to say:

"Dick, it's over. I don't expect you to marry me now. You don't have to."

He stared at her for a moment as if she were a stranger—and she wondered if she were going to be. Then he spoke calmly. "You're an idiot," he said.

He told her that he had fallen in love with her and not with her leg. These weren't just words. Suzan was on crutches the first time he ever saw her, when they met in the commissary at Universal-International nearly two years ago. Her knee, injured in a dance rehearsal, was refusing to heal, and when he asked her what was wrong she told him cancer was suspected.

It was a disconcerting

that won his fullest admiration for its honesty. It was one of the things he reminded her of at the hospital when he declared the operation would make no difference in their relationship. There were other reasons, which had their basis in their feelings about each other and which need not be repeated here, but when they had finished talking it was clearly established that their life together was just beginning, not ending.

SUZAN KNEW that her job from then until the date of their wedding was to regain her strength, attend rehabilitation school and learn to walk again—with an artificial leg—and to match her physical improvement with a proper mental attitude. But there was one thing she hadn't anticipated when she began to appear in public on crutches. People stared. And Suzan burned.

Eventually, she asked the advice of Boni Buehler, the airline hostess who became a double amputee when she fell off a speed boat at Lake Arrowhead last year and got afoul of the craft's propeller. Suzan met her at the rehabilitation school.

"What do you do when you catch people staring at you?" Suzan asked.

"There is nothing you can do to stop them," Boni said. "Your job is to ignore them—to make sure you don't see them staring."

It seemed like no advice at all and yet she found in time that it was possible to blind herself to such rudeness.

SUZAN HAD imagined that the process of being measured for an artificial leg and being trained in its use, would be a phase of her life into which Dick would not enter. But that is not the way it worked out. It was not the way it should work out, they both realized. Dick surprised her by his interest in her training. He went to the school with her and took her to the prosthetic company where the artificial limb was to be made. On one of these visits, he gave Suzan's morale a tremendous boost. An attendant passed by and Dick whispered to Suzan that he was sure this man was an amputee.

Suzan looked at the fellow who walked smoothly and, even while she watched, scooted rapidly up some stairs. She could see no indication at all that Dick was right, and she said so. Dick promptly called another attendant and asked him about the man in question.

"Hasn't that fellow got an artificial leg?"

"Oh, him?" came the reply. "He's got both of them off!"

Later they talked to the double amputee, a war veteran, and he sent her off with a

Especially being a dancer and so graceful. You won't have any trouble at all."

"How did you know about him?" Suzan asked Dick later

He looked at her, half incredulous. "Why, I've been watching for amputees and I'm probably an expert at telling when I see one now," he told her. "I love to see them going about their business and their life like nothing has happened as you and I will go about ours."

They did go about their business. They talked about their wedding plans, their honeymoon, the sort of house they wanted. One would expect a sad note to creep into their talk, but the reverse was generally true. This spirit spread to their friends and made for warmer relationships.

When Suzan did get her artificial leg, both she and Dick felt oddly as if it were an increase in their family even before their marriage. They decided to christen the leg. It is now known as Throckmorton.

In various ways Throckmorton is beginning to develop a personality of his own. He has the tremors occasionally; he has a tendency to reveal himself in immodest proportions and in full gait he has a wicked swagger. More delicately fashioned than most people realize, he refuses to be forced into his duties but responds quickly and gracefully when the persuasion is smooth and rhythmical. Suzan had to learn all these things before she could trust herself to Throckmorton at the wedding. That she did learn them became known to the whole country through the news pictures of the event.

Guests at the wedding, incidentally, may have noted that they heard none of the traditional music. No "Because" or "I Love You Truly." Suzan and Dick had asked their old friend, Bert Barton, who plays at one of their favorite haunts in the valley, to play songs they had always loved: "Birth Of The Blues," "My Funny Valentine," the love theme from *Romeo And Juliet* and "Che Gelida Manina" from *La Boheme.*

They decided, too, that only a "no walk" honeymoon would be sensible for them, meaning that they would not go where it would be necessary to walk around to see the sights. It seemed wiser to choose resorts they could reach and leave by car with no need to promenade in between.

"For one thing, it would be silly for us to spend money right now," said Suzan, "since we are planning to buy a house and no place on earth would be as interesting to us as our own place. So why, really, go anywhere?"

For the new house Suzan will be ready with some new furniture, some left to her by her grandmother, including an eighteenth century wall clock, and a crowded apartment full of presents. One of the first wedding gifts to arrive was a pair of Steuben glass dishes from Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty, who wrote: "With love and all good wishes for a lifetime of happiness together."

In addition to her rehabilitation course, and a physical buildup program supervised by her nurse, Mrs. Kaye Biddle (also her matron of honor), Suzan assumed the job of personally writing the hundreds of messages and thank-you notes necessary. But the Thursday before the weekend of her marriage she wasn't one letter behind. "And I don't want to be because I want nothing on my mind on my wedding day but my wedding," she announced.

Suzan had her engagement ring only a few weeks before she became Dick's wife. It took so long to get it because he had gone to special pains to have an unusual *objet d'art* designed. It consisted of two separate platinum bands connected by a diamond, and with a space left open between the bands into which the wedding ring fitted. The wedding ring itself was platinum with sapphire baguettes.

At noon on her wedding day, with the wedding set for four o'clock, the calmness which had won praise from everyone suddenly left Suzan.

"I'm terribly nervous. I don't know what to do," she told her nurse and her mother, Mrs. Marleah Ball.

"Do you think it is really nerves or just stage fright?"

It was just stage fright. At the appointed hour Suzan was at the church getting into her wedding gown, a creation designed by Bill Thomas. It was made of rose point lace (imported from France) over ruffled petticoats of pink chiffon. This had been delivered by special Cadillac from the studio, since it could neither be folded nor compressed in any way, much less packed.

In the church when Suzan began her walk down the aisle on the arm of her father, were relatives and close friends from the studio. Among the guests were Julia Adams, Lori Nelson, Barbara Rush, Mala Powers, Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Jeff Hunter, Rock Hudson and many more of Hollywood's younger set.

Outside there were more than 500 people. But these, too, heard the ceremony because of the foresight of the minister, Rev. Paul M. Gamons. Under the satin pillow at the altar he had placed a microphone which connected with a loud speaker outside. Besides that, he tape-recorded the rites as a surprise gift for the pair.

Dick's younger brother, Philip Long, was best man. Another brother, Robert, and Marshall Thompson, who is Dick's brother-in-law, were the ushers.

When the ceremony was over and Suzan came walking up the aisle on the arm of her new husband, her old studio friend who had said everybody should have cheered instead of wept, divulged an extraordinary bit of news.

"She didn't want anybody to know beforehand, but Suzan has had her artificial leg only six days," she said. "Everyone from her doctor to her milkman warned her not to do this. That's why she got nervous today. They didn't reckon on her spirit. Look at her!"

Everybody was looking at her. When she got outside the crowd did exactly what the woman from the studio had thought fitting. They cheered and broke into spontaneous applause. An hour later, Suzan entertained a small group of guests at a dinner party. Her surgeon, Dr. Engleman, gave an impromptu piano concert. Suzan sang. There was constant bright chatter with everyone recalling little incidents about the ceremony or coming up with belated pieces of information. Two of these were especially interesting to Suzan.

Somebody commented that they liked the way her hair curled on her forehead. Suzan beamed and said she was rewarded for fooling with her curls all week to get them to fall just right.

Someone else said that a part in a picture once offered to her, the role of an Indian girl in *The Long Hunters* by Robert Buckner, was still open. Suzan got excited and waved a hand to show her enthusiasm. "Keep that open for me until I get back from my honeymoon," she cried. "Because I'm still interested!" **END**

BACHELORS AT LARGE Modern Screen's *gallery of Hollywood's most wanted men! In the August issue*

sheree north

(*Continued from page 51*) them get their breaks and then watched them shoot to the heights—kids like Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Vera-Ellen, Cyd Charisse. He knew talent when he saw it and besides, he was preparing a show for Broadway.

"I hope you change your mind," he said, identifying himself, and talking her out of her telephone number.

Obviously Sheree North did change her mind. She's still dancing, more sensationally than ever. In fact, right now Sheree is the hottest new discovery in Hollywood. She has a juicy contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and a bright new career ahead. But of course a lot of things happened to Sheree in between.

First, Bob Alton talked her into ditching shorthand for the Broadway show, *Hazel Flagg,* in which Sheree's "Salome" dance shook the street from stem to stern. Since *Hazel Flagg* started from an old Hollywood movie, *Nothing Sacred,* naturally it came back home as *Living It Up*—and so did Sheree. Then Bing Crosby, faced with hopping up his TV debut, saw her shake 'em-and-break 'em dance with Martin and Lewis and decided what he could use was a dash of Sheree.

So, one night last January, with practically the entire USA looking on, the North wind blew up a storm. Dressed in a sexy leotard with fringe on the flaps, Sheree steamed up a million screens with movements that could have landed her in the paddy-wagon back when mother was a girl. That night the toll on picture tubes everywhere was terrific. But next day in Hollywood reactions were mixed.

Bing Crosby's office was swamped with calls demanding to know what ever got under his hairpiece to let a dynamite doll like that steal his show and turn it into a hoochie-cooch. But in the office of an agent named Henry Willson pandemonium of a different sort reigned. Every studio in town was screaming for Sheree North.

The one which screamed loudest—and bid highest—was Twentieth Century-Fox, for a special and urgent reason: Another sexy blonde had just walked away from *Pink Tights* to marry Joe DiMaggio and romp away to Korea, leaving an aching, glamourless void.

Dancing or standing still, Sheree is the type to make old men young and young men glad they aren't older. She stacks up a perfect 35-23-35 under her platinum mop, tip-tilted nose and chameleon green eyes that change with the weather. Right now the climate is extremely agreeable to Sheree because for the first time in her life she's got a solid future for herself and some home life with her baby girl. She never dreamed her legs would bring all this about, and she wears an expression of permanent surprise about what's happened where. Because Sheree has been around Hollywood for a long, long time. She was born there twenty-one years ago last January 17, in an apartment on Heliotrope near Melrose, almost in the shadow of Paramount studios. That was just as the sun was cracking through in the east.

"I guess that's why Mother named me Dawn," says the girl who started life as Dawn Bethel. There are other family matters, too, that Sheree has had to guess about all these years. Her father left her mother before her arrival and Sheree still doesn't know what her dad looked like, where he came from, what he did for a living, or even his first name.

With no father to guide her and the Great Depression at rock bottom, little Dawn Bethel didn't cut her teeth on a silver spoon. Her mother, June, had to work hard to support Dawn and her half-sister and brother, Janet and Don. Luckily, June knew a trade—jewelry appraising and designing. But there weren't many loose jewels lying around back in the Thirties, so she pieced out with practical nursing. At times they lived on relief.

Dawn and the other kids were left in the charge of her Grandmother Shoard, a doughty Scotchwoman. Keeping track of three scampering kids around Hollywood was enough to force any elderly lady to her wits' end, but Dawn complicated matters by changing her name almost every week. Because Dawn and brother Don resulted in household confusion, her ma fastened "Shirley Mae" to her youngest, who promptly rebelled.

"Even as a kid I thought that name was strictly from Dixie," groans Sheree, "so I tried a lot of others. It drove the teachers at Melrose Elementary School wild. They used to call home and ask if I had a split personality." Sheree re-christened herself "Cookie," "Emma" and "Bubbles" and a dozen more before she finally hit on Sheree North, which she likes best of all. "It just sort of sounds like me," she says, "and it's simple and easy to say. To date, nobody has associated her chosen name with the Arctic regions, either.

Mimi Benzell sings to her infant son, as she wheels him in a baby carriage along Riverside Drive, and explains "My captive audience."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

But, by any name, it would take a seventh son of a seventh son to predict that the skinny, eternally sunsuited, barefoot tomboy would ever grow up to dance right in when Marilyn Monroe swished out. A better guess would have been that she'd replace Tarzan. "Cookie" Bethel was rough, tough and hard to bluff. At five she used to shinny up the parkway trees and leap on the backs of surprised passers-by, scaring them silly. The cops around the Hollywood precinct soon knew what a distress call from Avocado Street meant; that snub-nosed Bethel kid had run off again. Usually they found her before midnight, off on some harmless adventure. But one time they took her to the station house.

That was when her cousin Harold got an Indian tepee for his birthday and decided it was so beautiful he'd just live in it. Sheree went along with the idea enthusiastically, swiped some frankfurters from home and trooped off into the Hollywood Hills to change residence. Things were going swell up in the brush. They found a dinky cave and pitched the tent nearby. A campfire was roaring and the weenies were sizzling. "Some old square who lived down below spotted us," Sheree

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hobos going to break in his house and called the cops." A squad showed up with sirens and searchlights and apprehended the squatters, who knew from their favorite gangster movies just what to do.

"Don't squeal!" hissed Harold.

"Me—sing?" shot back Sheree scornfully. So there was nothing to do but haul the tight-lipped pair down to the pokey and book them. Hardly had that escapade blown over before Sheree was in hot water again. This time she saw a cute Pekingese dog that belonged to a lady down the block, whistled it home and kept it. This brought the law down again, but Sheree wasn't cowed. Instead, with a curious sense of justice she rounded up her gang and picketed the rightful owner's house with signs which read, "UNFAIR TO CHILDREN AND DOGS."

After a run of episodes like those Mrs. Bethel grasped at any sort of straw to reroute her daughter into more ladylike channels. Sheree's artistic debut was nothing sensational; she was a blackbird in a pie at a grade school affair. (Sheree's platinum hair, by the way, is strictly out of a bottle—the real stuff is coal black.) Even that tiny taste of applause gave her ideas. It got so they couldn't take her to any kind of show because she'd break loose and join the act. Embarrassed, her mother offered to arrange dancing lessons if she'd lay off that sort of thing, and at six, she enrolled in the Falcon Dance Studios in Hollywood. There Ralph Falconer and his wife, Edith Jane, spotted talent and taught her to dance—even though Sheree and her mother had to paint, wax floors and help sweep out the studio for tuition. She never missed a lesson, hiking there after school and sometimes hitch-hiking because the Bethels moved all around. By the time she was nine, Sheree was sharp as a tack on ballet, acrobatic, eccentric and tap. Then, in the USO troupe which Edith Jane organized, Sheree sprang a sensation.

For her first bit of something for the boys Sheree danced out on a slippery floor in a skimpy costume, pirouetting daintily until her feet suddenly flew out from under her and she lit on her tummy. When she got up the straps holding up her costume had snapped. "I sure got a lot of applause," grinned Sheree.

After that it was amazing how many times little Sheree North had trouble with her costume. Petticoats would fall off, straps snap or buttons pop. Since Sheree was all of ten it was strictly innocent, and, she figures, part of her war effort.

Losing her tutu (little ballet skirt) became the inevitable finale of her dances and it always brought down the house.

All this time, Sheree progressed through a normal course of schooling although it was here and there. In fact, before she left at fifteen Sheree rattled through five public schools and three private ones. This was because her home shifted, but also because Sheree had individualistic ways. At Hollywood High instead of demurely knitting on the gym steps with the rest of the girls, Sheree chased out on the football field and tried to play halfback. The principal didn't approve of that at all and Sheree's stay there was brief.

Her mother's growing jewelry clientele put the Bethel family on a slightly easier street after a while but throughout her girlhood Sheree North had to rustle her own spending money. Her uncle taught her to drive his truck when she was eleven and not long after Sheree was helping a Sunday school boy friend to park cars in a lot near the church. Activities branched out to the Sunset Strip, where the movie stars played at night so Sheree gunned their cars around at the

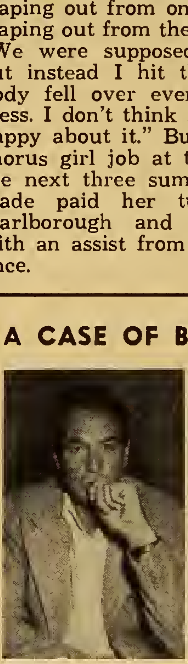
hamburger a night. "I was nuts about Robert Taylor then, and I always hoped I'd see him there," she sighs.

But Sheree made her first big money with her dancing. In her thirteenth summer she decided she was ready to be a professional, but the child labor laws stated otherwise. She didn't let the technicality stop her. With $65 a week at stake, Sheree put on high heels and bought a fake hair fall. Between those two props everything was already convincing. Even at thirteen Sheree was something to see.

So, even though the heels did wobble and the fake hair tumble off when she auditioned for dance director Val Rassette at the Greek Theatre in Griffith Park, he gave her a job. The first night of *Rose Marie* he thoroughly regretted it.

"I was leading a line of Indian maids leaping out from one wing, to meet a line leaping out from the other," recalls Sheree. "We were supposed to pass each other, but instead I hit them head on. Everybody fell over everybody else. It was a mess. I don't think Mr. Rassette was very happy about it." But Sheree got a steady chorus girl job at the Greek Theatre for the next three summers. The money she made paid her tuition at fashionable Marlborough and Greenbriar schools—with an assist from unemployment insurance.

A CASE OF BUTTERFLIES



In 1944 I was a WAVE stationed at Hunter College in New York. One evening when I was on duty in the officers' mess I was asked to stay late to serve dinner to a celebrity. A few hours later a tall, slender man came in and sat down at a table. I asked him if I could bring him a steak and he replied, "No, thank you, bacon and eggs will be fine. I have to speak in front of five hundred women tonight. That's an experience I've never had and I'm too nervous to eat much!" To my surprise and delight, I recognized the nervous man. It was Gary Cooper!

Mrs. Paul W. Sargent
Kansas City, Kansas

But she still roller skated home to lunch from work; that is, until a girl friend named Donna bought an old Model-T Ford. They shared the heap's upkeep, and collaborated on reconditioning. Yep, Sheree's a mechanic, too, although she admits, "We sure had a rough time getting the drip-pan off." But once they got the car rolling drastic events followed.

Until she was fourteen Sheree managed to keep free of boy problems. For one thing, she was plenty busy and also more the sweatshirt than the formal type. And after she became a worldly wise chorus girl, the boys her own age skittered away, awed by her glamour. She also thought she had a great crush on Ray Sinatra, Frank's first cousin. "That didn't raise my stock any with the fellows," admits Sheree, "but was I popular with the girls!"

Her heart really fluttered for the first time over a boy named Jimmy at Thomas Star King High, a football player, of course, and "a big, handsome, ruddy Scotch type with sandy hair—on the shy

and she stumbled all over him in the outfit she swiped from her sister Janet. Jimmy's mother disapproved of chorus girls and just when Jimmy showed interest he had appendicitis and dropped out for the rest of the term. But about that Model-T and the drastic events—

"Donna had a project at Hermosa Beach and I went along to help. I hid a bathing suit in my notebook—black with white scallops. I made it myself and I looked just like Daisy Mae of Dogpatch."

The project was to wangle an introduction to a dreamboat Donna had spied on the beach. They chugged down and there he was, stepping out of a convertible. But Sheree was not impressed at first. "He looked too much like Jimmy," she says, "and I was on a dark, Latin type kick by then." But she coaxed a policeman to help them meet Donna's guy.

"We met him," says Sheree simply. "I married him."

His name was Fred Bessire, a twenty-five-year-old draftsman who worked for his contractor father, and things got very interesting for Sheree and Fred practically at once. In fact, that same day he asked her—not Donna—for a date, but she declined, loyally. Soon after, Donna gave up and Fred took Sheree out. "The third date I'd ever had in my life," she says. "We went to the Coconut Grove and I ordered salisbury steak and asked for a steak knife—it's just hamburger, you know." At the table Fred popped out a box with his mother's diamond ring in it. "It really laid a bomb with me," Sheree confesses. "I didn't know what was up until he asked me to marry him and then I said, 'Do you know what you're doing—because I sure don't!'" She got so rattled that she told him her real age—fifteen instead of the seventeen she'd fibbed about at first. But Fred said that was okay—they'd elope and keep it secret and she could live home until she was eighteen.

It might have worked. But after the ride to Las Vegas and back that made Sheree Mrs. Frederick Bessire, the secret didn't last long. They forgot about the legal papers, which soon dropped into the mailbox. Sheree's mother saw those and nobody had to tell her they weren't really legal. You can't get married if you lie about your age—even in Nevada. They had to drive back up and do it all over—with parental consent—in the Methodist church with a minister.

But it wasn't all moonlight and roses for Sheree after that. They lived at Fred's folks' and at Sheree's but she kept right on dancing for her living with sometimes bits on the radio and extra work at the movie studios. Almost a year later Sheree felt a little queer and went to see a doctor. "You're going to have a baby," he announced, adding, "any day now." This was a complete surprise to Sheree.

"I just didn't believe it," she says. "I didn't think anyone as young as I was *could* have a baby." She was practically shanghaied to the maternity home by her mother but remained unconvinced, refusing to take an anesthetic. But the doctor was right. Her daughter Dawn was a real and convincing baby. Five weeks later Sheree was dancing again. This time she had to. She had a child to support.

Her marriage broke up right after that, but because of various court hassles she had to get divorced two separate times. Only last September did Sheree's final decree arrive, and by then Baby Dawn was almost five years old.

Meanwhile, it was all up to Sheree—and for a long time the going was pretty rugged. It isn't much fun for a sixteen-year-old girl to run into disillusion in ter to support. But Sheree has always packed plenty of moxie. She went right to work. Luckily, her family could take care of Dawn while she was away.

She got chorus girl jobs at $50 to $75 a week around Hollywood's night spots. Sheree did whatever came up. She went to Texas to model at the Shamrock Hotel, down to Mexico to pose for a resort advertising booklet. She made commercial films at business conventions and some on the daring dance side. Just recently, these had to be shown in a Los Angeles court where a couple of characters were up for sending naughty films through the mails. The judge looked at seven of them and decided Sheree was sexy but still nice. "They really weren't very good," was his verdict, "but still not bad." Sheree said, "Now I can go to my PTA."

Of course art wasn't Sheree North's aim then. She was scraping to pay Dawn's milk bill. Things looked rosy once when a choreographer pal, Lee Scott, worked some dances with her and took them to MGM. Sheree got a utility dancer's contract because they needed a high kicker for Sally Forrest then. She worked in one picture called *Excuse My Dust* but she's not so sure she stayed in it. At least she's never had a look.

The best spot Sheree ever drew during those struggle days was at the Flamingo in Las Vegas. She had worked for Nils T. Granlund, both in his girlie lines and on his TV show, to win watches, bathing suits or anything useful. One day he offered her a job with his show in Vegas, as a specialty dancer, also helping on the routines and costume design. Although that resort didn't bring back pleasant memories to Sheree, she leaped at the $175 a week, board and room. She stayed for eight months, working up a nice little dodge on the side just for fun.

"I used to get in conversations with the Big Wheels around the tables," admits Sheree, "and casually mention it would be a nice night for a swim. It gets pretty chilly in Vegas on winter nights and they always thought I was crazy. So they'd bet me twenty dollars I wouldn't dive into the pool." With a bathing suit handy under her formal Sheree took them right up, raced through the icy wind and splashed like Esther Williams. Of course, she knew something they didn't seem to know. The pool was heated—it was really just like taking a warm bath!

Her salary, tips from lucky gamblers (one gave her $500 with a line of sentimental poetry thrown in) and a number of swimming pool bets piled up the first decent stake Sheree had ever had. She knew what she wanted to do with it—get out of this up-and-down life away from home. She had plans for the secretarial course when she took that job at Macayo. Even after Bob Alton found her there she went ahead with it for several weeks. What changed her mind?

"He was the first man who ever had real faith in me," explains Sheree. "He'd been through pretty much the same thing as I had—a divorce and a kid left to raise. I just felt he understood, that I should trust him and do what he said."

EVEN WITH THAT assurance there were times when Sheree's trip to New York for *Hazel Flagg* looked like another expensive wild goose chase. She had to buy luggage and winter clothes. Her salary was only $34 a week during rehearsals and they went on for almost two months. She'd never been to New York before and there were moments when Sheree North wondered if she should have her head examined for getting talked out of her respectable plans. Especially Christmas

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staring out the window of a third rate hotel on 54th and Broadway. She had the flu, and a mixture of wet snow and rain was slushing on the brick wall she saw from her cheap inside room. She was a few bucks from broke and 3000 miles from home and her baby girl. To make things perfect, it looked like her dance spot might have to be cut out of the show.

"That day," she says, "as far as I was concerned show business was no business!"

But the flu, the rain and the part cleared up. In fact, Sheree's part bloomed into a headline spot the minute she stepped on the stage and let go with her red hot burlesque of "Salome And The Seven Veils." One critic wrote, "I must be getting childish in my old age—but I swear I saw Gilda Gray dance last night, only she calls herself Sheree North now." Another announced, "An H-bomb seemed to hit the Mark Hellinger Theatre last night but it turned out to be only the North star." Sheree's name went up in lights and her shimmy-shaking picture out on posters—neither of which had ever happened to her before. She took bows at the nightclubs, played the benefits, made TV's *Toast Of The Town*, got interviewed and photographed—just like a movie star. "Also," recalls Sheree, "I got engaged in the columns to a lot of playboys and business tycoons I'd never met. When I was supposed to be out romancing I was really home in my room soaking my feet." All this excitement took twenty-two pounds off her figure but it was worth it.

When Paramount bought *Hazel Flagg* for Dean and Jerry's antics, nobody could imagine putting on the show without Sheree North. She threw herself so enthusiastically into that first movie break that she cracked an arch and had to go to the hospital. But Bing's TV offer made the foot heal fast. The furor raised by her TV dance wasn't such a surprise to Sheree. "I don't know why it is," she says innocently, "but I've always been very censorable." The movie offers which followed still make Sheree shake her cotton top in wonder.

Since then it has been all work and little play for Sheree North. For the last two months she has been tested at Fox from morning till night for "everything except my metabolism rate," grins Sheree, but that doesn't seem necessary. Already she has sung, danced and acted through the rehearsal scripts of two musicals, *Pink Tights* and *There's No Business Like Show Business*. Prospects for the first are still dubious, for after a thorough inspection it's plain that Sheree is not Marilyn Monroe at all. Actually, she isn't intended to be. She isn't anybody except herself, which seems to be plenty. There'll be room for both Sheree and Marilyn if Mrs. Di Mag should change her mind and come back to the stable. Both are super sexy blondes but there's little other resemblance. Sheree is primarily a dancer and strictly a funny girl. As for any feud a-brewing, that's silly. The girls have met but only to say hello, a huge thrill for Sheree as is meeting any Hollywood star. "I still get a stiff neck rubbering around," she admits.

Sheree's break happened so fast that she has been caught flatfooted glamour-wise. Until just the other day she was camping in a tiny cottage out in Sun Valley, a hamlet thirty-odd miles from Hollywood where rents are cheap. She rattled to and fro in a battered blue Plymouth convertible with holes in the top. She's been to just three Hollywood parties, two of them business affairs. She had to sew her own costume for the third, Darryl Zanuck's *Return From Korea* blowout for daughter Susan and Terry Moore. The only Hollywood escort Sheree has had so far is her agent, Henry Willson.

Some of this deficiency is rapidly being made up. Sheree has just moved to a new furnished house nearer the studio with a big backyard for Dawn and a nurse to look after her. Another thing Sheree did with her first pay check was to start an insurance policy for Dawn's education. Because Dawn, whom her mom describes as "a pug-nosed Jack Cole dancer type with a rosebud mouth," is still what Sheree's really living for. "My ambition?" says Sheree. "That's easy—to raise a healthy, emotionally secure daughter, and be the right kind of a parent." She admits she'd like a little help someday. While Sheree hasn't a beau to her name in Hollywood there's a man in New York (she admits under pressure) whom she has her eye on. She won't tell his name. "It might scare him away."

He walked in one afternoon at a young couple's apartment where Sheree was baby sitting because she felt lonesome for her own. "I liked the way he held the baby," says Sheree. "I'd like him to hold mine that way." But nothing's really boiling seriously yet.

Sheree keeps fit by working out with weights in a gym, riding and swimming. She takes a terrific tan (because she's really a brunette). She's also a health food nut with a weakness for yogurt and raw liver, but drinks and smokes when she feels like it.

There was a time when she could stay awake all night and once did for three days and nights, but now that she's an old lady of twenty-one she's softened up some. Mostly this is because nightclubs give her the shakes, understandably. The only time she's entertained so far in Hollywood was when she rounded up her broke chorus girl friends from the old days and bought them all the beef they could eat at Lowry's Prime Rib. That was one way she celebrated her new seven-year contract at Fox. Next morning she celebrated it in another. She went with Dawn to church, as she does every Sunday, and gave special thanks. Dressed in a neat tailored suit and modest bonnet, you'd never have thought she was Sheree North, the hottest thing on wheels in Hollywood.

Sheree's private life—when you examine it—is nothing to raise anyone's blood pressure, as her dances invariably do. But that's just the point. At an age when most girls are still dewy-eyed and dizzy, Sheree's already wise to the ways of show business. As she said, she's had it—the glitter and star dust—and now she wants a chance at some of the good things in life.

Sheree is not lost in the clouds about her luck. She knows how fickle show business can be. She's glad she decided against that job at Hughes Aircraft, but she's keeping her shorthand and typing in practice. And around her neck Sheree wears a tiny gold horseshoe that songwriter Ken Darby gave her.

"I think I'll hang on to it for a while," she says. **END**

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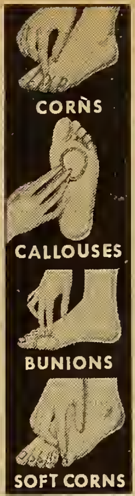

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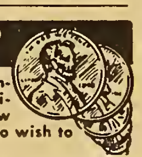

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*Trade Mark

terry moore

(Continued from page 46) make a few dollars, right away they fly the family coop and get into all sorts of trouble."

Terry maintains that there are many advantages for the working girl who lives with her family.

"That's why," she declares, "I insist upon paying my share of the expenses and upkeep. Dad was against it at the beginning, but I put my foot down.

"The folks moved here from Glendale primarily for my convenience. It wasn't easy for them to pull up roots. After all, their closest friends lived in Glendale and we were very close to the church there. But Hollywood traffic was getting so thick that it began to take me ninety minutes to drive to and from work.

"I also began to take night courses at UCLA, and the family didn't like the idea of my driving home after dark. So we all got together and debated the pros and cons of moving.

"My brother Wally was away at college in Utah, so he didn't care where we moved. Mother, Dad and I decided to look for houses only in Westwood so that I'd be near 20th Century and the UCLA campus."

The matter of size and style came up for discussion around the family dinner table, but Terry's only request was for "a room of my own. All I want is enough closet space so I can store my shoes." Terry has seventy-five pairs of size 4B shoes.

> **Well, TV sure has made strides. Although a lot of small towns are getting programs from stations that are so far away that the shows don't come in if the wind ain't right. Best thing I've heard about it is the dentist who has a television set perched up there in front of the chair, and he uses it regularly. What he does is to pull your teeth during the commercials so you don't feel the extra pain.**
>
> —*Herb Shriner*

"And," she added, "I think a swimming pool would be dreamy. Don't you, mother?"

"That," recalls Mrs. Koford, "was completely out of the question."

"Some people," Terry's father explains, "might call us ultra-conservative, but my wife and I have never gone into debt for anything, and we didn't intend to change.

"We did manage to sell our Glendale house for a nice profit, and I suppose I could have easily bought a large house and let Terry pay off the mortgage, but that's not our way.

"We bought the house in Westwood mortgage-free, and I pointed out to Terry that she'd be getting married one of these days, and then what would her mother and I do with a large swimming pool?

"Terry's a sensible girl. She gave up her dream and we bought this house."

Actually, the new Koford residence is a slightly enlarged copy of their previous home. It has four bedrooms, a den and a livingroom. These two last rooms are so nearly the same size as their predecessors that Mrs. Koford had the walls painted the same color. So the family furniture fits smoothly into the new house.

Terry's three favorite spots are the music unit, the patio and her own room.

The music unit is built into a wall in the center foyer. The turntable and record storage are in Terry's bedroom, but loudspeakers are spotted all over the house and on the patio.

This patio is referred to by Terry as "Date Hangout." It features a barbecue, a sharp hillside permitting complete privacy, and a surface good enough for dancing.

"I go to a lot of previews," Terry says, "and to the nightclub shows afterwards. But honestly, there's no place in town where you can really dance. All the clubs have such tiny floors. You're squeezed and jammed. Not even room to breathe.

"But now after a big opening or something, our gang bypasses the late spots, and we wind up here. We dance and have snacks. Everything under the stars. Real dreamy."

Terry's interpretation of "snacks," you should know, means sandwich fillings without bread—cold cuts wrapped around sweet pickles, smoked oysters and cheese, strips of bacon around tomatoes, and of course, popcorn, peanuts and cider. Nothing stronger than cider is served. Despite this, every bachelor in Hollywood wants to date at "Terry's house."

"More fun there," Eddie Fisher says, "than any place."

Terry was asked how her life had changed since she moved away from the middle-class residential district in Glendale—just about as typical a city as you could find in America.

"In one year you've taken on the special glitter of a celebrity. Your salary increased, your fan mail quadrupled, you moved to Westwood. What has it done to you?"

"I'll tell you. It's like being placed on a conveyor belt," Terry confessed with a giggle. "First, one thing is added to you, then another. You change, you get molded, and in the end I guess you come out a full-fledged movie personality. But I don't ever want to lose my individuality."

After she moved to Westwood, Terry soon found that she needed two telephones, so the family has two unlisted numbers.

"Then," Terry explains, "I saw that I needed lots more clothes, especially formals. When you're photographed all the time, you can't be seen in the same dress two or three times in a row. Luckily for me, Mother's a good dressmaker and I guess I'm pretty handy with a needle, too. We borrowed my dress form from the studio and began a small remodeling campaign. It has worked out swell.

"You want to know something? Modern Screen ran three pictures of me with three different dates. I wore the same dress on all three occasions. Only the dress was remodeled and Mother and I were the only ones who knew it was the same dress.

"That's pretty good remodeling, because the people who read fan magazines are very sharp. They'll write and ask, 'Why did you wear the same dress to three previews?'

"This dress in Modern Screen started as a full-length formal with a big flounce and a pocket of flowers and a matching jacket. The flounce and pocket were stripped and the jacket discarded. Our third change was to shorten the dress to ballerina length and in place of the flowers, substitute a strip of mink and rhinestones."

Terry's mother takes care of the tremendous increase in her fan mail at home.

"She answers the mail and keeps my appointments straight and chaperones me on trips overseas and does so much for me that for the first time in our lives, we've hired a housekeeper. That's another change.

"In Glendale we never even thought of a housekeeper, but then Mother didn't have so much to do. Now we've got Sally Richards to help and she's more like a relative to us than hired help.

"My hike in salary has also made it possible for me to keep a pianist under personal contract.

"When I first began developing an act for Army camp shows I met Eddie Sam-

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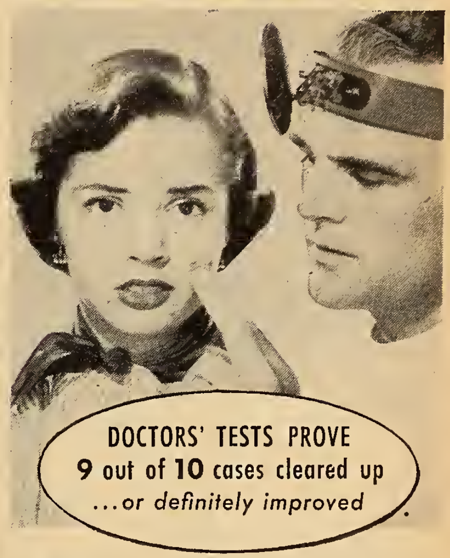

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uels. He helped me with new arrangements and my timing, and he went along when I flew to Korea. We've just finished working out a new act for Las Vegas."

All things considered, the most impressive additions from the Terry Moore conveyor belt have been the top echelon people she's met since becoming a star and the trips abroad she's taken.

Not only has she journeyed through most of Europe, Hawaii, Japan and Mexico, but now she numbers among her friends Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power and a dozen or so high-ranking bachelors.

"There's no doubt about it," Terry says. "I've come a long way from Glendale.

"There was a time," she recalls wistfully, "when after a party I'd come home, drop off to sleep, and wake in my room surrounded by my old stuffed animals and pictures of me in high school.

"Now I come home and wake up in a newly-decorated bedroom, and it's hard for me to know whether I'm awake or still dreaming."

Terry's room today is one of the most satisfying manifestations of her new-found success. Ever since she was eight, she has wanted a room with rose velvet curtains and a wall of mirrors.

Vaguely her parents talked of giving it to her, but the years slipped by and there was always a more pressing need for the money. But when Terry insisted upon contributing to the household budget, her dad decided to give her the glamour treatment.

"She might as well have her fun while she's still with us," Mr. Koford told his wife. Mrs. Koford needed no urging. She covered one wall of Terry's room solid with mirrors. Then she explained one of Terry's pet theories to the painters.

"My daughter believes that it's more harmonious to follow nature's way. We'll use dark colors at the floor and let them grow lighter as we reach the ceiling." Thus the room offers a dark grey carpet, lighter grey walls, and a pale ceiling.

To cap all this, Mrs. Koford ordered an Artists Imperial wallpaper in pink and grey with a ballet motif.

Rather than buy a new king-size bed, she retained Terry's old twin beds and had one large headboard made. At a second-hand shop, she found the bench and footstool now beside the bed. She antiqued the bench herself and put the stool near the phone hoping that Terry would remember not to flop on the bed. Sometimes she does.

The redecorating involved a load of work and cost a pretty penny, but Terry's mom says, "It's worth it, because the child really appreciates it. Days when she's worked especially hard she comes home, bathes and hops into bed right away. She loves to study lounging on her chaise."

Terry says she's happiest with her walk-in closets that hold her seventy-five pairs of shoes.

"Honestly," she exclaims, "I thought I'd never have enough room for them."

Pleased as her parents are to have Terry living at home with them, they do have one unselfish, unfilled hope.

It's their fondest wish that the little star who twinkles so brightly around their house will find a husband and a home of her own. They are reconciled to losing her to love. All they ask is that the love be lasting. END

those lucky ladds

(*Continued from page 35*) berth on the Santa Fe Chief to stare out the window, virtually counting the ties as he clicked toward home. He had practically wrestled the porter for the bags as the train finally stopped. When Sue protested, he grumbled, "You don't want him to break his back, do you?" But it wasn't only that, she knew. Her husband couldn't wait to get his feet on home soil again.

He had raced up the ramp with Sue, Davy and Lonnie panting in his wake, expecting to find Carol Lee and Laddie at the top, of course, and Jerry with the family car. But when he rounded the turn into Union Station he couldn't believe what he saw. There must have been sixty of them—all his best friends—down to meet him at the unlikely hour of eight A.M., some from as far away as San Diego, all yelling his name, swarming over him, pounding his back, hugging the kids, kissing Sue. That was when he lost his voice and his sight, too, as his eyes filled with the stuff a man is not supposed to show.

"Come on," he had finally choked. "Come on out to the house. This is what I've been wanting so long I could taste it. Let's make it last." And so they had—all of them—and throughout the day twice their number more, streaming in and out of the hilltop place with the wide open door. There were big stars like Bing Crosby and Van Heflin, shy characters like stunt men to wring his hand and say they were glad he was home.

Now they were all gone. The kids were long ago in dreamland, and Beret, the dachsie, snoozed on the rug. But the spell lingered. Alan wasn't sleepy.

"Susie," he said at last, "you know something? We're just the two luckiest people in this whole wide world!"

As an actor, Alan is at the summit of a career he never dreamed could climb so high. Last year, he starred in *Shane*, one of Hollywood's great pictures. Hollywood's foreign press has elected him the most popular actor in the world and he collected the top star accolade in England where he was immortalized in wax at Tussaud's Museum along with history's great. In America Alan nestles securely near the top of all fan and box-office polls. At home Belle, his secretary, works furiously to keep up with mail which mounts out of control. Three Alan Ladd pictures are headlining theatres at this minute with two more on deck.

Privately, his picture is every bit as rosy. Alan could support his family comfortably if he never faced another camera. He doesn't owe a penny to anyone. Besides his luxurious modern house, he owns a dream ranch free and clear with two ranch houses. He is raising horses and chickens and the sale of eggs is now starting to show a profit. He has healthy annuities almost paid up, and some blue-chip securities. Most valuable of all, he has Sue and their family—four wonderful children, Carol Lee, Alana, Laddie and David.

Alan Ladd has just treated this family to a fabulous excursion—a grand tour of Europe lasting almost two years, all expenses paid by his employers, only because he had been working. The Ladds couldn't have a brighter outlook.

Yet the same night that Alan Ladd voiced his appreciation of all this an anxious frown furrowed his brow.

"Here I am back home," he worried, "and I'm out of a job!"

Sue Ladd didn't smile at that—maybe she should have. But she couldn't, even though they were both aware of the twenty-seven scripts stacked in his den, the producers who'd kept the phone hopefully hot even that first day home, the contracts at Warners and Paramount still in force and *The Covered Wagon* that had been put off and off until he could make it. Sue didn't smile because she knew—ridiculous or not—that worry was incurable with this strange, still unconvinced man. She remembered the first day he came to her agency office, after she'd caught him on a radio show and called him in. "Pictures?" he'd said, "Not me. I'm not the type for pictures." She'd talked him into a try, fallen in love with him, married him and helped him to the heights—but she'd never convinced him. Not she nor anyone else. No matter if he lived to a hundred, and won an Academy Award each year, Alan wouldn't ever actually believe that he rates what has happened to him. "I've got no business being an actor," he'd protested how many times? "I should be out somewhere shingling a roof."

"Come on, honey," she said. "Let's go to bed. You want to get out to the ranch early tomorrow, don't you?"

He was gone before she awoke, leaving a note pinned on the rumpled pillow. "I'll take you tomorrow," it read. Sue grinned. That was like Alan. Maybe something was not in apple pie order and Alan always had to have that place picture perfect. The ranch was more than his hobby. It was security, the first property he'd ever owned in his life. Now he was on his way to make sure it was still there.

He was on his way fast—too fast—on the empty highway. He turned into an oak-lined country road, screeched around the pistol-shaped signpost that read "This Gun *Not* For Hire." Inside Hidden Valley he slowed down to savor the familiar fields, barns, whitewashed corrals and gateposts. On the far side was Alsulana Ranch. He could just barely see it through the pepper trees. Soon he was rolling up the drive under those ancient trees, and Tex Richards, the foreman, was creasing his leathery cheeks in a welcoming grin. "How's it look, Alan?"

"It looks great," he said, "just great, Tex. Prettier than I've ever seen it. Maybe," he laughed, a little ruefully, "I should go away more often. I'll just mosey around," he added.

After that Alan sat on the big front porch looking out over the valley. Across the road in his pasture he could pick out the grazing horses, Judy, Alsuladd, Alanadave and old Lucky, his first, homeless horse and the reason, he used to kid himself, that he bought the ranch.

After a while he went into the ranch house. There was the coppered kitchen they'd had so much fun fixing up, the big oak table nicked with ranchware and, as he remembered, usually flooded with milk from knocked-over tumblers. In the bedroom he looked up and chuckled, remembering the day he and Sue had suddenly grabbed trace chains and whaled the too-new beams to make them look old. He walked out and strolled about the ranch. First up to the bunkhouse on the slope where the kids had grown up. Then over to the barn where he'd quartered the budding racehorse string that never bloomed. Down to the pool and barbecue, where he had once heard Jezebel barking and David crying. He had killed the coiled rattlesnake just in time. The chilling memory sent his eyes to the hillside where the bulldozer had been working that other awful day when Alana toddled away from her nurse. Jez was with him then and the boxer suddenly yelped and shot away like a bullet to knock Lonnie down just as the lethal blade swept over the spot where she'd been standing. Alan shuddered and felt a pang at the same time. There was a dog, Jezzie! She'd looked sick when he left, but he'd said, "Don't you die now, hear me? I want to see you when I get back." But on the boat he knew it had happened, although Sue tried to keep the news from him.

Something else was missing at the ranch—the blanket of flowers that covered the hillside. "Tex, what's wrong with the flowers?" he asked.

"It's a little early yet, Alan."

"Got to have flowers. Sue likes them." And so he ran up the highway to a nursery and loaded his car with everything he could find in bloom, spending the rest of the day setting them out. It was late when he got home with mud on his boots and jeans and an expression of assurance on his face. The ranch was in order and definitely still there. Next day Sue could see for herself.

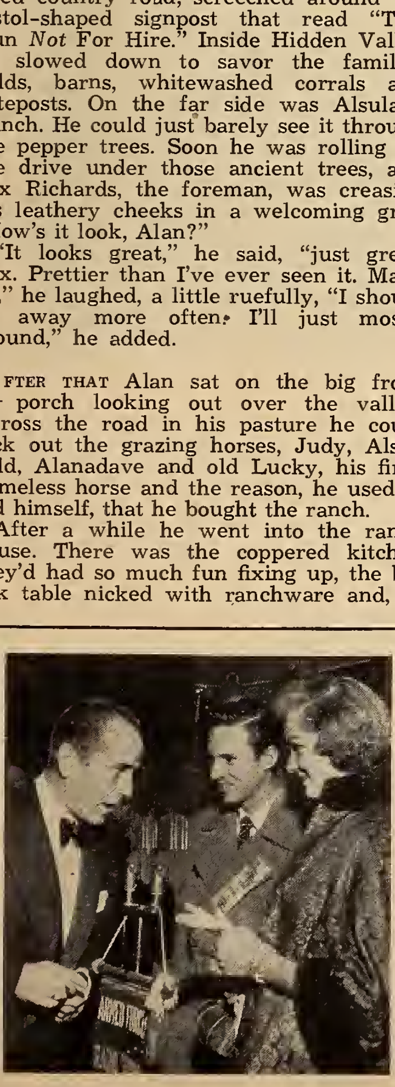
That night, tired as he was, Alan stayed up until three o'clock wading through scripts. The next night it was the same. Daytimes he called his producer and director friends on the phone, catching up and asking anxiously, "Say, you haven't got a script for me, have you?" When one promptly replied, "I sure have. I've got two. When can I see you?" Alan rushed to Sue. "What do you know?" he cried. "I've got me a job lined up—maybe two!"

A week after the Ladds came home, Sue got a special kiss when she woke up. "What day is this?" her husband asked. "March 15," Sue said. "Income Tax Day!"

"You can do better than that, honey."

"Of course I can," she grinned. "It's the day twelve years ago that I became Mrs. Alan Ladd. All the bad things happen to you the same day," she kidded.

"All the *good* things," he corrected her,



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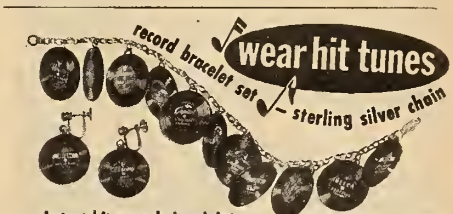

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straight-faced. "Thank God for you—*and* for the income tax! Say, since you're dressed—will you do me a favor? I left my cigarette lighter in the car last night."

Sue stepped out to the garage. She didn't get to Alan's car on the contrived errand because another one blocked her way—a shiny black Cadillac. On the door handle was a huge, red bow and a dangling placard. "Susie—" it read, "Cuz I love you. It's yours, so go ahead and kill me—'The Daddy.' P.S. I know we can't afford it—but ain't it a beaut?"

Sue Ladd lingered thoughtfully, stroking the smooth new hardtop and reading that note over and over again. Alan had to make people happy—especially people he loved—but he also had to apologize for doing it.

Anyone who has ever known Alan Ladd appreciates the paradox of his makeup. The restless, ambitious guy has sought and fought steadily for everything Hollywood could give him but he has just as consistently backed away from the big treatment and crazy capers.

When you've been as poor as Alan Ladd has been you don't forget it easily. A kid who lost his father when he was a baby, rattled across the country in a creaking jalopy, Okie style, and knocked around depression-strapped California in transient camps under the stern discipline of a stepfather, does not develop a taste for high life. A boy who earned everything he got himself doesn't treat his acquisitions lightly. A man who watched the mother he adored die before his eyes with himself still unproved and a failure, is not prone to look on his success thereafter as license for a lark. Alan Ladd literally had holes in the soles of his shoes when the tide turned for him. He couldn't trip up a primrose path with the skin still rubbed raw.

Early in his career, Paramount sent him and Sue to New York for personal appearances and put them up at the Waldorf-Astoria. One night he ordered two hamburgers sent up to the room. But when he saw the $5 tab he couldn't eat his. It hadn't been long since Alan himself had been frying hamburgers and selling them for a dime in a shack he called "Tiny's." In those early days at Paramount the star of the picture was known to grab scenery and lift it before a razzing yell from the grips, "Hey, Alan—let's see your union card!" stopped him. It sometimes happens today, because Al still has that union card from the days when he *was* a grip, and lucky to be one.

When workmen are at Alan's house he hustles them beers and Cokes. Sue tells of the time when he accidentally slept late one morning. Around nine o'clock she called out, "Alan, time to get up!" Back came a hurried whisper, "S-h-h-h-h—don't let the carpenters hear you. They'll think I'm a bum!"

When the Ladds moved into their Holmby Hills house they gave two housewarmings—one for their star neighbors, another for Alan's real friends, the gang he had worked with for years. "This is the one I really enjoyed," he told Sue at the post-mortem. They are the people you're likely to see around his pool and his house today, the same ones who crowded around the train gate when he came home from Europe. They drop in constantly and Alan Ladd constantly shoves his collection of honors that Sue masses on a shelf, back into the corner. "Honey, please!" he begs. "They'll think I'm bragging."

This is no pose with Alan, as it is with so many stars. He packs an almost penitent urge to share his luck with the people he came from, the only ones with whom he feels really comfortable and secure. One out-of-work friend came to dinner the other night and Alan spotted a frayed collar. He left with six of Alan's best shirts. Another unemployed photographer showed up for a swim, borrowed Alan's best movie camera to take pictures of the Ladd kids. He couldn't give it back. Things like that happen all the time.

From his hunger days, Alan retains a pack rat urge to save things.

"Maybe I'll need them some time," he says. "But I guess the real reason is that I like things I can hold in my hand." Sue gave Alan a beautiful Audemar Piguet watch when they were in Switzerland, the finest made anywhere; only twelve a year are produced. He likes to look at it. But he *wears* "the watch," a plain gold ticker Sue gave him back when they first fell in love. He's got boxes stuffed with rings, cufflinks, and such, but he wears only his wedding band and his service ID bracelet.

> **A Hollywood producer, incensed by complaints from a political group there, warned them: "I'll take it higher and higher and higher—until I get to the bottom of this."**
>
> *Leonard Lyons in The New York Post*

You could go on and on, describing the ways in which Alan Ladd constantly reassures himself of his great good luck and at the same time backs away from flaunting it. But maybe his recent stay in Europe—the trip people said was bound to change him—shows it best of all.

Alan didn't want to go. "Why leave here?" he answered when foreign offers came. "This is the best place, isn't it?" In the end he decided to go but only because a European stay, *en famille,* had been Sue's dream. She was educated in Switzerland and France. She wanted her kids to know how the rest of the world looked, sounded, tasted and smelled. So when producers started upping the ante and including almost every trip expense from gasoline to toothpaste he consented to pry himself loose.

Even with the house rented, everything stored, his entire family aboard the *Ile de France,* Alan wanted to call the whole thing off when the boat docked at Southampton.

It was four-thirty A.M. and still dark when the British reporters climbed aboard, loaded for bear. Who, they demanded, did Alan Ladd think he was, coming to England to play a *British* war hero? Didn't he know that the red-bereted paratroopers symbolized England's wartime courage?

The battery of questions was a shock. He had thought that coming over was a piece of good will between the two countries. Besides, as he tried to explain that morning, the role in *Paratrooper* was about an American who came voluntarily to fight in the Red Berets because he loved England. But he was so shaken by the experience that when the reporters departed he had to go back to his stateroom and lose his coffee and toast. "Let's go on back home, honey," he told Sue. "They don't like me here."

But they did. Before he left Britain Alan had conquered the place almost as thoroughly as any foreigner since 1066. He was voted the most popular star in England. But perhaps he wouldn't have had the heart to stick around if something hadn't happened a few days after he arrived. Visiting Shepperton studio, he sneaked on to the set of *Moulin Rouge* to have a look at how they did things over there. A thousand extras and workers were crowded into the place and when they set up a shout he thought he'd stumbled into a scene. But the shouting was all about himself—a welcome from his kind of people. Alan watered up that time, too, and today tags it the biggest thrill of his trip. It was the assurance that he was welcome and wanted.

But if they had turned out the guard at Buckingham Palace in his honor it couldn't have banished the ache he packed for home. He saw new sights and like the rest of the family, he acquired an education he couldn't have bought at home. But, as Sue noted, "All the time we were gone Alan was trying to prove to himself that he'd never left home."

Hallowe'en came and even if the neighbors didn't know what he was up to, he decked out the big house they rented in orange and black streamers, carved pumpkins and lighted them in the windows. He sent the kids, Lonnie and Davy, out rapping on doors and yelling, "Trick or treat!" to the astonishment and confusion of the countryside. Two nice ladies thought they were burglars and called the bobbies.

At the Paris restaurants he tasted what Sue ordered, made a face, and tried to say "bifstek" in pidgin French. He outraged porters everywhere, although he tipped them generously, because he grabbed his own bags half the time, hating as always to have anyone do anything for him. Hotelkeepers were dismayed when he asked to fry his own hamburgers.

Wherever the Ladds rambled—through England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Holland and Belgium—everything Alan saw only reminded him of what he liked better at home.

The winter sports at St. Moritz only suggested Old Baldy back home. Monte Carlo was a glittering kick (especially when he put two bucks on the dice and walked out with two hundred) but to Alan it was just Las Vegas in dress clothes. Venice was swell, but he liked the Grand Canal best skimming over it in a motorboat as he used to on Balboa Bay in California. His favorite spot in Rome was the sports forum that Mussolini built to revive Italy's athletic prowess. That was where Alan headed late on moonlit nights, yanked off his shoes, dug starting holes in the cinder track and had Sue clock him in the 100-yard dash! Wherever they went, Sue had to find a U.S. Army PX and buy pancake mix and canned chili and beans.

To this day, Sue wonders what kept Alan from going over the hill for Hollywood when they came as close as Banff

WHEN IS A STAR?

Audrey has her Oscar, but Bogey says she has yet to pass the acid test!

■ "Audrey Hepburn is not yet a full-fledged star!"

That statement, believe it or not, was made by Don Hartman, top executive of Paramount, Audrey's own studio.

"Because," Hartman explained, "Audrey has yet to prove that she can carry a picture by herself.

"She is an immensely talented actress. Charming, winsome and all of that. But is her name box office? That's the only proof of stardom we have.

"She was wonderful in *Roman Holiday*, but although everyone who saw it liked it, we didn't make as much money on the picture as we should have made.

"In Audrey's second picture, *Sabrina*, we've cast her opposite two of the biggest names in the business, Humphrey Bogart and William Holden. If it does well, we'll probably see if Audrey can carry a picture by herself. That will be the acid test."

When Humphrey Bogart was asked if he considered Miss Hepburn a full-fledged movie star, he asked, "Which Miss Hepburn?"

Told it was Audrey, Bogey agreed with Hartman.

"It's much too early to tell," Bogart explained. "I've seen kids come along who were real hot for a couple of pictures and then flickered out. This kid's got class and ability. No doubt about it. But has she got that certain something the public is willing to spend money for? We'll just have to wait and see."

Bill Holden, however, has no doubts.

"In my book," says her fellow Academy Award winner, "Audrey Hepburn is a big star right now."

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in Canada, to make *Saskatchewan.* When Carole Lee and Laddie took off for Hollywood from there, Alan gazed so wistfully after the kids that it wouldn't have surprised her if she'd had to chase after him across the glacial Bow River like Eliza crossing the ice.

But there was still *The Black Knight* to make in England. After that, he could have played two more pictures abroad if he'd wanted to.

By that time Alan Ladd had a one track mind and it led nowhere but home. The *S.S. United States* brought him there, and of all the 36,000 miles he covered, that last stretch from *Le Havre* was the best. Two foreign flag ships sailed more conveniently but as Alan told Sue firmly, "No more boats where I have to wake you up to order ham and eggs for breakfast in French." First thing he did aboard the floating bit of homeland was to roam around the ship treating his ears to American accents.

He was up at five A.M. to see the Statue of Liberty loom into view and his stay in New York amounted to four fast hours. That was enough to say hello to his pal, Lloyd Nolan, playing on Broadway, and to call Hannah, the cook out in Hollywood, and tell her what he wanted for dinner the night he got home—"Ham, cornbread and black-eyed peas."

ALL OF THIS is a montage of memories to Alan Ladd, very pleasant ones, but he's thankful they're in the past. "Look," he said, when he was told what a lucky guy he is to have had the trip, "I'm so lucky for everything I can't believe it. But the best luck is being right here where I belong. You planning a trip? People are people all over the world—they just talk differently. Sights are sights—and I've seen some great ones. But there isn't any sight better than this," and he waved his hand in a circle embracing the things that were unmistakably his, right where he could see and touch them if he wanted to.

It embraced a wiry little carbon copy of himself, named David, learning flips on the springboard just as his old man used to do. "Hit the board harder—and straighten out those knees," shouted Alan. It took in a dainty ten-year-old doll named Alana, watching all this gravely with her chum, Katie. "Can your daddy really dive, too?" asked Katie. "My daddy can do *anything*," came the withering reply.

THAT CIRCLE also took in a manly sixteen-year-old called Laddie who carefully polished a new Ford his dad had just given him. There was another one for Carol Lee (with apologies to his other kids, "I hope I can afford one for you, too, when you grow up.") It embraced the big, comfortable house where Jerry and Hannah were already fixing lunch in the kitchen and Belle, in the office, was filing papers for Ladd Enterprises, which will produce pictures.

It included the ranch out in Hidden Valley. In fact it swung all around Hollywood, where Alan Ladd had grown up in poverty and miraculously found his future and his fortune.

Sue came in. "Your agent's on the phone. He says there's an offer for you to make a picture in Boston."

"Boston?" teased Alan. "Where's that? If it isn't in Hollywood the answer is no Honey, you know I don't like cod."

"Now, Alan—"

"Yeah, I know. Tell him I'll call him back ”

ALAN SIGHED. "Sue's still the boss around here," he grinned. "I guess she always will be." And I thought of a remark a friend of Alan's once made to me. "There isn't a star in Hollywood who's handled his success better than Alan Ladd, and nobody's handled Alan better than Sue."

It's a case of two heads and two hearts together which have brought the good things that Alan meant when he swept his arm around and said "all this." The winning combo is no more likely to change than Alan Ladd is. If twelve years in the pressure cooker of Hollywood can't do it, a trip to Europe won't turn the trick. **END**

WHY DID ROCK HUDSON TAKE BETTY ABBOTT TO IRELAND? *Read the answer next month in* MODERN SCREEN

I'd rather stay home

(Continued from page 36) was making silent inroads on her salad, apparently thinking of a dozen other things. That's a very deceptive appearance, though. Her mind is never very far away when Mike is speaking; she'd just rather listen to him than talk. During a lull she looked up, poker-faced, and said, "I think one of the tobacco companies ought to make a butt-sized cigarette—for people who want to quit smoking."

It was so unexpected that everyone present was tickled, but Mike most of all; he chortled. Nobody has cornered the market on comedy in that household, and O'Shea's wife can always provoke him to laughter. "My old lady!" He shakes his tousled head in wonder and grins broadly.

WELL, WHAT ABOUT all the obstacles? A marriage doesn't survive them just because a man, his wife, or both occasionally entertain an amusing thought. You can't beat a sense of humor for adding spice to life, but you also can't bank on one to compensate for everything else.

That appreciable difference in age should

"I just knew I wanted to marry Michael the first time I met him," Virginia explains. "It was very sudden—I didn't expect it to happen that way. Because marriage means forever to me, I had always imagined it would take me a long time to make up my mind. But then," she adds after a pensive look into her past, "I never fell in love till I met Mike."

As for himself, he got clobbered just as quickly, with just as much finality. "First time I laid eyes on my old lady, I asked her to marry me. No kidding. It was over at the Goldwyn Studio, where I was making a picture called *Jack London.* I'd been working with nothing but dirty, bearded guys like myself, and when I saw Virginia standing there on the set, it was like the sweet breath of spring. So I walked over and said, 'You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in this crummy joint. Let's get married.' She said I talked like an idiot, and I told her I was an idiot but I wanted to marry her, anyhow. And I did—but not until five years later. I wanted to be sure she knew what she was getting, give her a chance to back out if she wanted."

Those are the words of a great cover-up guy. They didn't wait half a decade because there were any doubts in Virginia's moved earth and stone to secure a divorce from his first wife. They had been separated a number of years, an arrangement she found satisfactory. Their youthful marriage had been a civil ceremony, so there were not even religious bars to a divorce. Only perversity—but Virginia and Mike aren't the sort to talk about things like that. It's easier more pleasant, if Mike says in his elaborately casual way, "Wanted to give Virginia a chance to back out—"

THEY HAVE THAT in common. Virginia is so pleasantly undemonstrative that one Hollywood writer admits, "I've worked with her off and on for ten years, and I still don't know whether she likes me or not." And so with the O'Shea, voluble as he is. If people don't take the trouble to look below the surface, he isn't about to reveal the inner man for their idle inspection. When the aforesaid former wife elected, some years after the marriage of Virginia and Mike, to claim an imposing amount of back alimony on the grounds that Virginia's salary was community property, it became a test case in court. Everything Virginia has she gladly gives to Mike, but she thought the claim unfair and fought it. Unfortunately, she lost—which meant that a sum estimated at $25,000 went out of the family coffers. The whole town knew that Mike wasn't making such money, that it would have to come out of Virginia's earnings, and the O'Sheas let them have their day of speculation and gossip. Mike had sold a dear piece of property at a loss to put that money back. But only a handful took the trouble to find that out.

This is Carole's snapshot of Scott.

SNAP-HAPPY

While at the Cheyenne Rodeo in Wyoming I saw Scott Brady making some action shots for Bronco Buster. *After the Rodeo I was thrilled when he agreed to pose for a picture, but I thought I was out of luck when the lock on my camera jammed. You can imagine how amazed I was when he walked over, took the camera out of my nervous hands, unlocked it for me and then posed for the picture.*

Carole Hayes
Evansville, Indiana

Similarly, there was considerable talk to the effect that Virginia was bringing home the bacon while Mike stayed home and laid the eggs. One of the town's best writers, incidentally a friend of O'Shea, finally took courage in hand and approached him with the idea of doing a story on the subject. "Sure," said Michael—and the result was MODERN SCREEN's story, "Somebody Has To Stay Home." In it Mike made no mealy-mouthed attempts to justify his position. He pointed out that since Virginia was nearing the peak of her career and there was no large demand for his type at the moment, it would be pretty silly for her to stay home while he went out to work for less. These are the things Mike O'Shea will tell you if it makes a good story. He doesn't mention, however, the run-of-the-play contract he was offered to do *Guys And Dolls* on Broadway. You'd think he was crazy not to have taken it. Maybe so, but it's part of the O'Shea love story that being separated is insupportable to them, and Mike's going into a sure-fire musical could have meant nothing else. They talked it over, and the answer came out no. There would be another opportunity.

FOR THE AMOUNT of time and the consideration Mike gives to the career of his wife, he might seem careless of his own. He is not a careless man, but on occasion he has been exceedingly tactless. "I got a reputation for being very tough to work with, and I deserved it," he admits. "When a director tells you how to play a scene, you don't endear yourself to people in the business by telling him he couldn't direct traffic on a street corner. Even if you know right down to your bones that he's wrong."

"Mike doesn't do that when he works with a director he respects," interpolates Virginia. "It's just that he knows quite a lot about acting."

This talk was going on out on the patio of their home in Van Nuys. The O'Shea had prowled restively from a chair under the umbrella to a lounge to a seat in the sun, and now he disappeared entirely.

"Really, the stage is where he belongs." Virginia, wearing shorts, was stretched out lithe and relaxed as a cat. "Mike has that magnetism, vitality, stage presence—whatever you want to call it—that an actor in the legitimate theatre has to have. In Hollywood they can shoot the same scene over and over or dummy what they want, but on the stage you only have the one chance to walk out there and command your audience. It takes something special that Michael has."

The man himself ambled back from the corral, where he had been in animated conversation with his quarter-horse stallion. "Know what I want to do?" he inquired. "What I've been wanting to do since I came to Hollywood? Make a western. Not one of those razzle-dazzle shoot-em-ups, because that isn't the way the old west was. They were wonderful people, real people, those old pioneers. I read every book about them that I can get my hands on, and I'd like to do a picture about their kind of life. Know what they tell me in Hollywood? I'm not the type for a western. Me, that spent ten years on the rodeo circuit!"

WHEN IT BECAME known that Miss Mary Catherine O'Shea was on the way, her pop said, "Baby coming, guess the old man better go out and start working." And work he did. Maybe he set the right people back on their heels with the verbal persuasion of which he's capable, maybe he even accepted less money than he's worth—but all of a sudden the ball was rolling. O'Shea made a picture, *It Should Happen To You* for Columbia. Television discovered him; he's done a couple of dramas, made guest appearances and filmed the pilot of a thirty-nine-week series. And when he has ten times this amount of work, the O'Shea will be completely happy. Oh, sure, he'll tell you that somebody's gotta stay home, that they wouldn't starve on Virginia's salary alone, because he has that island-unto-himself Irish pride. But it's a curious thing that the sinus trouble and the stomach trouble with which Mike O'Shea is plagued disappears completely when he's working.

Another so-called "big problem," the religious one, has been conspicuous by its absence in the seven years that Virginia and Michael have been married. Virginia had eight hours of instruction in the Catholic faith from Mike's good friend, Bishop Fulton Sheen, but whether she'll become a convert, she does not yet know. The idea has met considerable opposition from both

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her family and her own church, understandably, and her husband is too sensitive to the importance of one's religion to urge her. Virginia says with finality, "It's *my* soul. I think I have to make up my own mind."

Though Mike doesn't want her pushed or pulled into anything, he's an incorrigible tease, likely to ask, "Virginia, what's my autographed prayerbook from the Bishop doing in your heathen bedroom?" She smiles back, knowing how he is, knowing he'd break his arm before he'd hurt her feelings. Knowing she could take up Yoga or Bahaiism, for all of Mike, just so long as she is happy.

With the appearance of Miss Mary Catherine, there have been some changes made. About $20,000 worth of changes in the house itself. A play pen in the dining room. "Still gotta enlarge the nursery," grumbles the master of the house. "Nowadays, we invite people for dinner, somebody ends up eating in the play pen!" A buggy on the patio. A charming addition to the household, Mrs. Young, the baby's nurse. And Dukie, Virginia's already-neurotic bulldog, verges on a psychosis because of the dulcet tones in which his mistress addresses her offspring.

Miss Catherine wears her red hair in a pony tail—about six hairs deep. She has her father's brilliant blue eyes, her mother's lovely, tapering hands, and an inordinately alert expression for one so young. Nobody calls her "Sam," of course, in spite of her father's predictions—not even "Kate" as yet. Virginia calls her "Sweetheart," her old man, "Little darlin'," and she responds to both with the broadest toothless smile in seven counties. Altogether a remarkable child is the Princess of Tara, who has never been known to whimper in the presence of strangers.

The O'Sheas would be the last people to suggest that their own formula for happiness is workable for everyone else. For one thing, in what other marriage would you find a combination of temperament so unique that there has never been a fight?

"Of *course* we disagree on things sometimes," said Virginia, who talks easily—if shyly—when the glib man of the house has wandered elsewhere. "I like to think about things, discuss them, before I make up my mind. It doesn't take Mike *that* long," she snapped her fingers, "to know what he thinks."

Then, if anyone as beautiful as that can be said to grin, Virginia grinned. "Like the flying saucers—I don't know whether I believe in them, but I've read and heard a lot and I just wanted to *talk* about whether they could be real. As far as Michael was concerned, it was a waste of time as a topic of discussion. When I carried my discussion one word too far, he roared, 'It's ridiculous—of course there aren't any flying saucers!' and stomped off. That was final.

"Sometimes there are more important things, more personal ones, but there still aren't any arguments. If we talk about something any time at all without agreeing, Mike starts getting nervous. Then I know that he's either going to give in, even though he isn't convinced, or lose his temper and walk away. Once he does that, it wouldn't do me a bit of good to go after him. I have to wait until he cools off and then explain that I didn't mean to argue, only to get things clear in my own mind."

Himself had meandered rather than stomped back on the scene and stood leaning against a wall, listening. "You don't keep a box score on who gives in more often. The way I feel—and Virginia, too, I guess—is that it boils down to a pretty fundamental question: which is more important, my marriage or proving that I'm right? You think about that a minute. Pretty simple, isn't it? I know people so insecure that they have to be right all of the time, regardless of where the chips fall. Me, I'd rather be married to Virginia." His volatile face was sobered, his voice nakedly sincere, as he added, "I wouldn't know what to do without her; my life revolves around her and the baby. Can you weigh being right all the time against that?"

They were both silent a moment before Virginia said in agreement with her husband's thought, "We don't make a big thing of it, that we never fight. But fights do leave scars, you know."

"They leave scars," Mike repeated. "Corny as it sounds, you can forgive someone you love—and really mean it with all your heart—but you can't forget something cruel that was said or done in the heat of anger. A little of love is killed, a little of closeness that's essential to marriage slips away. because you start putting up barriers so you don't get hurt in that particular way again . . . Nothing's worth that.

"Sometimes I give in to Virginia on a point when I know she's dead wrong; it doesn't matter. She's gonna find out for herself that she was wrong, but that doesn't matter, either—I don't want her dragging her heels over to me to say that she's sorry. Sorry for what? That she had a conviction? That's more than most have. Sorry she found out she was wrong? So she learned something. I let her have her way when it seems that important to her. She has let me have mine and I've really pulled a rock—but she never held it against me afterward that I was wrong."

august's modern screen

will feature

lovely **ann blyth**

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plus the latest news

about her baby!

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july 1.

"I guess you could put it this way," Virginia summed it up. "I love Michael and he loves me, and no difference of opinion is as important as what we have together and the way we feel about each other."

It's an old-fashioned working philosophy for movie stars, reinforced by one more secret. The latter isn't anything they talk about, though O'Shea said in passing, "One of those bums I was reading one night when I couldn't sleep said a man should always treat his wife like a perfect stranger." Meaning, of course, that he should continue to observe the courtesies, make that little extra effort to please. If you're lucky, you were born a good guy or a nice girl—and you can get along fine with your fellow men with no more than that. But the people one remembers with special pleasure show a little more thoughtfulness, a little more consideration. It's what the O'Shea's do for each other.

After the birth of the baby, Virginia was dissatisfied with her shape, silly as it sounds. The superfluous weight had been melted off by intelligent dieting but she felt that she was too soft. She began to take tennis lessons from her friend and former world champion Alice Marble. Mike was not far behind, the first day they walked on a court together. He knew from nothing about the game, so little that he asked if a high lob constituted a foul—but his old lady was learning, so Himself drifted over to the court. He listened with pleasure to the report that his wife would be a very good player. (When a bystander expressed surprise that anyone as dainty as Virginia could belt the ball so hard, Alice shook her head. "It doesn't surprise me. The first time I shook hands with Virginia, she nearly broke my tired old tennis hand.") He admired, in a spate of blarney, the two long-legged blondes as they stood side by side, tirelessly working on some stroke or other. The champ explained, the star listened, and then they dipped into a basket of balls to try it.

On the sideline the rusty-haired, bright-eyed guy sat. Just watching, maybe—but as the balls began to spray over the opposite side of the court, he rose and wandered in that direction. Probably there was never a more incongruous figure on a tennis court than Mike O'Shea in his battered Stetson and high-heeled boots, but he never left. Without a word, he collected balls so that Virginia need not interrupt her lesson to fetch them when the basket was empty. Just a little extra effort.

Similarly, there is Virginia's attitude toward baseball. As everyone who has been within earshot of her husband knows, he digs baseball the most. He not only roots for the Hollywood team named the Stars, but in the past he has worked out with them when they played at home and traveled with them on road trips. Virginia couldn't care less. She knows perfectly well what baseball is all about, having played it in school, but in her adult years she has become mildly disenchanted. So why does she go to the games? Well, Mike likes her to go, so she makes the little extra effort.

He isn't sure it's worth it. He introduces the team's leading slugger, saying, "He hit .320 on the season, honey!" and Virginia says to the man, "Hello." He brings one of the fielders over with the admiring statement, "Got the best arm in the league, sweetie. Nobody ever takes two bases on him!" and Virginia says, "How do you do?" to the modest hero.

"They look at her kind of funny," Mike said in some embarrassment.

He had some hopes for her one night last season, when they were sitting in the box of the club president. It was one of the more exciting games, and throughout Virginia sat on the edge of her seat. More or less. When the last play was made, the O'Shea turned to Virginia and asked, "Well, how did you like *that?*"

There was a faraway look in her beautiful eyes. "Like what, Michael?"

"The game, honey. Wasn't it great?"

"Oh, the *game!*" she answered. "I didn't see it. The drive-in theatre next door is showing a picture of mine that I haven't seen, and I was watching it. I couldn't hear anything, of course, but if you look right over there—see, between those two trees—the screen is perfectly clear."

"And us sittin' with the president and his wife!" Mike groans when he remembers it. Then he leans over to kiss Virginia. "My old lady," he says with enormous pride. "My old lady!" **END**

(Virginia Mayo is appearing in Warners' King Richard And The Crusaders *and* The Silver Chalice.*)*

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BING'S GARY: dad has his hands full

IS ROCK HUDSON AFRAID OF MARRIAGE?

ann blyth

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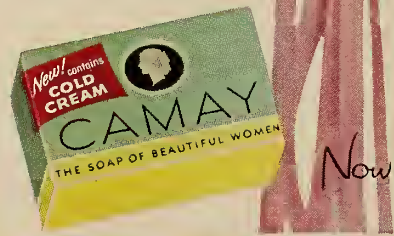

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

JUL 15 1954

Now—brush away tooth decay after eating sweets!

New Ipana with WD-9 blocks formation of tooth-decay acids for hours. So always use it after eating...as your dentist recommends.

Almost everybody eats some sweets—a particularly satisfying source of quick energy.

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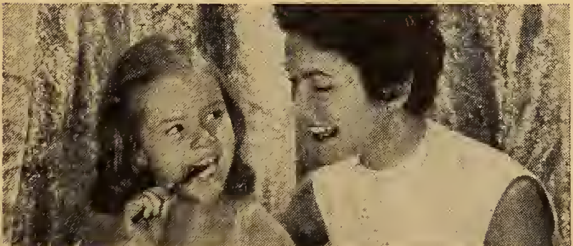
Many foods team up with mouth bacteria and their enzymes to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 in new Ipana blocks formation of these acids for hours—because it is an active-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

For best results, use new Ipana regularly after eating (the way most dentists recommend) BEFORE decay acids can do their damage. In a 2-year clinical test with hundreds of people who ate their normal amount of sweets, brushing this way prevented new cavities for most people.

So remember, while *no* dentifrice can stop all cavities—you *can* protect teeth from sweet foods by brushing this way with Ipana.



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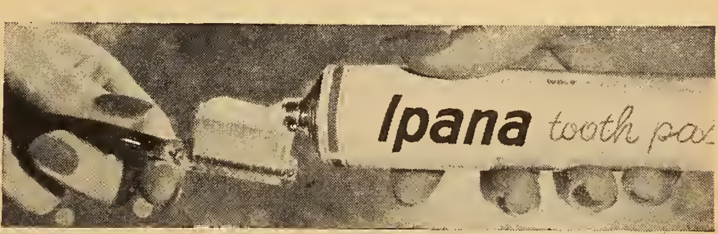

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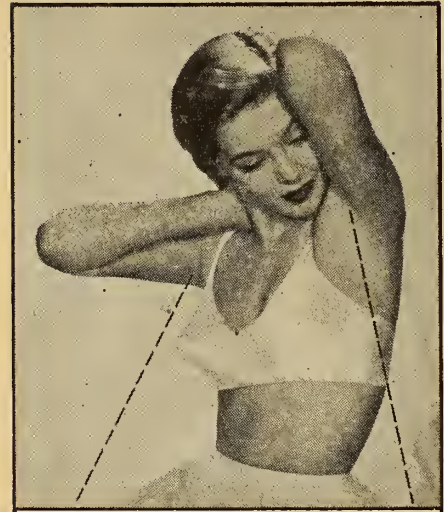

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AUGUST, 1954

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modern screen

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Why is it that Frank Sinatra cannot get the lead in *Pal Joey* at Columbia? He wants it badly and he's a natural. —B.T., New York, N. Y.

A. *During the making of* From Here To Eternity *Sinatra directed a few harsh words toward Harry Cohn, chief of Columbia Pictures. Mr. Cohn has a long memory.*

Q. Didn't Rhonda Fleming reconcile with her husband because Jeff Chandler said he wasn't interested in marriage? —T.E., Salt Lake City, Utah

A. *No, that wasn't the reason. Miss Fleming decided to give her marriage one more chance.*

Q. Before she married Freddie Karger, Jane Wyman went with Travis Kleefeld, a boy ten years her junior. What has happened to Kleefeld? —J.Y., Dallas, Tex.

A. *He has become a crooner under the name of Tony Travis.*

Q. Did Rita Hayworth really have to pay off her first husband, Eddie Judson, in order to get a divorce? —S.L., Macon, Ga.

A. *There was a financial settlement in which Mr. Judson received a considerable amount of money.*

Q. I understand that Don Taylor and Teresa Wright walked out of their respective marriages because they were attracted to each other. True or false? —H.G., Chicago, Ill.

A. *False. They met after their respective separations, and there is still a possibility that the Taylors will reconcile.*

Q. Hasn't Eddie Fisher been secretly dating Donald O'Connor's ex-wife, Gwen? —G.Y., Great Neck, N. Y.

A. *It's no secret.*

Q. Does Terry Moore really give the Mormon Church one-tenth of her earnings? What is her salary? —J.K., Louisville, Ky.

A. *True. She earns $750 a week.*

Q. Is Simone Silva, the girl who disrobed in front of Bob Mitchum at the Cannes Festival, really British? —T.P., Philadelphia, Pa.

Q. Is the Dale Robertson-Mary Murphy romance on the level or another publicity gag? —D.M., Midvale, Va.

A. *On the level.*

Q. A year or so ago Colleen Townsend left the movies for religion. What's happened to her since? —F.L., Miami, Fla.

A. *She's in Scotland with her husband, a divinity student. She hopes to make a picture soon with Evangelist Billy Graham.*

Q. Does Clark Gable have any men friends? I understand all his close friends are women. —G.E., Evanston, Ill.

A. *Two of Gable's closest friends are wine dealer Al Menasco and producer Wayne Griffin.*

Q. I've read that *Gone With The Wind* will be turned into a musical comedy. When will it be ready for release? —V.D., Boise, Ida.

A. *No definite schedule. Just an idea of David Selznick's.*

Q. Isn't Elizabeth Taylor pregnant again? Isn't that why she and Mike Wilding just bought a larger house? —M.T., East Detroit, Mich.

A. *Liz plans to have another baby as soon as possible.*

Q. Where is the best place to write a movie star, at her home or at her studio? —H.B., Hamilton, Ont.

A. *Studio.*

Q. I understand men are afraid to date Shelley Winters. Why is this? —D.E., New Philadelphia, Ohio

A. *Miss Winters is sometimes an autocratic companion.*

Q. I've been told that since she got married and got a new contract, Marilyn Monroe has gone high hat. What about it? —R.R., Vineland, N. J.

A. *No doubt Marilyn has changed. She is currently more reserved.*

Q. Who is the oldest star in motion pictures? —B.E., Montreal

MICKEY SPILLANE'S A MOVIE STAR NOW!

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"I burnt mine!" Jerry wailed, trying unsuccessfully to bite the steak Dean meant for Janet.

LIVING IT UP TO PROMOTE *LIVING IT UP*

Famous rocking horse jockey Lewis dragged Dean away from the golf course and Janet out of the swimming pool to demonstrate his talent.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

THE GALA *MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION*

Out-Monroe-ing Monroe, Mamie Van Doren came to the première in the lowest-cut gown of the evening, said she cried through the picture.

Never in his life has easy-going Alan Ladd been as furious as he is over the front-page charges of the Reno Chamber of Commerce that Alan asked for $500 cash, hotel and traveling accommodations for eight people and a tape recorder before he would show up in Reno to accept their annual Silver Spur award for *Shane*.

Alan won't say anything, but here is the blow-by-blow account furnished by Alan's press agent, Warren Cowan, who handled the unfortunate arrangements.

"It was a complete misunderstanding," Worren says, "due to the fact, I believe, that all our talks were over the phone. Take the tape recorder thing, first.

"When the Reno committee originally called, they asked if there was anything special they could furnish to make the event as enjoyable as possible for Alan. They said they wanted all his children, his wife and his secretary to come along.

"I told them that the children had a tape recorder on which they've recorded many important events in Alan's life both here and abroad, and if it was possible to rent one or to loan them one it would please the Ladds and save taking along their own heavy machine.

"Nobody wanted a *new* tape recorder. The Ladds have one."

Warren went on, "Now about that $500 cash. This is a complete goof on all sides. When I told them that the Ladds did not like to fly and had refused the offer of a chartered plane, I was asked how many people would be in the party and about how much the train fares might run.

"After checking with the railroad company about fares for *only* the people already invited by the Reno officials, I told them the amount would run about $500, round trip. That's how *that* odd amount got in the picture. Believe me, if Alan were charging the regular rates he gets for a personal appearance, it would be many times $500.

"It never crossed his mind to *charge* for an appearance in which he was to be honored with an award.

"Believe me, I know Alan in a business way and I can say that there is no more generous man to deal with nor one more fair. He's heartsick about the Silver Spur's award being called off because of misunderstandings."

I privately believe that everything could have been straightened out had the Reno

(THEIR LATEST FILM) DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS BUMPED INTO JANET LEIGH AND DECIDED TO PROVE THEY WEREN'T FEUDING.

After which Dean dragged Jerry back to the golf course. "I'm a rider, not a pedestrian!" Jerry said, would play only in a sitting position.

For the benefit of fans and customers the boys demonstrated their undying affection for each other—but some friends say all is not yet rosy.

As usual, Jerry took over the floor show and completely drowned out Janet who was trying to sing "Wanted" for the benefit of Dean.

PREMIERE BROUGHT MANY STARS OUT IN THEIR FINERY—AND MADE A MAJOR STAR OUT OF U-I'S EX-TRUCK DRIVER ROCK HUDSON.

Jane Powell and Pat Nerney arrived together. Both now admit that they may marry soon—and Pat would like an African safari honeymoon!

Still very happy, Lana Turner arrived with Lex Barker. Both hope for an increase in the family soon, have added a room to their home.

Debbie Reynolds arrived with young actor Hugh O'Brian. (Be sure to read the story of Debbie's dating—and non-dating—life on page 38.)

officials "held their horses" instead of giving out with a blast which hit the front pages of the newspapers.

JOAN CRAWFORD called me almost in tears the day a Los Angeles newspaper started a series of stories reputedly based on her life story.

"If the other installments are like this first one," Joan said grimly, "I should be tarred and feathered."

I hadn't read the offending article at this time and I asked what was so awful.

"For one thing, it says that a reporter asked Mrs. Sterling Hayden if she had ever met me. Sterling was my leading man in *Johnny Guitar*, as you know. Mrs. Hayden is quoted as replying: 'Not yet, but I hope to meet Miss Crawford. And if I do I shall slap her face after what she did to Sterling all during the making of the picture.'"

It's hardly a friendly remark. But I told Joan she shouldn't take it too hard. I know. I've been panned by experts.

"But I'm so puzzled about Sterling," she protested. "We didn't have an unkind word during the making of the picture. With Mercedes McCambridge—that's another matter, one I'd prefer not to discuss. But Mr. Hayden always seemed very friendly.

"After the sneak preview of the picture I sent him a telegram congratulating him on his performance. Later, I sent him another congratulatory wire when I read in your column that he had been cast for a fine role in a new film."

Joan) he gave out an interview in which he stated, "I've had enough of Joan Crawford!"

If it's true that Joan loves a good fight—it appears she's got one brewing with the Sterling Haydens.

I HAVE LIVED at last—finally caught up with Portland Mason, five-year-old "wonder child" of the James Masons—who was the sensation (pro and con) of Kirk Douglas' cocktail party.

"Porty" spoke up and told me that she was in love with Kirk but she thought the party was lousy, principally, I took it, because of the presence of his date, Anne Buydens.

I wasn't close enough to hear *what* she was saying to Clifton Webb but it must have been something judging from his open-

Emilio of Capri: In summer, to be in style you've got to be in *Playtex* first! Slims and trims like magic.

Top Designers Agree: Slim summer fashions start with a Playtex figure!

See how

Playtex®

Fabric Lined

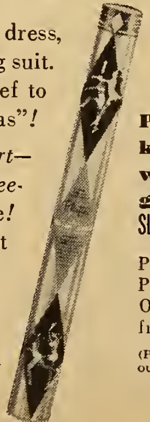
Panty Brief

narrows your silhouette in new freedom . . . widens your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress, lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit. Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such *comfort*—thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such *freedom*, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone! Just a smooth latex sheath—*invisible* under the most figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



PLAYTEX . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief, $4.95
Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50 to $7.95

(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

Later Clifton remarked, "I understand this child has been swimming since she was six months old. It's my considered opinion that she should remain under water at all cocktail parties."

THE ACTOR who got the most cheers and caused the most excitement at the opening of the Icecapades was John Agar! Quite a few important stars experienced the surprise of their careers when the autograph kids outside passed them up in favor of Shirley Temple's ex-husband.

John looks absolutely great these days; he's been on the wagon almost a year, and he's very happy with his wife, Loretta.

I'm very glad that Universal-International has signed John to a long term contract. I hope all his bad luck is behind him.

CLOSE-UP of Grace Kelly: She thought the Ray Millands were separated when she made *Dial M For Murder* with Ray and gossip of their romance started. When she found out that *she* was the cause of the trouble, she dropped him like a hotcake . . . She washes her face in soap and water which probably accounts for her very fresh scrubbed look . . . Men, married or single, fall for her practically on first sight . . . She's a great listener, never interrupts . . . Some women don't like her because they resent her . . . But she has a surprising number of women friends including lovely Rita Gam who is devoted to her . . . She eats out almost all the time, preferring cafe cooking to her own in her small apartment . . . If she doesn't have a date, she'll drop by a small cafe in Beverly Hills with a girl friend and have an early dinner before going home . . . Few fans recognize her in public—but they'll know her by this time next year after her *five* important pictures with such male stars as Bing Crosby, Bill Holden, Stewart Granger, Clark Gable, Ray Milland and other topnotchers are released . . . When a man is talking to her (even if it's business) she looks directly at him (there's a siren tip, gals. Don't let your attention wander from 'em) . . . At first Bing Crosby didn't want her in *Country Girl*, thought she was too flirtatious and more interested in romances than in work. After three days she had the crooner, like all the other males, eating out of her hand. On the set, she's all business—no *monkey business*. . . . She's the greatest find since Ingrid Bergman, the very first actress ever to have her picture on the covers of three national magazines within one month.

Alan Ladd made hand prints before Grau-

It's about Mrs. Leslie...and the man she never quite married!

PIXIE...*Only sixteen, but she knew there never was a Mr. Leslie...and said so!*

"MR. LESLIE"...
He gave her only half his name...and six weeks of ecstasy!

THE LOVERS...
Mrs. Leslie's secret saved them...from their own shame!

SHIRLEY BOOTH
ROBERT RYAN
in
HAL WALLIS'
production

"ABOUT MRS. LESLIE"

Co-starring
MARJIE MILLAR · ALEX NICOL
Directed by DANIEL MANN
Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS and HAL KANTER
From the novel by VINA DELMAR
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

SHIRLEY BOOTH TOPS HER GREAT ACADEMY AWARD TRIUMPH IN "COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA"!

Mrs. Grace Brown of Scarsdale, New York, keeps her hands lovely as a bride's with Jergens Lotion. She says:

"I use detergents as often as you ...but Jergens Lotion keeps my hands pretty!"

Grace does plenty of laundry by hand. Detergents help, but they could ruin her hands. How does she keep them so pretty?

Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously *improved* for fifty years to help *heal chapped, red hands instantly!*

No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper. Lovelier hands at once! Jergens never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).

Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. And Jergens, the world's favorite hand care, *costs you less.*

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

Never did I get an anonymous tip which worked out so well as did the telegram from Jackson Lake, Wyoming, telling me that Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess would be married aboard a cabin cruiser within the hour.

Usually I don't operate so fast on a tip from an unknown source but this time my newspaper instinct came to the fore. Frankly, I had suspected as much and had stated a week previously that I thought Bob and Ursula would elope.

That they did. And they had the knot tied up in the fishing country which Bob loves so much and where he has spent so many happy vacations.

I believe that these two will be vey happy. About six months ago they tested their love by a long separation, but they found they just couldn't live without each other.

For the first time in his life, Bob is a family man. Ursula has two children whom he adores.

Marge and Gower Champion, both scared of elephants, do a dance with twenty elephants in Esther Williams' *Jupiter's Darling*—dancing on their backs, under them, being swept up in their trunks, and everything else conceivable.

"But worst of all," said cute little Marge, "elephants give us hay fever!"

Met Helen Rose, the very attractive brunette stylist who dresses all the glamour girls at MGM (including Ava Gardner, Esther Williams, Liz Taylor and Ann Blyth) on the screen and many of them in their private wardrobes.

I asked her how about passing on some fashion hints to our readers—how to look chic on perhaps not too much money—or any other ideas she might have.

"To the girl with the budgeted wardrobe, nothing is a greater boon than the current sweater and skirt outfit. Sweaters are so lovely now for all occasions that a working girl can wear the tailored type to the office and bloom out at night in the most exotic of cock-

Granted a delay and new hearing on his

Your new Lilt home permanent will look, feel and stay like the loveliest naturally curly hair!

Hi . . . Does *your* wave look as soft and natural as the Lilt girl in our picture? No? Then think how much *more* beautiful you can be, when you change to Lilt with its superior ingredients. You'll be admired by men . . . envied by women . . . a softer, more charming *you.* Because your Lilt will *look, feel* and *stay* like naturally curly hair. Watch admiring eyes light up, when you light up your life with a Lilt.

Choose the Lilt especially made for your type of hair! $1.50 plus tax

Procter & Gamble's new Lilt

Somebody loves me...

When other girls of her age were out with their boy friends of a Saturday night, Marilyn sat home with Rover. Good, old faithful Rover ; : : he didn't mind the trouble* that put Marilyn in wrong wherever she went.

Even your best friend won't tell you

The insidious thing about *halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, seldom realize you're guilty of it . . . and even your best friend won't tell you.

You needn't be a wallflower

Why risk offending needlessly? And why trust to lesser precautions that deodorize only momentarily? Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath with that wonderful germ-killing action? Listerine instantly stops bad breath and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . four times better than any tooth paste.

Listerine clinically proved 4 times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Make it a habit to always gargle Listerine.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. *Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

A Product of The Lambert Company

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

tail or evening sweaters with beads and bows.

"I'm also putting on a one-woman campaign to get my girls to give up, temporarily anyway, that old standby, 'the little black number.' All right, so there is nothing so serviceable. Be different. Try a kelly green chiffon cocktail dress for a change—or a lovely yellow, if it is becoming. I promise—vivid colors will give you an added zing—and *men* like them.

"Stay away, however, from chartreuse, the most awful color in the world for any woman.

"If a girl can't have too many clothes, then she can vary what she has with interesting changes in costume jewelry. It's never been more beautiful than it is this season—and reasonable, too."

As a parting shot, Miss Rose advises, "Girls, narrow your skirts a bit. If you are still petticoat crazy, and many girls are, use one instead of *four*."

WHEN I WENT out to Judy Garland's house to tape a radio interview with Miss Star Re-Born, both of her daughters, eight-year-old Liza, and seventeen-months-old Lorna, were very much present.

Liza, with her enormous brown eyes and Audrey Hepburn haircut, sat in on the recording. When her mother missed a cue, Liza said, "You *goofed!*"

Liza can stand on her head, a feat she performs at the slightest provocation. However, this mature child who talks like a grown-up, says, "Standing on my head hasn't done me much good socially—so far."

Lorna, a little beauty who looks like a great big doll, imitates everything her older sister does. Not quite able to stand on her head, she rolls around clutching her toes with her hands, like a tumbleweed.

It can't be that Judy is as highly nervous as she is cracked up to be. The kids are all over her, literally in her hair, climbing over her shoulders or grabbing piggyback rides. All this, Judy takes in stride.

When I left, Liza accompanied me to the door. She said, hospitably, "Come again. There's always something doing around here." And, I *believe* her.

YIPES! Shelley Winters' London-made movie, *Million Dollar Baby* will be directed by a *woman*, Muriel Box!

Duck for the shelters, men!

TALK THAT Mitzi Gaynor and her mother were at swords' points and that Mama

After months of house-hunting, Marilyn and

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FEATURE CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 luxurious cards—including satin "puff", gold bronzing, red velvet, lovely embossing
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CHRISTMAS COMIC ASSORTMENT
Novel animated cards with original cut-outs, pop-outs, unique folds and novelty attachments —including jingle bells and 3-D glasses
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DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

$35.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 Christmas card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other boxes on approval. Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made $250—$500—$1,000 and more this very way. Church groups and organizations can do this, too. No experience necessary.

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GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE
20 large multi-color 20"x 30" sheets in a fascinating variety of designs —plus matching seals and gift tags

FAVORITE
ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
Exquisite Birthday, Get Well cards of unusual beauty and design
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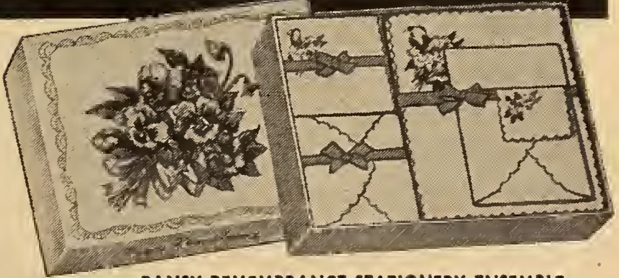

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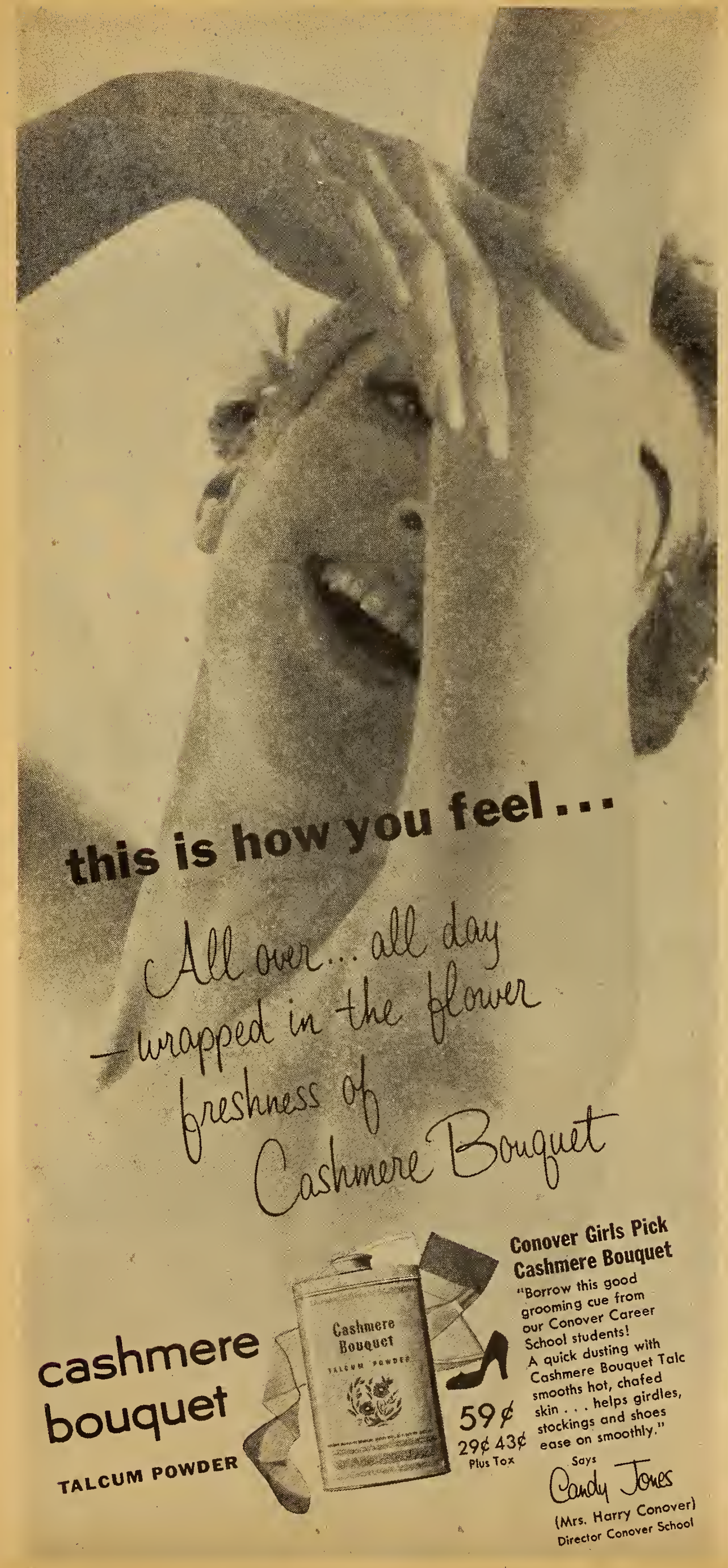

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All over . . . all day —wrapped in the flower freshness of Cashmere Bouquet

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Plus Tax

Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Borrow this good grooming cue from our Conover Career School students! A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talc smooths hot, chafed skin . . . helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

had moved out were all over town.

"It's true Mother has taken her own apartment," Mitzi tells me, "but we did not quarrel about Jack Bean (whom Mitzi is engaged to marry (?)) or anything else too important.

"Mother just thought I was old enough to start living my own life. She said she'd been picking up after me for years and it was time she took a rest from both my wardrobe and my emotions."

It made me very happy to entertain the charming Mrs. William Randolph Hearst on one of the two evenings she spent recently in Beverly Hills. I can't recall a visitor to our town whom more of my star friends were eager to meet. Millicent, in her stunning blue gown and necklace of cabochon sapphires and diamonds was a gracious figure greeting the guests with her two handsome sons, William, Jr., and David, and their beautiful wives by her side.

We had cocktails in the garden and buffet dinner inside later. But the party really began to roll when Jimmy McHugh and Freddie Karger started alternating at the piano.

Judy Garland, who arrived late with Sid Luft, was in fine fettle and gave with encore after encore.

Jane Wyman, in a stunning white taffeta dress, sang "Sunny Side Of The Street," with composer McHugh playing his own tune.

Then Jane—along with June Haver and Fred MacMurray—gave forth with some close harmony that would do credit to the Andrews Sisters. Fred brought along his saxophone.

But I think the singing which surprised everyone the most—and I mean Joan Crawford, Merle Oberon, Lana Turner, Lex Barker and Clifton Webb, among many more—was when Jack Warner, boss of Warners, "invited" himself to sing a number—and he was terrific. After he received rounds and rounds of applause, Jack said, "May cast myself in a musical with Doris Day."

Personal opinions: Hope Doris Day and Frank Sinatra remember to remain young at heart while they're making *Young At Heart* at Warners; no fireworks, please.

I'm very happy that Doe Avedon's career is off to such a big start in *The High And The Mighty*, particularly after the big tragedy in

One of Pat Crowley's most frequent California dates is popular crooner and man-about-town Vic Damone. (Pat's life story is on page 54.)

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news
Continued

her life. Her husband was killed in an automobile accident on their way to Hollywood.

Eleanor Parker can't hide it anymore. She's very much in love with artist Paul Clemens.

My, my. Isn't Terry Moore *quiet* these days?

Anne Baxter looks like a young Marlene Dietrich in *Carnival Story*, sooooo sexy.

Don't miss *Three Coins In The Fountain*, the most charming and delightful picture since *Roman Holiday*. You'll love Maggie McNamara, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters and that old smoothie, Clifton Webb.

I hear that Debbie Reynolds saves more money out of her salary than any other actress in Hollywood. Smart girl.

And the girl who has gained the most confidence in herself is Janet Leigh. A few years back Janet wouldn't have thought of putting her foot down to a studio. But she did recently—and plenty—when she told two studios, MGM and U-I, she had no intention of doing anything but loaf when she went to New York with Tony!

THE LETTER BOX: Pat Kennedy (no relation to Peter Lawford) of Key West, Florida, writes: "Thought you might be interested to hear that Dick Haymes and Rita Hayworth made a great hit here—and that's more than I can say for conceited Robert Wagner when he was making *12-Mile Reef* in our city. Dick and Rita were always cordial and friendly and we are sorry for their troubles. As for Robert Wagner, he should take lessons from a veteran like Gilbert Roland (in the same cast) and learn how to treat the public. Mr. Wagner can be replaced whether he knows it or not." Well, he knows it now, Pat.

I continue to be amazed at the amount of mail to this department from Europe, the most amazing angle being the excellent English in which it is written. From Barbara Sivgard, Stockholm, we hear: "One of our newspapers recently took a poll of the most popular American actors and actresses. The winning star was Elizabeth Taylor followed by Marilyn Monroe, Doris Day, Pier Angeli and Mitzi Gaynor. The leading actor was Gregory Peck with Farley Granger, Alan Ladd, Audie Murphy and Frank Sinatra as runners-up."

That's all for now. See you next month.

John Agar's sudden popularity has put his career back on a solid footing. His private life with wife Loretta is now well under control, too.

Your Second (so much prettier) Skin!

Umm-mmm—what a complexion! It looks all yours—only prettier than it's ever looked before. Because this silk-textured powder clings close as your own skin . . . never flakes, shines or streaks. And there's a Cashmere Bouquet shade that's twin to your skin—whether your basic skin color is pink, ivory, olive or any tone in between!

7 Cover Girl Colors 29¢ plus tax

Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"All our Conover students use this silky Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder," says the Beauty Director of the Conover School. "We teach them to pat it on lavishly, press in well, then brush off the excess for a velvet finish."

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

cashmere bouquet
FACE POWDER

Are you in the know?

The guest no one invites again is—

☐ *A lazy daisy* ☐ *A lem-me girl* ☐ *A Plain Jane*

That camera she's toting on a tippy-canoe ride: It's expensive; it belongs to her hostess. Like the swim suit she's wearing—and the tennis racket she'll use later. Don't be a lem-me girl ("lend me" this or that). When visiting, bring your own sports props; why inconvenience your friends—or risk being dubbed a vandal? Dodge *calendar-time* risks, too. You get safety you trust with Kotex, for this *extra absorbent* napkin gives protection that doesn't fail!

Does that very swish shindig call for—

☐ *A new hairdo* ☐ *Your usual style*

Yah—you look *different* all right, with that new siren-ish chignon! In fact, you're a Stranger in Harry's eyes—so now you feel unsure. A special occasion's no time to try new hairdo tricks. But at "that" time, it's no trick to be sure about whether Regular, Junior or Super Kotex suits you best. Try all 3. Each size has chafe-free softness; *holds its shape!*

If you're baffled by a French menu—

☐ *Take a chance* ☐ *Get a translation*

Better not stab at just *any*thing listed. It might turn out to be snails' brains—when you were drooling for duck! So even if your squire *is* that suave new blade-about-town you'd impress—let him pollyvoo for you. Ask what vittles he'd suggest. In any language, *confidence* (on certain days) means Kotex. One reason: special *flat pressed ends* that prevent telltale outlines.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

When shouldn't a gal just trust to luck?

☐ *On a quiz show* ☐ *On certain days* ☐ *In Canasta*

It's the wise lassie who doesn't take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to Quest* deodorant powder. Quest was specially designed for sanitary napkins ... no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented Quest powder positively *destroys* odors. Use Quest to be sure!

Yvonne De Carlo found Carlos Thompson

STEPSON OF THE SHEIK

Great lovers are few and far between—and hard to find!

■ Hollywood, with its penchant for repeating its successes, has been combing the Latin countries for another Rudolph Valentino. Now MGM hopes to have found Valentino II in Carlos Thompson.

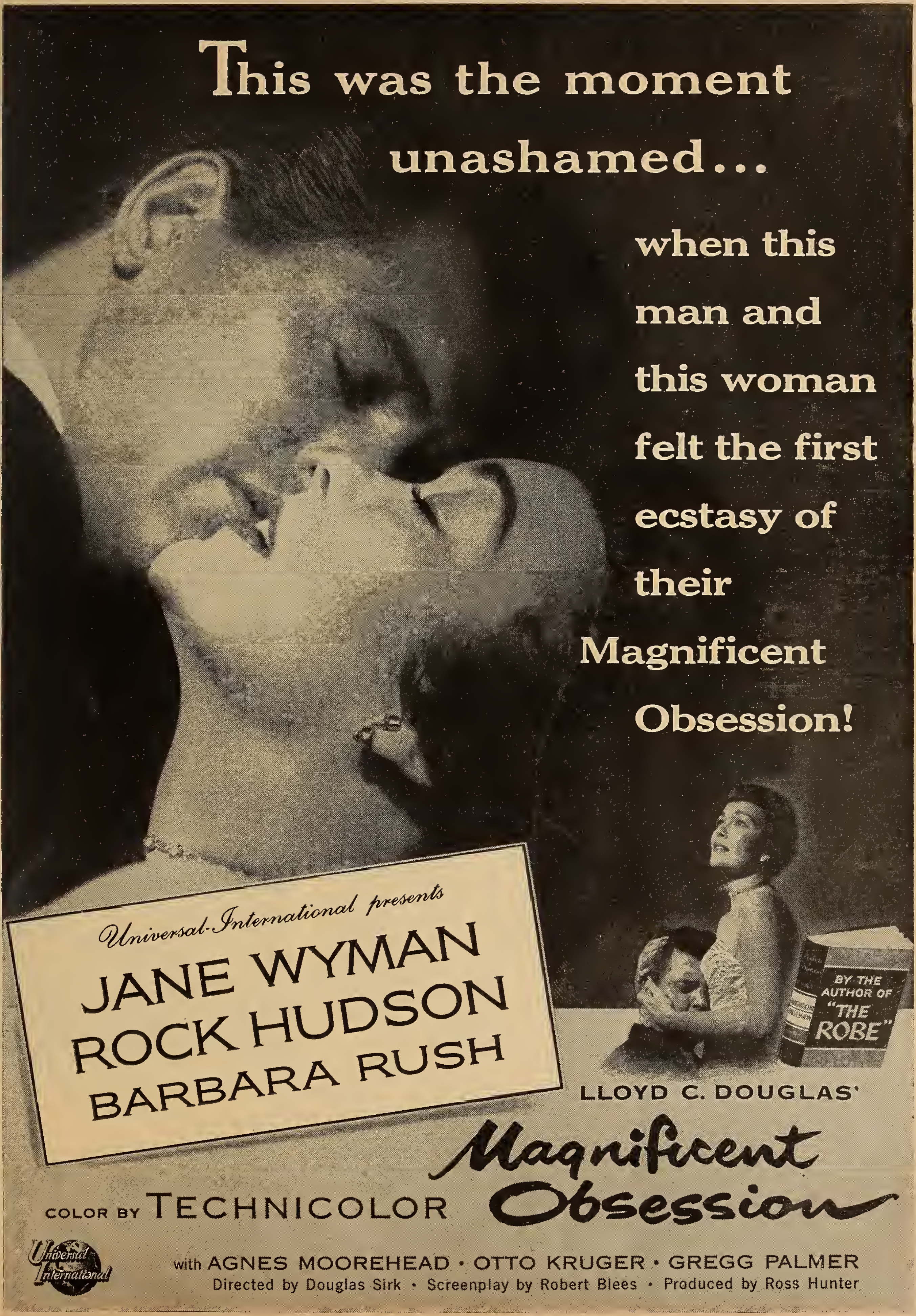
If you missed Carlos in *Fort Algiers* you can see him with Lana Turner in *Flame And The Flesh* and with Eleanor Parker in *Valley Of The Kings.*

Thompson is tall. dark and twenty-nine. He has been regarded as a "De Carlo property," because it was Yvonne who discovered him at the Uruguayan Film Festival in 1952 and said, "I must have you for my new picture!" She brought him to the States, got him the lead in *Fort Algiers*. But instead of signing with her little company as she had expected, he signed with MGM.

Piper Laurie—and his other dates say he is an intellectual. The son of a former CBS correspondent in South America, Juan José Mundanschaffter (his real name) was educated in the States as a child and went to college in Buenos Aires. He says he has written three books in Spanish and is now at work on a fourth.

Since the Gary Coopers have been estranged, Rocky has beeen doing Hollywood with Carlos.

Carlos may yet become a Valentino



This was the moment unashamed... when this man and this woman felt the first ecstasy of their Magnificent Obsession!

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROBE"

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS'

Magnificent Obsession

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with AGNES MOOREHEAD · OTTO KRUGER · GREGG PALMER
Directed by Douglas Sirk · Screenplay by Robert Blees · Produced by Ross Hunter

for
after-bath freshness
. . . all day long

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TALCUM
The fragrance that whispers "Kiss me dear"
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Wonderful DJER-KISS Talc gives your skin a delightful fresh fragrance . . . a wonderful pampered softness. Made of finest imported talc, soothing, cooling DJER-KISS helps prevent chafing, absorbs perspiration, makes you delightful to be near!

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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

In the biggest role of his career, wealthy Rock Hudson brings tragedy, then love, to Jane Wyman.

Picture of the Month: MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

■ Based on a novel by Lloyd C. Douglas (author of *The Robe*) the *Magnificent Obsession* is an inspirational, poignant drama of the power, usually latent within men, to love and help each other. The use of this power, as Otto Kruger explains, is the obsession. Once you choose to give yourself in the service of others, the giving becomes a need and driving force in your own life. Millionaire Rock Hudson has been squandering his life in high times and daredevil stunts, one of which indirectly leads to the death of an eminent physician—Jane Wyman's husband. In clumsy attempts at repayment, Hudson involves Jane Wyman in an accident which causes her blindness. Then a gradual transformation occurs in Hudson as the "magnificent obsession" takes over his life and brings him to personal fulfillment. Here, basically, is a love story charged with moments of great tenderness and pathos. At times it borders on sentimentality but its spiritual message is never lost. Among the cast are Barbara Rush, Agnes Moorehead, Gregg Palmer, Judy Nugent. Technicolor—U.I.

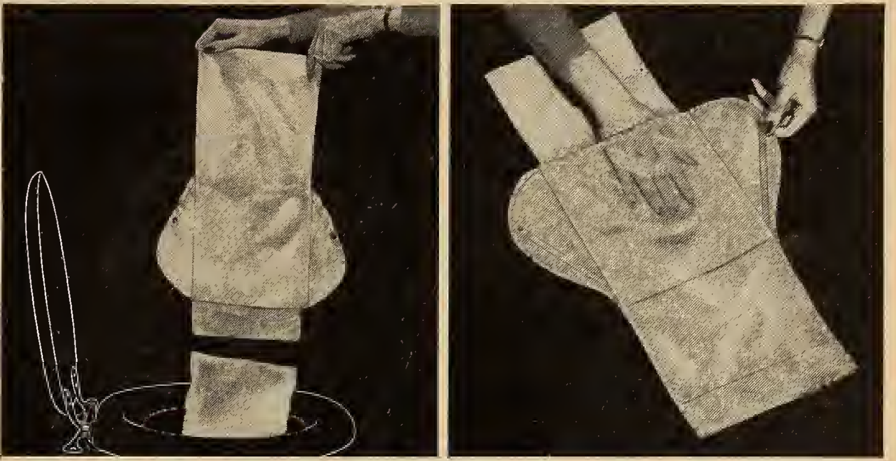
THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN Toss a coin into the Fountain of Trevi and next year you'll be back in Rome. I'm willing—because this CinemaScopic production makes Italy look like dreamland. The plot can't compare to the scenery but that doesn't spoil the fun. Arriving in Rome to work at the U.S. Distribution Agency, Maggie McNamara tosses a coin into the fountain and presto meets Prince Dino (Louis Jourdan). The poor guy doesn't have a chance when she sets him up for a proposal. Jean Peters, not so happy, because there's an agency rule forbidding co-workers to date, decides to go home. Rossano Brazzi (the co-worker in question) risks all, however, to proclaim his love. For 15 years Dorothy McGuire has been enamored of and secretary to novelist Clifton Webb. Until this year he has ignored her existence. This year, though, he acts like Cupid all over the place. Frank Sinatra sings the title song.—20th Century-Fox.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY A four-engine airliner takes off from Honolulu for San Francisco with 17 passengers aboard. Before that "routine" flight is over those passengers go through an experience that will leave a lifetime mark. Pilot Robert Stack is young, assured—but he's never faced an emergency before. Co-pilot John Wayne is an old timer, veteran of three wars and sole survivor of a plane crash that killed his wife and child (he, himself, was pilot). When this plane runs into trouble Stack is prepared to ditch it: Wayne wants to keep it in the air. Tension mounts between them. And the passengers, alerted to danger, reveal themselves—sometimes in flashbacks, often by their action in the present situation. Claire Trevor, David Brian, Laraine Day, Robert Newton, Phil Harris, Jan Sterling, Paul Kelly, Sidney Blackmer, Doe Avedon and Joy Kim are among the large cast who make this film a gripping, human event. CinemaScope—Warners.

Sensational New *Flushaway** Diapering Method

PLAYTEX *DRYPER*

1. **Flushaway pad inside waterproof panty.**
2. **Sanitary. Uses snow-white pad only once.**
3. **Flushes away easily—just like tissue.**
4. **Hot weather comfort for baby. Helps prevent diaper rash.**
5. ***Safer,* healthier, easier, economical.**



1. Shake out used *Dry*per pad. Flush away. Rinse Panty. You never even touch pad. **2.** Place fresh *Dryper* pad of super-absorbent cellulon under cloud-soft nylon web of another clean *Dry*per panty. **3.** A happy, dry, *Dry*per baby—yours*!*

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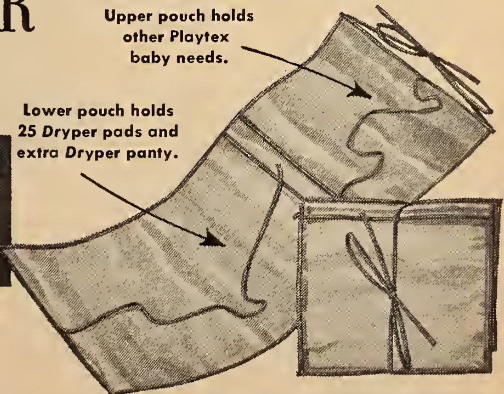
HANDY TRAVEL-PAK


Upper pouch holds other Playtex baby needs.
Lower pouch holds 25 Dryper pads and extra Dryper panty.

Washable polyethylene. Strong. Transparent.
Dimensions: Closed—9 in. x 10 in. Open—27 in. x 10 in.

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JACKPOT OF THE MONTH

DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS

If the CinemaScope sets look familiar, remember *The Robe.* Once again, a character created in that famous novel becomes a hero of a film about early Christians. The hero is Demetrius (Victor Mature) who came into possession of the robe when Jesus was crucified. This spectacular production deals less with religion and more with gore. In it Mature lays waste three tigers and five gladiators in the Roman arena. A Christian at first, bitterness turns him temporarily into a pagan under the eager guidance of Susan Hayward, aunt (through marriage) of the mad emperor Caligula (Jay Robinson). But Debra Paget and Michael Rennie bring him back into the fold. Caligula, whose lunacy becomes unbearable, is finally overthrown by his own guards and is replaced by Claudius (Barry Jones) who promises the end of persecution. With Anne Bancroft, Richard Egan, William Marshall, Ernest Borgnine. Technicolor —20th-Fox.

ON THE WATERFRONT One of the outstanding films of the year, *On The Waterfront* touches the peak of dramatic realism. It's a story of longshoremen enslaved by crooked union leaders, and in particular, it's the story of Marlon Brando's awakening to a sense of truth and loyalty. Brando, under the thumb of his big brother Charlie (Rod Steiger) the union boss' right hand man, is instrumental in the murder of young, well-liked Joey Doyle who had the nerve to speak out against union boss Lee J. Cobb. From the moment of Doyle's death, when Brando meets his sister Eva Marie Saint, a struggle begins in him which leads inevitably to a showdown. Here, in this graphic film of mob rule, one sees the terror and helplessness of its victims, and the long-reaching effect of both on their minds and lives. Directed by Elia Kazan. With Karl Malden, Pat Henning—Col.

DIAL M FOR MURDER A hit on Broadway, *Dial M For Murder* is even better as a movie under Alfred Hitchcock's direction. Ray Milland, ex-tennis champ and very jealous husband, goes about his London apartment coolly plotting the death of his wife. That's Grace Kelly, who's in love with writer Robert Cummings. Grace is faithful to Milland now, though—she thinks he deserves it. Ray blackmails an old schoolmate (Anthony Dawson) into murdering Grace. Everything is perfectly planned except that Grace doesn't go easily. In fact, she kills Dawson in self-defense. Husband hears it all on the phone and is only a little ruffled. After all, he can still see her hanged. Trouble is, you can fool the judge and the jury but you can't kid Scotland Yard Inspector John Williams. The acting is polished, the suspense is terrific. Warnercolor—Warners.

THE SARACEN BLADE Set in the 13th century, *The Saracen Blade* is full of baronial estates, violent passions and noblemen invading the Holy Land to tilt swords with the Saracens when they tire of warring at home. For Ricardo Montalban, son of a blacksmith, it's full of confusion. Since I couldn't tell you the plot if I took all day, I'll tell you that Montalban starts life with nothing but nerve and winds up with that and Betta St. John. His aim is to avenge his father's death. Count Siniscola (Michael Ansara) and his son (Rick Jason) killed dad. But before Montalban can carry out his plan he has to escape from the dungeon Jason tossed him in, become a knight, fight the Saracens, win land and titles and marry a woman he loathes (Carolyn Jones). All that's enough to keep anyone hopping. With Whitfield Connor. Technicolor—Columbia.

FLAME AND THE FLESH Take this nice musician Bonar Colleano. He invites Lana Turner into his home (that morning Lana's landlady had kicked her out) only to have her fall for his roommate Carlos Thompson. Does she care that Bonar loves her? Does she care that Carlos is engaged to Pier Angeli? No, sir. Does she even care for Carlos Thompson? Well, kind of. She runs off with him and they go from one town in Italy to another. He takes singing jobs in cafes and she takes to flirting with the customers. Carlos gets terribly jealous. Lana, I love you, he cries. She shrugs her shoulders. Tell it to the Marines, she says, or words to that effect. Until the day Charles Goldner hires Carlos and propositions Lana all within a matter of hours. This is too much for Carlos. Goodbye, he says. Lana shrugs her shoulders and walks off into the mist. Technicolor—MGM.

THRILLS NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

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WHALING FLEET
IN THE
FROZEN
ANTARCTIC
IN
MAGNIFICENT
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ALAN LADD

IN

"HELL BELOW ZERO"

with **JOAN TETZEL**

Basil Sydney · Stanley Baker

Screen Play by ALEC COPPEL and MAX TRELL
Adaptation by RICHARD MAIBAUM
Based on the novel "The White South" by Hammond Innes
Associate Producer George W. Willoughby · Produced by IRVING ALLEN and ALBERT R. BROCCOLI · Directed by MARK ROBSON

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Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Mary, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24 page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-84, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

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All Drugstores have Midol

RIVER OF NO RETURN Robert Mitchum and son (Tommy Rettig) live in the middle of a wilderness. Only thing that keeps off Indians is Mitchum's rifle. Has a horse, too, just in case he runs out of ammunition. Rory Calhoun and guitar-strumming Marilyn Monroe arrive one day via raft. Rory makes off with the gun and the horse—he's heading up river to stake out a gold claim. Mitchum's left with Monroe on his hands. Boy, he's sore. Practically tosses her onto the raft because without that rifle and that horse he's uneasy. Pretty rough ride up the river. Marilyn takes it like a trouper but she can't wring a smile out of Mitchum. Little Tommy sure goes for her, though (he had lost his mother). When they catch up with that rascal Calhoun, Mitchum softens. Sure makes little Tommy happy when he pops the question to Marilyn. CinemaScope-Technicolor—20th Century-Fox.

SECRET OF THE INCAS Charlton Heston is lounging around in Peru, picking up a buck when he can, never shaving and always exchanging threatening words with Thomas Mitchell, a broken-down, unsavory finagler. What Heston is interested in, if anyone cares, is a fabulously jeweled sunhurst said to be buried in the tomb of an ancient Inca. Well, Inca country is just around the corner, along with Inca Yma Sumac who sings prayers while archaeologist Robert Young digs his way into the remains of some goddess' grave. And here comes Nicole Maurey, late of Rumania. She's dodging Leon Askin, a consul who wishes to bring her back alive to fatherland. Heston steals Askin's plane, stows Nicole in it and off they go to steal the sunburst. Heston acts like a heel but it's never too late for a man to get a shave and settle down, is it? Technicolor—Para.

BLACK HORSE CANYON In the days when horses were horses it wasn't so easy to throw saddles on their backs and lead 'em to a bridle path. Mari Blanchard used to own a black colt named Outlaw. He was so smart she taught him how to slip the latch of the corral gate. Now he's racing all over the countryside, slipping latches and freeing every horse in sight. Joel McCrea and his partner, Race Gentry, want to start their own horse ranch but with Outlaw loose it's impossible. Murvyn Vye, if he can't have Outlaw himself, would like to see him shot. So there's trouble when McCrea captures the stallion, and there's trouble when Race Gentry falls for Mari, because it's in the cards that she was made for McCrea. Anyone can tell: they talk so mean to each other, and Gentry is still too young for marriage. Technicolor—U.I.

THE EGG AND I The warm, unusual humor of *The Egg And I* made the book a best seller and maybe you've seen the movie before, but it's worth another glance. Claudette Colbert is a city bride who's borne into the mountains by her groom (Fred MacMurray) to cope with a dilapidated farm and the raising of chickens. Claudette knows nothing about farming but her groom knows even less. He's dying to learn, though, and what the elements won't teach him experience and the neighbors will. Their closest neighbors are a clan of shiftless but lovable hillbillies headed by Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride. Also around is wealthy divorcee Louise Allbritton. Claudette has plenty to worry about without *her*—especially when the farm she and MacMurray put together with their own hands burns down. But tragedy takes a backseat in *The Egg And I* which abounds with life and good will.—*U.I.*

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE Rod Cameron has a pack of camels (life-size) and he's convinced they'll forge a way across the desert to California. John Ireland is in no position to argue. He just robbed a bank and the posse is hot on his heels. He joins Rod's caravan as a doctor, leaving Joanne Dru behind to bury her brother (Darryl Hickman) who was shot down by the same posse. When Joanne catches up to Ireland she's tired of bank thieves and appalled at his willingness to amputate whatever limbs are bothering his patients. She tells Cameron the sordid truth, he beats up Ireland and sends him into the desert. Apaches haven't been attacking: they think the camels are gods, but when they wise up arrows fly across a desert waterhole. Know who found that waterhole in the first place? Same guy who gives up crime to become a hero. Pathecolor—United Artists.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE CAINE MUTINY (*Col.*): Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, newcomers Bob Francis and May Wynn star in this excellent film adaptation of Herman Wouk's best-selling Pulitzer Prize novel about Navy life.

HER TWELVE MEN (*MGM*): Greer Garson, as charming as ever, plays the only woman teacher in a boys' boarding school where she is alternately loved and loathed by fellow-teacher Robert Ryan. Technicolor.

LUCKY ME (*Warners*): Doris Day is delightful in this Technicolor musical about show people. With Bob Cummings, Phil Silvers, Bill Goodwin, Eddie Foy, Jr.—and a lot of top tunes you'll love.

APACHE (*U.A.*): Burt Lancaster stars as the Indian Massai, one of the last and bravest of his tribe. Jean Peters plays his equally fearless girl. Technicolor.

PRINCE VALIANT (*20th-Fox*): Bob Wagner, James Mason, Janet Leigh, Debra Paget star in this swashbuckling, romantic tale of medieval chivalry. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

FRENCH LINE (*RKO*): Jane Russell sings, dances and clowns her way through this Technicolor musical about a girl too rich to be married. With Gilbert Roland.

EXECUTIVE SUITE (*MGM*): June Allyson, Bill Holden, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas are among the exciting people involved in the business (and love) life of a big corporation.

Casual, carefree—that's the "Signet"—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ...the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

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Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Liberty" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

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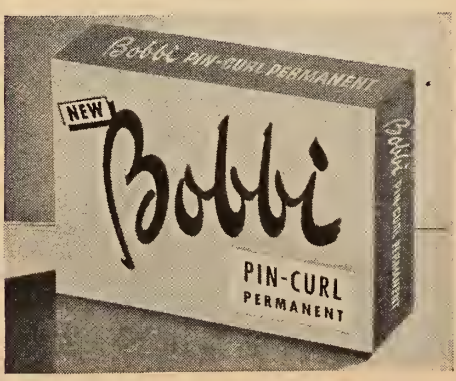

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Ex-husband Charlie O'Curran acted as Betty's dance director, gave up Paramount job to rehearse her night-club act . . .

. . . in which Betty did two to five shows a day from New York to London. Her ambitions are fame and a million in the bank . . .

. . . and she felt O'Curran, like her first husband Ted Briskin, was more a hindrance than a help to her all-important career.

LOVE COMES LAST

Betty Hutton has just ended her second marriage—and knows exactly why. There's something else she wants far more than love.

■ When Betty Hutton and husband Charlie O'Curran announced their separation, Betty said, "I know everyone will blame me, but in my heart I did my best."

Charlie said, "I was eighty per cent wrong. I still love Betty desperately. We just couldn't beat the career obstacle."

Betty June Thornburg is married to her career first. After that comes the husband. The reason lies in the terrible poverty she knew as a child.

Her father Percy, a railroad brakeman, deserted his family when Betty was three, her sister Marion was five.

Her mother worked in the cereal factories of Battle Creek for $12 a week and later went to work punch-pressing sheet metal at sixteen cents an hour. When Betty was seven the family moved to Detroit where Mrs. Thornburg got a job in the Chrysler factory. This time she made twenty-two cents an hour.

Betty tried to help out by singing in saloons and on street corners.

"I'll never forget those days," Betty has said, "singing for whatever coins people wanted to throw. We even made home brew and tried to sell it."

As Betty grew up, she wanted more than anything else in life *not* to be poor.

At fourteen, she left school to sing in amateur contests. At sixteen she signed with Vincent Lopez for $65 a week.

At eighteen she fell in love with a successful New York lawyer. She expected rainbows. She wound up paying most of the expenses.

Disillusioned, she threw herself into work. Buddy de Sylva brought her out to Paramount. There she fell in love with a married director. He talked about a divorce but it never came off.

Ted Briskin, son of a wealthy manufacturer, met Betty when she was on the rebound and married her.

Betty had said many times, "I've worked too hard to give up my career for any man." Ted thought she was fooling. He himself had relatively little money, so Betty took care of most expenses. The divorce was inevitable.

Two years ago when she married dance director Charlie O'Curran, Betty said, "At last I've found happiness."

She quit the studio—her last few films hadn't made money—and embarked on a personal appearance tour. Charlie supervised the show.

Their separation came in April. Charlie learned that he couldn't compete with Betty's career, or even share it.

"Twenty years from now," Betty has said, "I'll be just like Sophie Tucker, singing from one club to another."

Love is important to Betty. But take love out of her life and she still has her mansion, her cars, her two daughters and her great box office appeal. But take her career out of her life and the spectre of poverty returns to haunt her.

One of Betty's friends once said, "The only man Hutton could stay happily married to would be one who makes more money than she does."

Betty earns about $5,000 a week. Take it from there.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS CARD ASSORTMENTS!

ANY BOX FOR

CHRISTMAS BELLS. De luxe Assortment. 21 cards, lavished with luxury features. Very low price. Easy to sell!

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HOLIDAY WREATH. Our famous Feature Assortment of 21 lovely cards—the season's biggest order-getter!

YOU WON'T BE ASKED TO RETURN IT!

THIS OFFER MADE TO PROVE HOW EASILY YOU CAN

EARN $50 SPARE-TIME!

Never before a 'get-acquainted' offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely designed CHRISTMAS CARDS. And also to show how quickly you can make $50.00 in cash profit—and even more—just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors, and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making:

Take your choice of any box on this page for only 1c. Fill out and mail the handy coupon. We'll promptly send you the box you choose. Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for any assortment illustrated—they're cards and envelopes that would usually retail at $2 to $3 if bought separately.

RAISE FUNDS FOR YOUR GROUP! Ask for Special Plans that show you how to raise substantial amounts of money for your church, club or society.

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The reason we're making this unheard of 1c offer is to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Once you see these cards and behold their true beauty, we're sure you'll say, "Those cards will sell like hotcakes. I'm going to make lots of extra money by showing them and taking profitable orders!" Just to prove it, we're willing to give you your choice of any box illustrated *for only one penny!*

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Naturally, this offer is strictly limited. Also includes additional Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, together with complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry—offer may not be repeated.

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I accept your generous offer. Send your sample assortments ON APPROVAL, plus FREE Personalized Imprint Samples and money-making plans. Also send ONE BOX FOR WHICH I OWE YOU 1c, as checked below:

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☐ Christmas Bells
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☐ Send best selling box

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☐ Check here for Club or Group Fund-Raising Plan.

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It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!

Virginia Mayo

co-starring in

"KING RICHARD
AND THE CRUSADERS"

A Warner Bros. Production
in CinemaScope and WarnerColor.

Grace Kelly, recently one of Bing's frequent dates, may have replaced Mona Freeman, Margot James, in the Wife-To-Crosby-Sweepstakes. Careful to introduce his dates to his sons, Bing hopes that they will not resent a possible second wife or compare her to Dixie.

Dad has his hands full

Bing is playing his toughest role these days—father and mother to a college romeo, golf-happy twins and a high school boy!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

Budding star Gary has given his fraternity pin—not a ring—to Barbara Stanislaus, twenty-one-year-old college senior.

■ Although Bing Crosby would be the last to admit it, he is sacrificing his career for the guidance and welfare of his children. Since the boys have lost their mother, he believes this is the least he can do. When General Electric asked him to name his own figure for a weekly TV show, Bing said, "Thanks a lot, but I just don't have the time."

The jaunty crooner abdicated his radio program, too, although it has been practically a national institution for the last twenty years. But he did suggest his son Gary as a summer radio replacement. Bing did this for three reasons: Gary was twenty-one in June and he wants to make show business his career. Bing wants his first-born to see what it's like to be on his own. And he wants the boy to concentrate on work instead of girls this summer.

Bing has always given attention to long-range training and discipline. Lindsay, the youngest of the four Crosby boys, was ten when he said to Bing, "I'd like to play golf the way you do, Dad."

(*Continued on page 60*)

Irish Lullaby

"Jim encouraged me to keep busy," Ann said, told of her flights with him and TV shows. "I've felt much too well to be idle!"

by Louella Parsons

Just before her baby was born, Ann Blyth had a chat with Louella—including a few reminiscences—and some predictions of things to come!

■ Ann Blyth McNulty was exactly two weeks and three days away from giving birth to her first child, it later turned out, when she arrived in my garden (newly landscaped at no small expense, I might add) carrying in her arms an unusually large assortment of bundles.

In a casual but curious glance I spotted a fat TV script, a notepad, three bags filled with materials, plus what appeared to be some samples of wallpaper.

"What in the world have you got here?" I gasped, helping her to put down her armload, even before I said hello. There was a time, I could remember, when mothers-to-be were very careful about carrying heavy things.

Ann laughed as she slipped—nudged herself, rather—into one of my new garden chairs and sat down. "Whew! It's getting warm. May *we* sit here?" When I said *they* (*Continued on page 67*)

A stranger in a make-believe
paradise is Jeff
Chandler these days—
a big, solitary, quiet
guy who never
quite feels he belongs.

BY JIM NEWTON

the lonesome road

Too involved in his career to be a good husband, Jeff was nonetheless saddened by his divorce from Dorothy, sees daughters Jamie, 6, and Dana, 4, every week.

■ A curly-haired giant of eighteen stopped mowing his lawn in Long Branch, New Jersey, sat on the porch steps and feverishly scribbled notes for the novel he was planning. Little did he know that he would live it instead.

The hero of that yet unwritten book was a young man who had everything. He was big, strong and athletic. He was handsome, forceful and magnetic. He had a fine mind and many talents. He could sing, paint, act, write—there was hardly a gift he did not possess.

So he went forth into the world and, talent by talent, sought recognition. Each time he almost succeeded, but not quite: always when the goal was at his fingertips he lost it. Finally at thirty-five, he looked back on his disappointments and decided he was a failure. Then something happened which brought him a satisfying realization and inner peace: Although fame had escaped him, still he was fulfilled. Success was in the striving.

The boy, named Ira Grossel, never (*Continued on page 83*)

Fond of Betty Abbott (right), Rock's mother (center) hopes that they will marry.

heading for a WEDDING?

Maybe taking Betty to Ireland is just friendship on Rock's part. But people are grinning wisely and asking, "How *are* things in Glocca Morra?"

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ The daisy could give you a better answer to this question. Ask Rock Hudson about his marriage plans and he fixes you with his handsome boyish grin and says, "What marriage? I'm in no rush."

Ask the same question of his steady girl, the blonde and beautiful Betty Abbott, niece of comedian Bud Abbott and ace script girl at Universal Studios, and you get a similar answer.

"There's always time to get married," says Betty.

Ask them both when they're together and they put on a show of diplomatic evasion.

"Don't put me on a spot like that," Rock will say.

He's fond of Betty, isn't he?

"Sure, I'm fond of her," Rock will assert. "I think she's the greatest. A very good friend."

How long has she been a good friend?

"Five years, I guess. I met Betty on my first picture. I don't know a finer girl."

There's no romance between you?

"I wouldn't exactly say that," Rock admits. "It's just that we're very good friends."

These last few years, Rock has been in a lot of pictures. Which one is the most important to him?

"I guess I'd say *Magnificent Obsession*."

Whom had he taken to the preview? It was (*Continued on page 58*)

From Leonard Goldstein to Dick Contino— where Piper's concerned as long as they're men, they're neither too young nor too old!

BY JOHN MAYNARD

Mad about the "boys"

PIPER AND CONTINO HAVE TORRID BUT TROUBLED ROMANCE . . .

. . may not be able to solve their many problems together.

■ At tea time Piper Laurie was drinking tea. In Hollywood this is considered rather fey conduct, even in the British colony, but Miss Laurie likes the stuff. She was drinking tea and talking about men—she likes that stuff, too. At twenty-two, Miss Laurie might even be considered a connoisseur. Her preference for tea was by way of a guarantee that there never will be a pied Piper, which may or may not be a joke. Miss Laurie was moved to laugh slightly.

"You spoke of older men?" she said, making it sound like a question. "What do you mean by older men? Older than whom?"

Never mind. What was *Piper's* definition of older men? What, for example, would be call middle-aged?

"Over sixty," said Miss Piper, "for most men. Not until ninety for a few. And for one or two, never! Some have that wonderful ageless quality. But I never think of age in relation to men anyway. Or not much. It's the men themselves that count."

That had a fairly profound ring. Would Miss Laurie go on? The background is that she dates both older men—Producer Leonard Goldstein being a notable case in point—and younger men—among whom it is fairly safe to cite Dick Contino, despite reports that the two have shed one another over a little matter of who works and who doesn't. Not so. But it probably is so that Contino and Piper have never discussed marriage.

"I'm not going to marry Dick," said Piper, with what might be termed firmness. "I'm (*Cont'd on page 75*)

Bob's romance with German actress Ursula seemed to have petered out for a while but close friends predicted marriage all along.

**What do you know!
Beautiful Ursula Thiess has
just married lonely old
Bob Taylor—that poor cuss
who has nothing
to offer a girl but
love, fun and security!**

BY RICHARD MOORE

"I DON'T LIKE PARTIES," BOB ADMITS, PREFERS SOLITARY SPORTS HE CAN ENJOY WITH

the lady said "YES"

■ We won't keep you in suspense or withhold information. This is how they happened to get married. On the twenty-fifth of May, 1954, Ursula Thiess and her fiancé, Bob Taylor, boarded a cabin cruiser on Jackson Lake, Wyoming. They were, they said, en route to location for the MGM film, *Many Rivers To Cross*. No one paid much attention. When, however, Ursula Thiess disembarked, she was accompanied by her husband, Bob Taylor—whose astounded, completely surprised press agent and studio were paying a great deal of attention.

The exact date was a shock—but many people had surmised that the marriage would take place soon. All they knew for sure, however, was the story of the proposal. It went like this:

On the early evening of Thursday, April 29, Robert Taylor knocked off work on *Rogue Cop,* went to the telephone on the set, and called his dear and close friend Ursula Thiess, the German actress to whom he had been so long devoted. He would like, he said, to call on her that night.

Miss Thiess, who had been just as devoted to Taylor for just as long a time, acquiesced, but evidently with no intimation of what was coming.

Taylor arrived about eight o'clock, and they used up a few hours talking of whatever he and Miss Thiess talk about—themselves, certainly —and perhaps of her daughter, eight-year-old Manuela, who lives with her in Hollywood, and of her son and her mother, both of whom still are in Germany but will come here as soon as immigration authorities *(Continued on page 78)*

IS DOG OR WITH VERY CLOSE FRIENDS

WHO NEEDS MEN ?

"I can take a goodnight kiss or leave it alone," Debbie says. And the crazy thing is—the crazy kid really means it!

BY TONI NOEL

■ Have you ever seen perpetual motion? Ever had lunch with a windmill? Meet Miss Debbie Reynolds.

She zips into the restaurant like the devil himself is behind her, because she's late and punctuality is a habit of which she approves. The tardiness today isn't her fault. Over at MGM the cast of *Athena* broke late for lunch. That's all. You get no effusive, movie star apology from Debbie. She gives you a quick grin and that direct, green-eyed glance of friendliness as she slips into her chair and picks up a menu.

She looks it over, but she'd rather talk than eat. As a matter of fact, she never stops. "Have you ordered? What'll I have? Let's see—no, I'd better not have that. I have to dance this afternoon. The fruit salad. Yes, fruit salad." The imp disappears; now she's a wistful little waif, turning large, appealing eyes up to the middle-aged waitress whose answering smile is fond but not fatuous. "But could I have more pears or something in it instead of grapefruit? I *hate* grapefruit! Now, what to drink?"

"Milk," chorus her companions.

"Nnnnnnnh," the pert nose wrinkles indecisively. "I've already drunk about two gallons on the set this morning. I'll have to think about it and tell you later. Big decision."

Food disappears from her mind with the retreating back of the waitress. "How do you like my new skirt

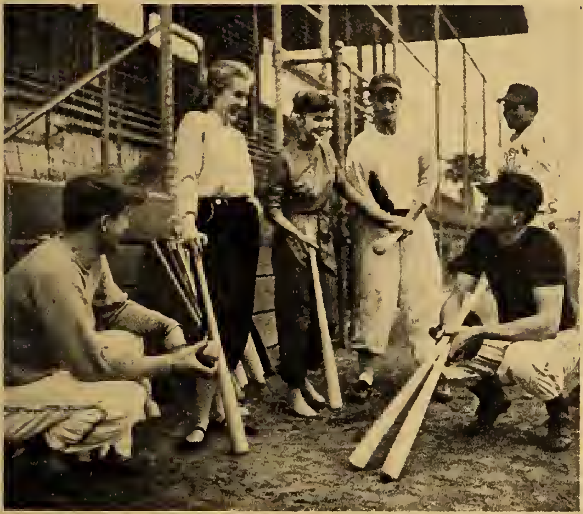
(*Pictures and text continued on page 40*)

Dates with boys like USC student Ed Wilkerson are strictly for fun, strictly for laughs. It may be a long time before Debbie, burned once, will take a chance on love again.

Playing tennis with Lori Nelson, Debbie takes defeat cheerfully. Only once have friends seen her badly hurt by losing something she wanted.

"I remember once when I didn't have a date for eight months. I was too busy and too

tired to go out. It didn't bother me."



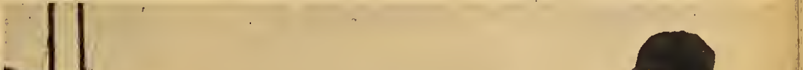
An avid baseball fan, Debbie frequently takes Lori with her when she watches her brother's team, the Burbank Blues, work out. Brother Bill (next to Debbie) closely resembles his sister.

Friends for some time, Lori and Deb may become business partners, too. If their business managers approve, they will open a dress shop to be operated by their sewing-happy mothers and grandmothers, plan to call it "Lori-Debs."

(Continued from page 38) It's full and blue, with an all-over pattern of spools. "Mother made it. And she found some buttons made of tiny spools, and we're going to put them on a blouse. And then I'm going to cover a handbag and sew spools all over that. The living end, isn't it?

"Lori Nelson and I are going to open a shop in the valley with ideas just like this. Well, it's really our mothers who'll do the work, but they're the ones who want to do it. You know, my mother makes all my clothes and my grandmother sews, too. Then, Mrs. Nelson makes lots of Lori's things and *her* grandmother sews. We have to talk to our business managers, though, and see if we can afford it. We're going to call the shop Lori-Debs. Pretty cute idea?"

The food appears and Debbie takes one bite. "Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to ask Harriet Parsons if I can borrow *Susan Slept Here* to run for Mr. Schary on the lot. That's the only way. If a thing's important to you, do it yourself. He's a very busy man, and why should he take time out to go see a picture I made for another company? But I want *(Continued on page 56)*



Sports, business projects, are only part of the activities that keep Debbie too busy to date. Afraid she may have attained stardom too easily, she takes dancing, singing, voice lessons; rehearses her scenes until exhausted.

James Stewart:
MODEL HUSBAND

"Here's the family—I'm holding Judy, that's Michael (he's eight), Ronald (ten), then Kelly—and the best husband any woman could ask."

"JIMMY'S NOT PERFECT—I SUPPOSE," SAYS MRS. S.—THEN PROCEEDS TO TELL HOW PERFECT HE IS!

■ Marrying a forty-ish bachelor is risky, no matter who he is. But when he's also a famous movie star—well, it's a chance most women wouldn't want to take—much.

When Jimmy Stewart's engagement to Gloria Hatrick McLean was announced, his friends took Gloria aside.

"Jimmy is wonderful," one of his pals confided. "But he's forty-one years old. And I don't have to tell you, Gloria, that he's really settled in his ways."

Another friend cautioned the future Mrs. Stewart: "Jim's awfully persnickety about his food. And when it comes to clothes—well, really, Gloria, you're just going to have to be very tolerant with Jim. He just isn't used to sharing his time or his money or his life with a woman. It may be hard for him to change."

Gloria smiled, nodded, thanked them all for the advice and married Jim on August 9, 1949, in the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church.

Gloria had been married before. Her two sons Ronald, ten, and Michael, eight, are from her first marriage to Edward McLean II, of Washington, D. C.

After five years of marriage to Jimmy, she admits he isn't perfect, but she makes no complaints. "Jim is certainly the best husband any woman could ask for. All those stories about his being a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor and a stick-in-the-mud are ridiculous.

"Jim eats anything, and he's so easy to get on with, you couldn't ask for a better adjusted human being. The children are crazy about him, especially the boys.

"They're old enough for him to have fun with. He wrestles with them and plays (*Continued on page 62*)

By **ALICE FINLETTER**

"The boys are crazy about him. They're old enough for him to have fun with. He wrestles with them and plays ball and goes hiking . . . they just love to go hiking together."

"It's absolutely incredible how Jim can study in any kind of a racket. I think this concentration is responsible for his absentmindedness. He never forgets anniversaries or birthdays, though . . . he's given me so many things."

"He's a camera bug. Jim has one of every kind of camera in existence. I've never seen so many cameras in my life. And he's plane-crazy, too—having his own plane thrills him."

"You've heard of the absent-minded professor? Well, Jim is the original. After the twins were born he was supposed to take me home from the hospital. He almost forgot it!"

"Of course, Jim doesn't quite know what to do with our twin girls, Judy and Kelly, because they are only three. But I'm sure he likes holding them. And he's sure they're going to grow up into great cooks—I'm a flop at that!"

Jean Simmons' life is a modern
fairy tale. But will she have to make some changes
to find the happy ending?

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

if she could only cook...

■ Once there was a little English girl whose life got off to the most glorious start any little girl could think of. She was a movie actress! She not only had talent, she had an appetite for fun and an attitude that as much as asked: "What's the point of good fortune if you can't live it up a bit?" And that's what Jean Simmons did.

She had a little racing roadster for flying around the countryside, she had a lovely flat in London with a housekeeper to do for her, and she had a hatful of dashing admirers to take her nightclubbing in gay film parties until dawn caught up with the revelers and they had to scramble back hilariously to the studios without a wink of sleep.

Some of her friends used to say, "Oh, Jean has made good in such a hurry she'll never bother to grow up!" But she knew they were wrong. She knew she would grow up—and like all women, all too soon. In the meantime, why, what could mean more than the fact that you were young?

That was hardly five years ago. Today Jean Simmons is in Hollywood and when her friends telephone her at home, or at her dressingroom suite at 20th Century-Fox Studios, they often begin with, "Is this 'Dreadful' Simmons?"

"Righto!" Jean will admit. "That's me!"

It's a joke, of course, yet it is founded on the supposition that Jean, if you didn't know any better than to believe local gossip, is a frosty-natured gal ready to bite off the head of anyone who wants to be friendly.

In England, people used to like to crowd around her and reporters always asked, "What's up, Jean? Been any place important? Got any plans we ought to know about?" In Hollywood most of them now tell each other that she is quite unapproachable, quite uncooperative. Some—and she has to smile about this, especially—even say it is because she is English—"and so reserved, you know." And there are newspaper people and writers who have advised each other: "Don't (*Continued on page 70*)

the secret romance of Marlon and Movita

Here at last is the real story of Marlon's flight from fear—and the story of the one girl who has helped him find peace!

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ Marlon Brando is not a happy man. By nature a non-conformist, he is confused, tormented and supersensitive.

Like all men, he seeks contentment and laughter and joy. He decided to invite his best friends to a small party. He called Wally Cox, the Mr. Peepers of TV, Phil and Marie Rhodes, Sydney and Sandra Armes, all show folk, and ask them to meet him and Movita at his apartment in New York's Carnegie Hall Building.

The purpose of the gathering was "to celebrate my three years of friendship with Movita."

It was a warm and wonderful and unforgettable party, because everyone there understood that the keynote was love, the kind of love which is all too rare, the kind of love that calls for courage and sacrifice and gives pleasure and pain.

The guests danced and drank and sang, and toward the night's end, Marlon Brando and Movita Castaneda found themselves relatively alone in a dimly-lit corner of the studio.

Marlon slipped one arm around Movita's waist and his other hand into his pocket—to find his gift for Movita. It was a beautiful ring with a cluster of little diamonds. Marlon took Movita's hand and slipped the ring onto her marriage finger.

"This is our three-year friendship ring," he said softly.

Movita gulped hard and her eyes grew moist with tears.

"Thank you, darling," she whispered. "Thank you." And then she kissed him (*Continued on page 88*)

SALT WATER DILLIES

Left to right the non-bathing beauties are: Kim Novak, Scott Brady, Bob Francis, May Wynn (at whose Malibu Beach cottage party took place).

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BEACH TO HELP PEOPLE FORGET THEIR TROUBLES—ESPECIALLY IF THEY'RE FOUR

■ A butterfly with too much flitting to do ceases to believe he is a butterfly. That's what happens now and then to movie stars. It's a butterfly's life but they do get fed up with endless memorizing of dialogue, endless terrific love scenes with people they don't know very well, and equally endless nights of dressed-up premières and fancy parties at nightclubs.

A Modern Screen editor fell to talking with old friend Scott Brady about this situation. Said old friend Scott, restlessly, "I'd like to do something *different*, meet some new people."

"I think," the editor said, "I have an idea. You are always beefing that we magazine people put too much emphasis on the glamorous side of life in Hollywood and that we don't give enough of a break to the exciting young newcomers. Why don't we kill two birds with one rock? We'll let you cook the spaghetti dinner you're always bragging about and we'll let *you* introduce some youngsters who are going to be the big stars of tomorrow. What do you say?"

"Well, golly," was the first thing Scott said. "This is the millenium or whatever you call small miracles. I accept with pleasure."

The next afternoon Mr. Brady, whose arrival and departure time at gatherings

Columbia's Kim Novak was Scott Brady's blind date for the day; 20 years old, she began to act to combat an inferiority complex.

May Wynn worked with Bob Francis in *The Caine Mutiny,* took her new name from role in that film. Original name: Donna Lee Hickey.

The girls' idea of a walk on the beach turned out to be a ride for them and a marathon for the fellows—who managed to prove that their biceps were not mere stage effects. Ride ended when Kim spotted stray dog (below), jumped off for a closer look.

YOUNG STARS AND HAVEN'T ANY.

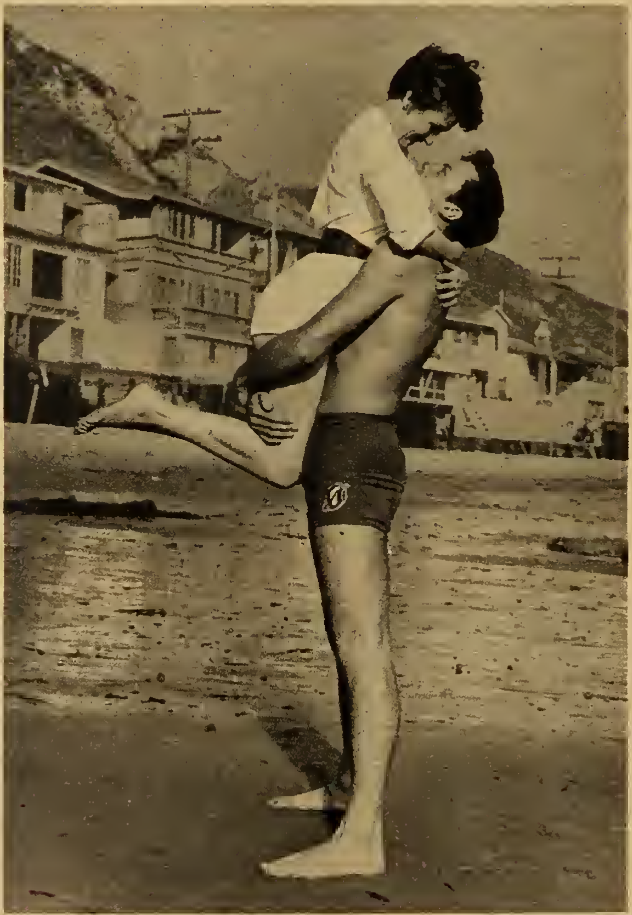
usually is highly indefinite, slid his big convertible to a stop outside May (*The Caine Mutiny*) Wynn's neat little Malibu Beach home at two-thirty—a half hour before he was expected. He unloaded the precious ingredients for his spaghetti dinner and perched them on the back doorstep along with himself.

The sea gulls may have had the impression that this man was talking to himself. And *(Continued on next page)*

turn page for more pictures

"When I was a kid," Kim said, looking longingly after departing pooch, "my sister and I kept a sign in the window—'Stray Animals Welcome!' We were mobbed with them—I guess they could read!"

"I'll find you an animal," Scott told Kim, produced a starfish from the Malibu rocks. Net result: both girls fled and even Bob looked skeptical, finally left Scott to continue his nature studies alone.



"She eats like a horse," Bob said admiringly when asked to describe May, "and she has a twenty-inch waistline!" An ex-model and chorus girl, May always planned on a show business career.

(Continued from page 49) he was. He was making a mental check of his supplies against his simple, perfect menu, to wit:

SPAGHETTI
with meat sauce and grated Parmesan cheese
GARLIC BREAD
OLIVES AND CELERY
TOSSED GREEN SALAD
DESSERT
Large slices of chilled fresh pineapple served on long lollipop sticks
COFFEE
(served on the beach, hot and strong)

By the time the gang arrived, the impatient Mr. Brady had pulled a screen off a rear window to make his own entrance. Miss Wynn, jumping out of her own convertible, said to him: "If I didn't suspect that you're Scott Brady, I'd blow a whistle and have the Malibu gendarmes toss you in the local jug."

"That," said Mr. Brady, pulling one long leg from inside the window, "will not be necessary, Miss Wynn, and how do you do?"

With the aid of a key, May let them both in and in a moment they were joined by Bob Francis (who takes his bow in a personal story on page 55) and Kim Novak, the voomy type blonde ex-model who began her career wearing one of Rita Hayworth's slinky black dresses in *The Killer Wore A Badge.*

They were all friends (*Cont'd on page 81*)

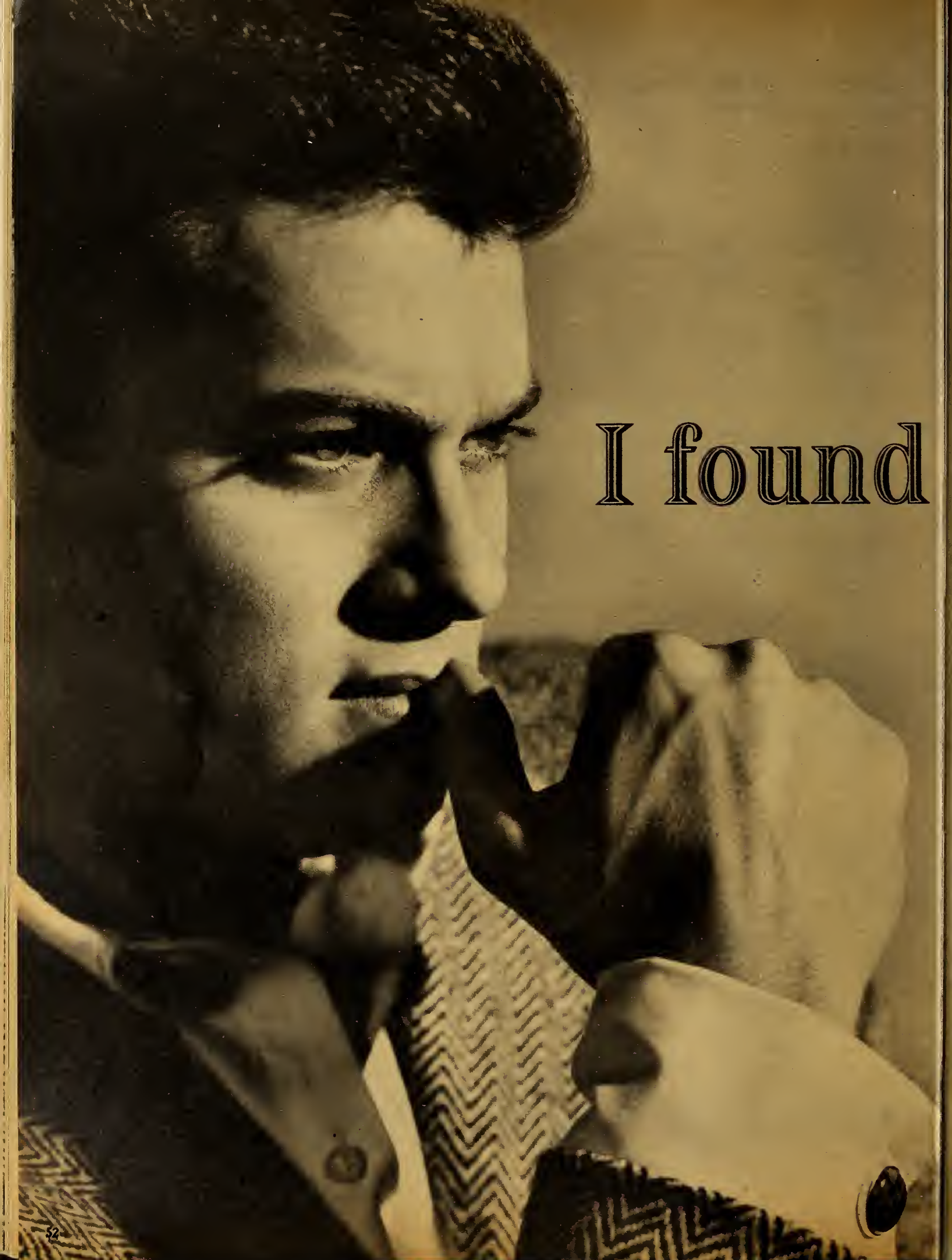
At sundown the kids headed for the house. All afternoon Scott begged for Kim's phone number, finally got it. Now there's talk of romance!

IN MAY'S COTTAGE SCOTT DISAPPEARED INTO THE KITCHEN AND PRODUCED ONE OF HIS JUSTLY FAMOUS HOMEMADE SPAGHETTI DINNERS

"There is a knack," Scott explained to Kim, "of eating as well as cooking a good spaghetti dinner!" and proceeded to demonstrate.

Dessert (fresh pineapple slices on lollipop sticks) looked so attractive that the girls insisted on having it on the table throughout the delicious meal.

After dinner the girls traded life stories, then (to their own surprise) persuaded the fellows to do dishes before the party broke up.



I found

by Tony Curtis

Tony's father and mother, Helen and Manuel Schwartz, see a great deal of their son and daughter-in-law, often bring son Bobby to watch Tony work. The difference between Tony's religion and Janet's has created no conflicts, they say.

God in the streets

In one of New York's toughest tenement districts Tony Curtis learned many things— among them love and kindness and faith— and to know himself!

■ In the sections of New York where I was born and grew up I always had to count on competition. I learned even as a small boy that if I as much as stepped part way out of my shoes somebody would be sure to shove me all the way out so he could step into them. Seeing to it that nothing sudden happened to me took most of my time and I had little left to waste on worrying about the other guy.

Maybe I would have gone on like that if it weren't for a strange thing that had no right to take place in a tough neighborhood—but did every now and then. For no reason at all that I could see, and in cases where he couldn't possibly benefit or be rewarded for it, a fellow would help his fellow man. Some dope! I would think, and try to forget about it. But sometimes it would stick in my mind and bother me.

Instead of thinking that the man who had received help was lucky, I found myself envying the fellow who had gone to all the trouble to help him. Somehow he had gained something. What? I used to puzzle over it and try to hammer my head back to where it would operate right. Gradually, over the years, I began to feel and understand the wonder of helping the other guy; why it was even better than getting helped, and that it was the human heart at work. In time I even knew that the heart meant the soul and that even here, in the tenement canyons of New York, God was around.

I got real smart at figuring out why people did certain things. (After I got to Hollywood I learned that the better the writer the more he knows about the same thing, that is, the motivation behind people's deeds.) And I realized that there was not only unselfish action—there could be such a thing as unselfish thinking!

I remember one day in school when a pencil box was stolen and the teacher found it in my desk. She asked me why I had stolen it. I blazed up at her and denied the theft. I was so angry about her accusation, so fiery about it, and sounded so convincing that I almost convinced myself I was innocent. We stood there, face to face, and it was a horrible, ugly moment. Suddenly the teacher said something that just took the whole floor from under me.

"Oh, I've made a big mistake if you say you didn't take it," she cried. "I'm sorry. I apologize!" *(Continued on page 81)*

NEW

PAT CROWLEY

PERT AND PRETTY, PAT DECIDED TO BE AN ACTRESS WHEN HER SISTER SAID SHE TALKED TOO MUCH! ■ **by Alice Hoffmann**

■ Pat Crowley and two other young New York actresses found themselves in Hollywood facing a horrible weekend of suspense. Paramount Pictures had brought them west, put them up at the same hotel (where they met each other for the first time) and then tested each one for a lead role in a movie which was to star William Holden, Ginger Rogers and Paul Douglas. The tests were over by a Thursday morning and the girls were told they would have to wait around until Monday before finding out which was the lucky one.

By late Thursday afternoon Pat Crowley, a dark-haired Irish girl whose beauty is as vivid as her name is plain, decided something must be done and she was the one to do it. She telephoned the others.

(*Continued on page 86*)

BOB FRANCIS

MOVIES' NEWEST, BIGGEST, BLONDEST GIANT WAS PULLED OFF A PAIR OF SKIS TO STAR IN HIS FIRST FILM. ■ by Kirtley Baskette

■ Where did this Bob Francis come from? That is the question Hollywood citizens are asking each other.

One writer was talking to Columbia Pictures' publicity department. "I can't understand how I've missed him! What pictures has he made?"

"No other pictures. This is his first."

"What Broadway plays?"

"He's never seen Broadway."

"Oh, I get it," she brightened, "television!" Wrong again—no TV. Radio? Never in his life.

Stubbornly, she ran out the list: Little theatre? (*Continued on page 71*)

who needs men?

(Continued from page 41) him to see it, because that's the kind of picture I want to concentrate on. Comedy. Well, yes, singing and dancing, too, but musical comedy. Not just ingénues. I *hate* playing ingénues.

"When Red Skelton was on the lot, we used to talk about a picture we wanted to make together. About clowns. A father-and-daughter clown act—with a plot, too, of course. Very sad plot. But I'd love to play a part like that.

"Know the kind of comedy Lucille Ball does? The cream pie-in-the-face routine? Crazy! The living end! Love it. Have *I* ever had a pie in the face?" she winks broadly. "Had to practice, you know. Dick Powell calls me his clown in baggy britches. He's a great man. People ask me who is the greatest talent in Hollywood, I say 'Dick Powell.' I *love* him. He's just like a big, woolly bear.

"You know how *busy* he is? He's only producing, directing and acting; he's only making a couple of million a year to say nothing of his interests outside the industry. And he takes time to call me on the phone. Just calls and says, 'Whatcha doing?' I tell him whatever it is, and then he says, 'Well, don't let them work you too hard, Deb. Don't do too much. You have to take some time out for rest and relaxation.' Imagine! He's the greatest. And June and those two kids—it's a perfect marriage, a perfect family. He's given her such a feeling of security. That's what I need, what I'll have to have in my marriage.

"Of course, I'm much more fortunate than most. Because of the closeness of my family, I've had emotional security all my life. I've grown up with it. And if I didn't find it in my marriage, I'd be more lost than the person who had never had it. See what I mean? By the way, aren't we going to talk about my love life today? Too bad. I had such a scoop for you, too!

"No, I was only kidding. No romance of mine would ever be of the 'scoop' variety. You know, when I'm not working, I go out a lot. I really enjoy it; it gives me a chance to be with boys I like and I love to dance. But it isn't everything. Sometimes I don't go out at all. I remember once, last year or the year before, when I didn't have a date for eight months. I was taking lessons every night, voice, singing, dancing, and when you work that hard, you either don't have time or you're too tired for dating. I've been goofing off for about six months now, having a ball, and I'm glad to be back at work. I have plenty to do.

"My next big project is a nightclub routine. I have very definite ideas about that. I think you really have to knock yourself out, give them everything you've got, stay out there *almost* but not quite as long as the audience wants you. Don't overstay your welcome, but don't let them go away feeling a little cheated. I spent the weekend in Las Vegas with Bob Neal and his mother, and we went to Danny Thomas' opening. What a talent! The living end—the greatest. I want to be able to hold an audience like he does.

"People have the idea that you can whip a show together in six weeks or something. That's crazy. It takes *years* to put a really good show together, and mine has to be sensational right from the beginning. I'd *hate* to be just a movie actress coming out to sing them a couple of dumb little songs. I want to knock 'em dead, lay 'em in the aisles.

"Maybe I'll do an act alone or maybe with a couple of boys. I haven't decided yet. I'm going to try to talk Roger Edens into writing some special material for me, an opening number. He wrote a song for me that's the living end. People ask me who's the greatest talent in Hollywood, I say 'Roger Edens.' Absolutely the greatest.

"My biggest problem is finding hit songs from old shows. My education has been badly neglected in that department. As far as I was concerned, New York was eight thousand miles away, and since Broadway didn't have anything to do with movies, it was nowhere. So I really need a lot of filling in on show tunes."

A FRIEND OFFERED her a file of same, and Debbie said instantly, "I'll take it—and I'll cherish it, too, because I know how people feel about their hobbies. You know, once I loaned my monkey collection to a hobby exhibit. I had monkeys from everywhere in the world that I've been and some that friends brought me and fans sent me. I loved every one of them. Well, these people promised to take good care of them, but while they were on exhibit two of my monkeys were stolen. What could they do to make up for that? They gave me first prize. I said, 'Thanks a lot,' and pinned the ribbon on one of my monkeys—but I don't lend them out any more. That's why I say I understand how much a person's hobby means, and I'll take good care of your song collection if you'll trust me with it.

There is the tape from the time the sound effects failed in a dramatic skit on WOR in NY: "And so I'm going to shoot you through the head." Silence. "This time I'm really going to shoot you through the head." Silence again. "Instead I'm going to cut your throat." Two shots.

Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter

"Sure, I still collect monkeys. People still send me live ones, too, but mother sends them right back. She says, 'We have the parakeets and Tour Jeté (the dog) and you in the house. That's enough!' See how she classifies me with the rest of the animals? We had a cat, too, Michael O'Flaherty Reynolds, but we had to give him up. He was too mean, the living end! He used to hide under the furniture or behind the door, and every time Mother went by he'd run out and grab her by the leg or bite her. He used to let me hold him for about seven seconds when he felt like it, because he knew that I was supposed to be his mistress. After that—look out!"

SHE TALKS on and on and, after a time, one can see that this talk has a pattern, an unconscious purpose. You should be amused. Debbie grins, frowns, leers, mugs; every thought wears a different expression of drollery. Her hands are never still, her hair literally stands on end, and her pleasure is evident when you are amused. Debbie is inwardly a clown. With or without the baggy britches, she's always on stage, always knocking herself out for the reward of a smile.

Like great clowns before her, Debbie's compulsion to keep us laughing hides a deep sensitivity that she doesn't want exposed. She can be wounded—oh, yes, her heart isn't scar-proof—but instinctively she knows that we gratefully accept her great talent for tickling us and dig no deeper into Debbie Reynolds. Let the world believe she's a crazy, happy little kid who can belt a song, dance up a storm and make more faces than her monkeys, and the world lets the inner girl go her way in peace.

She's a tiny one who doesn't believe in her own talents half as much as you do. Because she became a star practically overnight, she isn't at all convinced that she's deserving of a place so high and she works twice as hard to stay there. You'll find her real feelings somewhere in the bright chatter that was calculated to make you smile. She shows her palms, covered with brutal blisters because she has worked out so strenuously on the bars for her role in *Athena*.

Debbie's eyes may be on the stars, but her feet are planted pretty firmly on the ground. She has a curiously ancient wisdom, knowing without being old enough to have learned it that in the end we pay for everything we get. If not in the beginning, then in the end. She didn't have to labor much to become Miss Burbank of 1948, and her subsequent movie contracts followed as a result of that contest—but how many girls who win contests of one kind or another actually become stars? Far from being a crazy kid, Debbie is a very bright little character who could read the handwriting on the wall more easily than most. Something was wrong. Getting into the movies had been too easy. Then she saw it. Because she had got in so easily, she was going to have to work like the dickens to prove her right to stay there. Hollywood was justifiably blasé about flash-in-the-pan contest winners.

DEBBIE WAS still pretty new at the acting game when she discovered that it isn't all cakes and ale. She sat down all alone, there at the crossroads of her life, to decide which way it would go. If she had decided to take the road away from movies, she would have chucked the career without a backward glance, because that's the way she is. She would have knocked herself out in the interest of other things, because she isn't capable of half-hearted participation. Once she decided that a career in pictures was what she wanted, that it would be worth all the blood, sweat and tears, she began to give it a full measure of each.

It takes a full measure. Those blistered little hands will bleed before she willingly gives up working on the bar. Her practice clothes will be plastered to her back and her hair will be clinging damply to her forehead before she is satisfied with her dance routines. And there'll be tears, too, though you will never see them, and it's entirely possible that even her own family won't know when her throat is aching and her eyes sting with salt.

Once there was a role in a picture that Debbie wanted in the worst way. Different from anything she had ever done, non-musical, it would give her a chance to display whatever genuine acting ability she possessed. When she won the part, Deb was happy. Than this there is no happier. She glowed, she sparkled, she danced on the wind, she bubbled inwardly as she has always done on the surface. She had worked hard and now she was rewarded.

And then another actress took over the role when she thought beyond doubt that the coveted picture was hers.

Debbie didn't throw a temperamental tantrum—she wouldn't know how. But she couldn't make the little clown come to life, either. The loss was too painful and it came too quickly, before she could throw those defenses up. That day, for the first and perhaps for the only time, Hollywood saw Debbie disarmed—without the shield of a wry grin and a comic answer.

In a quiet voice she agreed with the executives who broke the news to her that the more experienced actress would probably do a whale of a job. That was the gesture of a good sport. And then she added evenly, "I hope you'll never again ask me to give up anything that means as much as this role meant to me." These were the tears.

SHE ISN'T BITTER—never bitter—but the experience taught her something. So that she says now, "I've tested twice for *Oklahoma*. I'd really love to play that role, to do Ado Annie, but from the beginning I've somehow known inside myself that I wasn't going to get it. So, I'll keep doing tests as long as they ask me, but when they cast somebody else, I'm not going to be disappointed. I just know."

She isn't going to hope again in that particular way. She hoped too hard once and got hurt, and she's too smart a girl to need two belts over the head where one will suffice. Nobody knows whether Debbie ever took a belt over the heart because she isn't saying.

She continues to confound—and even irritate—the biographers of Hollywood by refusing to follow the patterns of behavior they expect. By this time success certainly should have gone to her little round head. Instead of which she does pretty much what she has always done.

She doesn't spend money like a drunken sailor, nor buy and wreck Cadillacs, nor make headlines by her contractual disagreements with MGM. She refuses to elope and divorce or even engage and disengage. The girl is twenty-two years old, for heaven's sake, and she still doesn't drink or smoke!

The columnists and feature writers have cooed about how refreshing it was to have this natural little person in our midst in tones so sugary that it took a steady hand to read the stories after a while. Nothing happened, except that Debbie went on working and improving as an actress, doing outside the studio the things she had always done.

Then they took the opposite tack. When, they asked sourly, was this girl going to grow up? Wasn't she a little old to be climbing trees? If Debbie was stung by their ridicule of her Girl Scout activities, of the fact that she played the French horn, she gave no indication. The grin stayed on straight, her talents continued to blossom and she went her own way.

THE FINAL BLOW to the scoffers has been the steadfast loyalty of the boys Debbie dates. They, too, have been ridiculed—for robbing the cradle, for enjoying the company of a girl who considers a weinie roast as much fun as a première, for having their romantic appeal passed over by a girl who says, "I can take a good night kiss or leave it alone." According to their standards, little Miss Reynolds ought to be a one-date girl, but the most eligible bachelors in town keep coming back. She can have her choice of dates any night of the week and if it happens to be one of the periods when she's working or studying, they'll try again in three months or six. It seems strange, to say the least, in a town where eligible young males are at a premium, but that's the way the ball bounces. Debbie's ball, anyhow.

An erudite local disc jockey announced a record, "The music is by George Gershwin and lyrics by his lovely wife, Ira."

Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter

Maybe she's too busy forging a career to think of romance, as she says. And maybe she got clobbered once, as she isn't saying. Anyway, Debbie Reynolds isn't going to have one of those early, scalded-over-with-scandal marriages spawned by the dizzy pace of kids who don't know enough to come in out of the glamour.

It isn't that she's rebellious in not doing the tragic expected; it's just that she wouldn't be Debbie if she did. **END**

Here's the mysterious Veronique Pasanie—journaliste and traveling companion of Gregory Peck—

THE GIRL WHO CAME TO INTERVIEW

One of the very few photos ever taken of Greg and Veronica, this rare picture was snapped near Paris.

■ One of the most camera-shy girls in Europe is Gregory Peck's mysterious French-Russian-Italian friend. Veronica Pasanie.

This photograph was snapped at Orly Airport outside Paris. Tired and drawn from the long flight, Greg and Veronica had just returned from Ceylon and were walking toward the Immigration Office to have their passports checked. Veronica removed the dark glasses she usually wears and an alert photographer dashed out, clicked his shutter and disappeared.

Until recently, Veronica, traveling under various names, has had an easy time avoiding publicity. But after a couple of years of tracking her in London, Paris, St. Moritz, the French Riviera and Ceylon, the press is able to recognize her. One photographer said, "No girl can go around with Gregory Peck and hide behind sunglasses forever!"

Veronica first met Greg two years ago when, as a cub reporter for the Paris *Presse*, she was assigned to interview him. Greg was as gracious as usual—so gracious, in fact, that she decided to do a sequel in Rome where Greg had gone to make *Roman Holiday*.

What with all the interviewing, Greg's wife Greta took the three Peck sons, Jonathan, Stephen and Carey Paul, back to California. Then the press quite naturally became more curious about Greg's friendship with Veronica.

"She's just a girl I met in Paris," he said. "Nothing serious. I see her once in a while—just like any old friend."

When Veronica turned up in Ceylon with Greg while he was making *The Purple Plains*, reporters asked why.

"I think she came out here," was the far from inevitable reply, "to buy some tea for her mother."

Veronica says, "Gregory Peck is a good friend and I am a *journaliste* and this is my own private business and I will answer no questions about it."

Her friends say, "Veronique is a shrewd girl and she expects that Greg will divorce his wife eventually and marry her." Veronica, twenty-one years old, lives with her mother in a small Parisian apartment on Avenue Franklin Roosevelt.

As for Peck, he is scheduled to be in London now to work with John Huston on a re-make of *Moby Dick*. After a two-week visit with his wife and children in Hollywood, he is still keeping his own counsel about his private decisions—if any.

heading for a wedding?

(*Continued from page 33*) said that he escorted two girls.

Rock grinned. "I took my mother and Betty."

Despite the diplomacy, the hedging, the shying away from any talk about marriage, Betty Abbott is the number one girl in Rock Hudson's life.

LAST YEAR when Rock came down with a near-ruptured appendix and had to be rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation it was Betty Abbott who stayed at his bedside. Rock kept referring to her as "Nurse Nancy."

After the surgery, Rock urged Betty to go to Europe for her vacation. He knew she had been planning this first trip abroad for years. Betty demurred. Rock insisted. Betty finally went.

While she was crossing the Atlantic, the steward notified Betty that there was a radio call for her. The shore-to-ship operator out of New York was trying to get in touch with her. Not knowing what to expect, the attractive blonde ran to the phone.

It was Rock calling from Hollywood. "Having any laughs?" he asked.

Betty was delighted. What a considerate thing for Rock to do! He had thought she might be lonely aboard ship.

When Betty arrived at her hotel in London, weary from the trip up from Southampton, there was still another surprise. She found her room bedecked with flowers. Was this typical British hotel hospitality? No. The British *are* hospitable, but attached to one red rose was a card. On it was written, "Have fun! Rock."

Presently Betty phoned him from Europe. These transatlantic phone calls are expensive, and most people don't make them just to pass the time of day. There was need here for the sound of loved voices, the communication of kindred souls, the reassurance that one was thinking of the other no matter how vast the separation.

A few weeks later when Rock was down at Laguna Beach ostensibly recuperating, he went surf riding. The surf of the Pacific gets pretty rough, even for a six-foot, four-inch giant like Hudson. A wave caught the actor, upset his surfboard and banged him into a jutting boulder.

Result: a collar bone broken in three places, an ambulance ride from the Emergency Hospital in Laguna to St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, and eight long weeks of convalescence.

Betty Abbott was notified of the accident and she came back from Europe in a hurry. She denies that she cut short her trip because she was worried about Rock, but her friends tell it differently.

"Of course she was worried," one of her close relatives insists. "After all, she and Rock have known each other for years. He lives just over the hill and he takes her to work each morning. Whenever he possibly can, he drives her home. They've been every place together. And Olive—that's Betty's mother—considers him one of the family. So naturally Betty was worried when he cracked up.

"I know that young people like to be nonchalant. It makes them feel more sophisticated. They don't want to give vent to their emotions, but Betty is very fond of Rock. Naturally, she's not going to say anything about marriage. But have you ever heard of a girl's going around with a boy on and off for five years without thinking of him as a possible husband? Of course not.

"As for Rock, I'm sure he's thought of Betty as a wife, but like many men, he's got to be shoved into marriage. I don't care what anybody says, it's women who do most of the proposing. And it so happens that Betty isn't a forward girl."

A STUDIO EMPLOYEE who knows both Betty and Rock well, is of the opinion that Rock might ask Betty to marry him while they're both in Europe this summer.

"When it was announced," he explained "that *Captain Lightfoot* was going to be shot in Ireland, Rock dropped hints all over the studio that it would be wonderful if somehow Betty could be assigned to it.

"She was. People around here like to keep Rock happy. After all, he's a pretty big noise. He doesn't throw his weight around but he *does* get 4,000 fan letters a month. *Magnificent Obsession* is doing very good business and Rock is entitled to a few favors.

"Besides, Betty is a fine script girl. She's been on—well, I'd say off-hand—at least nine of Rock's pictures. She's seen him under all kinds of pressure and she understands his moods and his ambitions.

As a matter of fact, these two young people couldn't be more perfect for each other. He is twenty-eight or twenty-nine. Betty's twenty-five or twenty-six. She's pretty; she's intelligent; she has a great figure and a nifty sense of humor. Her folks were in show business, and she knows all the problems an actor faces.

"I've been around Hollywood a long time, and I've never met a nicer kid. Matter of fact, if I weren't married, I'd marry her myself."

ROCK HUDSON uses the same sort of superlatives in talking about Betty—except that he avoids the marriage discussion. He described their first meeting.

"I was in this picture, *Bright Victory*, had a one-line or two-line bit. Didn't know what it was all about. Betty was the script girl, and one day between setups, I wandered over and started talking to her. I guess it was about acting.

"She's pretty, of course, but what really impressed me was her mind and her manner. Very knowing and very gentle.

"Lots of times you'll meet a girl who's one or the other. If she's knowing there's usually a tendency to be a little domineering. Not with Betty. I noticed that right away.

"Later on when we did other pictures together—when we were up in Oregon on *Bend Of the River*, particularly, I noticed how much at home she was everywhere—such an adaptable girl. Everyone is at ease talking to her.

"She's got a wonderful sense of humor, too. But don't get me wrong. She's just a good friend."

What Rock didn't say about his "good friend" was that he was planning a rendezvous with her and Barbara Rush in Paris before *Captain Lightfoot* got underway.

With Barbara as chaperone, Rock and Betty planned to tour France. By this time the tour should be over and they both should be working in Ireland.

Milton Berle invited Phil Silvers to drive to Long Island in his chauffeur-driven car. They were stopped by a traffic cop who examined the owner's license, peered into the back of the car and recognized the TV star. "Milton Berle, eh?" the cop smiled. "Okay Uncle Miltie, but take it easy" . . . "And you know who this is? This is Phil Silvers," Berle told the cop, who waved them on . . . "Milton," said Silvers later, "thanks for letting me take a bow."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

Whether the European vacation will change their status no one can be sure, yet.

One woman who hopes it will is Rock's mother, Mrs. Kay Olson, a woman of character, humor, understanding and beauty.

"I surely hope," Mrs. Olson says, "that Rock marries Betty if he marries anyone. I would love to have that girl as my daughter-in-law. I can't tell you how much fun we have together.

"When my son lived just opposite Betty I used to see more of her than I do now. But I know they care for each other. Really care. If Roy (Mrs. Olson refers to her son by his real name) didn't, why would he take her to all those previews, on all those dates?

"He's shy about marriage. But that's understandable in view of what he's seen in connection with me. I've been married three times. The first two were horrible nightmares. I'm very happy now, but what Roy remembers is the first two, and you can't blame him for taking his time."

Rock Hudson's father deserted his family back in Illinois when Rock was six years old. Just why he left Rock and his wife is difficult to determine. But he walked out on his wife and son and never came back.

YOUNG ROCK was thereupon sent to live with his grandmother. He was a good boy. The teachers at Skokie Grade School who remember him say he was always "big for his age but nice."

In 1933 his mother obtained a divorce on grounds of desertion, and a few years later she married a Marine. This Marine adopted Rock, legally made him his son, but Rock hated him with a fervor that has never died.

If you mention the man's name today, Rock grows livid with rage. "If I ever see him," he says, "well, I'll try to control myself but I doubt if I can do it."

Why does Rock feel this way about his stepfather? According to the actor, he was beaten mercilessly day after day for no reason whatever. And being the kind of boy he was, he never told his mother who was out working in Winnetka, supporting both him and his step-father.

"He used to beat Roy savagely," Mrs. Olson recalls, "and the boy never told me about it until after I was divorced. Then he told me everything. I feel very sorry for that man if he ever crosses Roy's path."

As a child, Rock Hudson had no happy family life, no father to go to for help or money or guidance. It's a tribute to his hard-working mother that he was graduated from New Trier Township High and that he developed into a young man of character and kindness and decency.

What he saw of marriage as a youngster has not disillusioned him but it has made him sensitive, extra careful.

BETTY ABBOTT, who was born in Rochester, New York, and reared in Los Angeles, knows what happiness marriage can bring because hers has always been a happy home life. But when Rock looks back on his younger years, he grows sullen and meditative, and he realizes how happy he is now, just by comparison.

Because he *is* happy, Rock is reluctant to change his present state. But as his wonderful mother says, "Love has a way of moving men and mountains. Nothing would please me more than to have Betty and Roy return from Europe man and wife."

With the exception of a few hundred girls in Hollywood who want Rock for themselves, most of the movie colony hopes this will come to pass. "It's a natural." **END**

"Who's been sleeping in my bed?"
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dad has his hands full

(*Continued from page 27*) Bing was pleasantly surprised. "Okay, Lin," he agreed. "I'll get you a set of clubs and we'll see how good you are."

That year Lindsay left most of his clubs strewn around the links. By December he could find only one. So Bing bought him a set of ladies' clubs because they were light and Lindsay was small. Again they got lost.

Last year Lindsay asked for some more golf clubs. Again Bing complied, but this time he paid for the clubs with the money Lindsay had earned working all summer on the Crosby cattle ranch in Elko, Nevada. Nine bucks a day.

Lindsay has not only taken scrupulous care of the golf clubs "bought with my hard-earned dough" but last summer, using those same clubs up at Hayden Lake, Idaho, he shot a seventy-two to win The Mughunters' tourney for kids.

This incident is typical of Bing Crosby's policy as a father. He will give his boys plenty of rope—and then no more. The minute one goes too far, Bing bears down.

He has said many times, "Until they're twenty-one the boys are my biggest responsibility. And I'm going to keep a watchful eye on all of them."

Bing makes it a point every few months to drop in on the deans of the various schools attended by his sons.

Phil and Denny, the nineteen-year-old twins, go to Washington State College in Pullman, Washington, which is why you read so frequently that Bing is bound for Spokane. Actually he is on his way to Pullman to visit the boys, both of whom happen to be pretty good students. They like agriculture and animal husbandry and undoubtedly will take over the Elko ranch some day. Bing visits with them about six or seven times during a collegiate year.

Of the four boys, Gary has given Bing the most worry, undoubtedly because he's the oldest, the most headstrong and, via his recordings, the most famous. He has shown a great aversion to ranch work and, at one point, to his school work.

After Gary graduated from Bellarmine Prep, a Jesuit school, his father gave him a Mercury coupe for a graduation gift. The next year when Gary was a freshman at Stanford, he spent more time in the coupe than he did in the library.

Bing pulled into Palo Alto one day and called on the dean.

"How's my boy doing?" he asked.

"After Christmas," said the dean, "I don't think he'll be with us."

Bing arched a quizzical eyebrow. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"His work," the Dean answered. "Or to put it more exactly, his lack of work."

That's all Bing had to hear. It took him about five minutes to get over to the freshman dorm, about ten minutes to take Gary's car away and lock it up in a garage, and about fifteen minutes to lay down the law of the land.

From that moment Gary began to study, and while he will never make Phi Beta Kappa, it looks as though he will be a graduate of Stanford next June.

Dixie always insisted that all her sons finish college. "After that," she used to say, "they can follow whatever profession or business they like. But first comes their education."

Bing, of course, agrees with this requirement and is constantly impressing his sons with the importance of education. Moreover, he is sure they see it his way.

He wasn't upset when the newspapers carried stories of Gary's engagement to Barbara Stanislaus, a pretty, twenty-one-year-old senior at San José College.

Doggone if it isn't *the dog days again. Hot and heavy—and there you lie, panting like a pooped pooch. Nothing to do, poor baby, but pretend you're a snow-bound Great Dane? Ah, cheer up—this is the perfect time to reach for* Modern Screen; *it's as refreshing as that glass of water you're too lazy to get. And if you're smart—you don't even have to get up to cheer up. Subscribe right away (the coupon's right below) and your copy will be delivered to your door every month without a bit of effort on your part. May seem a bit rough on the mailman—but it'll be real cool for you and save you money besides. After all, every dog must have her day—and this can be yours!*

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Asked about the incident, Bing was noncommittal. "Gary gave her his Zeta Psi pin," he said, "not an engagement ring."

When Barbara was asked if she were betrothed to Gary, she said, "No. I'm just wearing his pin. That's all."

Barbara, who is studying business administration at San José with her twin sister Beverly, has been a Crosby house guest and has dated Gary since last fall.

That Gary is sweet on her goes without saying, but when it comes to talk of marriage, he says, "I'm not saying a word."

On May 24, twenty-year-old Gary was returning from a date. Near San José he collided with a car carrying five Mexican nationals, one of whom was killed. Bing, knowing that his son would be subjected to criticism *because* he is his son, through an accident that was perhaps not his fault, drove at once from his Elko ranch to Gary's bedside to assure him of his dad's love and loyalty.

The one fault Bing will not abide is immodesty. Dixie used to accuse her husband of spoiling the boys, of "punishing them one minute and taking them to the movies the next." Bing never wants it to be said that any of his sons is spoiled or trading on the old man's glory. That's one reason it's so difficult for reporters to get any of the four boys to talk.

They know that in their own right they're not celebrities and that Bing does not like publicity. At The Mughunters' Golf Tournament last year, the teen-age girls who competed were asked what they thought of Lindsay and Gary.

The unanimous impression was, "They remind you of their father. They take golf very seriously but they've got good senses of humor. There's not one bit of snobbishness about them and only thing that makes them nervous is the flash bulbs."

Because Bing is a strict disciplinarian ("I don't know, maybe I'm too strict. But I guess it's better to be too strict than too easy.") he makes sure to toe the line himself. If he doesn't, he automatically gets some pretty rough family kidding.

Six months ago, Bing was on his way home from a party, having just dropped Mona Freeman at her house. He was heading for Holmby Hills when crash! An automobile collision. Two men in the hospital and Bing's $13,000 Mercedes folded like an accordion.

Bing still hasn't heard the last of it. When he leaves for an evening out, he is asked if he still has his learner's license, and admonished to "drive carefully and take it easy." Fortunately, the crooner can take it as well as dish it out.

Bing knows that his boys idolize him. That's why he's doubly careful in his social life these days. Since Dixie's death he has dated only four or five girls, Mona Freeman, Audrey Hepburn, Margot James and Grace Kelly, all young and discreet.

As a rule Bing stays away from nightclubs—he doesn't like to be photographed without his hairpiece—but a few weeks ago he took a chance and dropped in at Mocambo with Grace Kelly. The photographers saw him and, although he voiced his objections in no uncertain terms, the flash bulbs popped.

He was planning to take all of the boys to Europe this year. He took Lindsay last year, and six months ago he announced that the son who received the highest grades could go with him in 1954. But Gary's summer job changed all that.

In case Gary had too many problems, Bing wanted to be nearby to lend a helping hand. "I've promised, however," he says, "to take the boys to Hawaii sometime during their vacation."

Bing doesn't make a move without first checking the possible effects upon his sons.

When he's offered picture jobs overseas (and he has been offered a dozen since *Little Boy Lost*) he refuses. When he was offered $50,000 a week by one Las Vegas gambling hotel, he was a bit more emphatic. He not only said no, but he added, "I'll never be a shill for anyone to lose money."

WHEN HE STARTED going around with Mona Freeman he introduced her to all the boys so that they would bear her no unconscious grudge and wouldn't unwittingly compare her with their mother.

Bing is a good, considerate, level-headed father with definite ideas of right and wrong. Asked if he'd ever spanked any of his gang, he admitted that, "I used to let 'em have it once in a while."

The one spanking all the boys remember came as a result of their stripping their mother's canary of all its feathers. "We thought it was a cute idea," Gary recalls. "You know, just for the hot weather so that the canary wouldn't be so uncomfortable. Mother told my old man about it when he came home that night. And boy! We really caught it."

Joe Erens described a recent western film: "The Indians shot thousands of arrows, but nobody got stuck except the audience."

Earl Wilson in The New York Post

It has been years, of course, since Bing has punished any of his boys in that way; and whereas they once feared his strap, they now fear his tongue lashings. Of late, these have been remarkably few. The boys are well on their way to manhood.

As a youngster, Gary used to be something of a sorehead, particularly if he lost in a game or contest, but after three years at Stanford, he has developed a genuine graciousness and is extremely popular.

"We could understand it," one of them said, "if he threw his weight around a little. But ever since we pledged him he's been okay. He knows, I'm sure, that he can't afford to louse up his old man's great reputation. Jon Lindbergh is like that, too and so was Joan Benny, Jack's daughter—unassuming and regular."

In the Crosby household, Lindsay, a junior at Loyola High in Los Angeles, is by far the best student. Denny has the best temperament, nonchalant and easygoing, while Phil is the best athlete and Gary is heir to the Crosby voice.

BING KNOWS the strong and weak points of his kids and he treats them on a highly individual basis. He does have, however, a standard set of group punishments. For minor infractions, their TV set is taken away from one to three days. For major infractions they lose all privileges—no dates, no ball games, "no nothin'."

Bing was fifty on May 2, and the question asked him most frequently then was, "When are you getting married?" Bing's stock answer: "It's in the hands of God."

Bing's closest associates are convinced that he will find a bride within the next two or three years. Mona Freeman, it was said, had the inside track on *der Bingle's* heart until she started dating Frank Sinatra. But Mona didn't start dating Frank until Bing started dating Grace Kelly with whom he starred in *Country Girl.*

Bing has always been a man who lived by his own high standards, a set of standards, incidentally, which he has passed on to his four sons and which makes him a fine father. END

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START THE MUSIC

Diana Lynn isn't playing the blues any more!

■ Diana Lynn has not had it easy in either her career or her private life. The collapse of her marriage to John Lindsey affected her deeply, and for a long time her work provided little comfort. Producers regarded her as a successful pianist turned actress, beamed down on her delicate face and wry little smile—and cast her over and over as the sweet but misguided little other woman.

Diana hated it. She began to take little interest in her work, less in her piano, none in the bright young bachelors who asked for dates. Wanting to get away for a while, she accepted the lead in the London company of *The Moon Is Blue*—and suddenly everything changed.

The play was a hit and Diana scored a personal triumph, hailed by tough London critics as one of the few "real" actresses to come out of Hollywood.

She felt good enough to look for new worlds to conquer, so she decided to leave the cast and treat herself to a solo tour of Germany, France, Spain and Italy.

Back in Hollywood she found a few more very pleasant changes. There was a most satisfactory delayed reaction to her starring roles with Dan Dailey in *Meet Me At The Fair* and with Glenn Ford in *Plunder Of The Sun*. Television offers began to pour in. In the gaps in her suddenly happily, crowded schedule, Diana found time for the music she had almost given up. Now she's playing piano for fun . . . and enjoying herself socially as well. "It's wonderful to read the hundreds of letters from those who wish me well," she says. "And in case the word hasn't completely gone around, I'm not disheartened any more!"

james stewart: model husband

(*Continued from page 42*) ball and goes hiking. They just love to hike together. Last year they climbed to the top of some mountain in Santa Monica Canyon and hid a golf tee. Well, a week ago they hiked back to see if they could find it. They not only found it, but this time they buried two golf tees.

"Of course Jim doesn't know quite what to do with our twin girls, Judy and Kelly, because they are only three. But he surely likes holding them.

"I'm not saying this because he's my husband, but I've yet to find anyone here who doesn't genuinely like Jim."

JIMMY STEWART's behavior as a citizen, like his behavior as a husband, is a result of his background and philosophy.

In his own words, "I'm just a small-town guy with small-town values and a small-town attitude."

Jimmy tries to live in Hollywood today as he would live in Indiana, Pennsylvania.

Jim was born and reared in Indiana (population 11,743) where his father runs the hardware store. Husbands there, as he remembers, are simple, unsophisticated, hard-working, church-going providers.

Jim is very much like them. No nightclubs, no yachts, no fancy racing cars.

HE HAS MADE a lot of money, and although lavish with his family, he gives himself relatively few luxuries.

But according to his wife, "He's a camera bug. Jim has one of every kind of camera in existence. I've never seen so many cameras in my life."

Jim has always been plane-crazy. When he was a boy he took flying lessons and made model planes.

Now he owns an F-51 Mustang which has broken the coast-to-coast speed record, piloted by Joe De Bona, one of Stewart's best friends. Stewart and De Bona own a charter plane service out of Clover Field, Santa Monica. But Jim is usually too busy for pleasure flying.

"As soon as I finish one picture," he says, "seems as if there's another right behind."

STEWART IS blessed with great powers of concentration. He studies while his two stepsons are watching television, his dog Belo is barking and Gloria is talking or dancing with Judy and Kelly.

"It's absolutely incredible," says the wondering Mrs. Stewart, "how Jim can study while any kind of racket is going on. I think this concentration is responsible for his absent-mindedness.

"You've heard of the absent-minded professor? Well, Jim is the original.

"I love him and he's wonderful, but after the twins were born and he was supposed to take me home from the hospital, he almost *forgot* about it!"

He drove to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, all right. The nurse said she would take Mrs. Stewart's gifts and bags to the car.

"Let me help," Jim offered, whereupon he scooped up an armload of packages and headed for the elevator.

When he got to his car, Jim dumped the packages. Somehow he had started thinking about a camera he'd read about. Forgetting the nurse who was following him, her arms laden with bags, he jumped into his car and drove to a camera store.

The salesman was demonstrating.

"Here's one," he announced, "that even your wife can work."

"My wife?" Jim repeated. "Why, I've left her at the hospital!" And with that he dashed to his Chevvy and raced back to the Cedars of Lebanon.

When the nurse was talking to a hospital attendant about Jimmy's absent-mindedness, the attendant said, "That's nothing. He almost forgot to take his twins out of the hospital, too!"

Jimmy Stewart loves his family, and he hates to be separated from his wife. "That's why I got married," he once explained.

A few years ago when Jim was making *No Highway In The Sky* in England, he insisted upon taking Gloria and the two boys with him. After a few months Gloria decided to take the boys and go home to wait for the next baby. Jim had to stay.

When Gloria got home, she learned that the baby would be twins and called Jimmy in London. Jim merely said, "Wonderful, wonderful. So glad you called."

Ten minutes later he began to think about it and called her back.

"Darling!" he shouted. "Did you say *twins?*"

JIMMY LOVES old clothes and will continue to have his favorite sports coats patched and re-patched. When he orders a new suit, he will take it back to the tailor time and time again until he feels completely satisfied with it. One tailor who has worked on Stewart's clothes says, "You can't believe it. He seems so easy-going and he speaks slow and soft. But if his collar is one-hundredth of an inch out of line he can't wear it!"

Pat O'Brien observed a man on the circus set of *Ring of Fear* who was thoughtfully looking at the camels. He picked up a straw, placed it on the camel's back and waited. Nothing happened. "Wrong straw," the man mumbled as he walked away.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

His wife says, "You'd expect him to be grumpy once in a while, but in the five years we've been married, Jim has always been pleasant.

"He always does his best to please and he never forgets anniversaries or birthdays. He's given me cars and diamonds and so many things. And lots of times, he's very cute about the way he gives things.

"For example, he'll buy me a red cashmere sweater. On the box he'll write, 'This is a red cashmere sweater.' Then he'll hand the box to me and say, 'Put this away some place. It's a gift for you, and I don't want you to know what's in it.'"

Gloria finds it very difficult to buy gifts for Jim. So far she has given him two presents that she's satisfied with—two paintings by Utrillo.

Jimmy Stewart is a fine artist. As a boy he developed a marked talent for sketching. At Mercersburg Academy, he was art editor of *The Karux*, the school yearbook, for three years.

He is also a good accordionist and pianist. At Princeton he played an accordion solo, "So Beats My Heart For You," in his first Triangle Club musical. The Falmouth Players, a stock company in Massachusetts, relied on his accordion, too. Now, it lies hidden somewhere in the cellar, and Jim plays the piano at home. This simple family entertainment—playing for the kids to sing—is his idea of a good time. And because it is, he has never become the prototype of the sought-after movie hero.

Before Gloria married Jimmy she was told that he was shy, that she would have to bring him out of his shell. She found that he is not shy, exactly. He has great humility and respect for others. And he will not compromise on his principles.

He doesn't believe in making "problem" pictures, for example. No matter how much money he is offered he refuses to star in such films. Nor will he discuss politics for publication. Nor will he permit his own war record to be exploited.

JIM WAS ONE of the first screen stars to enter the service. On March 22, 1941, nine long months before Pearl Harbor, he became a private in the Air Force. A year later, because of his previous flying experience, he was commissioned.

As an officer he served first as a pilot instructor. Early in the war he was sent overseas with the Eighth Air Force. In December, 1943, and early 1944, he flew on spectacular raids over Bremen and Berlin. He led his bomber squadron on the famous aircraft factory raid over Brunswick, Germany, for which he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. At the end of the war Jim was a colonel commanding a bomber wing.

There is no star in Hollywood whose service record can top Stewart's but, of course, Jimmy will not talk about his service record for publication. He has a deep love for the Air Force. That's why he made time to star in *Strategic Air Command.*

Jimmy Stewart is one of the most faithful of Hollywood's church-goers. Drop in at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church any Sunday, and chances are that you will find Jimmy down front singing hymns and his two stepsons, Ronnie and Mike, passing the collection plates. Mrs. Stewart will be teaching a Sunday School class.

Jim was brought up to attend church regularly. He insists upon each member of his immediaite family's fulfilling the same requirement. Religion to him is a fundamental part of existence and while he doesn't talk about it, he can always be recruited for a good cause.

He believes in work, too.

"Some actors consider Hollywood a lark. To me, making pictures is a career. I give it everything I've got. It's a serious business, and I like to keep busy in it."

BEFORE JIMMY agrees to star in a film he studies the script industriously. He makes suggestions to the producer, not only about his part but about others. He has amazed directors by saying, "I've got too many lines. My part should be cut."

Jimmy is always vitally interested in the success of an entire production, for the good reason that he usually works for a low salary and a percentage of the profits.

Except for *Harvey,* this gamble has paid him well. He has about $4,000,000. Jim made *The Glenn Miller Story* for no salary but fifty per cent of the profit. He'll probably earn $2,000,000 on this one production.

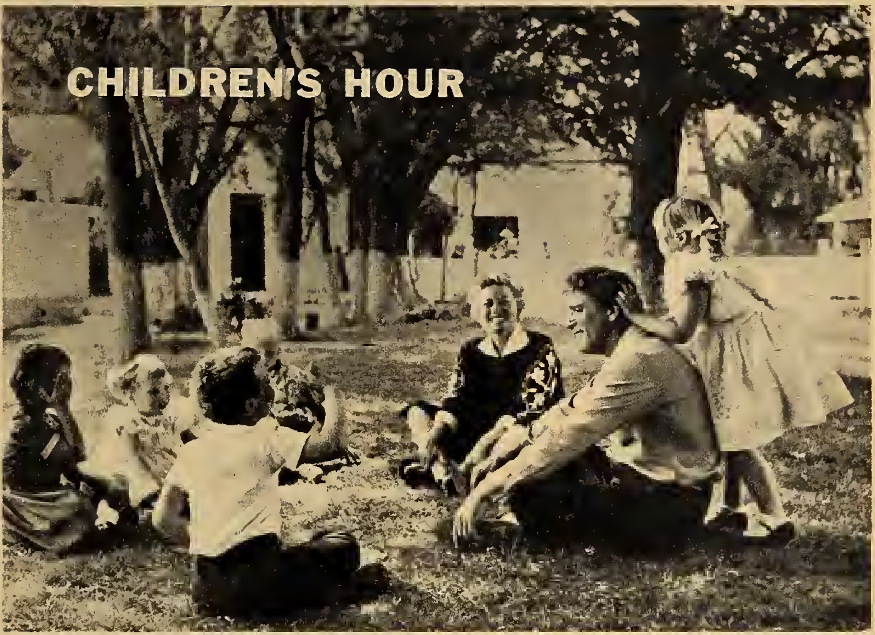
He does not believe in squandering his money. Before he invests his surplus funds he has his business manager, Guy Gadbois, investigate all the angles of any particular proposition. As a result, Jim has a considerable fortune in cattle, oil, real estate, TV and several other lines.

You read a lot about big-city guys who invade small towns, bringing with them their fancy ideas, store-boughten suits and immoral ways. In the end, of course, after disrupting and corrupting a good percentage of the townsfolk, they are converted to paths of righteousness and become quite homey. But there's a different twist to the Jimmy Stewart story. This one features a small town boy who made his way to one of the noisiest cities in the world and climbed quietly to the top without a noticeable change in his habits. Jimmy hasn't reformed anyone and he hasn't tried—but if his home and his homelife seem a little set apart from the run of the Hollywood mill establishments—well, they are. As far as his way of life goes, inasmuch as it can be said of any guy with a few million dollars. Mr. Stewart has never left home! **END**

On screen, Burt Lancaster is rough and tough. Off screen, his kids decided, a really talented mob of desperadoes could take him on!

CHILDREN'S HOUR

Photographed in Mexico, on location for United Artists film, Vera Cruz.



Following a diabolical plot, James Stephen (back to camera) distracts Pop while Susan Elizabeth attacks from behind. Mom, William Henry, Joanna and a friend try to look innocent.

A treacherous moll, Susan Elizabeth assures Pop she has repented—but she's just stalling for time while the mob prepares!

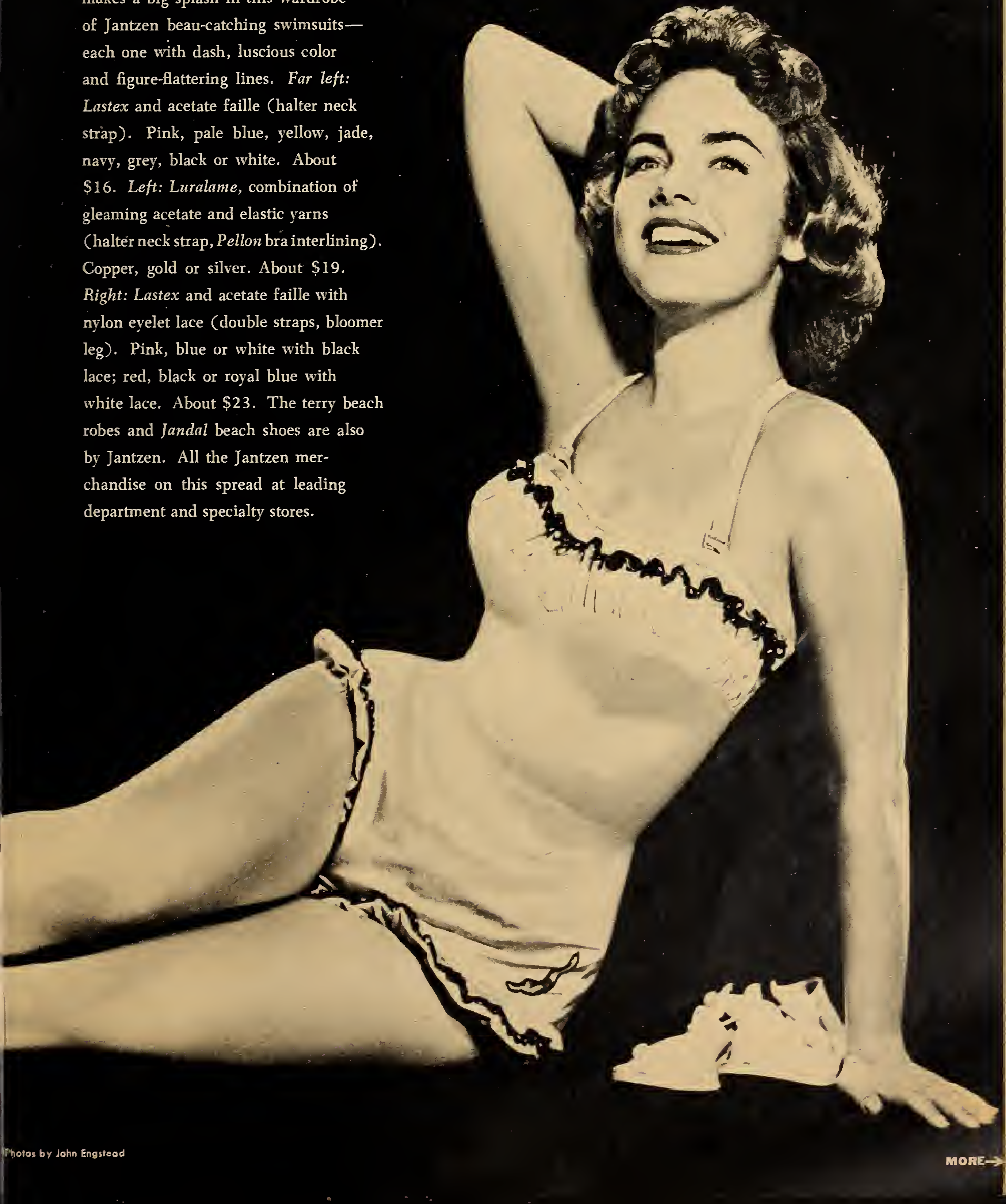
William Henry (dangerous gang leader known as Somewhat Toothless) leads the mob in a surprise leap on—and off—Pop's back.

Foiled in the mass attack, James Stephen fights it out man-to-man with Pop while Susan Elizabeth stands by to patch up the loser.

"It was a tough fight, Ma, but I made it!" Victorious as usual, Burt returns to Norma for congratulations—and to catch his breath.

Belle of the Beach

■ Eye-appeal, that's the ticket! Twentieth Century-Fox star Terry Moore makes a big splash in this wardrobe of Jantzen beau-catching swimsuits—each one with dash, luscious color and figure-flattering lines. *Far left: Lastex* and acetate faille (halter neck strap). Pink, pale blue, yellow, jade, navy, grey, black or white. About $16. *Left: Luralame,* combination of gleaming acetate and elastic yarns (halter neck strap, *Pellon* bra interlining). Copper, gold or silver. About $19. *Right: Lastex* and acetate faille with nylon eyelet lace (double straps, bloomer leg). Pink, blue or white with black lace; red, black or royal blue with white lace. About $23. The terry beach robes and *Jandal* beach shoes are also by Jantzen. All the Jantzen merchandise on this spread at leading department and specialty stores.



Photos by John Engstead

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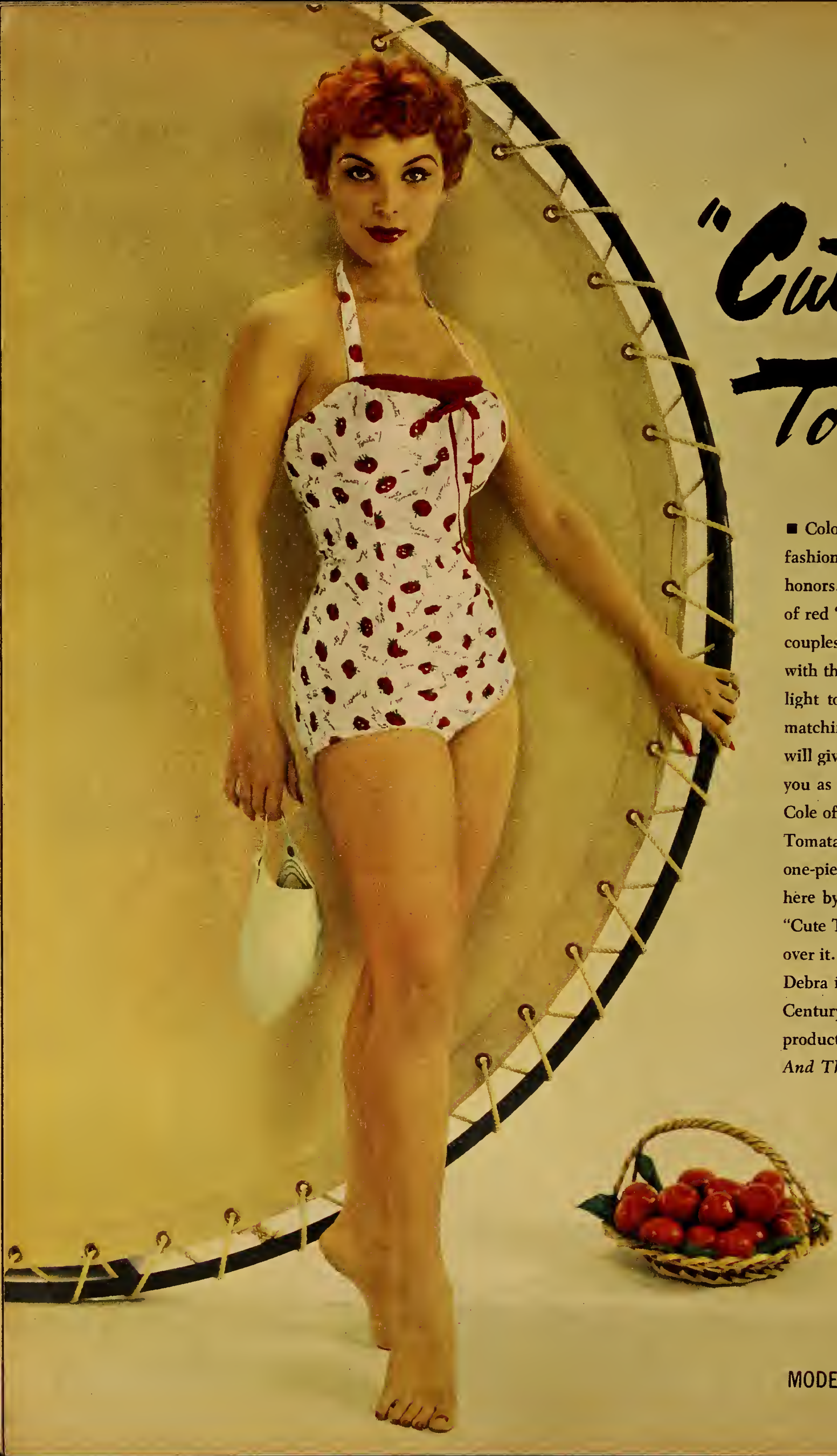

"Cute Tomata"

■ Color, the sweetheart of fashion, challenges style for top honors. A sizzling new shade of red "Cute Tomata" by Cutex couples the fire of the sun with the mellowness of moonlight to create a nailpolish and matching lipstick color that will give plenty of dash to you as well as all your clothes. Cole of California uses "Cute Tomata" as inspiration for the one-piece cotton swimsuit worn here by Debra Paget—it has "Cute Tomatas" dancing all over it. Swim cap by Playtex. Debra is now in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope production, *Demetrius And The Gladiators.*

(*Continued from page 29*) most certainly could, Ann explained her bundles.

"Oh, this is a television script, Louella. You know I've been doing TV right up to ten days ago when I started to show. This is the script I'm going to do a few weeks after the baby is born.

"Those other bundles are samples. I'm not taking any chances on having the wrong welcome for either a boy or a girl. The nursery so far has blue furniture, blue rug, blue wallpaper and a pink sofa—but I think I'll add a few yellow touches. My close friend, Jeanne Crain, tells me yellow has become very chic for nurseries. Jim and I want our baby to have the latest fashion gasp.

"That sample over there," she pointed to one of the bags piled on the table, "has a combination of pink, blue and yellow in a lovely organdy. And that bundle holds some *plain* diapers. You know, all the gifts I got at showers were so fancy—diapers, if you please, with rosebuds!"

Ann threw back her lovely head and laughed with a heartiness completely new in this girl who has always been so restrained and demure even when amused.

THERE ARE so many new things about Ann these days, perhaps the most noticeable being the new maturity of her beauty. Despite her pregnancy, her face is thinner, revealing the lovely bone structure.

In her soft, pale pink maternity dress with an embroidered collar and a petticoat trimmed with rhinestones she looked like a lovely modern Madonna—until she spoke. Then her down-to-earth humor, particularly about her "interesting condition," was very much that of *this* world.

"For a little while," Ann smiled, "I thought I was going to be sort of a wonder of nature, not showing my condition until the baby arrived. Until a few weeks ago I don't think you could tell I was going to have a baby, do you?"

I certainly didn't—and said so. At the Academy Awards, singing the Oscar-winning song, she looked so slender that many people criticized Donald O'Connor for remarking that the number had been sung by "Ann Blyth and family."

As I told you in *Good News* last month, the person least upset about Don's description was Ann herself! "Such a fuss about nothing," she said at the time, "since when is having a baby in bad taste? Or even mentioning the fact?"

I said, "Ann, I can't remember any girl expecting a baby who has been as busy professionally and socially as you have been while you were *enciente*, to put it Frenchily. Many about-to-be-mothers for the first time make a point of taking it easy."

"Why shouldn't I keep busy?" she asked, sipping her tea, "I've felt much too well to be idle.

"Besides, I've had such a wonderful sense of security—especially with Jim's being the fine obstetrician he is. Jim is the one who has encouraged me to keep busy as long as I felt well. Do you know," she added, her eyes wide, "I didn't even have morning sickness!

"Once in a while I've felt like being lazy," she laughingly admitted, "but my Jim kids me out of it. If I just sit for hours, doing nothing he'll say, 'Ann, do you want to have to take off a lot of weight after the baby comes?' That sets me to jumping, you can bet.

"I believe that one of the best things that happened to me was that Jim put all kinds of books on childbearing and the care of infants into my hands."

Ann went on, "I wasn't exposed to a

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lot of gossip about terrible pain or any of the old wives' tales about prenatal influence. Jim particularly insisted that I wasn't to think of myself as an invalid."

"Well, you certainly took him at his word," I laughed.

I KNEW, for instance, that while pregnant Ann had started and finished her picture, *Rose Marie;* that she had appeared on countless TV shows; that she had been rehearsing her nightclub act which she will open in Las Vegas later in the season, and she had been *flying!*

"Oh, yes," she affirmed, "we've flown to San Francisco and to Las Vegas. It was so much fun going to Las Vegas with Jim and my aunt and uncle and Mr. and Mrs. Newt Bass, from Apple Valley. We also spent a vacation there.

"You know, I think I'm going to like my nightclub experience in Las Vegas. I want to take the baby with me. I couldn't bear to leave him—or her—for a minute."

"Ann," I laughed, "you're going to be singing Irish lullabies in a streamlined fashion. Imagine finishing a song number in one of those gilded gambling palaces and then dashing backstage to give the baby its bottle."

"The baby won't be backstage. It will have the best and quietest suite in the place," she assured me.

"Do you think Jim will mind your taking the baby to Las Vegas," I asked, "or haven't you had your first argument yet with that good-looking Irishman?"

SHE SAID seriously, "No, we have never had an argument—and I hope we never have our first one. I just can't believe that every marriage has to have its ups and downs, even minor battles during which little cruel things are said. I just don't believe this is necessary where two people share love and respect *equally.*

"If Jim and I are thinking a little differently about even the smallest thing, we talk it out. It doesn't take me long to see his side and it doesn't take him long to see mine. Insisting on having one's own way all the time is sheer stubbornness."

"Ann," I said, "you are such a sensible little girl and, to me, you are still very much a little girl. Just a few years ago you were having chaperoned dates."

Ann said with dignity, "But the important thing is that *inside* my mind and heart I'm no longer a little girl, Louella. I'm a woman experiencing the most miraculous things that can happen to a woman —marriage and motherhood.

"There is not a night that goes by that I do not thank God for my womanhood. Right now I can think of nothing except my baby who will soon be here.

"I have such wonderful thoughts for him—or her. If it's a boy his name will be Timothy Patrick McNulty. Nothing would make me prouder than for him to follow in Jim's footsteps in the medical profession. But if he wants to be a trapeze artist—well, his ma will be ringside rooting for him.

"The same thing goes for Maureen Alanna—that's the name we've selected for a daughter. We found that name in an Irish book with 3000 names. If Maureen Alanna is interested in acting or singing—her parents will be happy."

I laughed, "Suppose Timothy wants to be a singer and Maureen wants to be a doctor?" I suggested. "That's the way the best laid plans of parents usually work out, Ann."

"Believe me, that's all right, too" smiled Mrs. McNulty. "All I hope is that I shall have many, many children," Ann hesitated a moment before she continued, "so I can just *mother* them."

I KNEW she was thinking of her own mother, the wonderfully kind and understanding woman who died in 1946 when Ann was in her early teens and needed her most. Her grief verged on desperation.

As though she had picked up my thought, Ann said softly, "After the first shock of losing my mother, my deepest emotion was bitterness. I thought, 'Why should this happen to me? Why, *why?*'

"But luckily, I had my Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat (Tobin), those beloved people with whom I came to live. They said to me: 'Ann, we can go just so far with you in your grief. You must find your own way. Your mother isn't lost to you if you seek her through prayer and faith and the knowledge that she is still with you forever and forever. But you cannot find her if you are bitter and nurse a sense of betrayal.'

"I know now how right they were, Louella," Ann said. "But how wonderful it is going to be to *put my arms around* my babies and hold them close and warm to—their mother! We're getting awfully serious, aren't we?"

In a lighter tone, she continued, "I don't think there's much doubt but that Jim and I will have a large family if heredity helps. Jim's parents have five sons, a daughter and twenty grandchildren."

We both laughed again—good laughter. It's very easy for Ann to laugh these days. Seemingly, she has everything in the world to make a woman happy—a fine and respected career, a family started and the devotion of her wonderful Dr. Jim.

Although Ann had been a contented girl ever since she found her way after losing her mother, I think her supreme consciousness of happiness came when she met Dr. McNulty.

"How did he happen to date you the first time?" I asked Ann.

SHE SMILED, "He did it very reluctantly. His brother, Dennis Day, asked Jim if he'd like to go to dinner with his wife and himself and he said I'd be along.

"Jim said, 'You mean Ann Blyth, the movie actress?' Dennis replied, 'That's the one.' Later, Dennis told me that Jim had said 'No, thanks'—but for some odd reason he came along."

I asked, "What first attracted you to Jim?"

"Well, first," Ann laughed, "I liked his looks. He looks so Irish with his dark hair and blue eyes and I have a weakness for the Irish.

"But almost immediately I was conscious of his kindness. I thought when I first met him, and I still think, that he's one of the kindest men I've ever known.

"It's a quality that does not always go with a young man—but I think my Jim was born with it. Dennis says so. Dennis and Jim are brothers next-to-each-other.

Who Will Win the Silver Cups?

For three months, starting with this issue, the editors will be counting your votes to determine the winners of the famous MODERN SCREEN *Popularity Awards! Don't miss your chance to vote for your favorite stars of 1954—and tell your friends to rush their ballots in, too! Be sure to fill out* all *the blank spaces below and send your ballot to us at once. Winners will be announced in the February issue, on sale January, 1955!*

I VOTE FOR ____________________ MY FAVORITE FEMALE STAR OF 1954

I VOTE FOR ____________________ MY FAVORITE MALE STAR OF 1954

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1954 ARE:

1.__________ MALE	1.__________ FEMALE
2.__________ MALE	2.__________ FEMALE
3.__________ MALE	3.__________ FEMALE
4.__________ MALE	4.__________ FEMALE
5.__________ MALE	5.__________ FEMALE

FOR THE TOP NEW STARS OF 1954, I NOMINATE:

__________ MALE __________ FEMALE

MY THREE FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1.____________________

2.____________________

3.____________________

THE STORY I LEAST ENJOYED WAS ____________________

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

AGE ______ **OCCUPATION** ____________________

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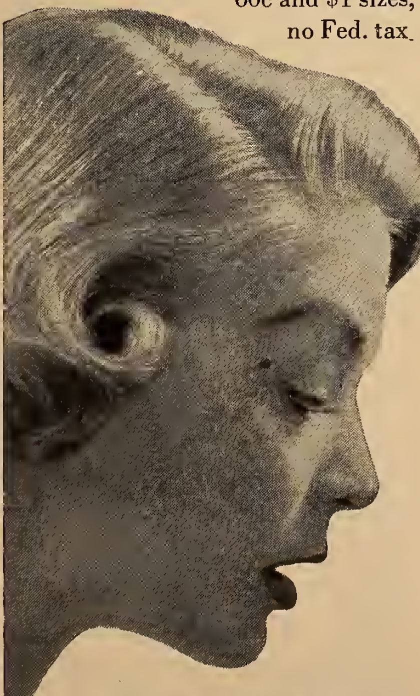
RICHARD HUDNUT
OF FIFTH AVENUE



They always have been very close."

"Was it love at first sight?" I prodded.

"All I can say to that is that I *hoped* he would call me again and again—and again. And he did!

"We went together for six months and I think we both realized we were growing closer and closer. One evening Jim said, 'Ann, you and I are beginning to look a little alike.' And it was true.

"But still, he didn't get around to popping the question," Ann laughed. "I was beginning to wonder. Later, Dennis told me Jim had bought a ring and had been carrying it around for weeks without getting up enough nerve to ask me.

OH, DADDY!

A few years ago Clark Gable passed through our town and walked into a little store in my neighborhood. My family and I were in the store, too, and joined the crowd around him. We were right beside him when my little sister started screaming, "Where is he, Daddy? I want to see him!" We looked down to see her pulling on Mr. Gable's coat-tail, thinking it was her father's!

Alice Dickenson
Panama City, Florida

"One night he came to pick me up—I think we were going to an industry dinner—and he sort of grabbed at his pocket, fished out the ring and said, 'Here, Ann. Do you want this?'

"Do you know what I *did*? It was such a surprise and I was so happy, I got sick to my stomach! My aunt made me go and lie down a little while. Isn't that a fine and *romantic* way to accept a proposal?"

Before I could answer, Ann was chatting on happily, "The funny part is that Jim told me he felt a little like fainting himself! That is the first and last time we've made each other *sick!*"

THE AFTERNOON shadows were lengthening over the garden when Ann arose and said she had marketing to do yet.

"No, *no,*" I cried, "not more bundles to carry?"

"And dinner yet to cook," she chuckled, "Believe it or not, I'm becoming a very good cook, balanced meals, right number of vitamins and that sort of thing. I really have to keep on my toes because Jim is a very fine cook. I think that when men are good cooks they're much better than women, don't you?"

Never having been lucky enough to have been close to a man who was tops in the culinary department I couldn't speak with authority on this subject. But I did congratulate Ann on her good luck.

On second thought as I watched her leave, her newly awkward figure burdened down with samples and materials and scripts, I questioned whether the happiness Ann has found can be attributed to luck.

In the case of this really fine and religious girl, isn't Ann's luck more a manifestation of the lovely things she so richly deserves—a reflection of the kindness and goodness she herself brings to her career, to her home and to her friends?

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RICHARD HUDNUT
OF FIFTH AVENUE

if she could only cook

(Continued from page 44) try to do an interview with Jean Simmons. She'll just sit around and resent you!"

This conception of her as an aloof type came only after she had left England and arrived in Hollywood. She had been essentially as lighthearted as ever then—though without the former need to be wildly impetuous about it. Her youthful curiosity about gay living had been so well satisfied that it wouldn't matter to her if she never got inside another nightclub.

She had been as happy when shortly after her arrival in California she eloped to Arizona to marry her Jimmy—the Jimmy Stewart who had to change his name to Stewart Granger when he became a star in a screen world which already had one Jimmy Stewart.

THEN CAME her legal fight with Howard Hughes (and Jimmy made it his fight too, of course) over an extended contract for her services which Hughes claimed to have and they insisted he did not. It was then that Jean, who felt that her rights were being threatened, and who resented the columnists' constant references to the fact that her husband was so much older than she, began to wonder about Hollywood. She used to ask, "Do all people here behave like this?"

Hollywood, she came to realize, could learn to like new-comers quickly only if they fitted into a familiar pattern. She and Jimmy obviously didn't; what was the use of kidding about it? Their personalities were not to be gathered up and catalogued in one quick look or scratchy interview. It was to take time for Hollywood to get to know Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger—and for them to know Hollywood.

Now something has occurred which indicates that the time may have arrived. Jean was talking to one of her studio's publicists and she quietly agreed to be interviewed—her first real interview in almost a year. That happened toward the end of the filming of *The Egyptian*. Not once during the shooting of *The Robe* had she consented to talk for publication. So her words were a pleasant surprise.

"You mean you're not peeved at the world of journalism any more?" he asked.

"I don't think I ever was, really," Jean replied. "I was angry only at the people who have tried to hurt me by being very careless with their words and suppositions. And you know, when you are in that sort of mood your resentment tends to overlap and take in others as well."

Jean is too friendly and open to continue a remote social existence in a community where she and her husband are establishing themselves successfully, and among whose citizens they will probably be living for many years to come. He has had his troubles in Hollywood too; not only on her account, because he has always been quick to shield her from attack, but also because he never soft-pedals any of his opinions.

This habit of making the forthright response, which has hitherto rubbed people the wrong way, now and then seems to win Stewart respect and even friendship. His handling of the ticklish question as to whether or not he and Jean plan to become American citizens (a step that always perturbs British actors, not to speak of their British fans) is one of the most blunt, yet adroit, noted in Hollywood.

"After all, you've been in Hollywood more than four years," a columnist said to him. "And you are making a living here. Don't you think it's time to decide to become an American?"

"Why, I'll leave it to you," said Stewart. "Suppose you, born and bred an American, had worked in England for four years. Would you think it time enough to decide whether to become a British subject? Or would you want to deliberate some more?"

The writer, unable to contemplate giving up his citizenship at any time under any conditions, grimaced and then smiled weakly. "I see what you mean," he said.

JEAN KNOWS that the sweetening of her relations with Hollywood and the press means that she is going to find herself busier than ever fulfilling publicity and industry obligations which will be sure to start piling up. This will be troublesome because Jean has been and is going to continue to be a very busy girl.

The Egyptian is her twenty-fifth picture. By the time you read this she will be working with Marlon Brando in *Desiree* and other productions for her are in the planning stages. She hopes to manage anyway. She is bothered by the possibility that she and Stewart will not be able to live as quietly as they have. She enjoys the quiet informality of their life.

They spend a bit of time with the Michael Wildings. It is getting so that when Jean Simmons and Elizabeth Taylor sit together now they look enough alike to be sisters. They see a few other friends, but mostly they are "home bodies."

When they lunch out occasionally they like to lose themselves in the crowds at the Farmer's Market. They seldom dine at the flashy steak tabernacles, preferring the more solid, if quieter, establishments like Scandia and the Cock and Bull.

Their home today is a three-bedroom, ranch-style house high on Mulholland Drive. They bought it after deciding that their first home—a $125,000 Bel Air residence which they have not yet been able to sell—was too large a pile of stone for one couple. "Stewart was like any new husband," says Jean when defending his purchase of this extravaganza. "He felt like starting off with his bride in a house that was built for the ages. The only trouble was that it was like a forgotten castle; and you could easily get to feel the same way yourself, tucked away in a corner of it. That wasn't so good."

Just as they have been trading homes, Jean and Stewart have been doing some automobile trading as well. Stewart had a blue Jaguar until last year when he decided to give the Jag to Jean and get himself a new Mercedes-Benz. Then Jean decided she wanted a Mercedes-Benz, too, and traded the Jaguar for one.

And Jean is no slouch at driving. She used to hit 100 miles an hour between London and the movie studios at Pinewood in her little English racer. In her Jaguar she has been clocked out on the desert at 135 miles per hour which is just about as fast as it can go and faster than it should.

STEWART took over the cooking as soon as they were married and still does it. They cannot understand why people persist in thinking this an extraordinary arrangement. As Jean has said a hundred times: "It isn't that I don't want to cook. It's that Jimmy is so much better at it! Isn't it silly for an amateur to be cooking for an expert?"

Jean explains to anyone who is interested, that she had tried sometimes to do the cooking. The last time she announced that dinner was to be barbecued chicken. Well, the chicken wasn't so bad when it finally came off the spit. The green vegetables she cooked were not bad, nor were the baked potatoes—nor the appetizer and salad. The trouble was the timing. They had reached edibility at staggered intervals—badly staggered. Jimmy has not been unkind about it, but has proposed that they use a bit of common sense.

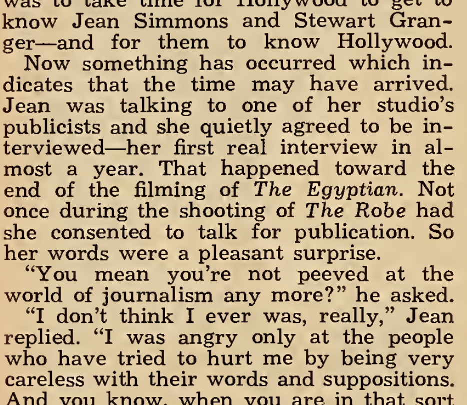
"You stick to acting, darling, and make some money," he advises. "I'll try and do the same, but also handle the cooking."

Jean thinks this is common sense and she plans to do just that; keep acting and keep making money until something happens that she hopes will happen soon in her marriage; Jean wants children. Stewart, the father of two children by his first marriage, even talks about retiring from pictures some day to become a farmer, and Jean is perfectly caught up with the idea. "I'd love to raise youngsters on a farm," she says.

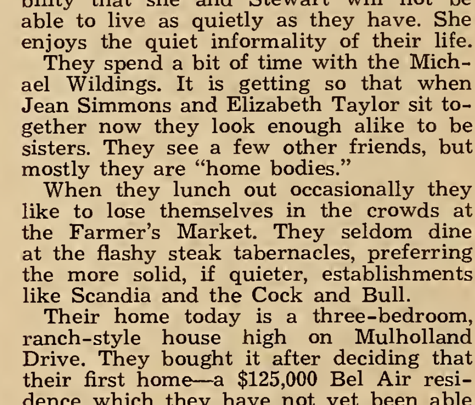
As it is, Jean no sooner gets home from the studio than she transforms herself into a farmhand, donning either jeans or slacks usually topped by one of Stewart's sweatshirts. She always orders light lunches at the studio to make sure she will have a good appetite for Stewart's dinner, and the meal is invariably served, not in the diningroom, but from a tray set in front of the television set in the living room. A third diner will be Bill Rushton who has been Stewart's chauffeur, groom, dresser and general factotum for years. Occasionally they will have a guest for dinner and most often he will be Spencer Tracy, a friend ever since Jean and he starred in *The Actress* together. Spencer loves to eat Stewart's steaks and belittle his politics.

THERE IS almost always an argument about the choice of TV programs. Jimmy and Bill want to watch boxing and can always dig a fight program out of some channel. Naturally, they don't force their preference on her—they are democratic and always take a vote, which, unfortunately, is always two-to-one against her. Jean, who wants to look at such favorites of hers as Groucho Marx and Burns and Allen and Jack Benny and *Omnibus* and Sid Caesar, most often finds herself, like so many long-suffering wives, watching "Kid Something Or Other" wallop the stuffing out of "Kid Somebody Else."

Spencer Tracy told her at one dinner she should assert herself in this unfair situation. "Insist on seeing what you like," he had advised.



Before marriage settled her down a bit Jean enjoyed living it up with sports cars, night clubbing, dusk-to-dawn parties with her friends.



Now fully domesticated, Jean prefers to let Stewart do the cooking, barbecue chickens in the "African den" that he designed himself.

"Tonight?" she asked.

"Hm-m-m. Not tonight," Spencer stalled. "There are some special fights on tonight and I'd sort of like to see them myself."

Stewart's choice of television programs is about the only kind of decision he makes that Jean criticizes. She leans heavily on him for advice about her career, her clothes and even her make-up. His judgment and taste are excellent, she thinks. "Mine isn't by any means," she reports.

It was Stewart who decorated their home and if it seems a bit extreme (original paintings hang alongside his African trophies—the mounted head of a giant Cape buffalo, for instance) she believes it's just because style and custom haven't caught up with him.

STEWART HAS a set of personal values which Jean is catching up with and beginning to understand. If she scores a professional victory at the studio he will be pleased, but he can be more highly impressed, sometimes, by evidence of self-improvement in personal traits. When Jean decided to quit smoking his admiration was unexpectedly overboard. "Good girl!" he kept telling her. "Stick to it!"

Unfortunately, Jean proved to be more ordinarily human than heroic in this little drama. In a few days she found herself sneaking puffs in the bathroom. She quickly decided she couldn't go on living any longer in a false light and that it would be best to confess. Such as she is, and such as he is, they have been getting along famously. She didn't want any lie to come between them. And none ever will if she can help it. **END**

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bob francis

(*Continued from page* 55) Summer stock? Operettas? Nightclubs? Vaudeville? Circuses? Fairs? Resorts? Modeling?

"You don't understand," said the perspiring press agent. "This guy's brand new. He's never done *anything* before."

The lady snorted. "Do you think I was born yesterday? Don't give me that Cinderella-boy stuff. It just doesn't happen in Hollywood any more."

The outraged cynic was absolutely right. It doesn't. And yet, to all appearances, it certainly had for the tall, husky and handsome specimen of young American manhood named Robert Charles Francis. The press agent was making true talk. Fame suddenly pegged big Bob Francis right out of left field. Until he took on the prize romantic role of Ensign Willie Keith in *The Caine Mutiny*, Bob had never earned a nickel from any kind of performing.

If it hadn't been for a sizzling Fourth of July five years ago, the idea of emoting for a living wouldn't have entered his head.

Bob Francis had rolled down to the Santa Monica beach with Nanette Burris in her

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midget Crosley runabout—to make parking easier. But when he tried to park his own long legs on the sands there was barely room in the mob—and how could he ride the waves when the surf was a pudding of bobbing heads?

It took Bob Francis exactly ten minutes to realize that seaside sport on the Glorious Fourth was a bum idea, shake out the beach blanket and drive off with Nanette. Those ten minutes changed his life.

A Hollywood talent scout spotted his dreamboat physique and features and jotted down the license number as the Crosley dug out. Next day he called Nan and Nan called Bob. Today Robert Francis is the hottest young actor in Hollywood.

If you call Bob a Cinderella boy, you'd better smile when you say it. In all this, luck obviously figured but hocus-pocus did not. It took five years of hard study to learn his stuff and prepare for his break. But when it came he was ready, and now that glory's here he can handle that too. He still lives in the small Pasadena cottage where he grew up with his mother and his postman dad, and a home town girl is still his sweetheart. The nightcap he still prefers is bread crumbled in milk, and he still takes acting lessons twice a week.

Keeping his feet on the ground but also steadily moving ahead has been a habit with Bob Francis ever since he was born in Burbank, California, twenty-four years ago last February 26. "A perfect picture baby," his mother recalls proudly, "golden curls and all—but with a mind of his own beneath them."

Nine days after he came home a doting grandmother sewed him a frilly cap and placed it on the ringlets. At an age when most mites can't raise their arms, Bob shot his up and yanked it off disgustedly. He hasn't worn a hat since. Nobody around his house remembers a time when he cried either, even when he banged into the furniture. Baby Bob never bothered with crawling; he just reared up and walked.

Bob's confident, independent attitude toward life traces to a bunch of basic blessings he's enjoyed all along. For one thing, he comes of sturdy stock. From his parents he inherited bold characteristics and a heroic body. It was a help to have a big brother, Bill, ten years older, a sister, Lillian, eleven ahead, to advance his outlook. "I was an afterthought baby," Bob grins. "But nobody babied me much." His dad confirms that. "We looked after Bob, but we let him take care of his own affairs," he says. "That's the way to make a boy a man."

Bob's dad was an electrician when Bob was born, but three months later when that job ran out, he moved back to his home town of Pasadena and turned postman. Bob grew up in the modest frame cottage his dad built thirty-two years ago.

At both Hamilton Elementary and Wilson Junior High Bob is remembered as a hard-working, good, steady student, the kind of dependable kid that teachers invariably picked as a monitor and street-crossing guard. Being the leader type and big, Bob starred in all the playground sports—football, baseball, track until today he grins honestly, "Sports? You name it, I can do it." He never missed a Sunday at the First Baptist Church where his pop taught a Sunday School class, also acted as Scoutmaster for Troop 49, B.S.A. Bob sang in the boys' choir there. For a while, he dutifully plugged at the dancing, piano and violin lessons his mother insisted upon.

What Bob Francis really craved—and still does—was the outdoors. With a Scoutmaster dad and an Eagle Scout big brother, Bob contracted a fever for outdoor life he has never lost. Even several close calls with angry rattlesnakes didn't intimidate him—or his Scoutmaster father. "I always knew Bob could handle himself wherever he was," says William Francis. Sometimes Bob's mom wasn't so confident.

Like at the beach where the Francis family camped every summer in tents.

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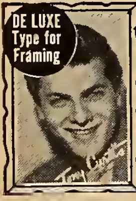

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It's harrowing for a mother to spy the bobbing head of her twelve-year-old boy out past the breaker line, see him take reckless headers off a thirty-foot pier or watch him ride the hissing crest of giant rollers that could break his neck if he made a split-second miscalculation. Lillian Francis knew what lifeguards meant when they sighed, "I like that kid—he's got nerve. But when you people leave—thank God, I'll get a day's rest!"

Bob Francis never was in the perilous plight that he seemed to be in eternally. He caught on quickly with the instinctive coordination and savvy of a natural athlete.

Everyone took him for years beyond his age. He was oversized early—six feet at thirteen—and knew his stuff. Once down near Oceanside a bunch of Marines, spotting Bob in his Sea Scout suit, thought he was a gob and invited him back to the Pendleton base. He yanked off the telltale Scout insignia and had a whirl—although his dad later bawled him out for posing for what he wasn't.

Bob was through high school at sixteen and went to Pasadena City College, although his academic career was mostly a case of going through the motions. He made his grades of course, did all right socially as a "Deezer" (Delta Sigma Rho fraternity) and knocked around with a little football but all the time his heart and mind were somewhere else — skimming mountain slopes on a pair of skis. That was such a big teen-age charge with Francis that it never occurred to him that he might be in anything but the ski business the rest of his life. He hadn't thought of acting.

"I never was even a bunny in an Easter play at school! I never went to movies. I couldn't stand to stay indoors that long. Yep, there was the Pasadena Playhouse right in my own home town. Famous too, but I never bothered to look inside the place. Just wasn't interested—then."

This skiing kick (which still haunts Bob) started when his brother Bill, an expert, put him on waxed slats at eleven and pushed him down a hill. He almost knocked down a pine tree, but Bob knew right away it was for him. Soon he was racing down the scary slopes of Mount Baldy and winning cups. Nothing much discouraged Bob—not even when in one downhill race he ducked a contestant who crossed his path, broke his pole and ran it through Bob's arm. Bob finished with the stick piercing his flesh—and won the race.

When Bill returned home from the Air Transport Command after the war, he wanted to open a ski shop in Pasadena with his brother Bob for his partner. "The Ski Cellar" started while Bob was still in school and flourished, spreading to Mount Waterman and Big Pines ski resorts. "We did swell," remembers Bob, "and then boom—two winters of no snow, hardly a flake! We lost our shirts!"

After this debacle, Bob batted around in a state of confusion as his ski shop dream winked out. Bill got another job (being married, he had to) and today is a successful businessman. But for Bob, "The rug was really pulled out," he says. "I was a pretty mixed-up boy about then. I wanted to finish college to please my folks and for a while thought I'd go over to Colorado U. But when I leveled with myself I knew I wanted to go there for the good skiing. I couldn't be a financial burden to them when I wasn't after any profession. So I just wandered around for a few weeks trying to think things out." He had applied for a gas station job when that hot Fourth of July steered him to the beach—and that changed everything.

"I figured somebody was crazy," he grins, "maybe me. But I also thought, 'Why not? What have I got to lose?'" So he called the number and made the date, feeling out of place and awkward.

When he tackled a reading for drama coach Sophie Rosenstein, Bob delivered his lines with all the finesse and feeling of a railroad conductor announcing station stops. Miss Rosenstein had to tell him the truth: "You're much too raw for us to consider here." But the attractive qualities that everyone sees today in Bob Francis—his great good looks, manliness and fresh, clean-cut personality prompted a suggestion she wouldn't ordinarily make to one so green. "You have possibilities," she said, "and if there's anyone in Hollywood who can bring them out it's Botomi Schneider. If you're serious about this, I'll call her." Bob allowed he was, although that was an impulsive statement. In his addled state, he really didn't know. Nor did he know how lucky he was when Botomi said she'd take him on. But now he knows. "I owe everything to her," says Bob honestly. "She did it all."

He calls the Schneiders, Botomi and her husband, Benno, "my second parents." Botomi Schneider is a remarkable teacher, blessed with the gift of bringing out talent in young people. She has smoothed the rough edges of such stars as Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Joanne Dru, Piper Laurie, Lex Barker and Tony Curtis—to begin a long list. "I never had a greener pupil than Bob," she says, "but also never one with greater promise. He was serious, intelligent, quick to learn, and above all, fiercely determined. Besides all that, he has irresistible charm and a natural authority in everything he does. He's still developing, but someday he'll be really great!"

When Bob Francis started his acting lessons he was as inarticulate as a cigar store Indian and sometimes got so mixed up in his scenes that he stamped off the stage in disgust. But after only a few weeks Botomi tested him in the role of an artist who suffers a nervous breakdown. "He broke into such convincing sobs and kept them up so long that I became frightened," she recalls. "After that we both took a phenobarbital and lay down to recuperate!"

Bob himself never had a weak moment, even though it wasn't all easy. "Sometimes," he remembers, "it was like slogging along a muddy road with loose boots, never really sure you're getting anywhere." It was a long hitch from Pasadena but he managed by bumming rides, borrowing his dad's Chevvy or hopping a jerky bus. Often he slept in the Schneiders' guest house, whipped up his own meals there and baby-sat with their kids, Nina and Tony.

"We looked on Bobbie as our son," says Botomi Schneider. "He's the kind of boy you instinctively have complete faith in." That went for all of Bob's classmates, too —David Brian, Danny Arnold, Jody Lawrence, Piper Laurie and the rest. As one of them, Don Oreck, who is Bob's best buddy today, says, "All of us knew Bob was going places even though he hadn't done a thing. The only question was when."

Where Bob went first however, was into the Army. Although he expected his "greetings," it was still a blow. "I thought sure I'd sweat it out in Korea," he grins, "and I wasn't sure there would be such an appreciative audience there for what I'd learned." Instead, he landed at Camp Roberts, only 170 miles north of Hollywood, and found a very appreciative audience indeed.

After his basic training someone read "studying to be an actor" on his papers and they gave him a job teaching diction and public speaking in the non-com leaders' course. At Camp Roberts Bob ran

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into his old dramatic school buddy, Don Oreck, and they became barracks bunkmates. Don is a handsome radio actor with an oversized funnybone and a fertile imagination. They turned into unreasonable G.I. facsimilies of Martin and Lewis.

IT ALL STARTED when Don got the reckless idea to break up a certain long and tedious class. He sent for some Nazi uniforms he'd collected at home and the pair put them on after working up a "Heil Hitler" routine that was sheer zaniness. "We stalked into the middle of class one day," relates Don gleefully. "And the instructing officer almost fainted. But the guys rolled in the aisles. A couple of hams like us went crazy collecting laughs and we really shook the place loose. Then when we were stalking out who should we see parked in the room but three generals—members of an inspection team. Bob stared at me and I stared at him and we both turned green."

To their immense relief, however, the generals were grinning. "Keep it up, boys," they said, "you're great for morale."

So, while Bob Francis soldiered conscientiously for two years he also kept his talents honed. Weekends he could roll down to Hollywood for a brush-up session with Botomi and some of his mom's home cooking. Once he almost didn't make it. The car he rode in slammed into a truck and was completely demolished. Another weekend car crash brought happier results. On leave in Pasadena, Bob saw a car smash broadside and a pretty girl bounce out. He dashed over, picked up the girl, bought her coffee at a drive-in to quiet her shaken nerves. Her name was Dorothy Ross, a co-ed he remembered vaguely at P.C.C. She's his steady today.

BOB WAS MUSTERED out in 1952 with no casualty other than a touch of chicken pox to show for it and no particular martial honors except his corporal's stripes. He took a two-week vacation in Las Vegas without dropping his Army pay savings, then used them to re-enroll in Botomi Schneider's acting classes. It was a month later that what he calls "That Great Day" arrived—only he had no idea it was dawning. Bob still felt he wasn't ready to turn pro, and even Botomi, a perfectionist, agreed. But her husband, Benno, who has a steady drama coaching post at Columbia, had other ideas.

Benno knew what headaches Columbia's talent executive, Max Arnow, had worked up hunting a fresh, typically American young actor to play boyish Willie in the studio's big effort, *The Caine Mutiny*. Where to find an unknown who wouldn't look silly alongside Humphrey Bogart, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray and José Ferrer? Benno thought he knew where—right at his house. He told Arnow, "I think I've got your boy." Benno doesn't talk much but when he does people at Columbia listen. "Bring him over," invited Arnow. Right then Bob Francis had a straight shot at Hollywood's plum-of-the-year, although he certainly didn't know it.

"The phone rang a long time before it woke me up. So I was still fuzzy when Benno said, 'Can you come to the studio at two today and read for me?' That's all. I thought, 'Good. I'll get inside a studio at last.' but I also thought it was just for experience, maybe helping some contract girl in a test. My folks were gone and so was the car. I called Dorothy at the Jet Propulsion Lab where she works and she dropped hers off for me at the noon hour. I didn't bother with lunch, just rolled over when I got dressed—and the next thing I knew I had the script of *The Caine Mutiny* in my paws, but I still didn't catch on. I'd read the book in the Army but I didn't dream anything was there for me, especially 'Willie.' That was for someone like Montgomery Clift."

It took almost that whole day for Bob to figure what was going on around him—and ordinarily he's not a bit slow on the uptake. But it just seemed impossible—even when Benno took him in to see the studio boss Harry Cohn, and then producer Stanley Kramer who chatted and sized him up for four hours until it got dark and Bob's empty stomach started growling. Even when he read Willie's scenes for Kramer Bob didn't quite savvy. Of course, he didn't hear Kramer take Benno Schneider out in the hall and whisper, "That's the boy!"

IT WASN'T UNTIL they ushered him into the legal department and he scrawled his signature on a test contract that light on what was up began to break. "Then suddenly I got the shakes," chuckles Bob. "I had an awful time writing my name."

But those nerves were nothing compared to the next few days of suspense. Next morning he made a test with Donna Reed, the first time he'd ever looked into the business end of a camera. But he didn't fluff although they were three of the toughest scenes in the script. They flew the evidence to boss Harry Cohn in Hawaii and for the next five days Bob Francis walked around like a zombie.

marilyn monroe tells Sheilah Graham her thoughts on **marriage** and **sex** and **babies** in **september's** exciting **modern screen!** Marilyn's on the cover, too. At your newsstand **august 5.**

"Those five days were like five years," as he puts it. But the word came back at last and the word was "Okay."

Once Bob Francis tackled the serious business of making *The Caine Mutiny*, however, he settled down, cool as a cucumber. "I'm really not the nervous type," he protests, "when I know what I'm after." The fast star company didn't faze him, nor did the dramatic chores or the love scenes with May Wynn. He'd been prepping three years on his fundamentals. Strangely enough, the roughest job Bob encountered in his picture debut was keeping his carcass all in one piece, never much of a problem to him before.

He spent some bad times aboard the destroyer *Doyle* lying in his bunk with seasickness, thinking he'd die and afraid he wouldn't. He had a close shave with sharks diving from the deck off Pearl Harbor and got dumped with 70,000 gallons of water in a typhoon sequence. Probably the worst moment of all for Bob, who is afraid of high places, was the time he had to climb the ship's towering mast to the crow's nest as the camera swung 100 feet in the air to record his fright. "Brother, it was plenty real, too," says Bob. "I tossed my cookies when I got down on deck." A Columbia publicity man, however, swears the greatest perils Bob survived were 3000 University of Hawaii co-eds who milled around him on the beach at Waikiki!

SOMETIMES it's hard for Bob Francis to believe all that's happened to him is true. But he doesn't want any of it taken back. "Acting, I love," he says. "I eat and breathe it. It's a passion with me now, just like skiing used to be."

NOT ONE for cities, Bob says, "I've got to stretch out sidewise in all directions." Which is his way of saying he's still a western boy who needs plenty of room.

For instance, Bob has his suits expensively tailor made, but he has to get a fit for his big frame. Bob Francis has a high disdain for mere money. "Don't give a hoot for the stuff," he swears, "except to spend. I'll never be rich and I don't want to be." Right now, of course, he's not in the blue chips but already Hollywood business managers and agents are keeping his phone hot. He just laughs at their promises of riches. "Call you when I need you," he tells them, implying that's a long time off. A soft touch, he's always getting nicked.

HE'S JUST as relaxed about Hollywood social life. Bob hasn't shown at a Hollywood party yet although by now he's flooded with invitations. He's obliged for a couple of premières with Columbia stars and starlets, but tags that in the line of duty. That doesn't mean he's a square, just that he prefers to take his fun with the gang he has always known. With them he likes to drive to the beach, desert or mountains, and around town hunts out little clubs and cafes that aren't showcases, where when he dances, Bob says, "I can just step out on the floor and float around"—usually, of course, with Dorothy Ross in his arms.

"I have to be secure about myself," says Bob seriously, "before I think of marriage. Someday I want a house with land around it and plenty of things to fix up for my family and kids. I want to travel and see the world." He has started seeing it lately. Until *Caine Mutiny* Bob hadn't been out of California except to try out some ski slopes up in Utah and Nevada. But now he has been to Hawaii and New York and he is lined up to junket around quite a bit from now on.

RIGHT NOW it's hard to see what will keep Bob Francis from traveling fast and far—unless he breaks both legs, which hardly seems likely, as he hasn't the time to ski. Physically, there's absolutely nothing wrong with him except a tendency to sleep the clock around and a myopia which makes him wear specs off screen and sometimes turns his pink cheeks red. The other night, roaming around without his glasses at a party of old friends, Bob was muttering, "Nice to see you again—haven't seen you for a long time," to one and all.

"Yes, you jerk," said Don Oreck. "It is nice to see you again, isn't it? Remember me? I only brought you here!"

But sometimes even short-sightedness can be a help in the longer race. Especially if, like Bob, you get the habit of looking hard at what's close at hand, learn it well, and don't knock yourself out fretting about the future. Usually, in Hollywood or anywhere else, the future takes care of itself. The big break comes along if you rate it. At least that's how things worked out for Robert Charles Francis. END

mad about the "boys"

(*Continued from page 35*) not going to marry Leonard. I'm not going to marry anybody. Not yet. My work comes first. And if I cross you up by doing it before your story comes out, I'll apologize in the public square. But you don't have to worry about it."

CHEW-CHEW BABY

In 1944, I was with the Army in England. One day I was wandering through the Denham Studios and came across the set of Caesar and Cleopatra, *co-starring Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. During a break in the shooting I approached Miss Leigh to ask for an autograph. I was chewing gum at the time and before I could say a word, Miss Leigh said, almost wistfully, "Oh, what I wouldn't give for a stick of good old American chewing gum!" Needless to say, I received a very fancy autograph and Miss Leigh received five sticks of Wrigley's!*

James Pearl,
Havertown, Pennsylvania

Well and good. Back to men.

"All right. But only if we leave words like 'middle-aged' out of it. I think every girl should know older men, even go with them, before she sails into marriage with a man her own age. And I certainly don't see any reason why she shouldn't marry one if she happens to love him. Older men have a great deal to offer that the younger ones don't have. That's not hooting down my own generation. I guess I've made it clear I like them all ages. But the age isn't the factor. It's the individual.

"Now I go out with an older man—let's say forty—and he has a tolerance a younger one might not have. His years are in his favor that way because he's apt to be more polished and more courteous and—well, every bit as interesting conversationally. To say the least.

"I don't mean in a high-brow sense. And I don't mean young men are dull. But it simply figures that the man who's lived longer has more to say and is better equipped to say it. Of course you might have more in common with a boy your own age. But a girl should grow, too, and she'll grow by learning, and she learns from her—well, seniors."

PIPER HAD EXPRESSED a universal fondness for the male sex. It is not to be construed from this that she is indiscriminate. On the contrary, she is discriminate as all getout. That's easy to spot. She's a red-haired party with perfect skin and exceptionally delicate, sensitive features.

"You see," she said, "there are so many small things a man should learn if he hasn't. There are so many small ways to embarrass a girl. And other girls will know what I mean. For instance, there was this man I used to date—he was fortyish—and on one of our first evenings out, he parked the car in a restaurant lot, got out and just headed for the entrance. And there I was, waiting for him to open the door for me on my side. I hadn't realized he wasn't going to, or I would have opened it myself to save him embarrassment. But I waited a few moments too long, and he was coming back while I was opening it.

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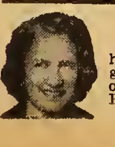

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(If you live East of Rockies, address Newton office) (Newton, Mass.)

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It sounds like a small thing, as I say, and it *was* a small thing—except that it spoiled the whole evening. He had been made overly conscious of a slight slip, and I was the one who'd made him conscious of it. We both lost a little that evening. But always after that, he was much more courteous in the—you know, trivial ways—so it worked out all right in the end. But he was insensitive to begin with and I don't think girls like that, not that I'm setting myself up as a spokesman for American womanhood, but *I* don't. If I were writing a manual for escorts, it would be full of things like opening doors, seating your dinner partner and not stranding her in a crowded room. But what was funny about this episode was that he *was* an older man."

Had Piper any occupational preferences —in escorts, that is? She has dated actors, students and other non-professionals. Before her much-publicized attachment to Contino and her steady companionship with Goldstein, she had gone with Rock Hudson, George Nader, Vic Damone and independent producer Frank P. Rosenberg, a man of forty by now.

"No. No preference. Only in men. Of course, actors can be a lot of fun. It's a natural part of their make-up. I don't like a man to be too much of a sobersides, but even there, it depends on the person.

"I'm afraid of generalities and I can't be pinned down on an idea. There are too many ifs, maybes and on-the-other-hands."

Not even on so safe a topic as Hollywood wolves? Seems a girl couldn't make an error decrying these.

Piper laughed—an agreeable sound. "There are wolves and wolves. I've thought some of itemizing them. There's the one with the brotherly approach, just two kids together out for fun and laughs. Oh, so platonic! Only by and by it turns out that isn't *entirely* what he had in mind. That one's a sneak, I'd say. Even the forthright wolf is better and the forthright wolf is the most insensitive male there is. The older ones may warn you of the snares a young girl is subject to, without bothering to mention they're one of the snares. Then there's the wolf who doesn't care how much he throws the word love around, as if it were a volley-ball, and that's pretty disgusting. Need I go on?"

Thank you, no. Instead, could we return to the subject of Mr. Contino?

"Dick? What can I say? Dick—Dick has a lot of living to do, a lot to make up. The lost years and—well, you know." Contino, for the benefit of those who have been residing in Tibet, was jailed for draft evasion but later served honorably in the Army in Korea. He's paid up in full. Also for the Tibetan annex, he is a very highly paid and able accordionist. "People never knew the whole story of what happened to Dick—what was behind it all. I don't mean politics or anything like that, but if they knew it as well as I do, they'd be a lot slower to blame him. Anyway, it's done now and behind him, and I don't think the American people are going to want him punished any more. He's living it up now, and I don't blame him."

And Mr. Goldstein?

"We're just good friends," said Piper, producing the laugh again. "The Hollywood press would save itself a lot of trouble if they had a rubber stamp made of those words."

Piper hadn't been giving her contemporaries much of a shake up to now. Wasn't there something to be said for *young* males as well?

"But certainly!" cried Miss L., getting quite a lot of zip behind it. "Haven't I made that clear? Men are just wonderful —younger men, older men! Except for the ones that aren't. Some of my best friends aren't a jot over twenty-four. They aren't entirely mature yet, but then neither am I. And I guess that's what I like about them. It's a matter of occasion, too. For the concert or the theatre or dinner, perhaps, an older man might fit the bill better. But dancing or hiking or just a general fun party, you like people your own age. To tell you the truth, I don't know many men over thirty-five that I'd risk on a hike. They're all right when the going's level, but when you start uphill you leave 'em. And I'm an uphill hiker from way back."

Still and all, though, the young 'uns were prone to be less courteous?

"Usually. In the small things, remember. Not always. Here's another example of what girls don't like—and this was an older man, too. He took me—I forget, but it was some banquet downtown in a hotel. We came in through the bar. It was jammed. But instead of staying with me and helping me through the crowd, he just plowed on ahead like some kind of half-back. I couldn't move. Finally I got mad and just stood still. He was all the way to the dining room entrance before he missed me. *Then* he came back. And there was another evening half-ruined, because he'd been thoughtless and I'd made him realize it. Not that it ruined our friendship or anything like that, because it didn't. Maybe in the long run it did some good. But I'm not glad it happened. I repeat, men are just wonderful—but the little things, the little things, *the little things!*"

Piper, with her frequent date, producer Leonard Goldstein, claims older men are usually more tolerant and courteous than youngsters.

Piper's protestations to the contrary, half of Hollywood would not be surprised if she married Contino in the near future, meeting in the process his alleged demands that she confine her energies to being Mrs. C. and nothing else. The other half of Hollywood thinks it can't happen. This is the half that is dead convinced, correctly or otherwise, that Piper is a careerist before she is anything and that no trifling interloper such as love is going to derail her progress. It has been pointed out that she's had some mighty handsome matrimonial offers, and that nothing has come of them. Yet there is something wrong with the type-casting of this particular beauty as an inflexible careerist. She is small with a bell-like voice, almost wholly unassertive in casual conversation and professes no far-flung ambitions beyond an urge to be a better actress.

"For two or even three years I want to go on with my profession, grow as a—oh, there must be some better word than 'artist'—well, as an actress. After that, I just couldn't make a prediction. But right now I'm definitely not in love and I'm definitely not getting married."

The legend that Rosetta Jacobs, to give our heroine her proper handle, places the career of Piper Laurie above every other consideration may have its roots in one of several circumstances.

One is the amazing information that while still in grammar school this *wunderkind* wrote, produced and directed quite a few complete plays. Single-mindedness may be evidenced here.

Another is the testimony of a fellow player—not one of Piper's most devout rooters—that she can be a pretty dynamic personality when crossed unfairly.

A third is a matter of common information: between acting bouts, she likes most to act. That is true. After one take of a picture is made and while she's waiting for the next, this tireless mime dragoons fellow-members of the company into running through scenes from other pictures or from some totally unrelated play. Strictly for fun. Thus it cannot be said Piper doesn't know what she likes best to do.

Still, it is hard to envisage her as an unbending careerist, subject to no distractions in the way of *amour* or anything else. The steely set of the jaw is missing—and there is nothing peremptory in her regard for the male animal.

Piper is a Detroit girl of Polish and Russian extraction who moved to Los Angeles in time for high school, and thereafter latched on to pictures in practically no time. She was seventeen when Universal-International signed her, and eight months after that she was playing a lead opposite Tony Curtis in a number titled *The Prince Who Was A Thief.*

The picture remains and will forever remain the most memorable for Piper because it was her first. Some say it also whetted her appetite for fame to its present alleged dimensions. Piper says it's artistic fruition she wants. And it is only fair to point out that she ought to know.

Well, after *The Prince,* a pretty big deal of another sort took place, one over which Piper is still beaming. Los Angeles High School, at which she was a very bright student, never had seen its way clear to casting her in one of its plays. Now her doting alma mater invited her back for the unequivocal purpose of honoring her as an actress. *That* for the LAHS drama beagles!

And *that,* for three other major studios as well; not one, before U-I, had let her through the front gate more than once, each time for unsuccessful interviews.

Piper first came to national attention, though, not via the screen but by dining on camellias. There happened to be a cameraman present and the picture got rather wide distribution. Camellia-nibblers are uncommon except in the minds of publicists, where they are a dime a dozen, but other people were startled.

But to put this forward as still another proof of over-weening ambition is silly. Camellias don't taste bad, and besides she didn't eat the whole thing.

Except for this mild eccentricty and the drinking-of-tea-at-teatime, Piper is not a bit different from any other American girl who bumps maybe a bit more than a thousand dollars a week and looks like a prospector's mirage. She likes small parties, simple, tailored suits, peasant garb in summer, younger men, older men, in-between men, and strapless gowns for evening. She's a pretty fair hand with both oil painting and sketching in charcoal, and riding and swimming seem to her almost as much fun as walking uphill. She's a rather droll little character, too. Says funny things in that wisp of a voice.

Universal figures she's going a long, long way, and so, according to the poll, do the readers of this magazine. It is not simply a point of beauty, according to the studio's sharper judgment, but a quality that seems to detach her from a more or less mundane earth. One U-I attaché, not given to high-flown prose, has observed that she is not unlike a camellia herself.

"It's strange to me," said Miss L. now dunking the tea-bag a last time, "that anyone sees anything contradictory in my going with both Leonard and Dick. Or strange. Or why they say I've switched from Leonard to Dick, or the other way around. It's not a gap between a young man and an older man. They are simply two separate and distinct persons, and that's how I think of them.

"If you want to generalize—and you know I don't—you might say a young man's a little more possessive or dictatorial, the older man mellower and more tolerant. But there you're in trouble, because how can you do it without specifying? *Which* young man? *What* older man? You have to give me names. These rules of thumb don't work. I mean, they don't *necessarily* work. It's like saying, 'Youth calls to youth.' Not always, by any means. I have seen youths and youths with not so much as a whisper between them. There are individuals and that's all there are, so far as I'm concerned. Quote me no general quotes, please."

STRANGER ON HORSEBACK

When I lived in Los Angeles my mother and I often went driving in the country. One day we got stuck on a muddy road and, hard as we tried, we couldn't get out. A stranger came by on horseback and offered to help, but after struggling and pushing, we were still as stuck as ever. The man then offered to find a farmer who could pull us out with a tractor. In about fifteen minutes the farmer came and freed us. I never guessed who the helpful stranger was until my mother whispered that his name was Dick Haymes!

Sandra Sue Doty
East Alton, Illinois

THE LAST WORD on the Contino deal was that Piper is very strong with Dick's grandmother. This good lady, who by all accounts is a superb cook, had called from San Francisco a few hours before tea time and asked her up there for a bowl of spaghetti—*spaghetti Contino*, that is, which is something rather special.

Piper was thinking of making the trip. And if Dick happened to be up there at the same time, what of that? Something suspicious about a boy's being with his grandmother? You'd like to make something of it?

Pardon. Contino's not a boy, he's a man. And men are just wonderful. You heard the lady. And as for so-called age, what's that? A state of mind—and a state of mind not shared by Piper Laurie. **END**

(Piper Laurie is soon to be seen in U-I's Dawn At Socorro.)

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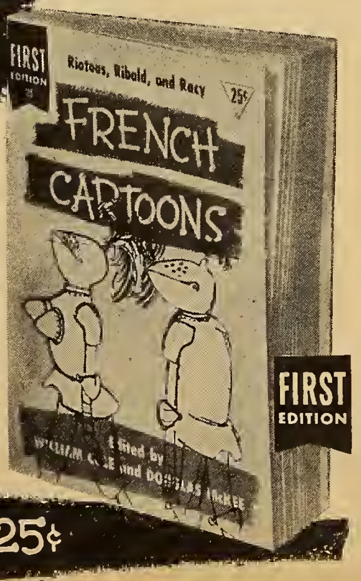

the lady said yes

(*Continued from page 37*) can clear them

Then precisely at eleven-thirty—according to unusually reliable sources—Bob asked Ursula a question he had been some time getting around to. The exact German equivalent is not available, but in American it goes: "Will you marry me?" At the same time, he produced a ring.

Hollywood, as well as a large part of the rest of the civilized world, had been wondering for quite a spell when Bob and Ursula were going to get this show on the road. Some even were making book on it, pro or con and name your own odds.

Until then, the closest Taylor had come to conceding anything was when he told MODERN SCREEN, three weeks before the announcement, the following, in reply to a direct query:

"That question has a familiar ring. I'll say this much, though. The lady's name is pronounced 'Teece.' You muffed it. I'll also say we are keeping company. And I don't mind telling you she was with me yesterday when I bought some Adler silverware. I figure it's time I began keeping a hope chest. Furthermore, I instructed that the monogram 'T' be put on the silverware. I'll even go this far; I'm house-hunting, sometimes as many as three and four houses a day, and sometimes Miss Thiess is with me. You may now conjecture your head off."

BUT THE NEED for conjecture is over. Miss Thiess and Mr. Taylor are married and the marriage has changed many things for Bob Taylor, as such happenings are wont to do. But one strange and spurious supposition about him, it has failed to dent—and this is the peculiar notion that Robert Taylor, married or not, is the loneliest man in Hollywood.

He may never shake that delusion.

For Bob Taylor once explained to the press, "I never go anywhere because nobody asks me anywhere."

Repercussions from this indiscreet—and endearing—bit of personal information have plagued him ever since.

"I keep reading," he said, "that I'm the loneliest guy in Hollywood. If I read it five more times, maybe I'll begin to believe it. Then I could have a hell of a time wallowing around in self-pity, except I'm not given to self-pity.

"The picture I get from it is Taylor slumped in his cell-like room night after night, surrounded by bats. That's interesting but inaccurate. I don't slump, my room isn't cell-like and I don't keep bats. In fact, I lead what I consider a very happy life, by which I mean a life that suits Taylor fine. But if I say that, the weepers insist I'm just keeping a stiff upper lip or whistling past the graveyard. It seems almost impossible for a naturally rather solitary person to convince the joiners that he's happy the way he is. But anyone like me—and I'll bet there are plenty—knows exactly what I'm talking about. You don't have to feel sorry for us. We don't feel sorry for ourselves. We like it."

BRIEFLY, Taylor's allegedly monastic existence runs like this: He has few close friends directly connected with the motion picture industry, but a fair number of convivial acquaintances away from it. He likes small gatherings where people sit on the floor and talk about the best ways to pot a Texas quail. Aside from golf (he's just taken it up and is not promising) he prefers the more solitary diversions—hunting, fishing, riding, flying. He is delighted with his freedom to go where he likes when he likes as he likes unless his work interferes.

"As I say," he went on after a moment, "this 'lonely' business began when I told that columnist I didn't go to any parties because I wasn't invited to any. Well, that's not strictly the truth, but for her purposes it was, and I guess for years as well, so I'll repeat it. *I don't go to any parties because I'm not invited to any.*

"But you have to understand that in Hollywood, a party is not a party unless it's one of those where—what is it they always say?—'Everybody who is anybody was there!' What a crushing thing it must be to 159,890,000 Americans to learn that they're not anybody! I think we should all band together to make up a mutual sympathy club. No, I'm not invited to those. I don't know any special reason. Oh, maybe if somebody like Jack Warner were giving a super *soirée,* he might include me, but I'd be an afterthought.

"Usually, I just read about them in the papers and try not to lose sleep over it. You understand I'm not crying. Unruffled, even—that's me. I'm just stating a fact. Only thing you might say about it is this (and I'm not sure even here I'm speaking the truth): maybe I don't want to go to the parties, but I'd like to be invited. *Maybe.* But you can't have one without the other, they tell me, and then I'd be in a fix. The social whirl. And what does that do to my freedom?"

Apparently, to Taylor's way of thinking, that makes him a prisoner of the RSVP set. You can't fly to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, because you're due at Brenda Gushberry's for cocktails. If you don't show, Brenda positively will never ask you again, and where does that leave you?

"In Jackson Hole, Wyoming," said Taylor. "And a very nice place to be, too. For me, I mean. For Taylor. Don't think I'm running down party-goers because I'm not. Start carping at another person's way of life just because it doesn't suit you, and you're not being what you'd call tolerant.

"But this 'lonely' bit—that baffles me. It has a pathetic sound to it, doesn't it? And I'm one of the least pathetic characters I know. It's as if I were to point to my opposite number and say, 'Poor Joe, always surrounded by people,' and then wipe a tear from my eye. Maybe he looks as pathetic to me as I look to him, but I try not to say so. It could be I think he's trapped and within himself more lonely than I—and all the people like me—less inner resource, you know. Or maybe that's *not* the case. But I wouldn't want to stick my finger in his eye, and out of reciprocal courtesy I'd thank him not to pity me."

Well, that's the root of Taylor's philosophy. Friends contend there are external circumstances, too, that limit his appearances these days at the gatherings attended by everybody who is anybody. Of course, for a long time before his first marriage he was in that state of being known in Hollywood, as in Chillicothe, as "out of circulation."

Both before that marriage and after it ended, Taylor was in great demand. There are less presentable specimens to be sure. When he narrowed his courting range to Miss Thiess, he became noneligible for the stag-line. Taylor, by fervent testimony of those who know him best, is an impeccable escort; courteous, engaging, non-assertive and postively not the one to stalk his date from Cadillac ambush. This is offered in refutation to those who have Heard It On Good Authority that a girl could do worse than wear track shoes in his company.

It so happens that Bob Taylor, having been around long and successfully, is capable of urbane indifference toward what is mouthed about him—urbane indifference, but not callousness, a state of skin no star can afford.

He may have winced from time to time. After the collapse of his eleven-year—and supposedly idyllic—marriage to Barbara Stanwyck, there were those who said Miss Stanwyck was bitterly angry, whereas Taylor wished to make it the chummiest of divorces. Unhappily for Taylor, Miss Stanwyck was among those who said it. For at least a year, she had no wish to speak to her erstwhile mate. And that agitated a tongue or two. There was talk, as there had to be talk, about Taylor and a girl in Rome, about Taylor and a girl in Palm Springs, about Taylor's alleged wolfishness that heretofore no one seemed to have noted. Taylor gracefully kept his mouth shut.

It is suspected by some that Taylor's extraordinary looks are a key to his personality. He is a diffident man, absolutely unwilling to thrust himself forward in any company, and despite his refusal to worry about it, may on occasion rest on a shaky social basis. That is guesswork, but documented guesswork.

Sometimes he seems to be over-controlled and only recently has he conquered a somewhat mannered habit of raising his right eyebrow while listening. This trick is thought by his handful of intimates to have been simply a product of nervousness, but its effect was superciliousness.

Extreme good looks are not necessarily a psychological asset. Not for a man. And any public reference to his facial appearance cracks his aplomb. It's practically the only thing that does.

For a brief while during the war, for example, Taylor, a Naval flying instructor with lieutenant's stripes, was stationed in Washington. And having led a pretty cloistered existence, he dropped in on one or two nightclubs with some friends. At one of these, a girl came over to his table, did a long, languishing take, and said with next to unbelievable gaucherie: "Gee, you're the most handsome man in the world!" Taylor—quite literally—paled, got up from a half-finished dinner, and left the premises. He had been thrown the unanswerable observation and behaved accordingly. Yet, it is not likely another star

Don gets tips from his daughter, too!

FANCY FEET

Walking along Times Square, I noticed a crowd watching the dancing of two small boys dressed as gypsies. I watched the coins flip in from the group, and then was startled to see Donald O'Connor among them, flipping coins to the boys and watching their footwork with huge enjoyment.

Elizabeth Rodriguez
Brooklyn, New York

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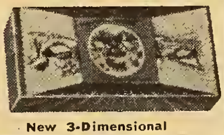

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would have been so completely unhinged —even one with less metallic poise.

Maturity has taken him out of the over-handsome class that once marked him—unfairly, by the way—as pretty. There is nothing un-masculine about his features; they are startlingly regular, that's all. And even this doesn't go for his nose. It is, without a mustache to underscore it, a trifle hawkish. And Taylor doesn't wear the mustache "unless I'm using it"—*i.e.,* unless it is necessary to a picture.

"Bob," a friend has said, "could very well have an inferiority complex. He has it under check, naturally, but did you ever see a normal personality quite so contained as his? This guy *never* lets go. As a kid, he was pretty close to being a male beauty and this may have affected his relations with the other youngsters and set the framework for what he was going to be later. No one can say what he might have been if he hadn't looked the way he does, but my guess is a solid Rotarian type who'd never get to Hollywood except for an American Legion convention. Or a cello player who liked to ride horseback or fly a rented plane weekends. He was pretty fair on the cello. But the face came along and crossed him up. Naturally, that's pretty fair crossing. Big money, fame, the chance to live the way he wants to."

Face or no face, Taylor has no vanity. Witness after witness has firmly deposed that so far as he is concerned, the mirror might as well not have been invented.

Probably the key to the Taylor character is his appreciation of independence. An inch has to be left here for guesswork, since Taylor is not given to self-analysis.

Independence is a better guess, anyhow, than "lonely" or "self-centered" or "solitary." It implies a jealous regard for freedom of action. If this freedom were curtailed he would, in truth, become a morbidly unhappy man.

At the completion of *Knights Of The Round Table,* for instance, Taylor felt, as he usually does after any picture, an overwhelming urge to get out of town. He owns a Beechcraft—an eight-passenger plane that runs into a lot of money—but then, Taylor makes a lot of money.

So he and Ralph Couser, his long-time friend from Navy days and chief pilot for MGM, piled in and flew to Palm Beach. They had nothing special to do there but Taylor wanted to drop in on another friend to see if there was anything worth eating for dinner. There was. Later they flew back to New Orleans, one of Taylor's war-time stations, and renewed a warming acquaintance with a restaurateur who interchanges normal false teeth with a set that are diamond encrusted. Still later they caught up with New York, where they dined one night with the entire chorus of the Copacabana nightclub line. It was reported in Hollywood that Taylor *alone* had taken the whole chorus out!

It was a junket at once aimless and genial, and Taylor happens to like that sort of dido. He flies to Illinois once in a while for no sounder reason than an evening of reminiscence with a Navy friend there; to South Dakota or Texas or northern California to hunt or fish; or to Alaska because he'd never been there.

Robert Taylor was born Spangler Arlington Brugh in Filley, Nebraska, a little more than forty years ago, the son of Ruth Adelia Stanhope and Dr. Spangler Andrew Brugh, the latter a sort of self-made physician. That is to say, the late Dr. Brugh, a grain dealer by vocation, adopted the study of medicine in middle life to try and find a cure for his ailing wife. His efforts paid off.

Eventually the family moved to Pomona, not far from Hollywood, and young Mr. Brugh did well in Pomona College's senior class play, *Journey's End.*

The rest of this is paralyzingly familiar. Talent scout. MGM contract. But no parts. Discouragement. *En*couragement—from L. B. Mayer. Small break. *Big* break—opposite Irene Dunne in *Magnificent Obsession* in 1936. Then the next eighteen years could not be called unalloyed clover, but they were pretty smooth going. There were no serious interruptions to Taylor's screen career. The war arrested it but did not deflect its upward curve.

Taylor is in most respects an exemplary fellow. Punctual. Clean-cut. Doesn't get loaded. Never, in lots of ways, left Nebraska.

The anecdotes that pursue him most often go like this one. He and Couser, his pilot friend, break down while en route by car to a fishing trip. Truck driver helps them out. Truck driver, who had at first regarded Taylor with truculent suspicion, warms to him over a few nips of Taylor-owned Scotch. Would have warmed to him anyway. "Tyler," guy finally says, pronouncing it the way it's spelled there, "you're awright. First, I thought you were some so-and-so movie star."

Then again, Taylor and Couser were flying once over some country that wouldn't have been easy to sit down in, when the wings iced up and the propellers failed. They lost 10,000 feet before things got back to proper. Taylor, by solemn testimony of both, said nary a word during the whole excruciating experience. Stayed with the controls in taut-faced silence, just like in the movies.

"How could he talk?" Couser has said, in moving tribute. "He fainted!"

"That wasn't it," declares Taylor. "I was just scared speechless."

Dennis Day at the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick banquet: "The Benny-Baker wedding was really a gorgeous ceremony. I think Jack is the first father of the bride who ever wept and validated parking tickets at the same time" . . . Also: "Jack just found a new use for old razor blades. He shaves with them" . . . Also: "Jack's had one cake of soap for three years and you can still read the word IVORY on it."

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

The median fact is that Taylor is a competent, experienced pilot, and one who loves to fly. He's a good shot, either hunt or skeet, a good man with a fishing rod and a better than good horseman. His tennis is inoffensive, his golf woeful and his knowledge of—and talent with—foods very commendable. He likes to eat simply and well—and he does like to eat.

"So," said Taylor in summation, "we go back to the loneliness. If you want to regard it mathematically, it could be true. I have exactly two friends in Hollywood. Two. That may be counting it kind of close but it's a good, round number. But if the way I live is loneliness, then it's a different word from what the dictionary says it means. For me, it's the happy way. And I still have a dollar that says there are lots like me. And we mean it. We're not taking a defensive attitude."

And it was on approximately this note that the loneliest man in Hollywood went his lonely way, looking completely happy about it—happy as a clam or a guy who'd just knocked over a big lie about himself. And every bit as happy as bridegrooms are said to be. **END**

salt water dillies

(*Continued from page 50*) in twenty seconds, and adjourned to the beach—a beautiful stretch of clean white sand, punctuated at water's edge by rocks crawling with all kinds of tiny sea animals. They had a ball game and Bob and Scott proved that each could tote a pretty girl on his shoulders endlessly up and down the strand without getting tired.

At sundown Scott disappeared into the kitchen, emerged some time later pounding on a pail with a big spoon and yelling, "Come and get it!"

"You know," Kim Novak admitted to Scott afterward, "after all I've read about you, if anyone had told me that you could whip up a dinner like that with your own two brutal hands, I'd say your press agent had gone crazy."

"I'm a *homey* type!" Scott retorted. "Remind me to get your phone number."

Then they all went outside to feed the sea gulls who live, they decided, much more comfortable lives than movie stars. When it grew dark they came inside and collapsed around the room.

"Nobody goes home," Scott announced, "until you say enough about yourselves so that I can report it to a magazine called MODERN SCREEN, which in turn can tell your future public. Kim, you kick it off."

"I feel a little silly," Kim hesitated.

"Don't be silly about being silly," Scott advised.

"Well, all right. My name was Marilyn Novak and for professional reasons, there being another blonde Marilyn around, I changed it to Kim. I'm twenty-one years old and I've done quite a bit of modeling. My first big break came at the auto show when some kind photographers made a little fuss over me and a kind Hollywood agent named Louis Shurr became interested. He introduced me to talent director Max Arnow at Columbia Pictures and I got a screen test. My new pictures are *Pushover* and *Phffft!* and everything's happened so fast this year I just can't believe it. I can't remember any more the time I was so discouraged."

Scott interrupted, "Can you, just for me, remember your phone number?"

Kim: "I live at the Studio Club and the number's in the book. But like I was saying, when I was young I was skinny and anemic."

"Wow," exclaimed Bob Francis. "Look now."

"Stop interrupting," Kim shushed. "I was too skinny, and the doctor put me on an endless fattening diet. I had such a terrible inferiority complex that he prescribed little theatre work. I was terrible, I know, but gradually I gained confidence and experience and finally landed a radio show job with *Calling All Girls*. In between all that I ran an elevator, clerked in a department store, and for a while I was a dentist's receptionist."

"Lucky dentist," Scott suggested, and before Kim could bat him down, he turned to May Wynn. "It's your turn now—and don't spare the details."

SAID MAY: "It's easier when someone else starts it off. My family was theatrical so I just naturally gravitated toward show business. First, though, I think any girl, whether her family is theatrical or not, should have experience in other fields. So I was a clerk in a real estate office. Then after a while I got a job at La Guardia field as a page girl. Then when I was seventeen I modeled a bit before I got a job as a chorus girl in the line at the Copacabana. I danced there for two and a half years before I finally got a spot of my own as a singer and dancer. My name was Donna Lee Hickey then, and I thought I was really on the way when I signed a 20th Century-Fox contract. It didn't work out, though, and now I know that whenever your boss wants to let you go it's usually the best thing that could happen to you, even though it doesn't seem like it at the time. On a hunch, I took the name of the role I play in *The Caine Mutiny*—May Wynn—and that's me up to now. You turn, Bob. And don't forget to tell them about your engagement."

Bob: "Oh no! I'm not saying a thing. I've just been interviewed by MODERN SCREEN. Let's make Scott Brady talk about himself."

Scott: "Not a chance. I've been interviewed so many times that any fan who can't recite my life story backward can go sit in a corner."

THE GIRLS were burned up (they said) because the men had made them do all the talking, so they let Scott and Bob wash the dishes.

"I got to warn you," Scott growled at Kim, "if some day we grow up and get married, I cook like a fiend, but I do not wash!"

The time was late, so the party broke up because they were all acting type people and had six A.M. studio calls. Let it be said, however, that this is not the end. Fast friendships were formed at this casual Hollywood party. Three future stars made their debut through the courtesy of Scott Brady and MODERN SCREEN. Wish them luck!

There's news of a romance brewing between Kim Novak and Scott Brady and if you ask Scott, it wouldn't be a bad idea. He's busy right now finishing a picture called *The Law vs. Billy The Kid*, but after that, who knows? **END**

Don't miss LOUELLA PARSONS' new 8-page gossip section in next month's MODERN SCREEN

I found God in the streets

(*Continued from page 53*) What was this? She had me. She knew I was lying. I was willing to fight her off, but what kind of a dirty trick was she trying to pull by saying she believed me? And apologizing? I'll never forget how shocked I was. And then suddenly I realized it wasn't just a trick, that some kind of thinking and feeling—thinking I could only dimly be aware of as being in this world—was going on, that this teacher of mine had already figured out she didn't want to *prove* me a thief; she wanted to show me that there was nobility in the world and here was a chance to give me a great, shining example of it.

I stood there swallowing, my anger gone. I wanted to cry. And I knew that as long as I lived I could never be guilty of putting myself in such a spot again.

Redeemed: one dirty little thief. How? Someone wanted to help a fellow man up rather than kick him down.

WHAT HAPPENED in that classroom didn't die there. I had to ask myself questions about everything I was part of from then on, and the trouble with thinking is that once it starts it won't quit. Mine led me to answers I didn't want at first, and from these, painful as they were, to a new way of living.

I never considered myself a thief when I took that pencil box. No, sir. I, in the back of my mind, rationalized that being a poor boy, denied ordinary advantages, it was natural that I must help myself. (You notice that first I helped myself to a fine

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excuse, after which it was easy to help myself to the pencil box.) The danger in that kind of thinking should be obvious. With the right kind of excuses nothing would be impossible for me—burglary, murder, what have you?

Or let's apply it less spectacularly. Let's see how it could work (and does work for a lot of us) in an everyday way. In my line of work if I don't get the part I want in a certain picture I don't have to waste any time analyzing my own possible inadequacies for the role. I didn't get it because, clearly, the producer of the picture is stupid or a bum or prejudiced against me. So I complain to my friends and they comfort me. Or I tell my wife and she babies me.

After a while, if I keep on being this sort of fellow, I'll get to depend on blaming someone. It will never be my fault.

This is what my teacher did when she helped me; she taught me *me!*

To help your fellow man you have to understand him. To understand him you have to understand yourself. I thought I had figured this out as a personal piece of philosophy when one day, while I was still a kid, I heard someone read something startling from the Bible. "Know thyself." So somehow what I was learning by such slow degrees was connected with the faith of men.

LET ME GO back to the streets of New York and the boys I knew. The most characteristic thing about us was that we held the other fellow cheaply; his suffering, his problems, his reputation. This enabled us to cheat him, to play tricks on him, to forget him. Let's take one of these tricks and look at it.

The automobile speed limit was about twenty miles an hour in our block, but most cars would shoot through at a rate closer to fifty miles an hour. And of course, we kids would be playing right out on the street—we had no other place.

When a car would pass we would pretend that it had hit us. We'd stand so close that it would brush our clothes, and at the last second we'd slam the rear fender with one hand and then fall flat. To the driver inside the slamming would sound exactly as if he had hit something, and when he looked back there would be one of us writhing on the street.

The scared looks on the faces of the drivers when they stopped their cars and came running back would tickle us. But what we were after was money. A lot of times they would pull out a bill and throw it at the kid, telling him he would be all right. And then they'd drive off again. What easy dough! And then one day the understanding of what we were really doing hit me right between the eyes.

We were holding human life—our own lives—as cheaply as they could be held. We were saying that a piece of silver could set to rights a broken body. Suppose I actually *was* hit by a car playing this trick? Of course I wouldn't accept a dollar then. Yet that didn't change the fact that a dollar was what I had established as the value of whatever might happen to me. The day I figured this out was the last time I ever bet my limbs, possibly my whole life, against a dollar or two! And I decided, too, that I was estimating people too much in terms of money and material possession; that I must start looking for other values.

WHAT WAS a gentleman? At first the definition was easy for me. If I were a shoe-shine boy then the man whose shoes I shined was a gentleman. I *was* a shoe-shine boy around Seventy-second street and Second Avenue, but I learned that a lot of my customers were not necessarily gentlemen. Once my father, who was an actor-forced-to-turn-tailor, gave me one of his old whisk brooms to brush my customers' clothes. "They'll like that," he told me. "Yeah!" I said, enthusiastically. "That's a good idea."

I tried it on my first customer. The whisk broom was old, as I said, and kind of frazzled looking. The man glanced at the whisk broom and knocked it out of my hand into the street.

"Keep that filthy thing off my clothes!" he said. Then he threw me a nickel for the shine and walked away.

I don't know what made me do it but I ran after him. I wanted to remember his face. I was thinking of the kindness of my father in giving me the whisk broom, and how warm I had felt thinking how it would please my customers. And then it flashed into my mind that this was no gentleman; this was a monster of some kind because he didn't know how to live with other people, and that it was this which made the difference between a brute and a gentleman. This and nothing else.

WHAT WAS a lady? Surely she was one of those women you see sitting in the back of the limousines that sweep up and down Fifth Avenue. She couldn't be the girl you know who lives across your own street, could she, or the one you call mother? It took me a while to be able to separate the quality of character from the appearance of respectability, to be able to recognize it out of a limousine as well as inside, against a background of poverty as well as riches. One day I met a girl I classed as just a pretty kid a fellow might neck around with. Before many days had passed I knew her as a lady for whom my admiration was boundless.

GUEST OF HONOR

Some time ago I was invited to a dinner in honor of Gloria Swanson, whom I had always considered a very aloof sort of star. Seated beside Miss Swanson at the table was the elderly film critic of one of the St. Paul newspapers. He had just broken his arm and wore a sling. I was amazed to see Miss Swanson help him throughout the meal by cutting his steak, buttering his bread and generally making things much easier for him.

Mrs. Helen Erickson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I was acting with a small theatre school then and she dropped in one evening to see our presentations and talk to her brother who was in our group. He introduced us and I took her out. She told me she worked at Gimbels, and did some modeling, too. As we talked on I became conscious of a fine mind working in her head and an appreciation of the world and its people that made my own knowledge seem pretty puny by comparison. This was not just a pretty kid—this was a person! It was wonderful being with her even if I didn't get to hold her hand—which I did.

As soon as I could, I asked her brother about her, and what he told me confirmed my opinion. It was because of her help that he was able to attend an acting school; he had a $65-a-month G.I. grant but she made up the difference he needed to get along. She also contributed the major upkeep to the home so that two younger brothers could go to school.

I laughed. "You know," I began, "when I first saw her I just thought she was beautiful. That's all."

He nodded and smiled back. "My sister *is* beautiful, inside as well as out."

The memory of that girl stayed with me. When I met another one like her I knew it right away. This one was twenty-three years old, beautiful, too, well known, very busy at her own work, yet without telling anyone about it she was also busy just being a fine person. I don't want to go into too much detail because I don't think she would like me to. But she's still at it. It has to do with contributing to the maintenance and happiness of a large orphanage—and that side of this girl's life was one of the reasons I thought it a great privilege to marry her.

YOU KNOW, when you go to school you learn things in a clear order. But in life, especially in the dog-eat-dog kind of life I started out to live, you have to pick up things helter-skelter. I developed my faith, my philosophy of living, as you might if you picked up a Bible and read a page here and a page there, going backward as well as forward, and from the middle toward the beginning and end. And, as a matter of fact, what I learned from the whisperings of God in the noisy, dusty streets of New York, and for a long time thought to be my own exclusive wisdom, I later read in the Bible. The words were almost the same!

Let me say here that I am not a bit sorry I learned my faith on the streets first. That's how it came to the men and the saints who wrote much of the Bible. That way it sticks with you.

It works out in funny ways for me. Take the Biblical injunction, "Do not bear false witness." I apply it to my work every day. I do not bear false witness for others and I do not ask them to do it for me. I am not talking about telling great lies, just everyday small ones. I never go to a friend and ask, "What did you think of my work in my last picture? Now tell me the truth. I want honest criticism." I don't do this because I know from experience that I *don't* want him to be honest—I just want him to tell me I was great!

How did I learn this? Well, too many times I have been told I was great, too many times I found out later I wasn't, and too many times I blamed the friend for fooling me. Now I know it wasn't his fault. In such circumstances people instinctively know what the other fellow wants to hear and that's what they tell him, feeling they would be cruel if they didn't. So truth dies and a form of larceny takes its place.

In my earliest memories all life was defined sharply and simply, everything was black or white, sweet or bitter. From this I went on to the gradations. I began to see the greys and be more subtly appreciative.

From liking ice cream, which comes naturally, I went on to like music, which is more of a developed taste. From music I branched off to literature. At the same time I began to sense the beauty there can be in a snowflake, a leaf or a sunset. With these awakenings experienced, I no longer laughed when I read a poem or listened to it; now it meant something as the world was beginning to mean more to me. And not until then, I maintain, was I ready for the most subtle experience of all—the experience of being one with the whole meaning of existence, the experience of faith. END

(Continued from page 31) wrote that book. The hero, of course, was himself. The theme stuck with him. Today he calls himself Jeff Chandler. And at thirty-five, although he is already a busy and famous Hollywood star earning $3000 a week, he is restlessly and ambitiously pushing every one of his talents.

Jeff has embarked on the long shot, uphill career of a popular crooner.

He has organized Jeff Chandler Enterprises to produce his own pictures when his contract expires.

He is working on a nightclub act.

He is preparing a radio serial based on the files of a big metropolitan newspaper, in which he will star. Later he will adapt it for television.

He is writing and sketching ideas for Jeff Chandler adventure publications.

This flurry of ambitious activity is a matter of curious speculation both among the people who know him and those who don't. It has coincided with the breakup of his marriage, which looms as a contributing cause. In securing her divorce from Jeff last April, Marjorie stated in her plea: "As a result of his complete and continuous absorption in his career, he was not a companion in any way. . . . He was chronically fatigued so that he would fall asleep wherever we were. . . ."

Humphrey Bogart tells of a movie role he once had, a role which was to show him as the meanest, toughest guy in the rackets. The problem was how to establish this characterization quickly. It was Chaplin who suggested an easy, quick way: It would show an old charwoman carrying brushes and pails of water up the stairs, staggering under the burden all the way. Then Bogart would rush out and push her and the pails down all the flights.

"Then Bogey comes down," Chaplin suggested, "picks up the old lady tenderly, tips his hat and says to her, 'Pardon me, Madam—I thought you were my mother'."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

Jeff himself allows that the reason he is pushing himself to the limit is to make more money. "I decided to be an actor when I was fourteen years old," he says, "because I'd heard they made $5000 a week. I still want to make that kind of money. I have responsibilities to my family. I want enough to be able to retire and relax when I'm forty. That gives me five years. I'm not sure I'll make it."

Jeff's agent, a dapper little man named Meyer Mishkin, whose office adjoins Jeff's, has a different explanation. "Jeff is just naturally a terrific bundle of talent," he says. "He's easy, sure-fire, no temperament, no trouble. Why shouldn't he spread himself? He just likes to work."

But there is another reason why Jeff Chandler is striking out in all directions at an age when he thought he'd be philosophically looking back at his struggles. He can't believe he's a success until he makes the best of everything that's in him—and that, in his own opinion, is quite a lot.

This is not conceit. Jeff Chandler is humble about his good fortune. His favorite phrase about himself is still "the luckiest kid on the block." At his studio he is known as a "sweetheart" to work with, serious, conscientious, prompt and ready, and exhibiting no temperament since he grunted imperiously, "I am Cochise," and became a star. He still bends over backward in a self-effacing manner both with his associates and his admirers. "Jeff always talks as if he's asking me a big favor to help him out on a deal," marvels Meyer Mishkin. "I have to ask him, 'What am I for, anyway?'"

His self-consciousness about what others think about him is demonstrated constantly. Once, when Jeff was making $800 a week, an interviewer wanted to take his salary and break it down for an article, showing how taxes, fees and expenses shriveled that sum down to almost nothing for Jeff to keep. Jeff considered the idea briefly, then shook his massive head. "If you were making $50 a week and read about poor me making $800," he asked the writer, "would you cry for me?"

After he had separated from his wife, another reporter tried to get Jeff's opinions on what qualities he admired in women. Again Jeff pondered and begged off. His reason: the qualifications of such a dream girl might imply they were those which his wife had lacked.

"I like being a celebrity," he'll tell you candidly. "I like being recognized. Except, of course, by guys like our aforementioned ginned-up friend."

Jeff Chandler always says what comes into his mind, and often answers questions as though he were talking to himself. He takes time to think before he replies and then he gives an honest answer. Explaining his drive for success, he says that from the time he was an awkward, overgrown kid in East Flatbush, Brooklyn, he always believed that he towered not only physically but in destiny, too, above the other kids, although he was at least as poor as the rest.

That feeling of being apart and having a special superiority is common to all actors in some degree. Maybe it helps them to act. In spite of Jeff's faith in his own powers, he has great humility. It is no inferiority complex however. He has been unhappy only when he has been prevented from doing everything he thought he was naturally equipped to do.

Jeff has had an oversized physique and bold, impressive features since he was a tot. Today he is a kingsized man—six feet, four, 210 pounds, 13 shoe, size 7⅝ hat. Once when his agent suggested him for a romantic leading man role, the reply he got was, "Jeff Chandler? He's a mug. But I've got another job in mind for him. If I can't get the plug-ugly I want, I'll call you."

Jeff has a regal bearing, moves easily, and his deep bass voice comes out softly. He uses meticulous grammar, not slang. When he wore a toga for *Sign Of The Pagan* he looked as though he had stepped out of the ruins of ancient Rome. The Indian chief "Cochise" in *Broken Arrow* missed an Academy Award by three votes. But it was this same strength, suggesting leadership, that gave Jeff Chandler his first movie break as the stoic Israeli in *Sword In The Desert*. In his radio acting days, Jeff had been called on no less than seven times to play the *Christus* role. There is no small doubt that Jeff Chandler, consciously or subconsciously, believes himself specially gifted and destined.

Jeff Chandler was born in Brooklyn, and he lived most of his boyhood in a moderate neighborhood, on East 37th Street. His father and mother were separated when he was three and he grew up in a house with his grandparents and an aunt and uncle. He was an only son, and a fatherless one. He thinks perhaps his burning desire to distinguish himself stems from need for love from his father.

Despite his size and his environment, young Ira Grossel was no roughneck.

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"I suspect I was lucky," he says. "Because I was big the kids left me alone. It was a good thing. I was not aggressive or belligerent. Maybe by their standards I was a sissy. I don't know. I remember we lived once across the street from a family of five boys, all rough and tough. I used to cross the street before I came to their house. One day I forgot and ran head on into the most hard-boiled one. To my great surprise—and relief—he quickly crossed the street. Later, they told me that all the time I was afraid of them, they were afraid of me!"

Jeff Chandler has never hit a man in his life, except for his faked scripts for the cameras. He learned to box for *The Iron Man* but he would rather remain a spectator. And while he played some football and basketball in school his real joy in sports is baseball. He played sand lot ball all his youth and became a fervent fan.

All his life Jeff Chandler has had ambitions, interests and desires that had no connection with his naturally husky body. He traveled a lonely path as a boy and he still travels it as a man, prodded on by a feeling of obligation and guilt. "I'm still not up to what I've become," he observes at times, adding cryptically, "and yet what I've become isn't enough for what I should be."

FRUGALITY IS so ingrained in Jeff that his happiness over a good trade or bargain sometimes backfires.

Jeff was having dinner with a girl he had known in drama school fourteen years ago, now happily married in the East and visiting Hollywood for the first time. It happened that he had recently acquired his first Cadillac, a distress sale car which he got at a sizable discount. Excited about it, he mentioned the price to his friend—only $4,300 for a $5,300 car.

"Why," she exclaimed, "the down-payment on our *house* was a lot less than that!" The thrill of the new car was destroyed and he felt guilty as he drove it home. Jeff's personal wardrobe is built around six suits he had tailored for his first out-of-costume role in *Because Of You* only three years ago. He waited until then to properly outfit himself and bought the suits at half-price from his studio. He likes to roam around hardware stores. Not long ago a five-way tool called a shopsmith and priced at $229 caught his eye. He strolled by admiring it for five days, telling himself wistfully, "I wish I could afford it." One day he stopped still and said aloud, "What am I saying? I *can* afford it!" So he bought it. Jeff's business manager is always telling him, "You ought to spend more money!"

Jeff's thrift flies out the window where others are concrned. His alimony and support settlement was very generous. Around his studio he is known as a cotton-soft touch. For ten pictures he co-starred with actors making twice what he made without a squawk. "Jeff," says one friend, "wants to own the world—so he can give it away."

This trait is a hangover from Jeff Chandler's boyhood, which he perhaps ponders too much. The result is an idealistic, socially conscious, and somewhat conscience-tortured man whose past is always cropping up to influence his present. For instance, although he was an adoring dad to both his little girls, Jamie and Dana, Jeff could never bring himself to buy them a pet. When he was a little boy his pup got sick and he watched it die, unable to help it. He has shied from owning any kind of pet since.

JEFF CHANDLER, despite his formidable appearance and assured manner, is a shy, sentimental and self-critical character. That's why many of the legends about him don't stand up. The lone wolf idea has been wishfully tacked on him ever since it was known he was having trouble at home. Because Jeff has sought companionship with women (and except for publicity, premières and such, they are almost all women he has met professionally or known before) it is widely hinted that he is a quiet but deadly operator in the romance field.

Actually, Jeff Chandler verges on being a social flop—and has been more or less all his life. As Tony Curtis, one of his best friends, says, "You say 'hello' to Jeff at a party—and when you try to say 'goodbye' he isn't there." Publicity people who have tried to pair him with young actresses for Hollywood affairs testify that it's difficult. Only when he calls on his good friends, Janet and Tony, Patti and Jerry Lewis, or Sheila and Gordon MacRae (whom he knew way back in his Millpond Playhouse days) are his visits relaxed and easy.

This has been baffling to predatory ladies. Usually they have been kept at a distance despite their persistent efforts.

Jeff is no hermit nor has he ever been, although he says "I'm not even thinking about marriage again." He always has been a one-girl man. When prodded about his early romantic dreams he says, "They weren't romantic, nor adventurous. The dream I had was always the same. It was of a depression kid—like me—meeting and marrying a poor girl and together struggling out of poverty and obscurity to riches and high position." That, in effect, is the dream that he made come true—only to lose it—and ironically because of

Liz gets ice cream from Lou.

THE GOOD HUMOR MAN

My route as a Good Humor Man once took me past a beach. One day a flock of kids came running over, dragging along a young girl and shouting, "Oh, Paul, we want you to meet a movie actress!" I thought it was a joke and said, "Hello, what's the name?" "Elizabeth Taylor!" they yelled. Giving her a slap on the back that almost keeled her over, I said, "Glad to meet you, Elizabeth, I'm Clark Gable." Then I gave her an ice cream cup. As I was on my way home that night, a lady came out of one of the cottages and asked, "Are you Paul?" I replied that I was and she said, "My niece, Elizabeth Taylor, said she met you today. She's visiting me." I wish I had given her a pint!

Paul G. Boyle, Sr.
New Haven, Connecticut

the struggle. There are so many reasons for every marriage failure that no one can pinpoint a single cause. Jeff's boyhood can supply a clue. Even then his all-absorbing devotion to one particular responsibility caused other responsibilities to suffer, quite without intention.

UNTIL HE was a sophomore in high school he was a leader at school, wrapped up in a dozen activities and outlets that he enjoyed. But that year his grandfather's slow death from cancer, coupled with hard times all around, forced his mother to open a small candy store in their home. Jeff was called on to help out after school. He dropped all his scholastic ambitions and activities. He was a great help to his family, but to do that he abandoned everything else. There are strong hints that this is why Jeff and Marge found their marriage in conflict with his career.

At that divorce hearing, Marjorie Hoshelle said, "We could never come to any agreement or compromise . . . He said he was fond of me but found it impossible to live with me because of the many conflicts . . ." Yet Jeff had known Marge since 1941 when they were both in little theatre work around Illinois. Their romance grew out of two careers. It was Marjorie who helped Jeff learn the Hollywood ropes, bore him two children, shared his life for eight years. Yet the harassments of married life along with those of his professional existence took too high a toll. No other woman nor any other man entered into the rift.

Jeff yearns to have his life perpetually in order. Since he became a star he has tried to discipline himself. He diets religiously and is almost a teetotaler ("Soda pop tastes better"). He dresses more like a broker than an actor. He showers twice a day, keeps his tight, wiry thatch cropped once a week (barbers recently voted him "America's best male head of hair"). He is meticulous about appointments and worries considerably about a tendency to procrastinate, which business friends say he does not do.

Every day when he is not making a picture and is not out of town, Jeff reports to himself at his office bright and early like any businessman. "I like to play 'office,'" he admits. "It makes me feel I'm accomplishing something." Jeff's office is next to Meyer's and they work as a business team.

His picture scripts are neatly bound in leather on shelves, efficient gadgets are carefully aligned on his desk, his files are in shape and the walls neatly decorated with his various awards, his sketches of baseball heroes and photographs of his two daughters. In one drawer is a carefully stacked pile of the children's drawings and their notes to him over the years—a crayon coloring labeled "This is a cat" or a bunny effort and the scrawl "To Daddy—for making all Easters very happy." Jeff has sentimentally saved all these and plans to bind them neatly in books. He sees the girls once a week.

JEFF LIVES in an apartment in Westwood Village although he's usually there only to sleep and not often for that. Because he has been racketing off in all directions breaking ground for his projects. Recently he tape-recorded 200 spot announcements to be played by disc jockeys all over the country with his record, which has already reached the 125,000 sale mark and needs only a few thousand more to make him an official hit as a crooner. He has been commuting to San Francisco to raid the *Chronicle* files for his radio reporter series, due to start in the fall. He has just finished *Sign Of The Pagan,* one of U-I's first CinemaScope productions.

This gives Jeff Chandler a program of all work and very little play—but that doesn't bother him. He never has been able to mix work and play. When Jeff went to Italy for his third picture, *Deported,* he might as well never have left home. He saw only Naples, where the picture was filmed. He has contemplated no other foreign scenery except the bleak Aleutians where he served two years at a lonely anti-aircraft outpost during his four-year Army service. "Some day," he occasionally promises himself, "I'm going to take off in a new car to tour America, all by myself. I'll go where I please, see what I like and stay as long as I want wherever it's interesting. I won't be in a hurry and I won't give a damn." That's probably just talk. The only place Jeff has been known to relax is Apple Valley, up on the Mojave Desert. He hasn't had any regular exercise since he played right field for the Martin and Lewis "Aristocrats" softball team. His pals seldom suggest tennis or golf any more. They know what he will say: "Too busy."

"But," shrugs Jeff Chandler, "you can't do everything you want and have everything you want at the same time. I don't know whether everything I'm trying will be a success or a flop. It's really not important. I do know that if you don't make a bid for everything you feel you can do, you're a failure, any way you look at it. You've got to get things out of your system. I've always wanted to know more about music, I've always wanted to sing. If I hadn't made this record, there would still be plenty of things in my life to fill it. But since I have and there's a certain success to the effort, why, that makes more things to do and it makes everything else I try easier. Everything could change for me in thirty seconds, but right now I feel that I'm getting somewhere at last."

THAT'S A curious statement from a man who has just seen his home break up under the pressure of an expanding career. But Jeff Chandler can't help himself. This is his last chance to prove to himself what he believed as a boy—that he is different, special, above the crowd. It's his last chance to write that novel that he plotted years ago, not with a pencil but by living it—but its title might be, *The Lonesome Road.*

END

SIC TRANSIT DOROTHY

During a War Bond Rally in 1944 or 1945 Dorothy Lamour visited my home town, Lawrence, Massachusetts. She was scheduled to make a speech in the park opposite Lawrence High School, so during recess we all went over. After the speech, Miss Lamour gave out autographs and everyone was wild with excitement. I had no paper except my Latin homework with me, so I handed her that to sign. She smiled and took it and just then was whisked away into a waiting car, Latin paper and all. I still wonder what happened to it!

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pat crowley

(*Continued from page 54*) "I don't know about you two but I'll never even make it to Sunday sitting around in my room," she said. "Why wait and suffer? We all have expense accounts from the studio. The least we can do is have a good time in California while they make up their minds. Let's have dinner together. Let's hire a car. Let's have a wonderful weekend instead of a terrible one!"

The girls she was talking to, Sally Hester, who is now in Europe, and Christine White, again working in the East, not only cheered Pat but blessed her. The three dined together that night. They rented a car and on Friday they were sunning themselves in the emerald waters off Laguna Beach. By Saturday they were dancing in U. S. Navy officer territory at the Coronado Hotel, on San Diego Bay. Sunday afternoon they hunted souvenirs in Tijuana, Mexico, sat in briefly at the bullfight arena, and that night, their money gone but their nerves in fine shape, they drove back to Hollywood.

On Monday when the studio notified them that Pat had won, nobody fainted. Sally and Christine offered congratulations, and Pat kept repeating dazedly, "I didn't think I had a chance! I just came out for the plane ride!"

Actually, the decision wasn't so astounding. Even if Pat was only eighteen then she had already been in a number of plays, including two Broadway flops, and any number of TV shows, not excluding a thirty-nine week run in the lead role of *A Date With Judy.* But she wasn't thinking of this. She was thinking all the way back to a small, hard-coal mining town in Pennsylvania where she was born, and finding it hard to believe that the road she took out of there could lead to such a dream-like destination.

The picture for which the girls had tested was *Forever Female.* Before Pat had even finished this one her studio had her working in a Martin and Lewis starrer, *Money From Home.* She not only did a fine job in this production, but not once did Jerry Lewis let fire with his water pistol at her. Soon afterward she was cast in her first Technicolor musical, *Red Garters*, with Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Jack Carson and Joanne Gilbert. And, it might be added, Pat, who said she came out to Hollywood just for the plane ride, got a lot more rides. The studio sent her out on personal appearance tours, one schedule binding her to visit thirty-five cities in thirty-five days.

On these trips Pat took part in radio broadcasts, telecasts, stage shows, industry dinners, cocktail parties and, of course, a whole series of civic functions. She used to have to talk so much about herself that at night she would tumble into bed hating the name of Pat Crowley. Yet she will appear this summer in the little theatre presentation of *Hazel Flagg* at the Dallas State Fair. Such energy and ambition have not always been characteristic of Pat.

More than a hundred newspaper men around the country, and almost as many disc jockeys, have interviewed her since she got into movies, and almost all have pictured her as a youngster who dreamed unceasingly about making good, then schemed and fought her way to grabbing distance of the top with grim determination. It's not what she tells them but that's what they tell their audiences.

The way it happened really is that Pat drifted into show business, nudged every now and then by her sister Ann, who is three years older and who had worked in Broadway shows as a singer at fourteen. "Left alone I think I'd have been a nurse," says Pat. "It still sounds good to me."

Nurses became a factor in Pat's life early because she was the kind of little girl who is always sick. Not only did the minor ailments of children befall her; colic, measles, flu, croup and a whole series of poxes, but also diseases which generally wait around for a person to grow up before trying to kill her. Double pneumonia, for instance. She had it three times before she was nine.

All this took place in Olyphant, a coal and mill town near Scranton, of less than 10,000 people. Her father, Vincent Crowley, now in the coal and oil business in New York, was then a section foreman in one of the anthracite mines. Pat loved the house they lived in and thought (and still thinks) its location was romantic. A branch line of the railroad ran right past the front door, and, she points out, "You could sit on your own steps and wave to the engineer!"

Her first boy friend, Bill Sweeney, the undertaker's son, does not appear to have been very considerate of Pat's frailty. When they were both about eight he introduced her to corn silk cigarettes. Pat was so ill that for a while it looked as though she would come unglued altogether. To make up to Pat for this, Bill came through with an oft-made but never-before-kept promise—he sneaked Pat into his father's establishment and showed her the corpses in the cellar. This, oddly enough, failed to upset Pat at all.

As a child, her enforced absences from her playmates were so prolonged that they used to have to re-identify her each time she showed up again—usually by her relationship to her older and much healthier sister. "Here comes Ann Crowley's little sister Pat," they'd say. Last winter she went back to Olyphant for the world première of *Forever Female,* and

IT HAPPENED TO ME

One day during the filming of the picture, Frogmen, I was standing near the West Indian Company Dock, discussing movie stars with a friend: A man stopped by and joined the conversation. We talked for about fifteen minutes and I asked him, "Do you like Richard Widmark?" "No," he said. I said that I didn't either and he said he'd better be going. He gave me a card and when he had left, I looked at it. It said, "Yours truly, Richard Widmark." He has been a favorite of mine ever since.

Augustine Edwards
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

from the crowd came the old cry: "There she is—Ann Crowley's little sister Pat! Can you imagine her a movie star?"

Once Pat got past nine, incidentally, her body seemed to do a flip-flop as far as susceptibility was concerned. Now she's resistant to everything. It is rare for her to catch so much as a cold.

When older sister Ann was twelve she went to New York for voice training, and lived with an aunt there. Pat decided that if Ann could be a singer, she was undoubtedly a dancer. She talked her parents into letting her take ballet and "moderne." Her teacher told her she had a very flexible body.

A year later there was word of fine promise being shown by Ann and the family decided to move to New York in two sections, Pat and her mother going first, and her father following soon afterward. A year after that Ann was singing in *Oklahoma!* and in subsequent years playing leads in Broadway musicals.

LEGAL AGE

In 1946 Ann Sheridan appeared in Lansing, Michigan, with the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus. She and John Ringling North and some other people connected with the circus stopped in a downtown nightspot for a glass of beer and some sandwiches. To everyone's delight (including Miss Sheridan's) the waitress flatly refused to bring Ann a glass of beer until she had proved that she was over twenty-one!

Mrs. Carl Doxsie
Lansing, Michigan

Pat kept up her dancing in New York. She auditioned for New York's High School of Performing Arts and was accepted as a ballet student.

As Pat reached her junior miss size, she was certainly taking on attractiveness. When she walked into the office of the head of a certain model agency looking for work he took one look at her and said yes, even though his name was Harry Conover and he had hundreds of models. But there was a sour note; although she was putting all she had into her dancing she was beginning to get a feeling that body flexibility was one thing and being a good dancer was another. Maybe, whispered a little voice inside her, she should never have passed up the nursing idea!

Then Ann, with a true, sisterly double edge, pointed out something intriguing. Pat, she recalled, had been quite a little snitch as a youngster, never taking the blame herself and avoiding it with such a flow of language that no one else could get in a countercharge. Of course, Ann went on quickly, this was no longer true of Pat, but if she thought she could remember the kind of girl she was and portray such a character on the stage, she might find a summer theatre job.

Naturally, Pat first denied Ann's accusations (and she swears she hardly ever snitches on anyone these days) but said she was willing to try out for the part anyway, just to show her good sportsmanship. Two days later the director of the Fayetteville Playhouse, just outside of Syracuse, New York, was listening to Pat read the lines which are spoken by Dinah, the brat-sister in *The Philadelphia Story.* When she finished he beamed with delight and said she would make the nastiest Dinah he had ever heard. Pat, whose personal nature today is really rated very much on the sunny side, gulped and signed. When the play, with Diana Barrymore starring, opened and won good notices, which included words of praise for Pat as well, she got a completely new feeling about her future. For the first time in her life she felt that she actually might get somewhere if she tried—and she thought she would try now as hard as she could.

She was still attending school, but this did not stop her from picking up any engagements that might be filled evenings and weekends. She was only thirteen when she had a walk-on bit in *Carousel* in which Ann played the ingénue lead. Television, for the most part, was still rough and ready, production-wise, and there was more work than reward for the actors, but Pat got started and stayed with it. She had a reputation as a girl who could register quick affability in front of the TV camera and who didn't run out of aplomb when things went wrong, as they often did. (She still has that reputation. On a Lux radio program she twisted an endorsement so that instead of saying "I love to Lux" it came out "I Lux to love." A laugh and a quick correction took care of the *faux pas.*)

Twice Pat got into new Broadway shows in her early teens only to have both productions die from the box office staggers. There were weeks and sometimes months when no one wanted Pat for anything—stage, TV, modeling, or demonstrating refrigerators. But by now she had a feeling of destiny.

A good break came in the long *Date With Judy* contract, but she believes her luckiest day was the one when she heard that the Westport Playhouse in Connecticut planned a summer theatre presentation of *The Philadelphia Story* starring Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn. She hurriedly mailed copies of her notices as Dinah in her Fayetteville engagement and asked if she could read for the role. Not until the company was well into rehearsal, and she had given up hope, did word return to her. It was a wire and it urged her to come at once.

Her career took wings then. The interest that was being shown in her work at Westport was not only academic, meaning that critics had pleasant comment, it was professional, meaning that agents foresaw her future slowly turning to gold, or U. S. legal tender for same.

Summer ended, and Pat went back to school for her last term, legally represented as an artist by the well-known Gus Schirmer. One of his first accomplishments was to win for her the Deanna Durbin role in the TV version of *3 Smart Girls.* When Paramount started looking for a new girl to go into the *Forever Female* picture, Schirmer had no trouble arranging for her to be one of those tested. And Ann Crowley's little sister Pat got the studio's nod.

For her first few months in Hollywood Pat, like many newcomers, worked hard and played none. She lived alone in a small apartment, did her own cooking, took the bus to the studio. In due time she got thoroughly bored with the whole routine. She knew what was missing. It was that form of companionship defined

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in simple terms as "boys." Pat now has escorts in Hollywood and loves to go out. Her dates have included Vic Damone and Tab Hunter. These are her western boys. Perhaps her heart turns tenderest when she thinks of two young men she has known for years in New York, but she won't say which (or perhaps she can't yet).

One of these, Dick Kallman, is a well-known show and nightclub singer. The other is Bill Sapphire, editor-in-chief for Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg, whom Pat has known from her earliest days in New York.

Like many girls in the movies, Pat is beginning to think that the man she marries will be someone in the business. The principal reason is that it is difficult to meet an outsider who can keep on being himself when he meets an actress.

"Something happens to them," complains Pat. "You will sense that he is a nice boy ordinarily, but now he feels he has to put on some attitude or other because you're in show business. And the funny part of it is that he does it to demonstrate how little your being an actress matters to him. He'll pretend indifference, sometimes he'll take on arrogance, and worst of all is when they make show talk as if they know what it's all about. In any case, you soon realize you're not out with a boy, you're out with an actor—a real ham, too!"

Of course, Pat isn't thinking of getting married right away. There is time yet. She is moving into a new apartment. She has bought herself a new Studebaker in a pastel shade and now nobody ever gets to her place because Pat insists on going over to their places so that she can have an excuse to drive her car. Yet under all this "living" are signs of incipient domesticity. She likes to cook. Her menu for friends she invited to dinner a few weeks ago included broiled steak, a "Shrimp Louie" salad and a cherry cream pie which she baked herself. She keeps talking about Bill and Dick in New York. It is being said also that she has been buying furniture on the side, although the apartment she is renting is a furnished one. Pat denies this. She said she did buy an antique table but that she stuck it in her garage "just to get older!" END

the secret romance of marlon and movita

(Continued from page 47) long and hard.

A short while after this party, a magazine came out with an article on Brando. In this article Marlon was libeled an alley-cat who had kicked Movita out of his apartment because she was offensive. The article went on to say that Movita was so incensed at this behavior that she promptly married someone else. Later when she introduced Marlon to her teen-age stepdaughter, the actor immediately moved in and had an affair with the girl. There is not a grain of truth in this fantastic tale—and Movita is consulting her lawyer about filing a libel suit.

Marlon Brando is no angel. Everyone knows that and he is the first to admit it. He is original and exceptional, and for long periods of time, alone and filled with some nameless dissatisfaction, he is driven to seek the help of a psychiatrist. But essentially Marlon Brando is a kind man, a good man and a sensitive man. And it hurts him to know that he is being described as a psychotic bum, callous screwball and a swaggering nut.

When he reads that he loves his pet raccoon Russell more than he loves Movita, he is deeply hurt at such ridiculous lies. And he is amazed and hurt to read that his favorite hobby is carrying heavy cans of garbage to the roof and dumping them on the outdoor diners at Leon and Eddie's, a restaurant in New York.

Last January, when Marlon had just finished a film in New York, *On The Waterfront*, he was emotionally and physically exhausted. When he works he concentrates with such intensity that at the finish he has no strength left. But MCA, his agent, had signed him for the lead in *The Egyptian*. And 20th Century-Fox wanted to get it started at once.

So Marlon, with no time off, came to Hollywood. The script was ready, and the talented young actor started to learn his lines. He found it difficult. He just couldn't seem to concentrate. He felt badly confused about Movita. He wants to get married. At the same time there is so much of the world he hasn't seen. And he wants his marriage to be perfect, to last forever. The relationship between marriage and freedom, responsibility and recklessness has him puzzled.

He went back to the script. He didn't like it but a deal's a deal, and he would try to see it through. At the studio he met Jean Simmons and that made it a little better. She would make the lines sound better and raise the level of the performance. His acting would have to compete with hers. He always likes that.

But somehow he couldn't get his heart into the story. As he studied the script, it wouldn't come alive. He would get annoyed with it, then with himself for getting annoyed.

Judy Canova tells about a young boy who accidentally got into the casino room at a hotel in Las Vegas and put a dime into a slot machine. The boy hit the jackpot, and after all the coins had fallen, he started to kick the machine. An attendant came over, told him he was too young to be in the room and asked him to leave.

"I'm not going," the little boy shouted, still kicking the machine, "until I get my candy bar."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

He had been annoyed before in Hollywood when he had expected to be able to help some of his friends with small roles and he had been embarrassed when they did not come through as promised.

Marlon just couldn't concentrate on *The Egyptian*. He was mentally disturbed, and on January 24 he returned to New York. The next day he reported to Dr. Mittlemann for psychiatric help. The doctor telegraphed the studio that Marlon Brando would not be able to work for a period of at least ten weeks.

When the wire arrived at the studio, the front office boys blew their tops. Said one, "He won't get away with it. We're going to sue. We're going to recover the exact amount our auditors find the studio has lost and will lose through the delay in the production he has caused. We can't understand the boy. Only a week ago he participated in a cast rehearsal and a reading of the script. The studio is convinced that his failure to appear has nothing whatever to do with the script or his role in *The Egyptian*. The studio is compelled to protect its large investment."

In New York, Brando heard about this. So they're going to sue him? Well, they'll have to find him first. How much are they going to sue for? Two million? Four million? He can't make that picture. He's tired. But how can you calm down when you're dodging process servers?

One night a man came to the door of his apartment. "I have an announcement," the man said, "about your nomination for the Academy Award."

Brando smiled and opened the door. Quick as a flash, the little man slapped a summons into his hand. "I'm a process server. Consider yourself served."

He was furious. How could he have been so stupid? Vanity. Pure vanity. Thought he'd won an Oscar for *Julius Caesar*. All he'd won was a summons.

That night Marlon told Movita about the summons. She laughed. He laughed. Movita told him not to worry. Lew Wassermann would take care of everything. Lew is at the MCA Hollywood office. The thing would work out. The studio needed someone to play Napoleon in *Desirée*. If Marlon played in *Desirée*, all would be forgiven. Marlon felt better.

Movita advised Marlon to relax. Why not take a walk along 57th Street? As they walked, Marlon realized it had been three years since Joy Lamont first introduced him to Movita in Taxco. He decided to celebrate with a party and give her a token of his love. A ring—that's what he would like to give her.

Marlon gave his party for Movita and because it made her happy, he was happy, too. But the happiness was short-lived.

A FEW NIGHTS afterward, a call came from his Aunt Olive in Pasadena. "Don't get alarmed, Bud, but your mother is sick. She and your dad stopped by here on their way back from Mexico. The doctor says it's an attack of high blood pressure. He put her in the hospital."

The Brando family is very close. Bud has always adored his two older sisters, "Frannie" and "Tid" (real names, Frances and Jocelyn), and all three children have always admired and loved their parents.

While Marlon was in New York under psychiatric treatment and was being sued for $4,000,000, his mother was slowly dying.

Night after night Marlon was told of her condition but usually in optimistic terms. Finally, when all attempts had been made to save Mrs. Dorothy Brando and she was not responding, Marlon was told that he should fly to the coast.

The day he left New York, another magazine article accused him of breaking up the marriage of actress Roberta Haynes and his own agent, Jay Kanter. In this article, Brando was branded a boy who spent all his spare time abusing Movita and a few dozen other girls.

Bud and his two sisters, Mrs. Eliot Asanof (Tid) and Mrs. Richard Loving (Frannie) arrived in Pasadena before their mother died on March 31.

Two weeks later, Marlon's cousin, Myles Gahan, was killed in a plane crash north of Sacramento. Tim Gahan, thirty, was not only Bud's cousin but because they were the same age, they had been inseparable boyhood pals. Tim was an American Airlines pilot who had been called back into the Air Force Reserve. He had cracked up while testing a jet.

The effect of these two deaths on Marlon was devastating. He cried for days. And it was Movita who saw him through his sorrow. It was she who encouraged him to return to the studio for two more pictures, *Desirée* and *The Life Of Edwin Booth*.

Her reward?

ONE MAGAZINE said, "Movita is old enough to be Brando's mother." Another described her as "a man-crazy Latin."

According to Movita, "I never gave any interviews to these writers, so how could they possibly know my thoughts, my attitudes, my ways? Practically everything written about me has been wrong."

Movita Castaneda was born on a train in 1921 between Sonora, Mexico, and Nogales, Arizona. She was educated in a Los Angeles parochial school and later attended Fairfax High School in Hollywood. She is one of eight daughters and two sons.

SHE GOT INTO show business by accident. When she was thirteen she accompanied the dancers Rosita & Moreno to San Francisco. Movita was asked to substitute for a sick performer.

"Just go out on the floor with your guitar," she was told, "and sing."

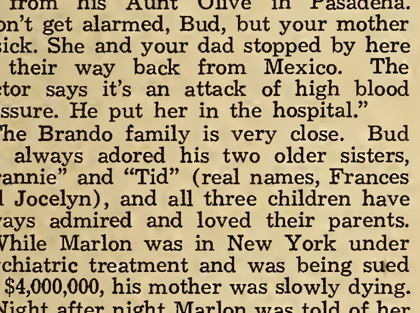
Pandro Berman, an RKO producer, caught the act and believed that Movita was old enough to work. He offered her $125 a week to play in *Flying Down To Rio*. Over parental objections, Movita accepted.

She wasn't happy at RKO. Dolores Del Rio was there at the time, and apparently Dolores had the idea that Movita was being groomed as her successor. Movita quit the movies and went back to school. But a few months later MGM asked her to test for *Mutiny On The Bounty*. When Irving Thalberg saw the test, he hired her.

Movita was fourteen when she made *Mutiny* and fifteen when she met Jack Doyle, an Irish prizefighter, at a party.

DOYLE WASN'T much of a pugilist but Movita found him irresistible. "After all," she says, "I was very young and naïve. He was very handsome and romantic. I believed everything he said. We were married twice, once in Ensenada and once in Dublin!" They were in Britain in 1939 and in London in the blitz.

In 1941, when Movita was six months pregnant, she was bombed out of her home. She lost that child. In 1942 when she was pregnant again her husband sent her



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Last summer while we were riding in an outrigger canoe off Waikiki Beach, our canoe was called upon to rescue several passengers from a canoe which had just been swamped. We helped two frightened women and a gentleman aboard, but there was not enough room for the fourth person. We implored the redheaded, freckle-faced man to hang on to the back of the canoe, but Van Johnson swam easily alongside and said, "Don't worry about me—I've worked with Esther Williams!"

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to Southampton. There was no escape. Southampton was bombed and Movita was reported dead. But they picked her up out of the rubble, hardly alive. Again she lost her child.

In 1944, after five years of marriage, Movita and Jack Doyle decided to separate. "We just couldn't get along. He was nice but he was essentially a playboy. His friends didn't appeal to me. So I joined ENSA, the English equivalent of our USO, and I toured the front entertaining troops. I did some picture work, too."

In 1947 Movita returned to Hollywood. She played a few feature roles and then went south to visit her relatives. Back and forth she went between Hollywood and Mexico, working in films sometimes.

In Taxco, Mexico, one afternoon when Fox was getting ready to start *Zapata*, Movita was introduced to Marlon Brando.

BRANDO HAD come down to Mexico early in order to study the Mexican people. He is a perfectionist, and before playing a Mexican, he wanted to immerse himself in the Mexican community.

Joy Lamont, one of Movita's friends, knew Marlon before he came to Taxco. It was she who introduced them in the town square. They took to each other at once and this attraction developed into love. When Marlon went back to Hollywood Movita went, too.

Movita never tried to take advantage of Marlon's fame, never insisted on recognition as his companion. Both of them avoided reporters like the plague.

When Marlon went to New York, Movita followed. He introduced her to his friends and to his family. Everyone liked her then and they like her now.

One of his friends says about Movita, "I honestly think she's done more for Brando than practically anyone. She's matured him. She's showed him understanding. At a time when the gossip columnists were calling him nuts and creating anecdotes about his strange behavior, she was telling him that there was nothing wrong with him, that every man was stuck with his nature, and that he would have to adapt himself to find happiness.

"Bud is a good guy and Movita is a good girl. They complement each other, need each other. It's a wonderful friendship."

Movita knows when Brando is putting on an act. She realizes that his swaggering behavior is merely compensation for his hypersensitivity.

She loves Marlon for his fundamental goodness. Ask any actress or actor who has played with Brando what they think of him, not as a performer but as a human being. You will get such answers as, "He's the most considerate man I've ever met... He doesn't have a selfish bone in his body . . . He will do anything he can to help."

MOVITA SAYS that she has no desire to marry Marlon. "I only want to be his friend, to help him find happiness and integration."

Perhaps she's had enough of marriage. Perhaps not. Either way, she is much too smart to pressure Marlon into a wedding.

"With Marlon," she once said, "things spring from within. His heart tells him what to do, much more than his mind does. Not that he isn't intellectual, because he is—more than people seem to think. But he is the kind of man who obeys his instincts. They are almost always right."

Marlon Brando comes from a happy home. When he gets married he wants that marriage to last. Right now he doesn't know whether or not he has the qualities necessary to make a good marriage.

This is one problem with which no one, possibly not even Movita, can help him. END

TV TALK

Margo's two Eddies . . . Mel Ferrer fetes Audrey Hepburn . . . John Daly's blind spot . . .

John Daly is such a free and easy-going guy that you'd never expect him to suddenly turn sensitive. But he does—on one subject. His balding head. John (or Charlie, as all his friends call him) never blows his top about anything but his top. He even blushes when you joke about it. You'd think, considering that he worries about it so much, that he'd get a good toupée. But notice, next time you see *What's My Line?* what a bad one Charlie bought. It's mighty obvious for a man who doesn't want to admit that his hair is going, going, going . . . **Frank Sinatra** is pretty unpredictable, but don't be surprised if he shows up on some of NBC's fancy color "spectaculars" in the fall. He's an old friend of **Pat Weaver**, NBC's boss . . . What's with **Walter Cronkite** and **Eve Hunter?** They may be on competing networks, Walter with CBS's *Morning Show* and Eve with *Home* on NBC, but they certainly look cosy when they're together. Eve, by the way, is doing quite well since leaving a local show in San Francisco and heading for *Home* in New York. She lives in one of those fancy new Park Avenue apartments and she recently bought a yacht! . . . Usually when you read that some star gave up her career for her family, you can take it with a few grains of salt. And that's true of **Margo.** Much as she loves Eddie Albert, Jr., she surely is glad to be back in show business. Her happiness is the reason **Eddie Albert, Sr.**, worked up a nightclub act with her. He didn't need it; his career has never been in better shape, thanks to all his leading roles on TV. But Margo hadn't worked in a long time, and she needed Eddie's help to get her back in the swim. The ironic part is that he wants her to get big, fat, heavy dramatic parts, and he had to put her on the road back to success by singing and dancing with her. Margo has gained a bit of weight in the last few years, incidentally, and her hair is now very red. A hairdressing trick she uses could help lots of people who have to roll up their hair in a hurry—she puts it up with beer! It's a trick that the movie studios have used for years when a star has to look perfect and doesn't have time for a real setting job. It works, too. It dries very quickly and it doesn't leave any odor at all! . . . Next to **Arthur Godfrey**, the hardest man to get to in TV is **Robert Montgomery.** He may even have Arthur beat, in fact. He never is in, and his staff always claim they don't know where he is or when he will drop around again . . . **Marlon Brando** has never been known for his formality, and his dates are no exception. One night recently, when he was going to an opening night at the theatre, he and his date stood out in the gutter and she combed her hair casually while everyone just gaped. . . . **Mel Ferrer's** surprise party for **Audrey Hepburn's** birthday (and Audrey swore it was a surprise) was very small, very chic and *not* in Mel's sister's house as was reported in the press. It was in the Ferrer New York town house (he comes, you know, from an old, once-wealthy family) where his brother José lives now. José, of course, is not the José who's married to Rosemary Clooney. No kin . . . **Janis Paige's** career zoomed after she left Hollywood for the stage. And her weight has, too. For her first stage part with **Jackie Cooper**, she had to strip down to black bra and panties, and a mighty fetching picture she was. In *Pajama Game*, she slips off her dress and walks around in a black slip, and you can tell she has been enjoying her lunches at Sardi's . . . Poor **Red Buttons.** He used to have to turn down interviews, he was so swamped with requests. Now he wistfully tells CBS that he's available to anybody who wants to see him. There's isn't a TV personality who rose to such heights so quickly—he was a smash right from his first show—and then slumped so badly. They say that one of his problems is that he's so bossy to his crew. The other people on his show have no voice, and they don't like it. What Red demands, goes. Unfortunately, he isn't always right. . . . Funny, but not all of **Eve Arden's** co-workers think she's the grand girl she seems to be. Some think she's quite the prima donna. Could be sour grapes, of course . . . When you read all those high salary figures, don't believe them completely. Everyone says, for instance, that **Sid Caesar** makes $25,000 a week. Well, it doesn't say that on his pay check. And that's one reason Sid has separated from **Imogene Coca.** He didn't own part of *Show of Shows;* NBC did, lock stock and belly laughs. But he does own part of his new solo show . . . You never see **Mary Martin's** husband on TV, but he's in on her TV career all right. **Dick Halliday** runs all her career, in fact. That's all he does. He's her adviser, her guide and her mentor as well as her husband and the father of her little girl, Heller. A tall, slim, grey-haired man with horn-rimmed glasses, Dick even gets up at six or seven to answer her fan mail! And they are two of the most outspoken lovebirds anywhere. You never hear Mary call him Dick, seldom hear her say "Richard." It's "Sweetie" or "Lovey" or "Baby" instead. They talk like newlyweds, after all these years of being married! . . . The main reason **Ed Murrow** is doing *Person To Person* is money. Though he's the highest paid man at CBS taxes eat up most of it.

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AUG -6 1954

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Always brush with ALL-NEW IPANA after eating . . . as the Linders do . . . the way most dentists recommend. New Ipana with WD-9 destroys tooth-decay bacteria.*

If you eat sweet treats (like Stasia Linder of Massapequa, N. Y., and her daughter Darryl), here's good news! You can do a far better job of preventing cavities by brushing after eating . . . and using remarkable new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why:

Mouth bacteria and their enzymes act on many foods you eat to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 now in Ipana is an active bacteria destroyer and anti-enzyme. Every brushing with Ipana destroys most decay bacteria, and blocks acids for hours. For best results, do this . . .

Follow Stasia Linder's lead and use new Ipana regularly after eating—BEFORE decay bacteria can do their damage.

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Try it yourself. Remember, while *no* dentifrice can stop all cavities—you *can* protect teeth after eating sweet foods by brushing with new Ipana. Get a tube today.

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New taste, new cleaning, new anti-decay WD-9

PRODUCTS OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Ipana A/C (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains anti-enzyme WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate)

*Tests prove new Ipana with WD-9 destroys most bacteria with one brushing.

AFTER EATING—Tooth-decay bacteria thrive on food particles . . . form acids that attack the enamel.

AFTER BRUSHING— New Ipana with WD-9 destroys most tooth-decay bacteria with just one brushing.

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24 HOURS A DAY!

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

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2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.

3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.

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SEPTEMBER, 1954
AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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editor

DURBIN HORNER
executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

PAIGE LOHR, story editor
BARBARA J. MAYER, assistant editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
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BERT PARRY, staff photographer
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GIDEON GRABBED ALICE!

DAN DECOYED LIZA!

FRANK FETCHED SARAH!

.....AND ADAM ABDUCTED MILLY!

Seven village beauties are kidnapped, courted and kissed by seven lusty brothers. That's why America is talking about M-G-M's fresh-as-a-daisy musical with the shotgun weddings. The best music, the fastest-paced dancing, the most fun you'll have this year!

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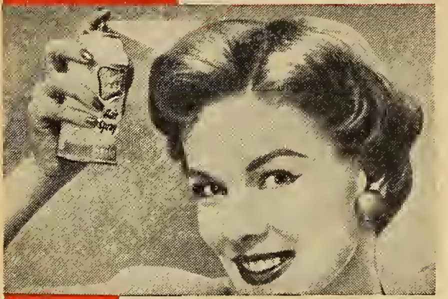

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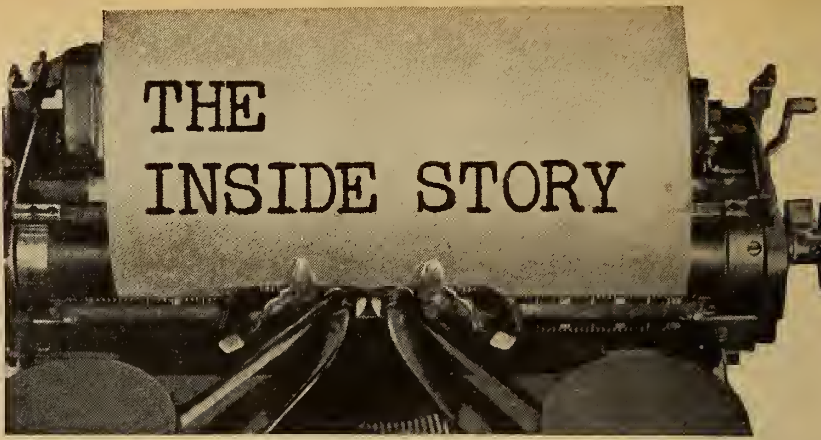

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Can you tell me if Bette Davis has retired from the movies for good? —H.T., Haverill, Mass.

A. *No; she is merely shopping for the "right vehicle."*

Q. What's with Pier Angeli and Gene Tierney's ex-husband, Oleg Cassini? —N.E., New York, N.Y.

A. *A friendship.*

Q. Isn't there a big feud between Eartha Kitt and Dorothy Dandridge? —W.L., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *It's all over.*

Q. Can you tell me Jane Russell's religious affiliation? —V.Y., Spokane, Wash.

A. *Non-denominational Christian.*

Q. What is the current status of Doris Day's relationship with the press—good or bad? —H.G., Sea Girt, N.J.

A. *Good.*

Q. Do the stars generally have secretaries to answer their fan mail or do they answer it themselves? —C.W., Robbinsdale, Minn.

A. *They dictate replies to their secretaries.*

Q. What do movie-star mothers do to strengthen their breast muscles? —R.M.C., Salt Lake City, Utah

A. *A series of exercises prescribed by their physicians.*

Q. So many good movies are being made in CinemaScope. Many small town theatres are not equipped for such showings. What will happen? —N.L.B., Cut Bank, Montana

A. *Eventually, the industry will decide on one basic photographic process.*

Q. Where are the first two wives of Clark Gable? —M.W., Milton, Ore.

A. *In Los Angeles and Houston, respectively.*

Q. Once and for all, when was Mickey Rooney born?—D.U., Louisville, Ky.

A. *September 23, 1920.*

Q. Is it true that Wanda Hendrix turned down the "Margie" role Gale Storm plays on television? —R.E., Erie, Pa.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I understand that Liz Dailey does not want her ex-husband Dan Dailey to have custody of their son. Is this true? —B.T., Los Angeles, Calif.

A. *Liz and Dan are working out an amicable custody agreement.*

Q. Is it true that Clifton Webb was once a fandango dancer? —I.R., Akron, Ohio

A. *Mr. Webb did all sorts of dancing, at one time.*

Q. What is the relationship between Kathryn Grayson and MGM executive Benny Thau? —B.J., Chicago, Ill.

A. *They admire each other.*

Q. Our local newspaper just carried a series of articles on Joan Crawford in which she was described as tyrannical and very much hated by several other Hollywood stars. Is this true? —B.V., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Miss Crawford will win no intra-trade popularity honors.*

Q. Is it true that Benny Goodman will not let his life story be filmed unless Mel Ferrer plays the lead? —D.O., Denver, Col.

A. *No. Goodman merely suggested Ferrer as one possibility.*

Q. Does Montgomery Clift really hate Hollywood? —W.O., Dallas, Texas

A. *No. He simply prefers to live in New York.*

Q. I understand that Lana Turner is taking target practice. Is this on the level? —D.L., Las Vegas, Nev.

A. *Lana is being taught how to shoot by her crack marksman husband, Lex Barker.*

Q. Doesn't Glenn Ford teach Sunday School at the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church? —S.Y., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. *His wife, the former Eleanor Powell, does.*

Q. Grace Kelly has dated so many men. Who is her number one? —F.K., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *Clark Gable.*

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Hitchcock

The Master of **Suspense**

brings you

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PARAMOUNT presents **James Stewart**

in

Alfred Hitchcock's

Rear Window

co-starring

GRACE KELLY · WENDELL COREY · THELMA RITTER

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MORENO THE MERRIER

Wherein Rubber Face Rita discovers that mugging is a crime.

■ Rita Moreno moved from Puerto Rico to New York when she was ten. And on her first day in the New York school she went home in tears. The kids had called her "Rubber Face!"

Rita's mother said, "Never mind. The day may come when you'll be glad to have such a face. It isn't everybody who's blessed with the power to express thoughts and emotions so easily." Once convinced that "mother knows best," she actually worked at developing her expressions.

"Sometimes I overdid it," she admits. "Like the opening night of *Skydrift*." There was a scene in which a mother thought she saw her son who had been killed in the war. Rita, as one of the daughters, was supposed to be quietly eating her spaghetti, unaware of the son's ghost. But that rubber face got out of control and the audience was laughing at Rita's mugging instead of sympathizing with the mother. Rita will never forget the lecture she got on the evils of stealing scenes.

She has danced since she was four. She was doing Spanish dances in nightclubs when she was fifteen, and even her rubber face didn't convince police she was old enough to work.

"The owner of one little club locked me in the ladies' room every time the police came in," says Rita, "so I decided to quit and grow up."

In films dubbed for export to Spanish-speaking countries, she has been the voice of Elizabeth Taylor, Margaret O'Brien, Peggy Ann Garner and many other young players.

Rita still looks younger than she is, but she's old enough to vote and she has fourteen pictures to her credit. Next: *Garden Of Evil.*

OUT OF THE ADVENTURE PAGES OF THE AGES!

King Richard the Lion-Hearted in sweeping grandeur! From Warner Bros. comes the magnificent presentation of Sir Walter Scott's undying story of the mighty quest for the Holy Sepulchre. Kings and Captains of the Western World charging into strange lands and thundering tumult! Here is the crafty Saladin of the Desert with his two thousand Saracen tribes—the Castelain warriors, seven feet tall, proud giants in armor—the wicked cohorts of beauteous Queen Berengaria—the savage abduction of Lady Edith the Chaste—and the Knight of the Leopard whose faith still rings through the long corridors of courage.

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS

FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT'S 'THE TALISMAN'

CINEMASCOPE

WARNERCOLOR AND STEREOPHONIC SOUND

PRESENTED BY **WARNER BROS.**

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WITH ROBERT DOUGLAS SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST MUSIC BY MAX STEINER PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER

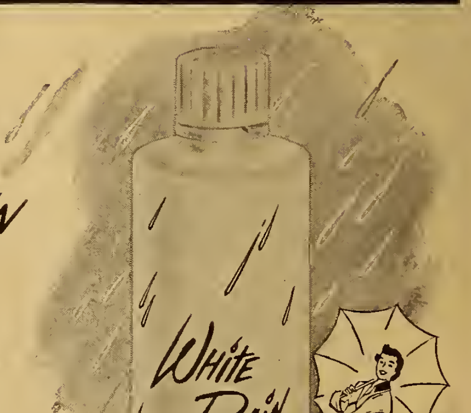
Your hair is romance...

...keep it sunshine bright

with White Rain

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain . . . the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

Greta Peck welcomes Greg home—but for how long?

IN THIS SECTION:

Louella Parsons' Good News
Hollywood Snapshots
I nominate Maggie McNamara
I had a ball at the Eddie Fisher party
Tony Curtis was really surprised
I challenge Bob Mitchum
the letter box

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

"I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING to let our boys down. They mean everything to me—and to Greta," Gregory Peck told me as we sat in my garden. "She's been wonderful about everything and she's a fine mother."

I believe the marriage of Greta and Gregory Peck has reached the end even though there may be no move to an actual divorce from either side for years.

As I write this, Greg is back in Hollywood, living at home and spending as much time as possible with his sons. But soon he will be on his way again, this time to London to make *Moby Dick* for John Huston.

While he was here, Greg came to see me and while he was reluctant to discuss the situation with Greta, he admitted for the first time that they are estranged.

I got the impression that neither of the Pecks plan any definite move, although the latest word is that Greta intends to file for divorce.

Greg told me he plans to spend much more time in Hollywood making films after *Moby Dick*—because he wants to be with his boys as much as possible from here on in.

The shortest reconciliation on record: Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran patched up their differences Saturday, then separated again on Sunday morning. Now she has her interlocutory decree.

The trouble seems to be that Charlie and Betty's agent, Abe Lastfogel, can't get along for five minutes—and Betty, a very ambitious girl, always listens to her agent.

THERE'S SOMETHING VERY MYSTERIOUS about the affair of the story about Marilyn Monroe which ran in a London newspaper.

Marilyn was furious when she talked with me over the telephone about her shock and distress over the supposed story of her life, under her byline (but actually authored by Ben Hecht).

Titled "My Own Uncensored Story," the articles told shocking things including dramatic and heartbreaking anecdotes about her mother.

"I am going to sue," Marilyn told me, her voice shaking, "how dare Mr. Hecht, who pretends to be my friend, do such a terrible thing and without my permission! Joe is just as indignant as I am." (*Continued on page 12*)

NO RECONCILIATION *seems possible for the Gregory Pecks; but they have reached an understanding.*

JIM STACK, *one of the popular Stack brothers, married pretty Wanda Hendrix. This is her second.*

hollywood snapshots

Here are this month's prize candid photos of some of your favorites—taken when they weren't looking!

EXIT AVA *from Frankie's life. Next stop: probably marriage to Dominguin.*

LOVE WALKED IN *for June and Fred MacMurray, now in their brand new home*

SHORTEST RECONCILIATION *on record was Betty Hutton's one-day return to husband Charlie O'Curran—who's still torching for her.*

RECONCILIATION IS TAKING *for my "adopted daughter," Jane Wyman, and Fred Karger, since they met at Joan Benny's wedding.*

BOB STACK *met Terry Moore on* Juke Box Jury. *They liked each other right away, started dating. Romance rumors flew, of course.*

I KNEW *Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas were getting married when I spotted one of their friends buying a wedding hat!*

MONROE BURNS—*and I don't blame her!—about the stories being printed under her name!*

CRAIN CUDDLES *with husband Paul Brinkman. These two are always so happy.*

BOB FRANCIS FLOATS—*he's a real athlete. Careerwise, he's walking on air, too.*

I nominate for stardom: MAGGIE McNAMARA

■ The cuter-than-a-button Broadway actress is a half-pint package of Irish delight in *Three Coins In The Fountain.*

The ironic part of it is—ninety-five-pound Maggie, flattered as she is with her new found film success, really prefers life in New York. She tells me, "I guess my husband, David Swift, and I just have New York in our blood."

She doesn't look old enough to have a husband when she wears her favored low-heeled shoes and sweaters and skirts. But she's very proud of Swift, one of the writers on the popular *Mr. Peepers* TV show.

The Swifts live in a one-room apartment near the campus of UCLA in Westwood. They're both nearsighted, wear glasses and seldom touch anything stronger than beer.

All the time Maggie was working in *Fountain* they never attended a nightclub. With the exception of the actors and actresses she worked with at Twentieth, she knows no screen stars. "But I like to see them in public," little Maggie says. "I saw Judy Garland in the book store in Beverly Hills and I got such a kick out of it."

Missy MacNamara was born in New York City and came up the model route—posing in teen-age clothes.

Her first stage appearance in *The King Of Friday's Men* wasn't too hot. But the show folded just in time for Otto Preminger to discover her for the Chicago presentation of *The Moon Is Blue*. Maggie was so great in it she got the movie lead. I think she'll be with us a long time.

(*Continued from page* 10) This was my cue to contact fireball writer Hecht who lives nearby at Oceanside.

I've known Ben a long time—and he's liable to do anything. But he sounded sincere when he told me, "The story was sold by my agent without my permission. I knew nothing of the publication of the stories on Marilyn until your call."

It's difficult to believe that an agent to a writer as important as Hecht would dare to sell a story without permission.

Anyway, in this case, most of the sympathy goes to Marilyn because Hecht reveals that he has nothing but utter contempt for Hollywood and most of the people in it in his autobiography, *Child Of The Century.*

Pier Angeli and Anna Maria (who feel sooo grown-up) kidded Eddie and Jimmy McHugh.

Eddie Cantor and I spoke to Debbie Reynolds. So did Mr. Fisher—practically all evening.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH was hosted by composer Jimmy McHugh in honor of the new darling of the debs, Eddie Fisher, and seldom have I seen so many teen agers at a cocktail party, seemingly most of them with a crush on Eddie.

The garden of the McHugh home was abloom with flowers and sweet young things in summery dresses—among the sweetest and the youngest, Anna Maria Alberghetti and Pier Angeli.

Later on I went to dinner with the two dark eighteen-year-old Italian beauties and Eddie. Although the girls are the same age, Pier seems far more mature because she dates without a chaperone.

She told me confidentially that her mother had had a talk with Anna Maria's parents and told them that they should give Anna Maria a little more freedom. "It's amazing," Pier whispered to me, "she can't go anywhere without a chaperone."

I have a feeling that Pier considers herself something of a woman of the world, particularly as she is supposed to have "suffered" over the break-up of her romance with Kirk Douglas who just recently married Anne Buydens.

Someone had asked Pier if she had sent Kirk and his bride a message of congratulation. She shrugged her shoulders, "Why should I?"

But to get back to the cocktail party, one of the most stunning girls present was dancer Vera-Ellen in a banana-colored chiffon cocktail dress. It was just a few years back that Vera was regarded as one of the worst dressed gals in pictures. Remember the comment she stirred up when she attended a première wearing a bouffant pink net gown, ballet slippers and a beret!!

Ever since Vera has been dating suave, witty Richard Gully she has shown the most excellent taste in clothes. Methinks the sophisticated assistant to Jack Warner has had a lot to do with Vera's smart appearance these days and nights.

I simply didn't recognize Debra Paget when she arrived. What in the world has this girl done to her hair? It's suddenly flaming *pink*—and I mean *pink!* (*Continued on page 14*)

I had a ball at the Eddie Fisher party

Eddie really feels at home here now, and everyone likes him. He was a big hit at the Cocoanut Grove—all the stars turned out for his opening.

Debra Paget (that's her mother in the background) has dyed her hair pink! I can't say I like it . . . but it really attracts attention.

Ann Miller looked lovely as usual—and I am just delighted with the big improvement in the way Vera-Ellen dresses these days.

(*Continued from page 13*) Even though she is recently divorced, Gloria De Haven looked pretty, fresh and happy. She wore a pale pink jacket over a black cocktail dress. I think Jeff Chandler has something to do with the new happiness Gloria has found.

A few days after the party, Eddie opened at the Cocoanut Grove and not since the old days when Joan Crawford used to win Charleston contests there have I seen so many stars sitting under the coconut trees. Joan, herself, was there with Jennings Lang. So were Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Vera-Ellen and Richard Gully, Anna Maria Alberghetti with Vic Damone (yep, he was her date without a chaperone), Betty Hutton, Debbie Reynolds and practically all the local younger set who are real "gone" on Eddie.

IT WAS A BIG MONTH for parties—Judy Garland's birthday shindig being one of the most luxurious affairs.

For the gala occasion, Sid Luft took over the new private room at Romanoff's—which has a magnificent view of the whole city—and the motif was pink—tablecloths, candles, flowers—all very flattering to the femme guests.

Judy was like a kid showing off the new big diamond ring Sid gave her. "It's the first diamond ring I ever owned in my whole life," said the happy Mrs. Luft.

I got a kick out of Ethel Merman when I asked her if she was working in *No Business Like Show Business* the following morning.

"That all depends on Marilyn Monroe," said the queen of Broadway musicals who, I understand, has been patience herself waiting for the Queen of Hollywood glamour girls to show up on the set—or not show up.

When Rocky and Gary Cooper walked in just about the same time that Peter Lawford and his bride, Patricia Kennedy, arrived, every eye in the place was on this foursome. Or had you forgotten that during several separations from Gary, Rocky Cooper and Pete Lawford used to be dancing dates?

Those who expected fireworks were doomed to disappointment. Rocky and Peter were extremely cordial to each other—and I later saw Gary dancing with the new Mrs. Lawford.

It turned out that the big surprise of the evening was Humphrey Bogart's singing! With all this professional talent in attendance—Bogey got up at the microphone and gave with "September Song," and he was plenty good.

Lauren Bacall remarked, "The old boy can do anything," but she was plenty proud of "the old boy," believe me.

Mona Freeman, who is Judy's closest girl friend, came with Bob Neal (Frank Sinatra being up in Las Vegas). All Mona can talk about is how wonderful Judy is in *A Star Is Born*.

"If she doesn't get the Academy Award," Mona told me, "they should stop handing out Oscars."

The Dean Martins seem absolutely lovey-dovey since their reconciliation. I didn't see either of them dancing with anyone else the entire evening.

Van and Evie Johnson are always so sweet and thoughtful to everyone. I had to go home early—too early for such a good party—and they brought me to my door.

I had to tell Van how good I think he is in *The Caine Mutiny* movie.

"Thank you, Louella," he said, "my days of the howling bobby soxers are over. But I'm thankful that my career has moved into maturity without too big a jolt."

Evie told me that she and Van were bent double the other evening going over some of his old fan magazine stories. The worst was titled, "The Kutest Kid In Town."

AVA GARDNER'S NEW LOVE is costing her plenty—in more ways than one. She is completing her six-weeks stint in Reno divorcing Frank Sinatra and my money says that she will be heading immediately to Madrid to marry—and I said *marry*—bullfighter Dominguín!

MGM has suspended her, which means no more fat salary checks, for refusing to do *Love Me Or Leave Me*, the story of singer Ruth Etting.

Ava took a beautiful house on Lake Tahoe and imported practically her entire family to be with her while she sat it out. Two sisters were with her, one brother-in-law and her secretary.

If the Reno-ites expected her to go into seclusion, as have many stars in quest of freedom, they were pleasantly surprised.

A fan writes, "Ava is at a nightclub or at one of the gambling palaces almost every night—all dressed up and looking anything but unhappy.

"When Ann Sothern opened her nightclub act in Reno, Ava, sitting ringside, attracted almost as much attention as Maisie Sothern. When Ann introduced her, she stood up in the spotlight and took a bow and threw kisses. She was very gracious to fans who came to her table and autographed menus for several of them—including me.

(*Continued on page 16*)

Tony Curtis was

Tony never suspected a thing when Janet suggested hearing Sammy Davis, Jr., at Boston's Latin Quarter.

Party idea was Mitzi Green's. She's Mrs. Joe Pevney; Joe is directing Tony's Five Bridges To Cross.

"Don't help!" Janet begged, but pals Julia Adams and George Nader puffed at the candles anyhow.

really surprised

Then all of a sudden a party of their friends, singing "Happy Birthday," appeared—with a cake!

Janet got gifts and congratulations, too, because it was also the Curtis' third wedding anniversary.

Tony and Janet really seem happy now; everyone's so glad their recent troubles were just temporary.

on my soapbox:

I CHALLENGE BOB MITCHUM

■ I'm challenging Robert Mitchum to make me eat my words that he is the most miscast actor of the year as the sensitive young doctor in *Not As A Stranger*.

In the right role, I say there are few better actors than Bob. And most of the fans agree with me. But Bob should see the letters I've received from fans who have read Mort Thompson's best seller—and not *one* believes that Mitchum is the star for the part.

I even discussed this with Stanley Kramer, the producer. He said, "Wait. I think Bob will surprise you." I'll wait. And I'll be the first to say that he's great—if he is.

Here are some of the objections to Bob I've received in letters:

"He's too old to be convincing during the large part of the story when the young doctor is a medical student."

"He has been associated with too much personal sensational publicity to be acceptable to the medical profession."

"He represents physical, almost animal, appeal which will be a jarring note in the playing of a sensitive, misunderstood man who is dedicated to medicine."

"All the time I'm watching him, I'll be thinking of that picture he posed for in France with that girl who stripped off her brassiere."

And so the letters go.

With all these strikes on him before he goes to bat, I say that Mitchum has the hardest assignment ever handed an actor. But if he overcomes all this in a fine, fine portrayal I'll be the first to say so—and also to say that he deserves an Academy Award.

the letter box

CAROL LEVIN, Buffalo, New York, is furious over the "snide hints that Jerry Lewis is most responsible for the troubles between Jerry and his partner, Dean Martin. I have relatives in Los Angeles who are closely associated with Mr. Lewis and they hold him to be as fine a man as he is funny. Let's remember, it takes two to make a quarrel." *Right, Carol.*

PHYLLIS EMRY, Ogallala, Nebraska, believes that Gene Nelson is the most wasted talent in Hollywood. "He's a greater dancer than either Gene Kelly or Fred Astaire and yet he gets just mediocre musicals." *Buck up, gal. Your boy has one of the two top male leads in* Oklahoma! *and that's no mediocre musical.*

KAY KEEGAN, of Texas City, Texas, is crazy about Sterling Hayden in *Johnny Guitar* and wants to know if he's married and has any children! *I'll say! Married, separated, and four (or is it five?) children—I've lost count.*

CATHERINE CARTER says she hears that Kathryn Grayson plans to retire when she marries Pat Nerney. *Wait a minute, Catherine. It's Jane Powell who will marry Pat Nerney —and neither she nor Kathryn Grayson have retirement plans.*

Betty Grable is not only PAUL CONN's favorite star, she's inspired him to write a poem which goes:

"A shapely young matron
named Grable
To buy ermine and sable
is able,
Since her figure divine
Is a box-office mine
In pictures that carry her
label."

Betty, attention please!

(*Continued from page* 14) "The only time she seemed disturbed was when a fresh guy asked her if she knew that Mona Freeman had gone to Las Vegas to visit Frank Sinatra.

"Ava frowned and snapped, 'I care nothing about that.

"She wears simply scrumptious clothes. Even her denims have pearl and rhinestone trimmings and her slacks outfits are divine. A boy who makes deliveries to her house says that Ava has pictures of her bullfighter boy friend all over the place—even in the kitchen!

"At cocktail time she wears the cutest matador pants in bright red or green satin."

Thank you, Miss Fan, for this inside peek at Ava getting her divorce.

PERSONAL OPINIONS:

If you think 20th Century-Fox isn't sold, sold, sold on Robert Wagner, listen to this: the studio took up his option eighteen months ahead of time.

I have a hunch Jeff Chandler and Gloria De Haven will marry when both are free. They're soooo gone on each other.

Everyone is so happy for Wanda Hendrix—now Mrs. Jim Stack. Wanda was a miserable little girl when her marriage to Audie Murphy went on the rocks. Now she's living in the clouds again, so in love with the handsome and wealthy socialite who is Bob Stack's brother and who recently came into about $4,000,000 inheritance on his thirty-seventh birthday.

Back in the days when Peter Lawford was romancing various Hollywood beauties, he never liked them to visit him on the set. But that's all changed since Patricia Kennedy became his bride. She lunches daily with him while he's making his TV series and remains on the set 'till he's finished for the day.

A certain little doll-faced ingénue is hitting the bottle too hard and she can't disguise it under the guise that she's just "peppy" much longer.

A fashion I wouldn't exactly advocate—unless you are another Marie Wilson—is her new gag of wearing colored wigs to match her evening gowns.

The night I caught her, Marie had on a soft pink wig that exactly matched a décolletté gown she was wearing.

She also has one in pale blue, another in white and she's toying with one in orange!

There is no bigger fan than that great actress Shirley Booth who is just as wonderful in her new movie, *About Mrs. Leslie*, as she was in her Academy Award winning *Come Back, Little Sheba.*

Whenever Shirley sees a picture or a play that impresses her she sits down and writes a personal letter to the actor or actress. Most of them are bowled over by such recognition from a great actress.

"But there are *two*," says Miss Booth, "who didn't answer—or didn't send me a photograph with an autograph. I'll give them a little while longer. And then, I'm going to name them," she laughs.

There's a bit of a catch to the contract Mario Lanza has signed with Howard Hughes. It is effective only if the singer loses at least fifty pounds.

To many actors, this might seem like a slight stipulation. I'm not sure it will be so easy for Mario. A very close friend of his tells me that he will diet strenuously for a day or two—and then he just can't resist spaghetti.

Poor Marie MacDonald. Even before she was picked up by the Beverly Hills police for ramming three parked cars, and was booked on charges of driving under the influence of sedatives, I had suspected that she was a sick girl.

She frequently called me for no apparent reason. But not too long ago she called to say that she had come to the conclusion that she could not go on with her marriage to Harry Karl.

Within a week she called again to say that Harry had bought her a station wagon, filled it with fishing poles, "and now we have reconciled our differences." This is hardly the reasoning of someone in control of herself.

As for the charges brought by two newspaper cameramen that Harry Karl deliberately tried to run them down when they tried to take Marie's picture—I can only believe that he was distraught and hardly knew what he was doing—except blindly trying to protect his ill wife.

I talked with Ann Blyth McNulty exactly twenty-six hours after the arrival of Timothy Patrick McNulty, who weighed in at seven-and-a-half pounds, a big baby for such a little girl.

"Now that Timothy is here, Ann," I laughed, "break down and admit you and Dr. Jim wanted a boy all along."

"That's right, Louella," Ann chuckled, her voice strong and happy, "we *did* want a boy first and we couldn't be happier."

"You always get what you want," I said.

"And, I'm deeply grateful," she agreed. "I guess I'm just lucky."

If you ask me, I'm sure it's more than luck. This beautiful and religious girl is just getting back some of the joy and helpfulness and consideration of others which she gives out.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

Bobbi is perfect for this new "Stewardess" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

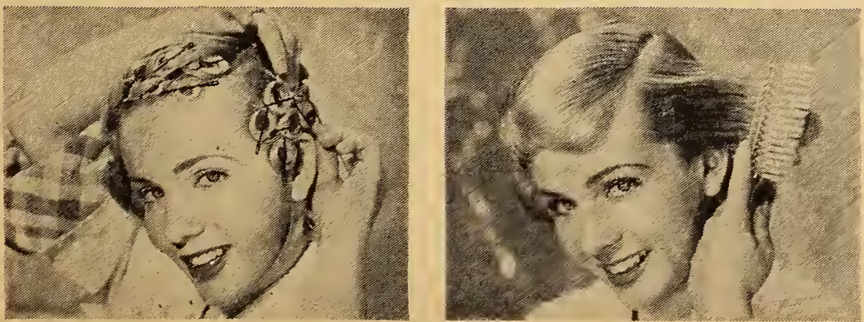
These hairdos were made with Bobbi ...the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

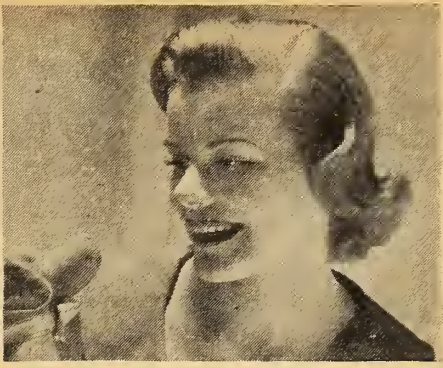
Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

Replacement or refund of money ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if not as advertised therein



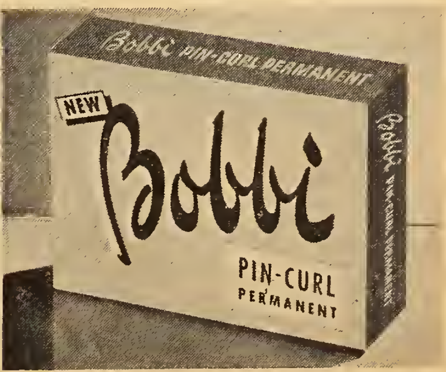
Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Sweet Heart" style. Bobbi is so easy—no help is needed.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for the "Bettina" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.

Casual, carefree—that's the "Chantilly" hairdo—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

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. . . you'd know the secrets of romance, glamour, success! John Robert Powers would have taught you.

NOW! You can get the BEAUTY SECRETS of the famous POWERS MODELS

Gayla offers you these priceless secrets, by John Robert Powers, on a new double-face 78 rpm record. Just by listening, you can learn the secrets of lovely, lustrous hair, and how to achieve the most attractive hair styling. You can't buy it anywhere but YOU can get it by sending in the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope with 25c (for handling). Remember, Gayla HOLD-BOB is the bobby pin the Powers Models prefer.

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TV TALK

Wedding bells for Wally . . .
New stars: Eva Marie Saint
and Kaye Ballard

Mr. Peepers and his TV bride are happy, too.

Wally Cox was so secretive about his wedding that only a handful of people know much more than the name of the bride, **Marilyn Gennaro,** and the name of the town (Bozman, Maryland). Here's the rest of the story. Wally and Marilyn had been going together for about four years—not steady but pretty frequently. Wally had lots of other dates, but he kept going back to Marilyn, whom he met when she was in the chorus of his first Broadway show. He had been wanting to get married for a long time—partly because he is dying to have a family. One of the reasons he decided Marilyn was the girl for him was that she liked him before he became famous as Mr. Peepers. He was always afraid that his other dates were going out with him because he was rich and famous. But he knew that Marilyn liked him for himself. (Wally is so tired of people calling him "Mr. Peepers" when they see him on the street that he has been known to scream, "Cox! Cox! Cox is the name!" at them in a fury.) And he always felt at home with Marilyn. The reason you read so little about the wedding itself was that Wally believes that marriages are sacred. Hardly anyone knew that he was going to be married, and when a few reporters did find out and follow him to Maryland, he almost called the whole thing off. If you'd seen him bawl them out for twenty minutes, you wouldn't have recognized the meek and mild Mr. Peepers you see on the screen! Marilyn and Wally's best friend drove down to Maryland three days before the wedding to get the license; Wally didn't go—which helped keep things quiet. And very few people were invited. The minister was the most nervous person there; it was his first wedding. No relatives of either the bride or the groom were present. Wally and his mother are not too close, and his father was at Wally's farm in Michigan (where he and Marilyn spent some of their honeymoon). Marilyn's parents are separated. Wally and Marilyn took them out to a fancy dinner and told them the good news. (They undoubtedly didn't celebrate riotously. Wally, you know, can take about one drink of beer and feel a little dizzy.) Marilyn gave up her dancing job in *Pajama Game* a few days before she married Wally, but she wasn't out of a job long. Wally insisted that she have a part in the play he did in summer stock, and a special one was written in for her—just so she wouldn't be lonely while he was working. Wally may not like being called Mr. Peepers, but he surely seems to be just as considerate of Marilyn Cox as Robinson Peepers is of Nancy Peepers! . . . Everybody who knows **Eva Marie Saint** loves her. She's just as pretty and slim off screen as on—and could pass for a college freshman any time she wanted to even though she's in her thirties. Her voice surprises you a little when you meet her, though; it's deeper than you'd think, and has that little crack in it like Jean Arthur's. You won't be seeing as much of Eva Marie on TV as you'd like to because she's fussy about her parts. She prefers live hour shows—and topnotch ones. They're hard to find. She also won't be in the movies as much as you undoubtedly wish if you've seen her in *On The Waterfront.* She won't leave her husband, who's a TV director in New York. That's one reason she agreed to make *Waterfront.* It was made in Hoboken. The other reason, of course, is that Eva Marie is a serious young actress and she couldn't turn down a chance to work with director Elia Kazan and Marlon Brando. (Eva Marie's husband, by the way, thought the love scenes between his wife and Marlon Brando were some of the most moving and powerful he had ever seen.) . . . One person whose success hasn't gone to her head is **Kaye Ballard.** All in one season, she made a hit in *The Golden Apple* on Broadway and got an NBC television contract. Most people with that kind of luck would pack up, move to a fancy apartment and hire at least one servant. Not Kaye. She still lives in her old tiny one up three flights of steep stairs. Notice sometimes how Kaye is reminiscent of Judy Garland when she sings a sad love song. . . . When **Walter Cronkite** moved to New York, he found a pretty snazzy place for himself and his wife and two little girls—a big modern apartment overlooking the East River. When they lived in Washington, their furniture was mostly Early American, but it wouldn't fit in with their New York picture windows, so they got rid of all of it and started all over again. Walter is all recovered from his operation. It was an old ailment and he kept putting off having it taken care of. But he finally went off to the hospital one night right after he finished *You Are There.* Incidentally, Walter is one of the few men who is really nuts about his mother-in-law. She stays with them quite a bit of the time, and he loves it! . . . You'll notice the change in **Ray Milland's** show this fall. It's going to be much more sophisticated and much more like Ray Milland. He just felt that the shows last year were too silly, and he put his foot down . . . You should see behind the scenes on **Ed Murrow's** *Person to Person.* It looks so easy, you almost forget that the people's homes are full of men and equipment. On the afternoon of the day of the show, a big CBS crew shows up. They take up rugs and stick big batteries in odd corners, and generally turn the home into a TV studio. But no one has ever complained. Ed has given his crew strict orders to leave the houses the way they found them, and they do. By midnight, after the show, you'd never know they'd been there. Ed, by the way, sometimes never meets the guests except when he's interviewing them (and then, of course, he's in a CBS studio and they're at their homes). But sometimes they go out for drinks and dinner together before the show. That's why, sometimes, the guests are so relaxed!

Women Astounded By Make-Up Miracle On TV

MODEL SHEDS 10 YEARS IN 10 SECONDS

Now Available For The First Time! — The SECRET That Famous Screen, Stage, TV Stars Learned From Their Make-Up Artists

Why Do Famous Actresses Look So Young and Glamorous So Long?

Your own common sense will tell you a multi-million dollar movie can't be held up because the star comes on the set with dark circles under her eyes or because nature was mean enough to make a pimple pop out on her nose.

You always assumed that nature played favorites — or else that they did it with make-up. But the truth is make-up alone cannot do it because make-up must be translucent enough to let your skin show through. Otherwise, you'd look as if you were wearing a mask.

If the stars used make-up alone, their dark circles, blemishes, lines would show.

The Secret That the Stars Had to Learn

After all, they can't touch up motion picture film. So they must touch up the stars themselves. That's why the make-up artists in Hollywood had to develop a new cosmetic.

Before any make-up artist thinks of applying make-up, he first touches up all imperfections. Then and only then does he apply make-up. That is what keeps stage, screen and television stars looking so young.

Remember When Only "Hussies" Used Lipstick?

Remember — actresses used cake make-up, lipstick, eye make-up and mascara long before the general public did. And they never shouted from the housetops that they owed all their glamour to make-up secrets.

Charles Antell hates to give away their last and most carefully guarded secret. But business is business. So now, at last, Charles Antell is making this secret cosmetic available to everybody. We call it Touch-Up Stik.

The Cosmetic the Whole Family Will Use

In the morning, if you're in a hurry, a touch of Charles Antell's Touch-Up Stik, a touch of lipstick—and your husband will look at *you*, instead of the morning paper.

For the beach, Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik will conceal unsightly broken blood vessels on your legs.

Teen-agers use Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik to hide the blemishes and pimples that always seem to pop out just before a date.

ALWAYS TOUCH-UP BEFORE YOU MAKE-UP

WITHOUT TOUCH-UP STIK **WITH TOUCH-UP STIK**

Make this miraculous difference as easily as applying lipstick.

Your Friends Will Think You Found "The Fountain of Youth"

To look your glamorous best, blend your make-up *over* the Touch-Up Stik. Instead of looking *more* made up, you will look *less* made up—because it takes far less make-up to give you the smooth, even, creamy-looking complexion that every woman wants and every man admires.

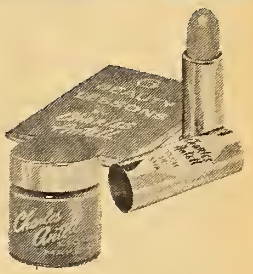
Rememer—Touch-Up Stik is *invisible.* People see the *results*—not the Touch-Up Stik itself. And it's actually good for the skin. The ingredients have been blended together with *beautifying, softening lanolin.* It will not flake, peel, crack or rub off. It will stay on until you wash it off or cream it off.

The Greatest Beauty Revelation Since Lipstick

Many of you have seen the miraculous demonstration on TV where a model *shed ten years* in *ten seconds right before your eyes.* You know that a touch-up stick has been working for years for stars of stage, screen and radio.

Now, at last, it is available to *you.* Think of how *you* will look *without* dark circles under your eyes, harsh lines softened, freckles, scars, birthmarks and blemishes all made invisible. *The kind of perfection you always felt was out of your reach is now as easy to achieve as putting on lipstick.*

Stars' Secret Now Yours During FREE Introductory Bargain Offer



Is it expensive? No. A Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik that will last you up to a year is only $2. But to induce you to try it now, to see for yourself how easy it is to shed ten, fifteen or even twenty years from your appearance, here is what we are going to do.

With each Touch-Up Stik, we are going to give you FREE a $1.50 bottle of Charles Antell's Liquid Make-up with Lanolin that matches your Touch-Up Stik. This is a revolutionary new kind of liquid make-up that has a natural affinity for the skin. That's why it stays on longer, looks better and is actually good for your skin. It needs no foundation under it, it needs no powder over it. It is the first *complete* make-up.

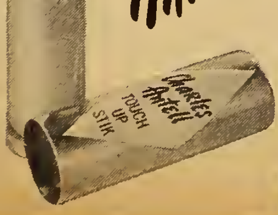
Now besides that, we are going to give you FREE a series *of* beauty lessons to teach you all the simple little make-up tricks of the make-up artist.

In other words, you get the $2 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik, the $1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin, *plus* the make-up lessons—for the cost of the Touch-Up Stik alone. Only $2.

This is a limited offer and may be withdrawn without notice. So act now!

If your local store has not yet received or has sold out of Touch-Up Stik, use money-saving coupon below.

Charles Antell TOUCH-UP STIK



MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You **must** look ten years younger in 10 seconds or you get **more** than your money back. Keep the $1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin. Keep the Make-Up Lessons. Send back only the Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik and your full purchase will be refunded immediately, no questions asked.

WE HAVE THE PERFECT SHADE FOR YOUR COMPLEXION

Select Proper Color Below

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Please rush me your Touch-Up Stik (up to a year's supply) for $2.00 and send me the FREE matching Liquid Make-Up worth $1.50, plus FREE Beauty Lessons.

☐ *I am enclosing $2.00– you pay postage* ☐ *Please send C.O.D.– I will pay postage*

CHECK COLOR DESIRED

☐ Fair ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette
☐ Natural ☐ Light Brunette ☐ Suntan (very dark)

NAME____________________

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CITY__________ZONE____STATE______

Forgotten something?

Bags all packed, tickets all bought, and here you are—ready for that long-awaited vacation. But if you don't have a certain product tucked into a suitcase, at least a part of your vacation might be spoiled.

For what's more likely to spoil a vacation than not being able to go swimming? Yet, if you use external pads for sanitary protection, you may even feel an understandable reluctance to go to the beach. (External pads with their belts and pins are so bulky!) In fact, you may feel self-conscious about shorts, tapered slacks or clinging dresses.

How different—how delightfully different—when you have Tampax with you. Tampax is *internal* sanitary protection. It never "shows" under a wet or dry bathing suit. And is it *comfortable!* Actually, you don't even feel the Tampax, once it's in place. (No chafing, not a speck of irritation.)

Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton in disposable applicators. The Tampax itself is so easy to dispose of that you just don't have any worries. And of course you can wear Tampax in your shower or tub.

One last bit of good news: Tampax actually prevents odor from forming! Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes at any drug or notion counter: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

The story of *The Egyptian* revolves around the splendid but corrupt court of ancient Egypt, where Pharaoh Akhnatan (Michael Wilding) clashes with the priests over his belief that there is only one God. Peace-loving, the Pharaoh refuses to arm against his enemies, the Hittites.

Hero of the film, Sinuhe (Edmund Purdom) celebrates becoming a physician by getting drunk, is taken home by army cadet Victor Mature.

Mature and Purdam save Akhnaton from a lion, are received at court and meet the Pharaoh's proud and passionate sister (Gene Tierney).

Picture of the Month: THE EGYPTIAN

■ Twentieth Century-Fox emptied its treasury for *The Egyptian,* a lavish CinemaScopic production which recreates a culture that existed 33 centuries ago. Based on the best seller of the same name, it is a highly involved story of the days when men worshipped many gods and were tied by superstition and ignorances. Yet, even then, some groped for new truths and died fighting old misconceptions. The movie revolves around a young physician named Sinuhe (Edmund Purdom) who was cast on the Nile as a child and rescued by a poor physician and his wife. Purdom actually was the Pharaoh's son, although he never acknowledges it. An early idealist, he seeks the meaning of life but finds instead violent passions, greed and malice. Akhnaton (Michael Wilding) the present Pharaoh, is probably the first Egyptian to believe in the concept of one God. This naturally leads to his downfall since it threatens the livelihood of a great many priests. The idea that only truth (not Pharaohs) is immortal and that evil must be condemned divides the characters into two camps. Among the corrupt are Bella Darvi, a Babylonian seductress who lures Purdom away from the good Merit (Jean Simmons), Victor Mature, a husky, power-loving warrior who finally ascends the throne with Gene Tierney (Akhnaton's sister). Colorful, exotic, full of intrigue and the decadent splendor of a fascinating civilization—that is *The Egyptian.*

All the Passion and Pageantry of Knighthood's Epic Age!

The Story of England's Outlaw Knight who pledged his life to save a throne and his love to win the forbidden lips of a kingdom's ravishing beauty!

Universal-International presents

THE Black Shield OF FALWORTH

COLOR BY *Technicolor*

IN **CINEMASCOPE**

starring **TONY CURTIS · JANET LEIGH**

DAVID FARRAR · BARBARA RUSH · HERBERT MARSHALL

with Torin Thatcher · Daniel O'Herlihy · Rhys Williams

Directed by RUDOLPH MATÉ · Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY · Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR and MELVILLE TUCKER

HOWARD PYLE MEN of IRON

Universal International

Emilio of Capri: In summer, to be in style you've got to be in *Playtex* first! Slims and trims like magic.

Top Designers Agree: Slim summer fashions start with a Playtex figure!

See how

Playtex®

Fabric Lined

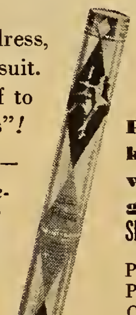
Panty Brief

narrows your silhouette in new freedom . . . widens your choice of new sun clothes, new fun clothes!

You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress, lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit. Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such *comfort*—thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such *freedom*, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone! Just a smooth latex sheath—*invisible* under the most figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawning to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



PLAYTEX . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

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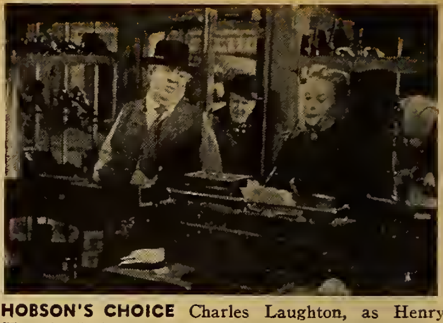

HOBSON'S CHOICE Charles Laughton, as Henry Horatio Hobson, is an unusually obnoxious father. He's so tight with a pound he'd rather his daughters were old maids than have to pay a dowry. Besides, life is comfortable as it is. His three girls work (without pay) in his bootshop and when he staggers home after a day at the Moonrakers Inn dinner had better be on the table. Eldest daughter (Brenda De Banzie) brings this blustering tyrant to heel. She drags his bootmaker (John Mills) out of the cellar, dusts him off and marries him. Somewhat shocked, Mills acts like a lamb going to slaughter but he recovers fast. And with a shop of his own he is soon pushing Hobson out of business. That's the framework of a film rich in humor and warmth. Excellent acting makes ordinary situations into freshly comic events and a "merry England" flavor runs through it all.—U. A.

THE COWBOY If you've seen so many westerns you've forgotten what cowboys are really like this will refresh your memory. It is a documentary about the men who first came out to the west, started rounding up cattle and driving them to market, started catching wild mustangs and breaking them in as working cowhorses, started putting up fences and laying down laws. Narrated by Tex Ritter, Bill Conrad, John Dehner and Larry Dobkin, the movie has a pastoral quality to it. The life of the cowboy was hard and lonely but there was something about the vastness of the land and of the job that seemed to catch his imagination. You'll get a glimpse into the life of two modern cowboys whose long working day starts at 4 A.M. Tired they may be, but they'll ride 20 miles to a square dance on Saturday night and risk their necks on Sunday in a country rodeo. Music by Carl Brandt. Eastman Color.—Lippert Pictures.

THE VANISHING PRAIRIE Walt Disney's second True Life Adventure (his first was *The Living Desert*) more than lives up to its promise. You marvel at the wizardry of the cameramen who catch the animals and birds of the prairie at their most unguarded, most typical moments. (To film the birth of a buffalo calf cameramen draped themselves in buffalo hide and moved right in with the herd.) Courtship, death struggles, nesting habits of mountain lion, antelope, prairie dog, marsh bird and others are all here in Technicolor with music that sets a lively, often humorous pace. You move from spring to winter in that great expanse of land between the Mississippi and the Rockies, from tender moments of birth to the stark drama of survival in flash floods, drought and fire. The camera, always alert and inquisitive, beautifully recaptures that time when these animals not only roamed the American prairie but presided over it as well.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PHILIP Queen Elizabeth and Philip traveled 50,000 miles in six months, visiting their empire. It was an historic tour and here it is recorded in Technicolor on a CinemaScopic screen. The scenery is impressive, so are the hordes of loyal subjects in Australia, Africa Malta, Gibraltar and other small islands of the realm. Colorful native dances, various celebrations, drills and garden parties for the royal entourage are shown. Twice Elizabeth wore her coronation gown to open Houses of Parliament. Once, part of a fleet plowed out to sea single file to welcome the Queen's yacht with 21-gun salutes. Interesting as a document, the film never descends from its high level of formality and is therefore somewhat exhausting. After an hour and a half you've more than sensed the intense discipline and rigorous routine which rules Queen Elizabeth's life—you've almost experienced it yourself.—20th-Fox

SABRINA The Cinderella story never goes stale and when Audrey Hepburn plays her it even seems inspired. She's the chauffeur's daughter on an immense estate in Long Island. Ever since childhood she's been secretly in love with young heir David Larrabee (William Holden) who lives in the mansion and not above the garage. Pop sends her off to cooking school in Paris. Forget David, he pleads, he's beyond your reach. But girls learn more than cooking in Paris and when Audrey comes back she's a chic sophisticate with French poodle. David drops his fiancée (Martha Hyer) to woo her. Older brother Humphrey Bogart, who long ago married the family's business, takes desperate steps to stop this romance. That is, he woos Audrey himself. But his intentions aren't honorable—not at the beginning, anyway. You'll love Sabrina (that's Audrey). It's gay, sweet and funny. With Walter Hampden, John Williams.—Para.

LIVING IT UP Martin and Lewis aren't funnier than ever but if you're a fan you'll probably enjoy *Living It Up* which is vaguely based on Broadway's *Hazel Flagg*. Concerns a small town boy, Homer Flagg (Jerry Lewis), who thinks he's radioactive. Reporter Janet Leigh sees a story in him and saddles her publisher Fred Clark with all the expenses of bringing Homer and his doctor (Dean Martin) to New York. After all, says Janet, the poor kid has only three weeks to live. On the strength of that she proposes to him, Mayor Edward Arnold hands him the key to the city and Homer, wild with joy, turns his lavish hotel suite into pandemonium. Clark foots the bills while everybody waits around with tears in their eyes for Homer to drop dead. Trouble is, he won't. Not only is he a fraud, but you couldn't kill him with a cannon. Technicolor, with Sheree North.—Para.

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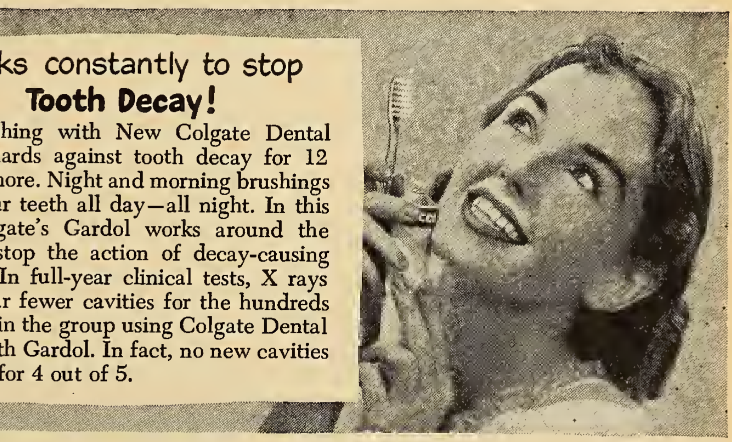

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ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

Are you in the know?

How would you rate this dipper gal?

☐ *Shy* ☐ *Fun* ☐ *Dracula's daughter*

For parched gullets, nothing beats a cold draught of aqua, country style—but who wants a cascade down his back? That's Minnie the Ha-Ha for you. Up to another practical prank. *Funny?* Ask Pete (of the drenched shirt)! How can Minnie's victims know that such buffoonery conceals shyness; a need for notice? Being *herself* is a gal's better bet. And on "those" days, comfort helps. Remember, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*... doesn't chafe!

Just met—what's your chatter cue?

☐ *Take over* ☐ *Proceed with caution*

Maybe you point out another newcomer, and coo: "What a creep! Hope *he* doesn't cut in!" He won't. Neither will the lad you're talking to—who happens to be the creep's brother! Lesson: be kind, or be quiet! You can be *confident* (at calendar time), with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* prevent outlines. And here's an added worry-saver: Kotex can be worn on either side!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

Should a back-to-school shopper be —

☐ *Label-conscious* ☐ *Loaded with lucre*

Budgeteen or million dollar baby—look for labels on togs before you buy! Little tags that tell about shrinkage, fade-resistance; whether a fabric's sudsworthy or should be dry cleaned. Helps you choose what's best for *you*. So too, when choosing Kotex, look for the labels Regular, Junior, Super. Of these *3 sizes* there's one exactly suited to you; gives the *complete absorbency* you *need*.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

☐ *Romeo & Juliet* ☐ *Kotex & Kotex belts* ☐ *Moon 'n' June*

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two... *for a change!*

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS When you base a movie on a story by Stephen Vincent Benét you can't lose. It's bound to be whimsical, unique and full of homespun charm. This musical has all those qualities in addition to dances by Michael Kidd and lyrics by Johnny Mercer. The seven brothers (headed by Howard Keel) are a bearded, sloppy crew who live in the hills. One day Keel goes to town to pick a wife, and comes back with Jane Powell. Jane shudders at the sight of her in-laws but she's trapped. Only thing to do is reform them. Pretty soon the boys want to get married, too. Keel tells them a story of the Sabine women who were carried off by Romans. Swell idea, say the brothers, and proceed to kidnap their would-be brides. The frightened (but thrilled) girls are their prisoners all winter because the pass is blocked by snow. Comes the thaw, comes the irate fathers, comes the grand climax. CinemaScope.—MGM.

GARDEN OF EVIL There's this fellow lying near to death in a gold mine and his wife (Susan Hayward) wants to rescue him. She strides into a saloon and behind a beaded curtain finds Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark, Cameron Mitchell. Come with me, fellas, she says, and I'll give you two thousand dollars apiece. So they go with her up hills and over cliffs—riding, riding, riding through Mexico's remote Indian country. Cooper doesn't talk much, but you know he's masterful. Widmark talks maybe too much but he's harmless, always with the card tricks. Mitchell doesn't talk. Attack's his game. Well, they reach this mine where lies Hugh Marlowe near to death. "So you come back?" he sneers at his wife. She swallows tears of humiliation. Sure, she came back. Now the problem is to come back to the saloon where the fellas can spend their two thousand bucks apiece. The Indians save Susan a heap of dough. CinemaScope.—20th Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION (*U-I*): Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman star in this poignant love story of a man and a woman who discover a new way of life. By Lloyd C. Douglas. With Barbara Rush, Agnes Moorehead. In Technicolor.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY (*Warners*): John Wayne and Bob Stack are the tense pilots of a plane in trouble. Claire Trevor, Laraine Day, Jan Sterling are among the passengers, who range from calm to terrified. An exciting film. CinemaScope.

DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS *(20th-Fox)*: This CinemaScope epic picks up where *The Robe* left off, follows Victor Mature as Demetrius through encounters with Susan Hayward, Debra Paget, Michael Rennie and numerous hungry lions. Technicolor.

ON THE WATERFRONT (*Col.*): One of the year's best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.

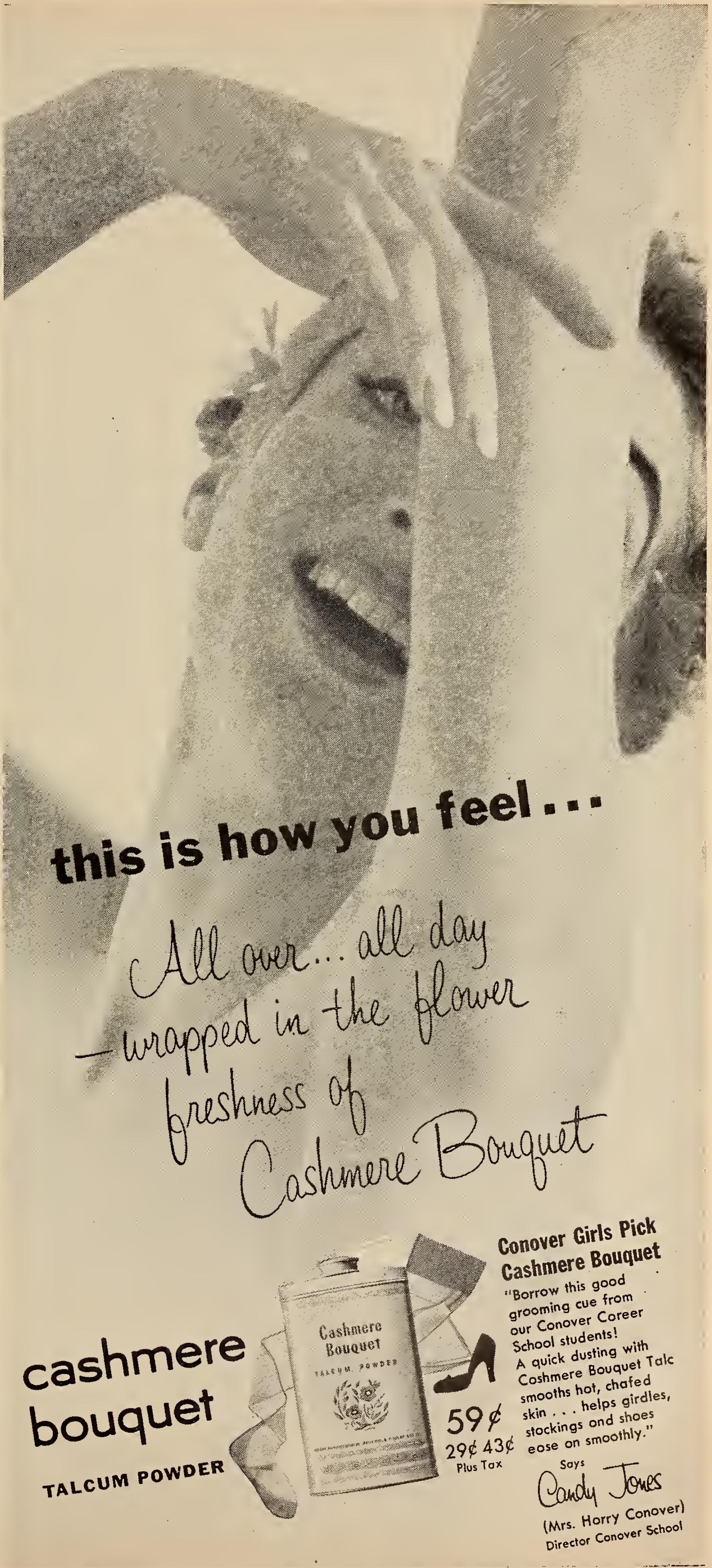
DIAL M FOR MURDER (*Warners*): A topnotch thriller, this is an adaptation of a hit play. Ray Milland stars as the jealous husband trying to get his wife, Grace Kelly, indicted for murder. Bob Cummings is around to add to the terrific suspense. Warnercolor.

OH MY PAPA!

The MacDonald Careys' fifth is a half-pint of note!

■ It's not every baby who can be a long-awaited Blessed Event and at the same time almost wreck Papa's career. Edward MacDonald Carey, Jr., almost managed it, though, merely by showing up in Hollywood while MacDonald, Sr., was on stage in New York, doing a performance of his hit Broadway show, *Anniversary Waltz.* A helpful friend in the wings made signs to Papa indicating that he was a father for the fifth time. MacDonald, naturally thrilled (and possibly impressed with his own record), promptly forgot his lines and stood in full view of the audience, making signals like telephoning so that there would be a line open to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital on the coast as soon as the act was over.

Producers being men of heart and MacDonald being an actor of note, he was not removed from the cast nor even gently reprimanded. If anything, it was felt that he had once more proved his claim to have one of Hollywood's happiest home-lives as well as rosiest careers. In the fifteen years between his discovery in Broadway's *Lady In The Dark* (which also sent Vic Mature to Hollywood) and his latest, most important movie, *Fire Over Africa,* with Maureen O'Hara, Carey has received almost nothing but praise from critics for his scores of films. This last one, in fact, has drawn forth rhapsodies, causing one lady reviewer to murmur soulfully, "He's even younger and more romantic than he was fifteen years ago!" Which would seem to prove that MacDonald need fear no competition, even from Junior, who, like his father, is growing more handsome daily, but unlike Papa, is beginning to show his full age (about four months) and will probably go right on getting older!



Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Borrow this good grooming cue from our Conover Career School students! A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talc smooths hot, chafed skin . . . helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says

Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

New! a shampoo that *Silkens your hair!*

So alluring—so enchanting . . . this silken shimmer for your hair!

Just one shampoo with New Drene and your hair—

yes, yours—will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk!

This is a *New Drene* formula–

so Mild you could

shampoo every day!

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■ With this gala issue, MODERN SCREEN introduces a brand new, exclusive gossip extra—eight pages brim-full of last minute news, special reports and off-guard photo features brought to you by Hollywood's First Lady, Louella Parsons. We are proud to add this exciting bonus section, another great step forward in making MODERN SCREEN the most complete coverage of Hollywood you can buy. In addition to *Louella Parsons in Hollywood,* you'll find nine gorgeous pages in full color and our newly expanded portrait gallery in every issue from now on. Naturally these added features will in no way limit the regular features that have made MODERN SCREEN America's most popular fan magazine on the newsstands: we will continue to bring you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth with more full length stories, more on-the-spot exclusive news-breaks, more exciting photographs of your favorite stars than any other publication.

Cordially yours,

Charles D. Saxon

EDITOR

Marilyn Talks About Joe And Babies

the most intimate interview ever given by Hollywood's most exciting star

■ "I'd hate to think that marriage was Joe's only interest," said Marilyn Monroe. "There are twenty-four hours in each day. How many hours can you give to being a husband or a wife? You must have other interests, too, to make for a full, happy life." This is "The Monroe Doctrine."

Marilyn was giving me the frankest interview of her life, revealing her most secret thoughts on marriage and babies—and she threw in the famous calendar for fascinating good measure. She's a trifle old-fashioned. She believes a wife should not be separated from her husband and she believes a mother should not be separated from her children. She has definite ideas about child care—having been a neglected child herself. She discussed all of this with the honesty that has always existed between this reporter and the blonde, beautiful and most exciting movie star of our generation.

Some of the women reporters in this town have given Marilyn a bad time. They've called her cheap, tawdry, a bad actress. She has always been grateful to me because way back, even before the bit in *Asphalt Jungle,* in the days when only the late diminutive agent, Johnny Hyde, believed she would one day be a great actress, I regarded her as a nice girl, caught in the Hollywood jungle. I must confess I didn't think she had much chance of breaking out of the overgrown forest into the bright sunlight of stardom. I like her even more now, because success has loosened the tight bonds of an inferiority complex that used to bind her tongue when you asked her the simplest question. But now?

"Joe," said Marilyn, "will always come first with me. He is the human being closest to my heart. He's the most important person in my life. Everything else is second. But he understands that my career is very important to me. I fought hard to get it. Sometimes starved. And the same goes for his career with me. We both had our jobs before we (*Continued on page* 67)

by Sheilah Graham

SO, SUE ME!

"Being careful isn't living. I've been . . .

in clover and I've been in jail and busted . . .

flat. But I've loved every minute of it."

When a lady gets something off her chest, who gets involved? Mitchum, of course. Even when he's innocent, he's fall-guy supreme!

BY TONI NOEL

■ Any accident that's on its way to happen just waits around for Robert Mitchum to stroll by. Then it happens to him. He is philosophical about it. He knows he must take the falls, but he doesn't know why.

The trouble is that Mitchum thinks he's just like other men. He isn't. "Mitch is a classic in himself," said an admiring Jane Russell, his longtime stablemate at RKO. "He can do anything—act, write, sing—just a little bit better than anyone else."

Mr. Mitchum is a mere six-foot, one-inch, hundred-and-eighty pounder, but he looks immense, possibly because of the tremendous breadth of his chest and shoulders. Physically, he's a man women must look up to, which makes him different from the average run of Hollywood males. And there are other differences.

Male stars tend to fall into two camps as to hairstyle. The younger heroes like the swirl-about that results in careless curls; the aging idols prefer the crewcut as a means of maintaining the illusion of youth. Our Robert wears his light brown hair in a spiky, bristling in-between that goes nowhere. Ladies tenderly describe it as "stubborn."

The Mitchum profile, altered if not improved by a broken nose, strikes them as exceedingly manly. If any other gentleman appraised them with sleepy-eyed boldness equal to that of his hazel eyes or with such a curling lip, they'd exclaim, "How dare you!" To Mitch they murmur, "Why don't you?"

Other guys could walk on their hands without attracting the amount of feminine attention Mitchum achieves simply by putting one foot before the other in the prescribed manner; the delighted distaff reaction to his relaxed amble is that of hep cats to catnip.

Women he has never seen before in his life make outrageous requests ranging from "one kiss" to his autograph on their unmentionables. To comply would require an abundance of (*Continued on page* 86)

AVA and her BULLFIGHTER

With the ashes of her marriage to Frankie barely cold, Ava is involved in a flaming new romance—with the fabulous Dominguín—of Spain!

BY STEVE CRONIN

Inseparable in Spain, Ava and Dominguín (world's greatest matador, the Spanish say) were chaperoned by Ava's sister Beatrice.

■ Ava Gardner settled down on the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe to wait for her third divorce. But she was being questioned as much about prospective husband number four as about her divorce.

The prospect was in Madrid and his name is Luis Miguel Gonzalez y Lucas—better known to the Spanish-speaking world as Dominguín, the bullfighter.

"What's this about you and Dominguín?" Ava was asked. "Is he going to be your next husband?"

Ava is basically a gentle, good-natured girl and a truthful one, but when it comes to the men in her life, she is capable of making up some whoppers.

For example, a few months before she married Sinatra three years ago, she said, "Why should I marry him? I know that men in show business usually don't make good husbands. I've had two of them and I've learned my lesson."

Of Dominguín on June 11, Ava declared, "He is just a friend—as is Clark Gable."

In Madrid Luis Miguel said there was a possibility of his coming to the United States sometime in July or August, and the chances are very good that he will have arrived by the time you read this.

"Would you visit Señorita Gardner?"

"Of course, that would be one of the main reasons for coming!"

"Do you and Señorita Gardner have an understanding?"

"I do not understand," Dominguín said.

"Do you and Señorita Gardner plan to get married?"

Dominguín laughed.

"How long have you known Señorita Gardner?"

"Many months," Dominguín said.

"When she was in Madrid, didn't you take her out steadily? When she was in the hospital, didn't you visit her every day? Didn't you take her out to a famous ranch where they breed fighting bulls? Didn't you go to the bullfights with her? Wasn't it you who introduced Señorita Gardner to Ernest Hemingway?"

(*Continued on page* 88)

At the Madrid airport Dominguín started to give Ava a brotherly goodbye kiss, but it turned into a Hollywood embrace and made international headlines. Ava promptly took off for Nevada to start divorcing Sinatra.

There is nothing like a dame

■ A man named Harry James, famous for the sweetest trumpet this side of heaven and for being married to Betty Grable, was wakened from his slumbers at the unearthly hour of eleven A.M., one Saturday not long ago. Groggily, since any hour before noon is before sunrise to a band man, Harry staggered to the window and looked out upon the lawn of his five-acre Beverly Hills estate. Then he weaved his way back to bed, nudged the pillow on which the beautiful face of his wife Betty reposed.

"Wake up, doll," he muttered. "They're at it again." Then he fell back upon his bed.

So Betty Grable rose, dressed in pure white slacks, slapped on a touch of lipstick, ran a brush through her hair and went down to the side lawn. As she approached a group of four people enjoying a picnic lunch on the cool green grass, Betty said, "Hi!"

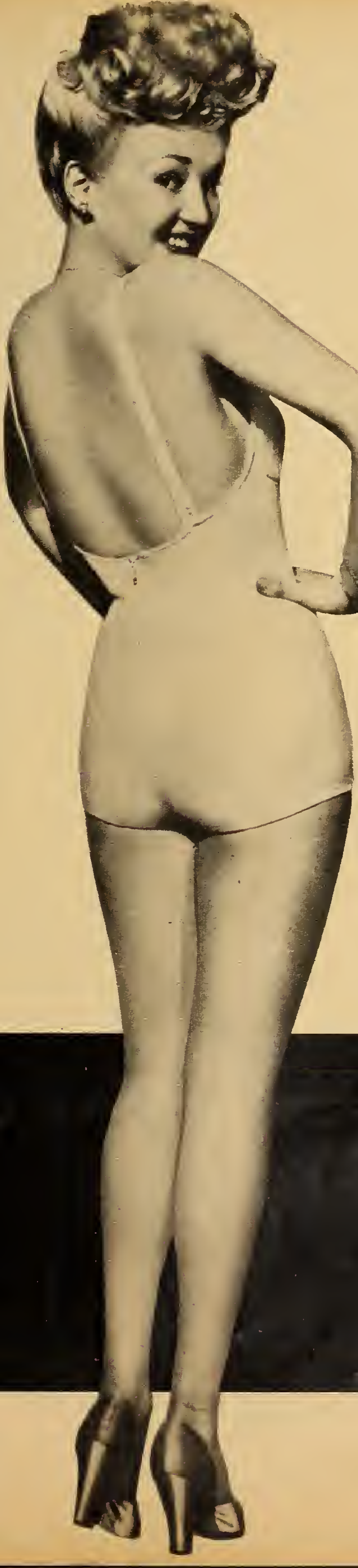
The little grey-haired, round-faced man who was picnicking with his plump and pretty wife and his two plump and pretty daughters, responded graciously. "Sit down," he said, "and help yourself to the deviled eggs, Kansas style."

Betty sat down, helped herself and talked to the people from Kansas. Sally, the older of the two girls, about fifteen, grinned. "If I were reading about this in a movie magazine," she declared, "it would say that I told you that you looked exactly like Betty Grable. But this is for real. We know that you are Betty Grable and that this is your place. That's why we're having a picnic here. We were sure you wouldn't mind."

Betty assured them that she didn't mind and said she'd have another shot of that delicious lemonade. After a while the picnickers packed up, thanked Betty for her hospitality and prepared to move on. Betty started back to the house and to Harry, but she reckoned without the sense of humor to be expected from a Kansas tourist.

"Wait a minute, Betty," he ordered. "When we have a picnic, we always leave the place clean."

Obediently, Betty stopped, (*Continued on page* 58)



And there's never been a dame like Grable! It's twelve years since she posed for her famous wartime pin-up (right)—but get a load of Betty today, on the left. The times may change—but Grable doesn't!

BY RICHARD MOORE

GIVE HER MOUNTAINS

by Ida Zeitlin

Marriage is no happy ending for Suzan Ball. It's the happy *beginning* of a life filled with love and hope—and work!

■ As Black Shawl in Universal's *Chief Crazy Horse,* you'll see Suzan walking straight and true into the arms of Vic Mature. After which, if you care to do her a service, forget she's the girl who lost her leg. Think of her as she thinks of herself: Suzan Ball, working actress, and Suzan Long, cherished and cherishing wife to Dick.

"I won't be able to leap fences, but I wasn't doing much fence-leaping anyway. I can learn to ride horseback again. I'm already driving."

"Neither more nor less dangerous," comments her lord, "than other women, including the three-legged."

Through his dry foolery the tenderness shows, free of mawkishness. Suzan is not mawkish either, merely aboveboard. "I'm sticking a sign on him: *Attention All Girls! He's Married!*"

"And I'm sticking blinders on her." Then he relents. "But very *fancy* blinders!"

If you're listening for sobs beneath the surface, you'll hear none. She's a gipsy-faced beauty, her passion for life so intense that he calls her Tiger. He's poised and mature, his reflective spirit deepened by two years in Korea. The past is past, the present and future are theirs. They teem with plans. "Mainly," says Dick, "to live happily ever after." As they tell the story, shifting from grave to gay, a picture emerges of two young people who found in each other the same will to accept reality, the same need for honest thinking, the same release in humor. They also found strength in love. But only because they had forged their own strength to build on.

Suzan, eighteen at the time, was undergoing deep-ray therapy for what she'd been told was a tumor of the knee. Little by little, suspicion took root. "People talk very strangely to me," she told a close friend. "They call up and say they're praying for me. I *(Continued on page* 72)

Before the cameras for the first time since the loss of her leg, Suzan played opposite Dick on a television show.

In the script, as in real life, Dick encourages Suzan to leave her wheelchair and learn to walk again. She makes it.

TO CLIMB

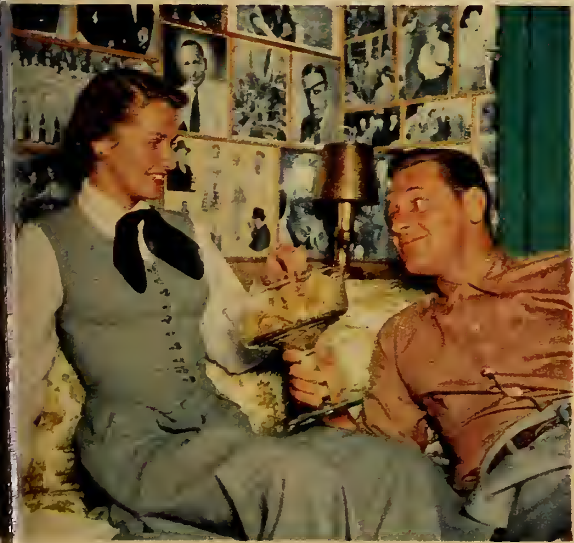
by Marva Peterson

the private world of BILL HOLDEN

Relaxing on weekends, Bill swims or plays lifeguard for the kids and their friends, who are not allowed to use the pool unless Bill or Ardis is watching. Gardening is another favorite—and keeps the ground soft for kids falling off the brick wall (background, below).

Ardis uses the Early American trestle table in the den for Bill's mail, magazines and messages; they spend most of their evenings in this comfortable room, listening to records and talking.

Furnished to survive any number of Cub Scouts, the cool green and white livingroom boasts tables imported from English taverns.



The picture-gallery bar adjoining the den houses the Holdens' photo collection but is not yet filled. Ardis is considering removing the pictures and painting the walls.

The Holdens don't own a movie-star mansion; they do their living in a Sunday kind of home.

■ Bill Holden was hard at work cleaning out the area behind his garage when he suddenly spotted hundreds of empty beer cans dumped into the compost pile.

"This called for a little investigation," he said, "so I got hold of the boys and questioned them." It seems that his sons, Scott and West, and some of their pals had, for reasons known only to small boys, started to collect different kinds of beer cans. They had traveled all over the neighborhood asking for different brands. They'd even ridden their bikes over behind some restaurants and searched through the trash barrels. It was an impressive assortment. Once they had grown bored with the game, they had simply dumped all the cans into the most convenient hole.

Bill had the boys gather up their empties and carry them outside for the rubbish collectors.

Early next morning when the (*Continued on page* 61) by Elaine Stewart

I reached for His

No one has to walk alone. No matter how poor you are, how far off your dream—nothing is im

■ If you are any kind of actress at all you become what you play, saint or sinner, while in the role. There is no other way in which you can give your portrayal realism. But believe me, some of the girls I have played—the hard-eyed queens of dubious morals—are strangers to the mother who raised me.

Mother didn't even think I could *pretend* to look and act like that. I knew I had to in order to win recognition as an actress. But I do not find any familiar reference to my actual past in these parts.

I would like everyone who has seen me on the screen, and perhaps wondered about me, to know this. Not because I am concerned about my reputation or that I may be misunderstood. This is not important. What worries me is that I remember how much I was affected back in my home town of Montclair, New Jersey, by the actresses I admired when I was growing up. I remember that I stayed "clean-faced" for a while because I was crazy about Ingrid Bergman. remember the struggle I had with myse before It began, because Susan Ha ward, whom I also admired and who h long hair like mine, *did* use make-u And I still recall how the relationship fashion to femininity was emphasized me by the way Lana Turner wore clothes (plus, I might add, the ext and richness of her wardrobe). If t and richness of her wardrobe). If t could have such influence on the gi was, the thought has come that th

hand

possible with God by your side.

may be some girls today who might model themselves, to some extent, after me. In that case, to present some truths about myself might be of some importance to younger fans.

I am a girl who was raised in a religious home. I taught Sunday School when I was in my teens. When I came west to go into pictures it was only after I prayed for guidance. On leaving for Hollywood, the only going-away present I got was a Bible (*Continued on page* 75)

WANTED! Evading wedlock

ROCK HUDSON

Description: 6'3", 197 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. At present in custody of Betty Abbott, Rock has been previously reported captured by Vera-Ellen, Barbara Ruick, Marilyn Maxwell, but has always made clean get-away before being taken to the altar. If interested, see *Bengal Brigade*. Operatives note: He is very wary of ties that bind, may persuade pursuers that he can be trusted to stay put. WARNING: Don't you believe it!

BACHELORS-AT-LARGE

MODERN SCREEN presents the Royal Rogues' Gallery of the year: Hollywood's eight most wanted men—with a few hints for bringing them in alive!

WANTED!

For hit-and-run dating

BOB WAGNER

Description: 6', 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Alias "R. J.," Bob's most serious casualty to date is Debbie Reynolds. Others possibly sideswiped include Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck, Mona Freeman. Clue: He is suspicious of women who have money and can cook. Those willing to risk traveling with R. J. can locate him in theatres showing *Broken Lance*. Prosecuting attorneys note: his victims usually refuse to testify against him.

WANTED!

For girl-rustling

TAB HUNTER

Description: 6'1", 175 lbs., blond hair, hazel eyes. Alias "Handy Hunter," Tab operates on horseback, has at various times corralled Gloria Gordon, Debbie Reynolds, Pat Crowley, Lori Nelson and up to fifty thousand fan club members. Girls interested in heading towards the last roundup with Hunter should avoid fawning on him, learn to love sports, get used to traveling with a large fun-loving gang of youngsters.

WANTED! EDDIE FISHER

Charge: Setting the world on fire. Description: 5'8", 140 lbs., black hair, brown eyes. Fisher is specifically charged with carrying torches (simultaneously!) for Joan Wynne, Terry Moore, Debbie Reynolds, Mamie Van Doren. WARNING: These females are playing with fire as they don't fit Eddie's marital requirements for an outdoorsy girl with no career.

WANTED! SCOTT BRADY

Charge: Assault with sweet talk. Description: 6'2", 180 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Scott has been recently identified by Dorothy Malone as "the guy who's been pounding 'Let's get-married' into my head." Milder charges have been made by Elaine Stewart, Kim Novak. Others interested in putting the finger on Brady should see *The Law vs. Billy The Kid.*

WANTED! CRAIG HILL

Charge: Stealing hearts. Description: 5'11", 160 lbs., light brown hair, blue or green or grey eyes (reports of witnesses vary). Notorious on Sunset Strip as "a good man in a dark corner" and a "concentrator," Hill prefers to make off with affections of one girl at a time. Also alleged to have almost stolen Tony Curtis' thunder in *Black Shield Of Falworth.*

WANTED! RICHARD EGAN

Charge: Hiding out. Description: 6'1½", 180 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes. For thirty-two years Egan kept out of sight, was finally brought to public attention in *The Big Rainbow.* WARNING: Can be dangerous to girls due to superior intelligence (M.A. from Stanford U.) and (double warning to parked car operators) expert knowledge of judo.

WANTED! On the lam

MONTGOMERY CLIFT

Description: 6 feet, 155 lbs., brown hair, blue-green eyes, wry, sophisticated smile known to have dropped females in their tracks at a hundred yards. Monty may never be apprehended because he never answers the phone, can be two hours late for a first date and thinks perfect marriages occur only in novels. Suggestions for capture: take up sailing, don't believe him when he says he prefers books to blondes.

JANET LEIGH KNOWS THE VALUE OF PRESS RELATIONS, WILL ALWAYS POSE, GIVE INTERVIEWS. RESULT: GOOD PUBLICITY.

who says
BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB?

by George Sidney

One of Hollywood's most famous directors of winsome women reveals a little-known fact: those pretty-eyed babies are pretty wise babes—or they wouldn't be where they are!

■ If I were asked to select the smartest screen beauty I know, I would pretend to be deaf or retire behind the Fifth Amendment. A man can get a terrible bump on his head falling off a limb like that.

Certainly *one* of the smartest is Esther Williams, whom I happen to be directing currently in Metro's *Jupiter's Daughter.* I don't know how much you know about Esther's off screen activities, but I can tell you they are extensive, the tireless work of a good business woman and a wonderful wife and mother. The Ben Gages, of whom Esther is half, are seeing to it that their children will be off to a flying start.

Probably you know about some of her business ventures—the filling stations, the West Los Angeles restaurant (which began modestly enough and is now breaking in big name acts for Las Vegas) and the partnership in a nationally known bathing suit business. She has on paper the blueprint for the time she will no longer be in pictures.

She has worked out a personal appearance routine, beginning with a "dry" aquacade. This she will try out in Vegas in October. In it (I am a trifle vague on this myself, but Esther has it mapped to the last detail) she will do all the things out of water that (*Continued on page* 78)

More pictures on next page

MAMIE VAN DOREN CASHED IN ON HER RESEMBLANCE TO MONROE UNTIL SHE COULD GET MORE INDIVIDUALIZED PUBLICITY.

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB continued

These four top lovelies used their clever heads to make their pretty faces famous

Talented Barbara Rush fits smoothly into the perfect-young-wife-and-mother spot left vacant by Jane Powell. Overseas without husband Jeff Hunter, Barbara has had no extra-curricular romances, spends her free time chaperoning co-workers Rock Hudson and Betty Abbott.

⮝Jeanne Crain relies on her own judgment rather than others' advice; ignoring warnings that she would wreck her home and career, she chopped off her long hair, dyed what was left red and took to low-cut gowns. Result: terrific upswing in her career, no damage at home.

⮜Sometimes the maddest escapades prove the most intelligent. Anne Baxter smoked a cigar for newspaper photographers and made headlines across the country. She also made a full-fledged screen siren of herself and moved from supporting roles to stardom.

Knowing that opposites attract attention, Audrey Hepburn made no attempt to conform to Hollywood standards of beauty and behavior, has established a new trend toward big-eyed, thin-bodied nymphs. Now she is backing her skyrocket rise with intelligently chosen films. ⮞

You'll re-live a deep emotional experience in this true story of what is happening to Judy, in her career and in her marriage.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

IF YOU LOVE

All of her life, Judy Garland wanted what most girls want. But most girls get it more easily than Judy did.

"I've been married before, you know," said Judy, "But neither Dave (Rose) nor Vincente (Minnelli) ever gave me an engagement ring. I don't know why. They just didn't.

"But I've always dreamed somebody would give me one, ever since I was a little girl. And when Sid said he had a little 'thing' for me and slipped the ring on my finger, I just cried. I really did. Honestly, Sid's the most thoughtful guy!"

So on the second anniversary of her third marriage, Judy Garland received her diamond engagement ring and her girlish wish was fulfilled. Judy and Sid Luft had celebrated this anniversary with a party at the Mocambo. After the festivities were over, Judy and Sid climbed into their Cadillac convertible and Sid drove to their picturesque new four-acre estate in Holmby Hills. There, in the wee hours of the morning, he gave his wife the ring she had always wanted.

A few weeks before their anniversary, Judy and Sid had been down in Palm Springs at Jimmy Van Heusen's house with Mona Freeman and Frank Sinatra. Judy and Frank sang and sang and both couples had a wonderful time.

The next (*Continued on page* 81)

Photos like this of Sid, Judy and Frank Sinatra serve to dampen rumors of a romance between Judy and the crooner.

JUDY...

This was the romance they said
would never end in marriage. Now it's
become the marriage they say will never end.

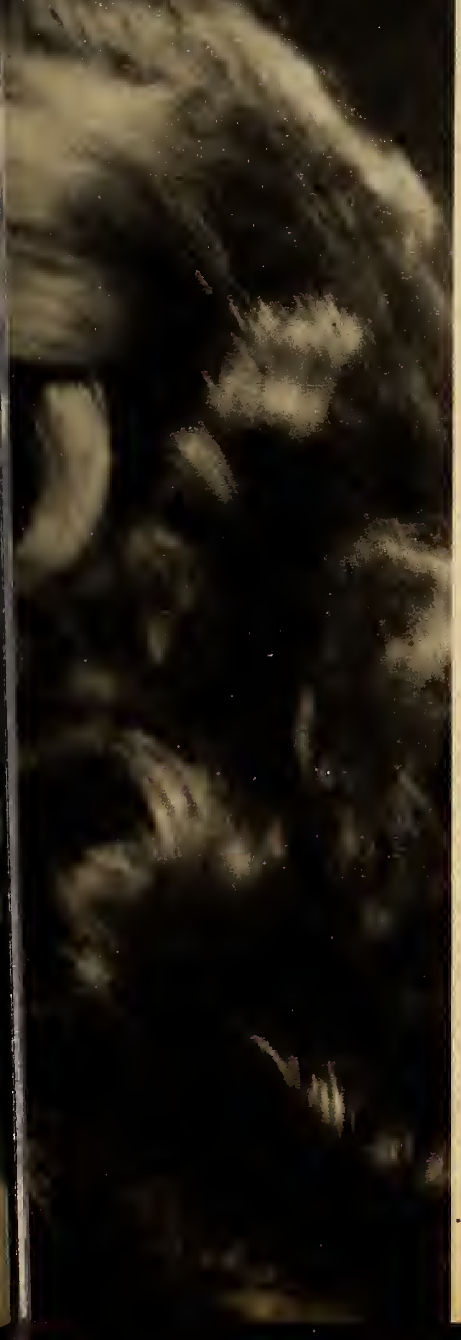
BY IMOGENE COLLINS

I knew we would marry in due time

But there was no sense rushing.

Arlene is what a man wants in a woman.

I know. I've been lucky with women.



DAHL- that's all!

■ Fernando Lamas has showed up the prophets.

The wise guys who thought they knew his kind kept saying for months, "He'll never marry Arlene Dahl. He's just using her to keep his name alive, to get jobs. He knows that marriage would ruin his reputation as the great Latin lover."

But Fernando did marry Arlene.

He is not the shrewd, conniving, razor-sharp cookie he has been made out to be. He is so forthright that no one could fathom his directness. Therefore he was accused of the most devious motives.

He was blamed for breaking Lana Turner's heart. But Lana almost cost him his career by refusing to star with him in *Latin Lovers,* a picture written specifically for the two of them.

Worse yet, the Argentine actor was accused of the most ungentlemanly conduct. It was said in confidence (so that most of the world could hear it) that Fernando had "roughed up" Lana because she and Lex Barker had danced too cozily at a Marion Davies party.

Fernando was described as a violent, jealous, uncontrollable hothead.

Then it turned out that Lex Barker was crazy about Lana. He pleaded with the actress all over Europe to marry him and finally broke down her resistance in Italy last year. In retrospect, Fernando's annoyance doesn't seem odd.

Fernando Lamas is experienced in the ways of love. He understands women and he is extremely practical about them. And he understands marriage. He was not in any great hurry to marry Arlene Dahl, but when Arlene's divorce from Lex Barker became final on October 15, she was anxious to get married.

Arlene was waiting for Fernando to propose. She had told practically every interviewer, "Fernando is really the only (*Continued on page* 84)

No sad songs for Janie Powell now—
and maybe never again! She has
a brand new life to match her bright new
love—and a new way to forget
what she calls "the trouble."

BY JOHN MAYNARD

THE BEST

Before love's young dream became a nightmare, Jane and Gene Nelson were confident that their romance was worth the price of two broken homes.

But soon a broken-hearted Janie learned that Gene wanted to return to wife Miriam, was willing to give up Jane in vain attempt to reconcile.

Today, however, Jane is radiant again, secure in the more stable affection of Pat Nerney—who, character-wise, resembles Jane's ex-husband, Geary Steffen, more closely than her lost love, Gene Nelson. By the time you read this, Jane and Pat may be on their honeymoon.

IS AHEAD

Jane Powell has had a rough year. After basking in the sunshine of public approval for most of her life, she found herself groping through one of Hollywood's longest, darkest tunnels.

Now light is showing up ahead. Both Miss Powell and her friends will tell you that. But their separate statements are not quite the same.

The friends—or, as they say in Hollywood, those on top of the situation—have the feeling that Jane's present state of mind, gay and healthy, is neither more nor less than the consequence of her love for a young man named Pat Nerney who sells cars—and Pat Nerney's love for her.

These witnesses are reasonably certain that the two will marry this summer, more than possibly by the time you read this, and live happily either ever after or for a somewhat lesser time.

Jane does not deny this but she does not affirm it. Her public utterances do not include the name Pat Nerney, although it is unlikely it has slipped her mind.

She does confess to dating one man a great deal of the time. She concedes that she cooks for him more nights than several. She even allows that he peddles automobiles. But she doesn't tell his name. Therefore, if you prefer to regard it as Nerney, you do so on your own.

As to the happiness, Miss Powell is considerably more voluble. She attributes it to a kind of re-grouping of inner forces, new values, a new design for living. She does not say her association with Nerney *didn't* trigger these, but she doesn't say it did.

We come now to the long, dark tunnel through which Miss Powell presumably has been groping. Most people sidetracked into excursions of this sort prefer not to discuss them afterward and Jane Powell is no exception.

"I won't talk about it any more," she told an acquaintance recently. "It's finis. Taboo. And if you want to know something else, I don't think the public's curious about it. I don't think they want to hear about things like that—personal unhappiness and mix up. *I'm* a fan and I know I don't. I like to hear about the up-beat side. Then again, how intimate can you get?

"I know the goldfish bowl argument—that if you happen to be in the public eye, you owe the public every last scrap of information about yourself. I guess I even once subscribed to it."

There was a phase of Jane's career in which she was less than reticent. There were incidents *about* which she was less than reticent. In the flush of what she now refers to guardedly as "the trouble," she talked with much more freedom than she does today. But if the broad picture is no longer available from her, it is available elsewhere. There are no cones of silence in Hollywood.

"All right," said Jane. "Get it then. But I don't believe any more in total revelation. There are limits. During the—the trouble—for instance, a friend of mine, a reporter, came to me, and said, 'Break down, Janie. Give me the real, (*Continued on page* 77)

They're Married!

by Alice Hoffmann

"June has turned the shadows into sunshine," Fred says. "She and the kids love each other."

In a quiet civil ceremony June the start of a new life—and

■ A man cannot sever himself from his past at any given moment. But if he knows he must, he can succeed in finally blocking out of his consciousness the sadness of a loved one's death.

This purge of sorrowful memory came to Fred MacMurray only a few weeks before he married June Haver. Without it, Fred might have postponed indefinitely his marriage to June. For sensitive men have been known to remain in love for countless years with the memories of wives long gone.

It happened to Fred at the old house in Brentwood, the one he and Lillian had bought many years ago from Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan. And it happened one evening after Fred had finished a hard day's work on *A Woman's World*.

He walked into the bedroom where his wife had lain hopelessly ill for so many years. He sat down on the bed, and he tried, really tried, not to think about it. But the whole ebb and flow of their seventeen years together came back to him, the unforgettable years of their youth and struggle and climb, the years when Bobby and Sue were freshly-adopted little children, the years in which they had built and planned and formed their life. And thinking of Lillian, Fred MacMurray began to cry.

It is heart-rending to hear a big man cry. You know his sorrow lies deep, and you must feel for him. That evening when Fred walked out of Lillian's bedroom, his face wet with tears, Cleo Howard, the housekeeper who had been with the MacMurrays for many years, saw him. And she, too, began to cry.

She ran down to the kitchen where Lee Martinez, Fred's other servant, took the girl in her arms and tried to comfort her.

"It's good for Mr. Fred to cry," she explained. "Good for him to cry away all his sadness." Then wisely she pointed out that it does a man no good to love one woman with his mind and another with his heart. "When Mr. Fred marries Miss June, he's got to start all over with a clean slate."

Fred had come to the same conclusion. There could be no going back, and even if he could, he didn't want to.

and Fred MacMurray welcomed said goodbye to the past forever.

He and June must start afresh and give their marriage every chance to succeed. They must never burden it with an anchor from the past.

The next day Fred paid $135,000 for a new Colonial house in Brentwood, a lovely, rambling structure built by Nelson Eddy. Then he ordered that the furnishings from the old house be moved to the new one gradually.

At the same time he, who had formerly gone to very few parties, began making the social rounds with his fiancée. Fred MacMurray, who wouldn't even go to see his own pictures, was now attending previews. And as far as June was concerned —well, she and Fred were inseparable.

Hollywood has rarely seen a mature couple so much in love. June would breakfast with her mother, but she would usually turn up for lunch and dinner with Fred and his two children, Bobby, ten, and Sue, fourteen, both of whom are very fond of her.

Early in June, Fred called his bride-to-be one morning and said, "Know something? I've forgotten all about your engagement ring. Let's go around and pick one up today."

June was so excited she could hardly alk. "Okay," was all she could manage.

Here are June's engagement and wedding rings.

Little did she know that a few days previously Fred had phoned Ruser's jewelry store in Beverly Hills. "I may be coming in shortly for a couple of rings," he said. "I want only the best."

When June and Fred arrived at the hop, June took one look at a single tone 2¾-carat ring in a platinum setting nd gasped. She slipped the ring, size ve, on her finger. It was a perfect fit. he looked up (*Continued on page* 70)

LIBERACE AT HOME

Mother Liberace drops backstage to add her bit of grooming to her popular son's high polish.

Hollywood hasn't seen an artist like Liberace in years— and maybe there should be a few more like him!

■ Tourists from the outside world who motor into Hollywood no longer ask for the shortest route past the homes of Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power or Clark Gable. Their motto is, "Leave us know where lives Liberace." On a corner, they can spot Liberace's $75,000 mansion by the big white mail box in the shape of a grand piano. In case they should miss, his name is inscribed thereon, and at night the glamorous façade of his home (with gold plates on either side of the door) lights up, spelling his name. Floodlights play a gentle magenta light over the front lawn with its Chinese modern garden blooming out of white crushed rock that looks more like ice cream.

All this causes Hollywood's weary sophisticates to complain about Lib's extreme bad taste. But jaded Hollywood could use characters like this in large doses. In recent years it has become fashionable for popular new favorites, once they begin earning three or four thousand dollars a week, to assume an attitude of utter boredom with the public.

Not so Liberace. If he's at home when people ring his front doorbell, he comes out, greets them cheerfully, signs autographs, poses for pictures. He is so popular that the City of Los Angeles may have to put on special police to handle the Sunday traffic. Celebrities who have lost the knack of showmanship reveal their jealousy with wisecracks about "Lee" Liberace, who says, "The people gave me all this and they have a right to say hello to me if they want to."

Proof of the handsome Milwaukee pianist's great popularity is that 17,000 people packed Madison Square Garden in New York, paying the artist better than a gross $60,000. Of a Sunday Liberace can be heard accompanying the St. Cyril choir on the organ.

Currently, Liberace has completed fifty-four television shows for 1955, and is at work on thirty-nine more, in addition to planning fifty-two new radio programs, completing records of "Oh Promise Me" and "I Love You Truly" for Columbia, and planning other fall releases with his brother George. He still has time to improve his suntan, basking by his backyard pool, built in the shape of a grand piano with a flagstone terrace of black and white "keys." For this enterprise he wears over his muscular torso loud black and white checked trunks.

It is true that Liberace is flamboyant. Insincere he is not. It is not true that he shuns romances. (He has been engaged and disengaged three times waiting for the right girl to come along.) His manager says, "He is the least egotistical artist I have ever known."

The miraculous Mr. Handsome loves show business more than himself, which is a unique attitude. And if there were more like him Hollywood might gain back some of the glamour which rubbed off when it became "the thing" for stars to consider themselves above the public, by whose happy and unreasoning affection they all live and prosper.

there is nothing like a dame

(*Continued from page 35*) picked up her paper plate and napkin.

"Thanks for stopping in," she said, "thanks a lot."

Harry James was having his two P.M. breakfast in the kitchen. "You know, Harry," Betty said, "I think it's time we stopped living like a couple of movie stars. It's not that I mind meeting the public, but I'm afraid it disturbs your sleep. Besides, only ten miles away is Griffith Park, than which there is none larger, and they are much better equipped to handle the tourist trade."

THIS MAY seem to be entirely unbelievable. But there are other stories that could be told—and Betty wouldn't tell them—which are far less charming. Mr. and Mrs. James gradually found themselves fed up. Unlike most Hollywood homes, their graceful and spectacular Doheny Road mansion, a stone's throw from the Sunset strip, was not surrounded by a high wall. It was as public as U. S. Highway 66. Having cost upwards of $150,000 to rebuild, it could best be afforded by a retired steel magnate.

"You might say that I've had it," Betty told Harry.

There is more to the sudden purchase of a new home by Betty and Harry than meets the eye. Shortly after they gave out the news that their Beverly Hills establishment was going up for sale, an eastern columnist printed an item to the effect that the Jameses had just enjoyed one terrific battle and suggested that this one meant the beginning of the end. This set off a chain reaction, with other reporters repeating the story.

One columnist finally got Betty on the phone around midnight. "What's this about you and Harry breaking up?"

"Glad you asked," Betty replied. "No truth to it."

"But you did have a fight?"

Betty laughed. "You mean this morning or this afternoon?"

"Gosh, is it that bad?"

"Of course not," Betty said. "I can't help being a little facetious. I'm just leveling with you. As I've told you before, we have our arguments. Thank heaven we do. If we didn't we'd be a mighty abnormal couple. The way I feel is that any member of the press has a right to ask any one who lives in the limelight a question like this. I know there's no offensive personal curiosity involved. It's just your job."

NOW, ABOUT that argument: this is what it turned out to be, just for the record. Seems that the James family has two canine members. Punky the poodle is crowding fifteen years of age. Bugle the beagle is a little more than one year old. They hate each other. To make it worse, Bugle has a natural affinity for Harry and thinks that so long as Mr. James is boss of the establishment, he is the top man in the dog department. Even the fact that the James home is about the size of the Yankee Stadium, making it possible for the dogs to have separate quarters, doesn't settle the matter. It turned out that if Punky the poodle joined Betty and Harry in the livingroom, Bugle the beagle's nose got out of joint for days.

So they worked out a compromise. After one big brawl Bugle was sent out to the Double EE ranch in the valley to learn some manners. This was fine for Bugle, because (honest to Pete) there is a swimming pool for dogs who like that sort of exercise, and during the holidays they even have a Christmas tree on which hangs presents for each of the pups. Every now and then Betty, Harry and the kids take a run out to see Bugle, and they take Punky along to see if they'll make up. They never do.

Betty isn't quite sure, but during the couple of days recently during which Mr. and Mrs. James weren't speaking much to each other, the irritation began because Harry decided after dinner one night that he ought to take a run out to the Double EE and take Bugle out for a short ride. He wanted Betty to go along, and they'd stop by a drive-in restaurant in order to buy Bugle a meatball sandwich which he dearly loves.

Betty wouldn't go, indicating how completely unreasonable a wife can be. Her attitude was you can go too far pampering a dog. "Are you kidding?" Harry wanted to know. "How about the way you are always pumpering Panky?" Betty thought that was pretty funny, so she laughed when she shouldn't have.

Anyway, that's our story.

BETTY AND HARRY JAMES will have their little arguments. Every now and then they will be reported. But, they'll stay married for the sake of their children, Victoria, age ten, and Jessica, age three; also for the sake of their mutual custody of a string of horses known as Laughing Louie, Big Noise, James Session, Count Cool (named after a trumpet player), Piperess, Fly Quest and four weanlings, still to be named. There is another solid reason Betty and Harry will never head for the divorce courts, and it's not that their personal and livestock family is too big ever to work out the custody problem. It's that they love each other very much.

Harry James is still as gone on Betty Grable as the day he married her over eleven years ago. Pressed for the reason why, he could refuse to answer on the grounds that any man married to Betty would obviously be in love with her. Then he'd probably relate a story credited to him some time back about the time a man first took a look at what is known as a female. He examined her with dubious eye and said, "It's beautiful, but it will never work." Well, Betty has worked for twenty-one years. And for eleven years, she has worked not only at show business but at her marriage. She has done a standout job, and so has Harry. He could have packed the trumpet away in moth balls, Betty could have handed in her make-up kit and they both could have retired with the fortune they had melted together along with their hearts.

They kept on working because they both love show business. Harry likes to be a big wheel band man and Betty loves being a movie star.

"It's a wonderful life," she says. And therein lies the difference between Betty Grable and nine tenths of her glamorous

Have You Voted Yet?

If you haven't voted for your favorite stars to win the famous MODERN SCREEN *Silver Cup Popularity Awards, then here's your chance! Carefully fill out* all *the blanks on the coupon below and rush it to us right away. Your votes will determine the winners of the 1954 Awards, so be sure to tell your friends to get busy, too, and cheer their favorites in! We'll announce the winners in the February issue, on sale January, 1955!*

I VOTE FOR ______________________ MY FAVORITE FEMALE STAR OF 1954

I VOTE FOR ______________________ MY FAVORITE MALE STAR OF 1954

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1954 ARE:

1. ____________ MALE	1. ____________ FEMALE
2. ____________ MALE	2. ____________ FEMALE
3. ____________ MALE	3. ____________ FEMALE
4. ____________ MALE	4. ____________ FEMALE
5. ____________ MALE	5. ____________ FEMALE

FOR THE TOP NEW STARS OF 1954, I NOMINATE:

____________ MALE ____________ FEMALE

MY THREE FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1. ______________________
2. ______________________
3. ______________________

THE STORY I LEAST ENJOYED WAS ______________________

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

AGE ________ **OCCUPATION** ______________________

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sister stars. Most of them, once they attain riches and stardom, profess to be bored by the whole thing. They can no longer recall the names of those who helped boost them along when they started. Betty can. So she has a personal following of loyal friends no other star can match.

Someone was talking to Betty about how simply awful it is that young girls have to do such silly things to become famous in pictures. And how girls with practically no talent become famous over night. "For instance, that Marilyn Monroe calendar, and all those pin-up pictures of you that are floating around. I'll bet you're sorry you ever climbed into a bathing suit."

"Stop right there," Betty retorted. "I don't work for 20th Century-Fox any more, but no one can trap me into saying I don't like Marilyn Monroe or that I was ever jealous of her, because it simply isn't true. I know Marilyn too well not to like her. She's a great girl, a real down to earth type. Now she's settling down as a fine actress and I'm happy for her.

TV's Wally Sherwin, when his studio audience didn't respond as he desired, told them: "Thank you. You've been a swell bunch of seats."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

"As for pin-up pictures, don't ever talk to me about 'cheap publicity.' How I hate that phrase, and actresses who complain about it are just plain phony. Why, almost none of us would have what we have today if it weren't for an army of hard-working publicity men and camera men who dream up those ideas. I certainly wouldn't be anywhere near my happy station in life if it weren't for pin-up art.

"I'll never forget the old days when I'd go into the still gallery at eight A.M. and not be out until seven. Nothing but 'leg art.' Easter, I popped out of the newspapers from fancy shells, or with my bottom perched on a big colored egg. Thanksgiving, I waved an ax at prop turkeys—in a bathing suit, naturally. Doesn't everybody? Christmas, I was stuffed into long silk stockings and the top half of a Santa Claus outfit. Silly it was, maybe, but that started me on the way up the ladder. I could *never* take exception to it!"

HAVING DELIVERED herself of this pertinent interview on the set of her Columbia picture, *Three For The Show,* Betty turned her back on the offending questioner. Back in her dressingroom, she got to thinking about the one picture that had made her Hollywood's all time Pin-Up Champion.

Anyway, Betty picked up the telephone and called the publicity department.

"I have an idea," she began.

So when the picture was finished, Betty showed up early one morning in the still gallery for a conference with veteran photographer Charlie Rhodes. He had a copy of the famous Grable pin-up. He put it up beside his camera, Betty went into her dressingroom and stepped out in a sleek yellow bathing suit. Charlie whistled. Then he went to work with the notable result on page 34.

Afterward, someone looked at the proofs and said to Charlie, "I don't believe it! Why, Betty is thirty-eight years old!"

"You're kidding," Charlie replied. "Why, this dame has the figure of a well-stacked teen-ager. Look! Not one of these pictures has been retouched. But don't give me any credit—I just borrowed the original pose and shot what was in front of the camera."

"I wish some day a magazine would promise to print a complete list of all the people I know who have helped me," Betty said, remembering the day she posed for the famous photo. "The trouble is it would

Cream or Lotion
Lustre-Creme Shampoo with Lanolin
Lustre-Creme Shampoo with Lanolin
in lotion form

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Elizabeth Taylor co-starring in THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS
An M-G-M Production. Color by Technicolor.

ANYWHERE THEY WANDER . . .

. . . any show they do, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy will stick together!

Mary joined Pete's nightclub act in 1945. "All she did," he says, "was bow and bow!"

■ When Peter Lind Hayes is called upon to perform without his pretty wife, Mary Healy, he experiences a sense of loss he can only compare to losing a leg. "I've become so used to having Mary there beside me always ready with the right words at the right time," he says, "that when she isn't, I feel I'm toppling over."

Mary shares this feeling, and claims that when they are working together onstage, she and Pete unconsciously lean toward one another. It's been like that ever since they eloped to Arizona on December 19, 1940.

"Even when we argue, which is seldom," says Pete, "I always know what Mary's next line will be."

This fall Pete and Mary will begin a new phase in their career together. Signed by CBS Radio and CBS Television to an exclusive long-term contract, they have more than half a dozen top guest spots scheduled. Pete will also be Arthur Godfrey's regular substitute when the redhead gets grounded in Florida. This spring they began a weekly CBS radio show (Saturdays) which will soon have a TV version. 1954 will be a big year.

There have been a lot of big years since Pete and Mary met in 1939. Mary was a 20th Century-Fox glamour doll then, and Pete was under contract to Paramount. "We thought it was all set," says Pete. "We'd just stick around Hollywood, grow a few years older, and end up as movie stars with twin Cadillacs and an inlaid swimming pool."

But the war fixed that. Pete went to the Pacific with the Army Air Corps and played before more than 1,000,000 G.I.s while Mary played leads in three Broadway shows.

Pete came home from the Pacific, polished up his act and debuted at the Copacabana in New York. The audiences laughed the coconuts out of the fake palm trees and Pete signed a nice, fat contract with Universal-International and went west.

Hollywood was nothing new to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes. Pete had made his film debut at eighteen and had been comedian Ted Healy's stand-in for nearly three years. At his mother's nightclub, the Grace Hayes Lodge, he had met everyone in films. Bing Crosby occasionally lost money at golf to him. That sort of thing.

Mary and Pete bought a home and furniture, and settled down to live on the scale of the future predicted by Pete's studio.

But although his four or five pictures were good, especially one called *Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid*, critics said they were a bit too sophisticated. So Pete tried radio—a comedy show with Dinah Shore that started about the time radio was gasping for breath. All of a sudden, Hollywood got sort of quiet for Pete.

At this point Mary entered the act and everything looked up. They made a sensational nightclub tour across the country and ended up in New York just as television began its first boom. That winter they played every important TV guest spot and ended up with a CBS Television show of their own—*Star Of The Family.* They have been easterners ever since.

Three years ago, Pete and Mary bought a home in New Rochelle, New York, and moved in with their children, Peter Michael and Cathy Lynn. They still own their home out in Hollywood, but they don't miss it any more. Someday they may want to go back to the west. But not now, while their future in TV looks so bright. They don't know exactly what's in store for them, but one thing is certain.

"Wherever we go, whatever we do," says Pete, "it will be together."

---

take about ten pages in small type. I do hope, though, to get one in right now. That's Frank Powolny, the head portrait cameraman at 20th Century-Fox. He'll tell you it was nothing. That I just happened to stand in front of the camera. But it wasn't easy, even if it was an accident.

"We were making a picture called *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* at the time, and in one scene an artist was to draw me for a cover on *Police Gazette.* He wanted the measurements and the figure just right, so I climbed into the tight bathing suit and posed for a bunch of pictures. Frank, as usual, wasn't quite satisfied. Then he got the idea for the pose with me looking back over my shoulder. It never was really intended for publication, but when the boys in the publicity department saw it they had a few thousand prints made. Thanks to the service men overseas it turned out to be a pin-up sensation and it did a lot for me. But back of the picture was Mr. Powolny and his camera genius."

THAT WAS MORE than twelve years ago. Sadly, Betty has no secret to divulge to girls everywhere on how to keep a figure perfect for more than a decade. She says, "I watch what I eat sometimes, mostly a couple of weeks before I start a picture. I don't have any set exercises. I'm just real lucky, because the minute I start to work the extra pounds come off. I swim a lot, but not with the figure problem in mind. It's just that I love swimming."

That's another thing. One of these days the two little James girls are going to be bathing suit wows in their own rights. Victoria and Jessica go to Westlake School for Girls, along with Shirley Temple's daughter. Susan takes swimming lessons with them and sometimes is dropped by to swim with the James sisters. "I'm looking forward someday to being Grandma Grable," Betty says. "In the meantime, they've built a pool for us at our new house. I took a friend by to look at the place the other day and she looked into the empty pool which is twelve feet deep at one end and not very shallow anywhere. 'Goodness!' she yelped, 'You're not going to allow your kids to swim in that!'

"Sure I am. The youngsters aren't a pair of Esther Williamses, but they're good."

The new home of the James family is quite a contrast to the one in which they've been living for the last five years. It's Hawaiian modern, a style Betty loves. It's an eight-room house that could be duplicated in most communities for around $35,000, and it's perched on a hill, looking down toward Beverly Hills. Unfortunately for the visiting tourists, there'll be no more picnics on the front lawn. Not that Betty and Harry want to be inhospitable. They just want a little more privacy, which is now provided by an electric gate which only opens on signal.

THE PIN-UP QUEEN of Hollywood hasn't abdicated. "People keep asking me about my next picture. I think *Three For The Show* is a good one. I don't have another one right now, but don't think I haven't had offers, because I have. Some from television. Like the one from Colgate—oh my! But my feeling right now is, why should I? I know when the time is ripe whether it's with Harry or alone there'll be a lot of people who'll help make it good. Right now I don't want to rush into that. What a magnificent egg you could lay on TV!

"I know I'm a bit of a disappointment when it comes to living up to the gossip stories that circulate every now and then, but honest—I'm happy, and so are Harry and the children. I'm just a dame who never had it so good!"

Yes, there's nothing like a dame—and nothing approaching the dame named Betty Grable! END

the private world of bill holden

(*Continued from page 39*) North Hollywood garbage truck drove up, the garbage men were disillusioned.

"Must be more than 200 cans in that barrel," one of them said, with proper awe.

"Yeah," said the other. "And all this time I'm thinking those Holdens are a nice moderate family."

Well, the garbage men were right the first time. The Holdens are nice and they are moderate.

You wouldn't be able to distinguish their home from any of the other nice, unpretentious homes on the street—except for the white Cadillac in the driveway and the extra-large pool.

The Bill Holden swimming pool in North Hollywood is something of a community project. Bill has two boys and a girl who are always inviting the neighborhood gang in for a dip. That's fine with Bill as long as he or his lovely wife, Ardis, is around to act as lifeguard.

A few Saturdays ago Bill volunteered for lifeguard duty. He had an appointment later in the afternoon so he didn't bother to put on swimming trunks. He just sat on the sidelines watching the kids enjoy themselves, once in a while calling out a word of instruction.

When it was West's turn to dive—West is Peter Westfield Holden, age ten—he announced ceremoniously that he was going to try a jackknife dive.

The husky little boy leaped off the board with a good spring. He cut the water so cleanly it hardly rippled. Bill Holden watched his son with pride. A few years back, before they had put in the pool, West didn't know how to dog-paddle. Now he was diving like a junior champion.

Suddenly Bill realized that West hadn't come up for air. The other boys seemed to be watching the water anxiously.

Bill didn't wait. He dived in, clothes and all. As he plunged to the bottom desperately searching for his son, he caught sight of West grinning and holding on to the drain. West pushed himself up to the surface and scampered out of the pool.

The act was a plot to get Bill into the pool with his clothes on.

Bill came up mad and sputtering.

"Don't you ever do that again," he warned angrily, trying to shake the water out of his watch. Quickly, the humor of his position dawned on him. And he laughed as loudly as the boys who went around North Hollywood for weeks telling about the "old gag Bill Holden fell for."

Then one Sunday afternoon the senior Holdens had to go to a cocktail party. Bill called Scott in and placed him in charge of the yard.

"No one must use the pool," Bill cautioned, "because Mother and I won't be here to watch you."

"What else is there to do?" Scott and West asked.

"There's plenty else to do," their father asserted. "Just remember. I'm putting you in charge of the yard. No swimming."

A few hours later Bill and Ardis returned home to an ominous silence.

"Scott," Ardis Holden called out. "West! Where is everyone?"

Hannah Reeves, the Holdens' reliable housekeeper came running out of the kitchen, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Hannah!" Bill demanded. "Where are the boys?"

"Mr. West is in his room and Mr. Scott is in the hospital, I think," Hannah answered.

Ardis was horrified. "What do you mean, you *think* Scott's in the hospital? What's happened?"

"Well, you told the boys not to go in the pool," Hannah explained, looking at Bill, "and they didn't. Instead Mr. Scott decided to walk on the brick wall. He fell and broke his arm. Mr. Lerner from next door took him to the emergency hospital."

Ardis turned to her husband. "Oh, Bill," she sobbed. "Why didn't you just tell them to go ahead and swim?"

Bill threw out his arms and turned his face skyward in the traditional stance of the martyr.

"I," he said, "am blamed for *everything*."

You can see that Bill Holden's family life is just about typical of upper middle class life in America.

Of course the Holdens have more money than most people. But the windfall is relatively recent. It hasn't been so long since Bill was making fifty dollars a week at Paramount.

There is nothing ostentatious about the Holdens. Their way of living is simple.

An actor's house is probably more indicative of his values than any other tangible thing. The Holden house is a solid, unpretentious stucco and stone job designed for growing children and harried parents. It is located in North Hollywood which is not so fashionable as Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Holmby Hills or Brentwood. That doesn't disturb handsome Bill.

"When Ardis and I were first married," Bill explains, "we bought a little six-room house. It was neat, cheap and very comfortable. But our family increased." In addition to Dee-dee (Ardis' daughter Virginia by a previous marriage) there were two sons, Scott and West, born during World War II.

"With the passing of every week," Bill continued, "the kids seemed to grow bigger and bigger. Soon it became a question of getting a bigger house or suffering a nervous breakdown."

"You can say that again," Ardis interjected. "We were pretty close to living on top of each other. So Bill and I got up one morning and decided that the next thing on the agenda was house-shopping.

"Well, we started looking and it was quite a job. We didn't want to get in too deep, financially speaking, and yet we needed a spacious place.

"Most of the homes we looked at lacked something or other—closet space, yard space—or the rooms were too small. Bill just can't abide small or low-ceilinged rooms. He likes them big and open."

It wasn't until they walked into the home of Leon Errol, the famous stage and screen comedian, that Bill and Ardis felt they'd found *the* place. This two-

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A

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- B *Fitted-coat luxury in Anglo's Elgora with removable mink collar. Sizes 8 to 18. Black, Taupe, Charcoal. About $60.00*
- C *Black Beauty in worsted broadcloth. Sizes 8 to 18. Black, Charcoal, Plum, Brown. About $45.00*

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Betty Rose

story English country house on a quiet dead-end street in a family neighborhood fulfilled their every need.

Upstairs are three complete bedroom suites. The largest went to the boys. Deedee has her own bedroom and bath, and Bill and Ardis took the end rooms so that they might convert a sunporch into a larger dressingroom for Bill.

Downstairs there's a large, folksy livingroom and a smaller den. The Holdens spend most of their evenings in the den. As Hollywood stars go, they are not particularly social.

"Frankly," Bill confesses, "we're not members of the Hollywood party set. I don't see much point to those big wingdings filled with noise and smoke. As far as I can see, they're run on the basis of taking your wife and losing her for the evening. In the meantime you shout across the table to strangers. That's not for me.

"In five years Ardis and I have gone to one première and the Academy Award presentations this past March." (Bill won an Oscar for his performance in *Stalag 17.*)

Bill Holden loves people but not publicity, and he refuses to patronize nightclubs and stylish restaurants just to have his picture taken. In the last three years he has starred in ten major films. That makes him Hollywood's busiest actor.

"At the end of a day," Ardis explains, "he's really beat. He gets home after seven, usually, and then he freshens up. I guess we eat later than most families do.

"When dinner's over Bill likes to sink into his favorite leather chair. It's in the den beside the fireplace. He turns on a background of recorded music and we talk. He tells me about the day's shooting and all the crazy incidents that happen at the studio. I bring him up to date on the mail and the bills and what's new in the life of two Cub Scouts."

A unique feature of the Holden house is a picture-gallery bar which adjoins the den. This was one of the delightful extras that first caught Bill's eye. The bar used to be lined with an amusing collection of Leon Errol photos. Now, some eight years later, two sides of the room boast Holden shots, but there are still dozens of frames left to be filled.

"As a matter of fact," Ardis says, "I'm seriously considering painting over the walls and getting a simple scrapbook for our pictures. The trouble with this gallery is that you've got to get pictures the right sizes to fit the various frames. Then the glass comes out and has to be held in place while the frames get nailed back.

"Don't quote me, but Bill's not very handy and lots of times he hammers his thumbs and breaks the glass and gets thoroughly aggravated."

Another distinctive part of the Holden house is the outside stairway that leads to the second floor. When the real estate agent was showing Bill the house for the first time she pulled the kind of boner that could have cost her a sale.

"Just think, Mr. Holden," she suggested, "when you have an early-morning call you can tiptoe out of the house without disturbing a single soul. And sometimes," she added coyly, "you can slip in without anyone's seeing you."

Bill shook his head violently. "There'll be no tiptoeing in this house, in or out. Do you understand?"

The agent was silenced and Ardis started to giggle.

"If a man gets up early and goes to work," Bill carried on, "and I'm that man, then I want the rest of the family to know about it. I want 'em to know that I'm working long and hard for a living."

Bill meant that. He's an early riser who sings in the shower and stomps down to breakfast. He doesn't like to eat alone.

Since they bought their house the Holdens haven't made any basic changes. They have added a pool on the extra lot that adjoined their property and recently Bill installed a high fidelity music system. But that's about all. The rooms were furnished slowly.

"We've tried to stay with the 18th Century English," Ardis says, "because it's informal and it's solidly built. All but two of our wooden pieces in the livingroom are genuine antiques so you can see they've passed the test of time. There's not a table that will suffer if you put your feet on it. Most of them came out of English taverns. There's really nothing the boys can break or destroy—no fragile bric-a-brac, no delicate fabrics."

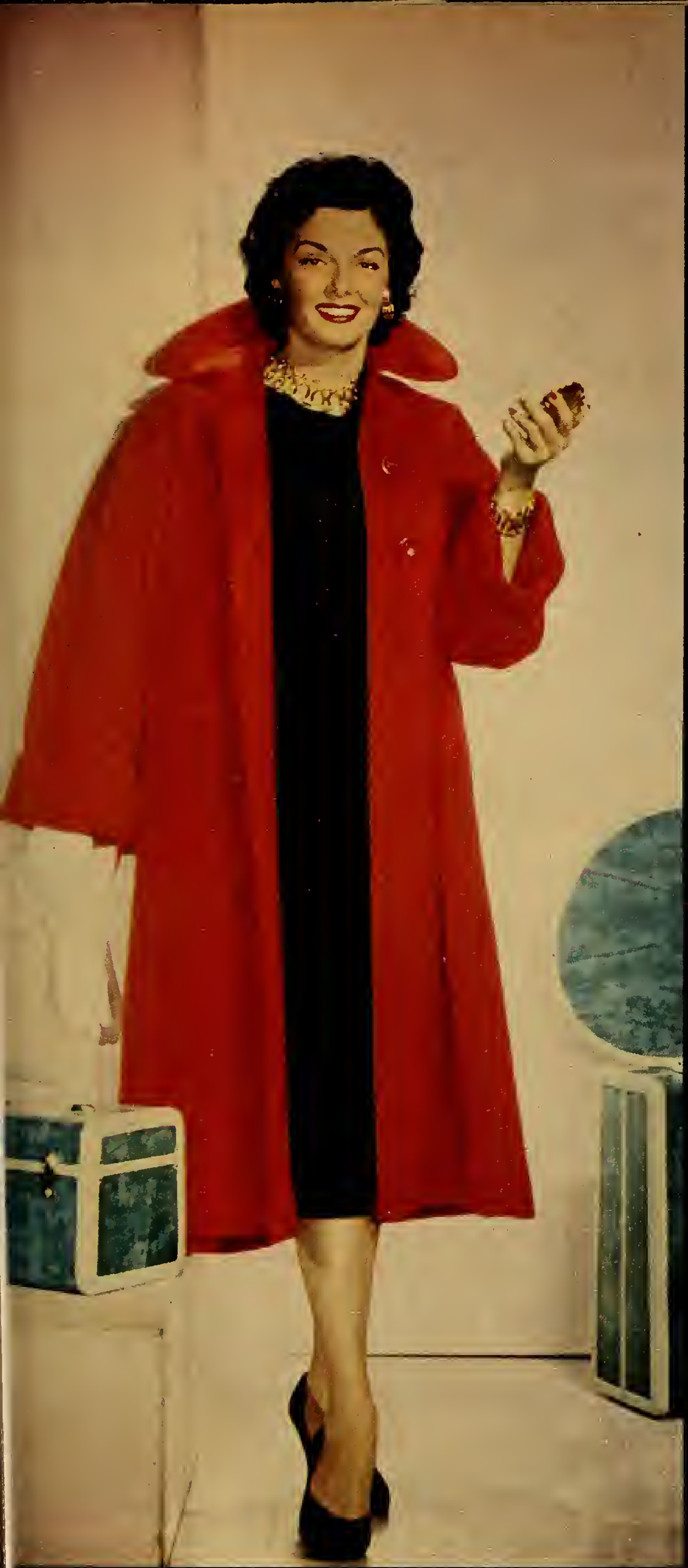
Bill Holden maintains the strong conviction that no dinner party should include more than eight people—if you really want to enjoy your guests. With this thought firmly in mind, their decorator imported an oak diningroom table from England and specified "only eight chairs."

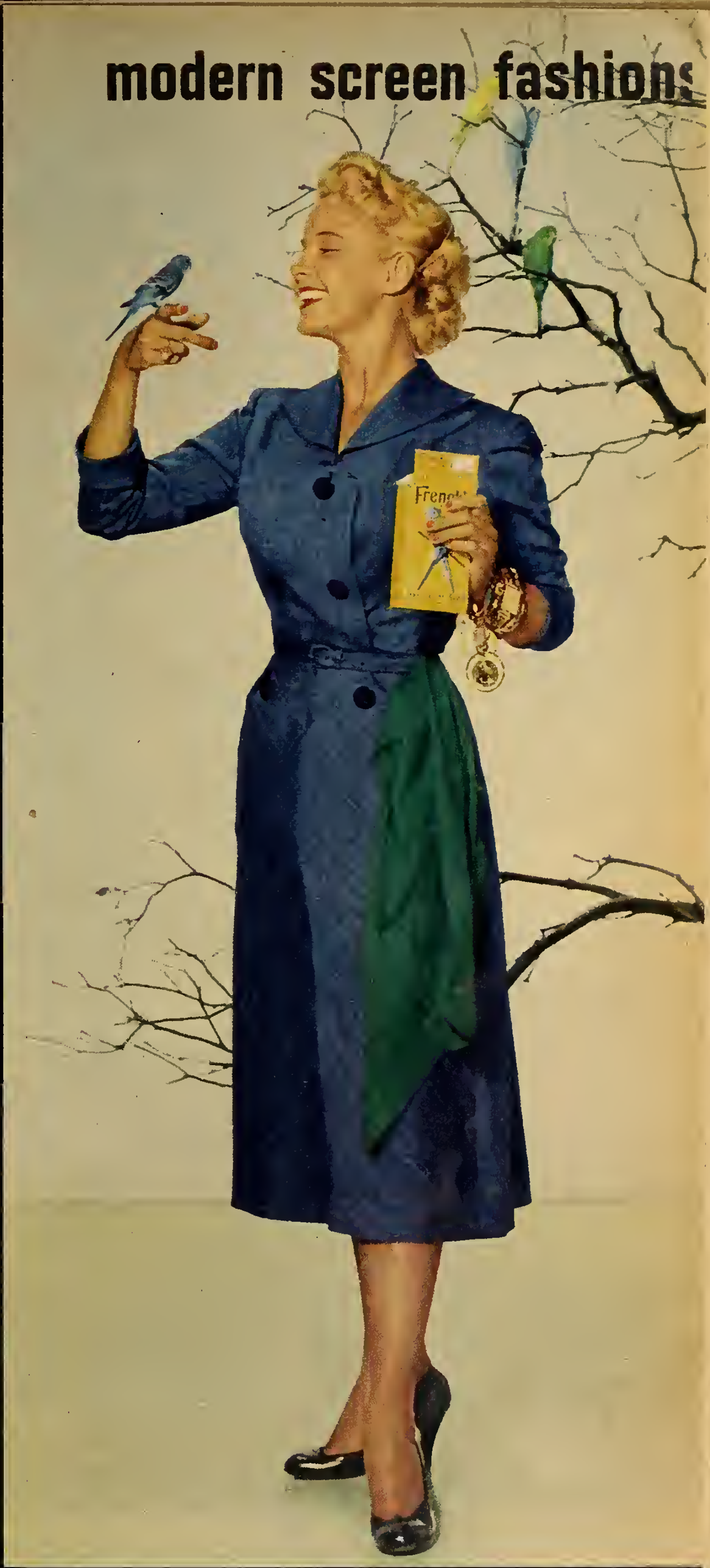
Asked what one thing he likes best about his home, Bill had a funny answer. "Sunday afternoon," he said. And what he enjoys about Sunday at home, oddly enough, is what is known in the Army as "policing the area." This is a general clean-up in which the boys work with Bill, sweeping out the garage, hosing down the walls, gathering up old magazines and empty bottles—and, on occasion, beer cans. When the job is done, they all go for a swim.

It may not sound to you like a movie star at play, but in the private world of Bill Holden the quiet family life is the good life. **END**

(*William Holden can now be seen in Paramount's* Sabrina.)

modern screen fashions





os by John Engstead

Nylons—Holeproof Hosiery

■ Jane Russell, United Artists' star, poses in a lush coat of wool fleece with *Milium* lining. A Debby Rose creation by Betty Rose. Red, navy, nude, gypsy rose or blue. Junior sizes. About $45. Jewelry by Monet. Dawnelle gloves. Samsonite luggage. Jane's compact, American Beauty (see page 68).

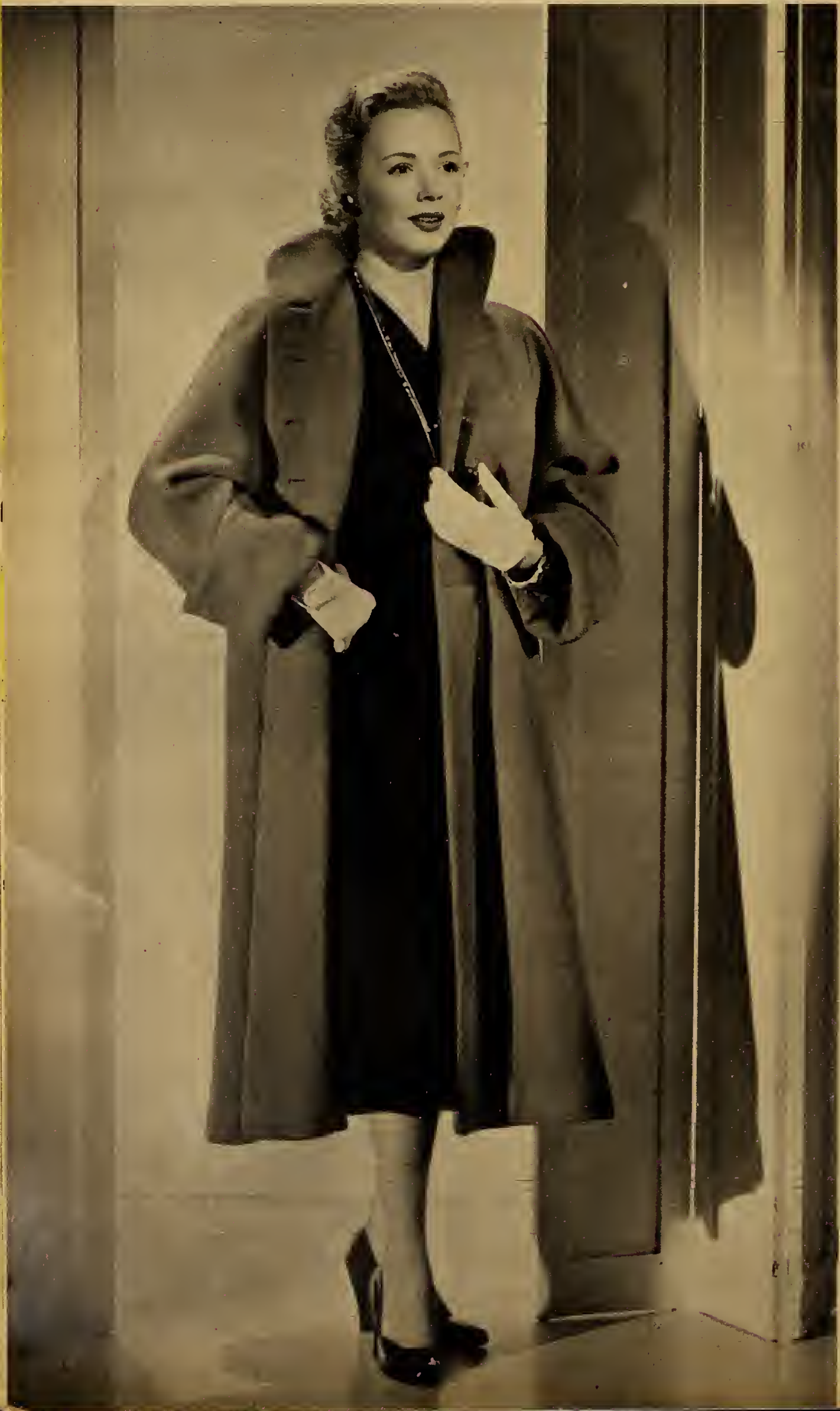
■ A favorite gadabout dress for fall modeled by Mona Freeman is made of acetate and rayon *Petit Point*. Black, navy or brown, woven with white. Available in hard-to-find half sizes. About $9. A Rit-Fit dress by Max Wiesen. Bracelets by Capri. See Mona in the CinemaScope film *Battle Cry*, Warner Bros. Pictures.

Modern Screen Fashions can be bought in person or by mail from the stores listed on page 68

MORE ▶

All-occasion

Jewelry by Monet. Nylons—Holeproof Hosiery



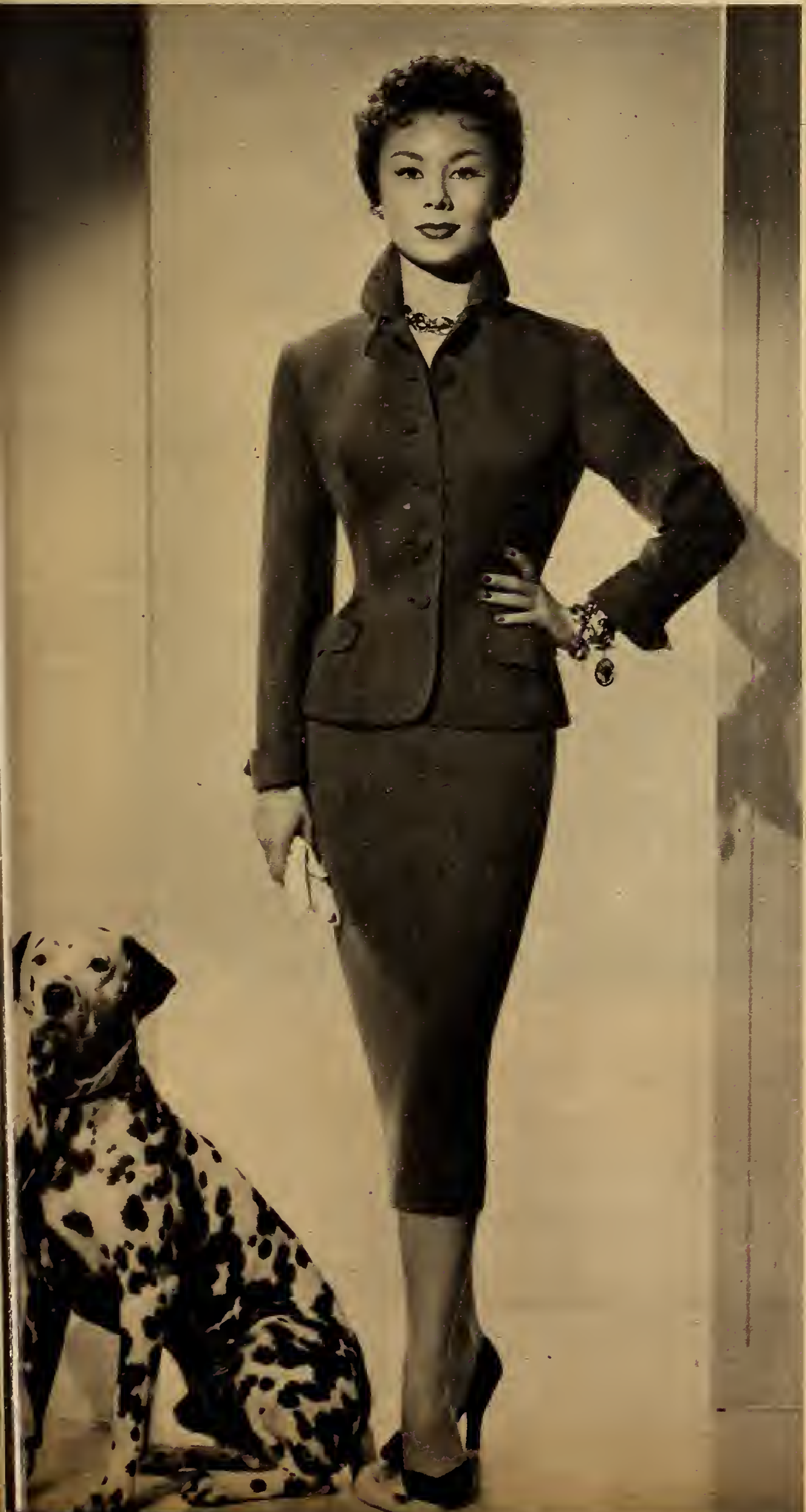
■ New and exciting Debby Rose coats and suits by Betty Rose featured on this and the opposite page (also the coat worn by Jane Russell on page 63) have been awarded the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion trophy by top Hollywood stars. Jane Russell, Richard Egan, Terry Moore, Mitzi Gaynor, Craig Hill and Piper Laurie served on the Modern Screen Fashion Board. Models displayed the clothes before the enthusiastic stars who gave a wholehearted okay for their appearance in Modern Screen. Board chairwoman Jane Russell and members Piper Laurie, Mitzi Gaynor and Terry Moore drew straws to see which star would pose in which winning outfit. Piper Laurie wears a wonderful double-duty wool coat of Deering-Milliken Chinchilla —flattering collar, deep turn-back cuffs. This coat is also lined with Deering-Milliken *Milium*. Red, nude, navy, grey or rum. Sizes 8 to 18. About $65. Gloves by Dawnelle.

Important notes about your new coat—Terry Moore and Craig Hill suggest exciting colors, classic lines and fine fabrics

classics

HOLLYWOOD APPROVES YOUR FALL FASHIONS

Photos by John Engstead



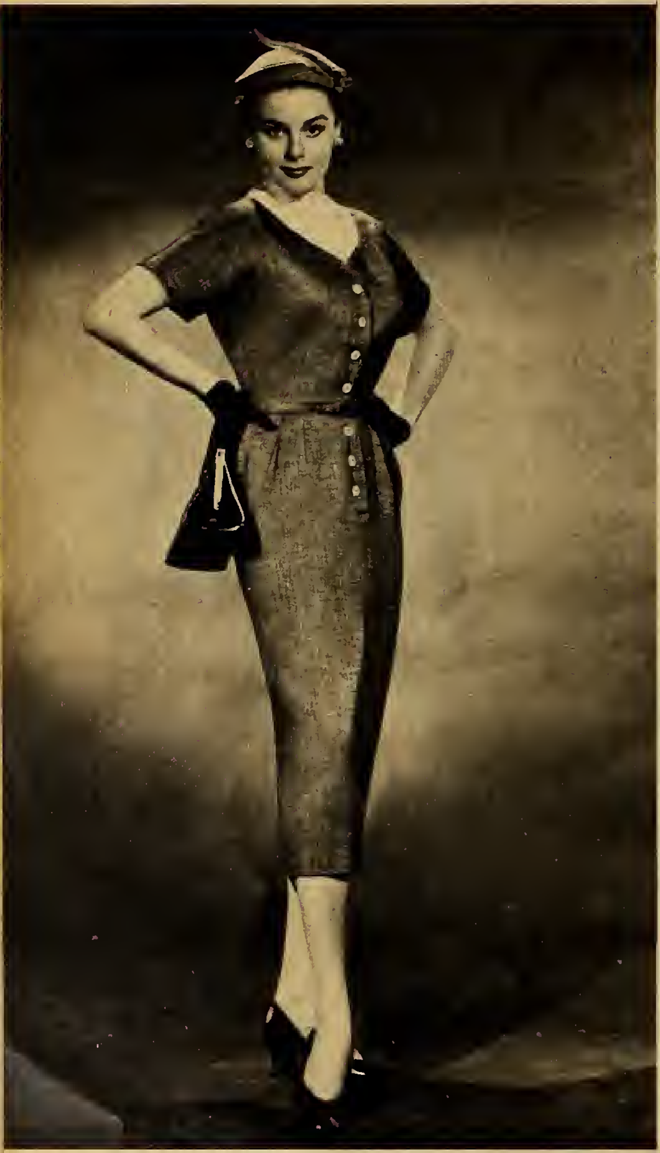
Richard Egan with Jane Russell, Chairwoman of the Board, approve Mitzi's Debby Rose suit (shown left).

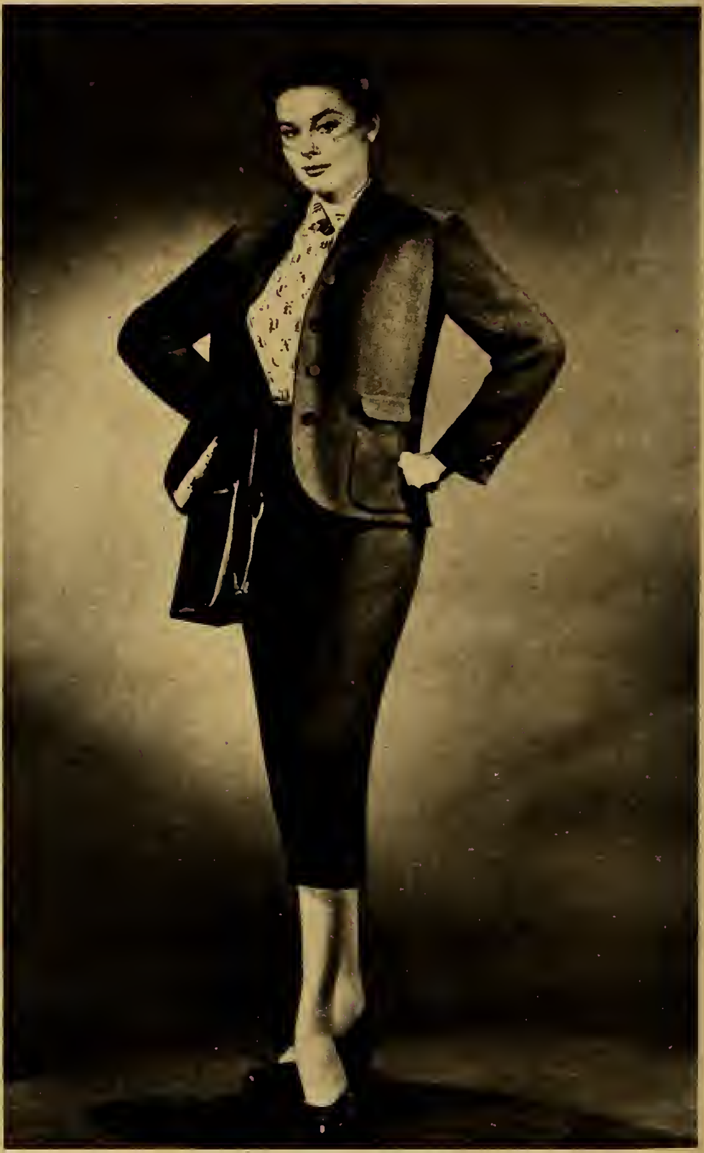
■ Mitzi Gaynor, slim and trim in an *American Supersheen* wool gabardine, single-breasted Debby Rose suit with up or down collar, turn-back cuffs. Black, navy, charcoal, red or brown. Sizes 7 to 15. About $45. By Betty Rose. The members of the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board can be seen in the following films: Jane Russell co-stars with Richard Egan in RKO's *French Line*—color by Technicolor; Piper Laurie can be seen in Universal-International's *Dawn At Socorro*; Mitzi Gaynor is now in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope production, *There's No Business Like Show Business*; Terry Moore will soon be in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope film *White Feather*—both in color by Technicolor; Craig Hill can be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film *The Siege At Red River.*

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 68.

MORE→

glamour for the tall girl





Photos by John Engstead

■ If you are over five feet, seven, *tall girl* fashions are for you! Where to buy them? In Over 5′ 7″ shops! Elaine Stewart, an MGM glamour girl, poses in two favorite *tall girl* styles. The dress of rayon and acetate has white contrast buttons and detachable rayon and cotton bib—short sleeves, sheath skirt. Black or navy with white pin check. 10 to 20. About $12.95. The *tall girl's* pet is the box jacket wool suit. The jacket features patch pockets with flaps—the lining is in the same fabric as the printed cotton blouse. Oxford grey, Oxford brown or Oxford blue. The blouse fabric has a gay colored geometric print on a beige background. 10 to 20. Ensemble, about $35. In Over 5′ 7″ shops in Lane Bryant stores (as well as other shops listed on page 68). Elaine stars in Walter Wanger's CinemaScope film, *The Adventures Of Hajji Baba*, a 20th Century-Fox release.

marilyn talks about joe

(*Continued from page 28*) were married. And we expect to continue them in the same way. But with one big difference. If we can help it, and we can, we'll never let our work separate us. It's no fun to be married and parted all the time."

This is why Joe DiMaggio told his TV sponsors in New York that he would not renew his contract with them. "It meant," said Marilyn, "that Joe would be away for weeks at a time. And he had to travel backwards and forwards and every which way for us to be together. I was always making a picture and I couldn't leave Hollywood. We decided that when we married Joe would work from San Francisco or Hollywood so we never would be away from each other by more than an hour's plane trip."

I HAD HEARD from a usually reliable source that the famous Yankee ballplayer was so infatuated with his wife that he was giving up his own line of work to be a co-producer in the pictures Marilyn plans to make independently (allowed in her new contract, eventually).

There was another story that Joe was planning to turn actor. When I asked about it, Marilyn yelled, "God forbid! I couldn't take that. And I'm sure he doesn't want to be an actor. I hope not, anyway. And as far as I know, he wouldn't want to be a producer. Of course he could do anything he wanted to do. He's the most intelligent man I ever met in my life. And if he were an actor, he'd be good. But he loves his own profession. I just can't see him in mine."

. . . Leo Guild reports that Frank Sinatra, who wears a gun in his picture, *Suddenly*, broke up the crowd by saying: "Fellows, get me a gun for my other side. I'm beginning to tilt!"

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

"How about the previews and parties, now that you're married?" I asked Mrs. Joe. To my knowledge (and Marilyn confirmed it) Joe, who is shy and unhappy outside his own crowd, has never escorted the blonde he loves to any party, nightclub or première. Rumors have a way of starting when a star attends functions without her husband. "If you won an Academy Award or something like that, wouldn't you like to go with Joe?" I wondered.

"It wouldn't matter what I won or whether I'd want him to come with me or not. He never would," Marilyn replied. "At least Joe's very consistent," she continued. "He hates premières and parties. So do I. But it's my business to go. It makes no difference that we're married. Joe has always been like this. I knew what he was like before we married. He wouldn't come then, and I don't think it's fair to him to try to change him now. I married him for what he was when I fell in love with him."

I think she has something. How many women fall in love with a man because of what he is, then immediately after the wedding try to make him over into their preconceived dreams of what a husband should be. But not our Marilyn. She doesn't want Joe to change her, so why should she change him?

YET THE FACT that Marilyn will always have to attend certain "career must" functions, and apparently without Joe, will present some possibly irritating situations. "Because," Marilyn told me, "Joe doesn't mind my (*Continued on page 69*)

The "moisture-shield" in gentle new Fresh is an extra-effective astringent. This acts like an invisible shield to protect your clothes and stop underarm odor

"L'Elegance"—ball gown of gleaming golden brocade by Philip Hulitar. Her deodorant—sure, new Fresh

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to keep underarms ***dry!***

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(*Continued from page 67*) working in the day time. But he wants me home at night." I think that if the situation ever became really difficult, Joe would swallow his antipathy to Marilyn's world. Or Marilyn would sacrifice her movie stardom. I believe her when she says Joe will always come first. And I believe they are going to stay married. Forever? That's a long word. But, yes, forever. They're so intelligent about each other. Especially Marilyn about Joe.

"I'm not too interested in baseball," she told me. "I've been around Joe long enough to pick up a few rules and expressions. But I wouldn't break my neck to go to a game with him. I'm not crazy about watching television either. But Joe loves it. That's his idea of real fun, staying home and watching television. Don't tell anyone, but I don't care for watching television too much. I like to read and I have to study my scripts."

A WIRE STORY from Korea reported that Marilyn had announced that she and Joe wanted to have six children. "That isn't true," she told me candidly. "It's too many. Joe already has a child (with his first wife, Dorothy Arnold). Of course I'd like to have a baby with Joe very much. Maybe two. But when you have children you must give them a great deal of your time. With my own unhappy childhood, I know this too well. Joe comes from a big family and they're all so devoted to each other. Right now our work is important to us both, and it wouldn't be fair to raise a big family. But whatever Joe wants will be all right with me."

"How does Joe feel about the calendar?" I asked. And perhaps I shouldn't have asked. Because even though Marilyn smiled, she said quietly, "Will you please pretend you didn't ask me that question?" So I assume that Joe isn't crazy about the calendar. And you can't blame him. But it never has visibly embarrassed Marilyn, even though she is one of the few people in the world who does not own a copy.

"If I had one," she told me with a grin, "I'd save it for my grandchildren." She meant it seriously and I knew what she meant. It's the most beautiful body ever exposed to the not-so-casual scrutiny of the world, including Manet's Olympia, Goya's Duchess of Alba, all of Renoir's nudes put together. And Venus de Milo.

"You mean that when you're an old woman, you'd like your grandchildren to know what you looked like once upon a time, and they'd be proud of such a body." She flashed me a thoughtful look and said, "You really do understand, don't you?" Understand! All I know is I'd give my eye teeth to have a figure like the Monroe's.

"People are sometimes so embarrassed for me about the calendar," she continued. "In Korea, for instance. I arrived at one place and they weren't expecting me. In the middle of the hall, there was a huge blow-up of the calendar. There was complete silence when I came in, and everyone seemed to be looking down. Well, I couldn't hide my head in the sand. I *had* posed for it. So I went to the mike and told them all, 'Gentlemen, I'm deeply honored that you have put my picture in the place of honor.' Everyone laughed and we were all friends. But you know, Sheilah, I really *was* honored." Today, I'm sure that Marilyn would give ten years of her life *not* to have posed, but she has never been a girl to cry over the past or even look forward to the future too much. This so-called dumb blonde has learned the happy knack of living in the present.

She was reading my thoughts. "I've often been asked," she revealed, "does it bother you when someone refers to you as a dumb blonde? It never has, Sheilah. You see, I've always known I wasn't. Things go on in my mind that no one knows about. I've always figured things out and done them according to plan. Oh no, I'm not calculating or tricky. But I know what I want." And she certainly knows how to get it.

MARILYN INSISTS to this day that her refusal to do *Pink Tights* had nothing to do with wanting a new contract. It was the *story* she didn't like. At the time, the hottest property in Hollywood was earning $750 a week. It could have jumped to $1,250, but on advice of agents she didn't accept. When she went on strike, Darryl Zanuck who has never professed to like Marilyn (she has kept him waiting too many times) was ready to forgive her any time. But she took her time, made the boss sweat it out, even after he signed Sheree North to take her place. Marilyn knew he was bluffing. She didn't have to be told that no one can take her place. Today she is paid by the picture—$100,000 each, and she'll do at least two a year.

She was just as unhurried and determined about Mr. DiMaggio. "When I started going with Joe, people said, 'Oh, you shouldn't get married.' That my career would be ruined and my appeal would be all gone. They said all men liked to dream they had a chance with me. All that so-called friendly advice. But when I went to Korea it didn't make any difference. No one asked me there if I felt different because I was married. And they didn't care. All they knew was that I was there and they were happy about it. And I'm so happy I went. All those men—it was the biggest thrill of my life. They didn't care if I was hot or cold, married or single—

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just so long as they could see me."

According to studio count, Marilyn's fan mail has not decreased since her marriage to Joe. But I remember passing a shop window in Hollywood just after the sudden San Francisco wedding of Joe and Marilyn, and the famous calendar had a line through the price of $1.50, and underneath, "$1—due to marriage." And a friend of mine in the locker room at UCLA reported a general tearing down of her pin-up pictures. But I don't think marriage with Joe will hurt Marilyn's career. She never professed to be a saint when she was single. There's no real difference now. Marriage merely gave her a partner as glamorous as she is—but in the world of sports. And fans who did not care for her before, now love her because DiMaggio is her husband. Ask any small boy.

"We're going to build our own house in Hollywood," Marilyn told me happily. "Nothing large or flashy. Neither of us wants the bother of a huge home." So I asked what kind of home. "Maybe a two-bedroom house somewhere in Beverly or Brentwood. Not in the valley. We looked there and it's too hot. We'll probably have a pool, but that's not essential. I'm not very much the outdoor type. But maybe Joe's son would like to swim. How will I furnish it? I know how I won't. I hate early American. Let's say modern rustic. I don't really care what, as long as it's warm and cozy." Meanwhile Joe and Marilyn have rented decorator Barbara Barondess McClean's fancy two-bedroom-with-pool home in Palm Drive. And if you want to know which house it is, look for two new Cadillacs, one all black (Marilyn's) and one pale blue (Joe's).

"What about the report that you and Joe bought a house in an expensive San Francisco suburb?" I asked Mrs. Joe. "Honestly," she exclaimed, "there've been more wrong stories about us than anyone else. Joe owns the family house in San Francisco. He bought it for his parents, but now they have both passed away. And we live in the house when we are there. That's where we'll live mostly, when we don't have to work in Hollywood."

You'd be stretching a point if you called Marilyn the domestic type. But she can cook. "Nothing fancy though. But Joe is terrific." He learned in his father's restaurant, which is now operated by his brother. "He's teaching me to make spaghetti the way he likes it," said Marilyn. Joe is teaching his beautiful bride something else—and that's even better for a busy reporter. Marilyn was actually on time for our lunch. In fact, she was waiting for me! For a girl who took seven hours to prepare for the *Millionaire* première, it's a revolution.

Fortieth Infantry Division in Korea captioned its publication photo of Marilyn thusly: "If You Don't Know Her Name, Soldier, Lie Down—You're Dead."

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

But more important than anything, Marilyn's marriage is giving her emotional security. She's still keyed up before the camera. This makes her break out in a rash sometimes. But her contentment shines clear through her lovely blue eyes. She's singing, "I've got my man." And she doesn't ask for very much more. **END**

(Marilyn Monroe's next picture is 20th Century-Fox's There's No Business Like Show Business.)

they're married

(*Continued from page 57*) at Fred, gratitude in her beaming eyes.

"Another ring comes with this," Ruser offered. Then he showed the marriage ring, a band of five round diamonds. "I know," he said, "that there is some significance in the number, five, to you and Fred." Fred and June had first met or had first started going around together last November 5.

In the shop, the lovers kissed and the next day the engagement was formally announced.

A reporter asked Fred, "What kind of ring?"

"Diamond."

"How many carats?" Fred was asked.

He said he didn't know."

"If it's not too personal how much did it set you back?"

"They haven't sent the bill yet."

Mr. Ruser said later the rings were worth approximately $10,000.

A week after June was given her rings, she returned to Ruser's jewelry shop and ordered a house gift for Fred—a gold-plated key to the front door. On the key there is engraved a gnarled oak tree and on the oak tree the figure of a very small heart and the legend, "J. H. loves F. M."

Last week Fred gave June an identical key. Hers says, "F. M. loves J. H."

"When are you and Miss Haver getting married?" the reporter persisted.

"Pretty soon," Fred smiled.

"Church or civil ceremony?"

"Civil."

"Where?"

"I don't know," Fred answered, "and even if I did I wouldn't tell you. I was talking about this with June last night. 'I wish I had a yacht and a private plane like Bob Taylor,' I said. 'Then we could do it very quietly.'" Actually, they were married at Ojai Valley Inn, June 28.

Just why Fred and June were so secretive about their marriage no one knows. Fred has always been chary of private-life publicity. For years he paid a press agent to keep newspaper people away from him. He likes reporters as people but not as interviewers.

June, on the other hand, has always been accessible to the press, but when she started going with Fred, she, too, clammed up, at least about Fred.

When Mrs. Carl Johnston, a friend of the family from Rock Island, Illinois, had a shower for June on her twenty-eighth birthday, the little actress finally conceded, "Fred and I have known for months that we'd get married."

At the shower were Gail Patrick, Claire Trevor, Mary Cummings, Fred's mother, Mrs. Melita MacMurray, and his aunt, Mrs. Hazel Martin. "They gave me enough lingerie to last a lifetime."

A week later, Mrs. Bo Roos gave another shower for June. Result: more lingerie. Mrs. Roos is the wife of Fred's business manager. Bo has managed June's money, too. In fact, June has never made a sizable investment without consulting Bo Roos.

Not that she needs her own money. MacMurray is wealthy in his own right. Early in 1940 Bo Roos insisted that he invest his surplus funds in Los Angeles real estate, and as a result Fred's holdings have appreciated tremendously. Undoubtedly, he is a millionaire. But June Haver has no intention of abandoning her career.

"There's a very good chance," she said, "that I may do a musical with Gene Kelly later in the year. I'm also interested in making some recordings for children.

Whatever I do, I certainly want to stay close to Fred. That's why I didn't do *Catch A Thief* with Cary Grant. I would have had to go all the way to Cannes."

Asked if she and Fred considered the South American trip a pre-honeymoon trip, June answered, "It was wonderful fun meeting all those movie fans in Brazil and Peru and the other countries. Fred and I would be walking along a street and suddenly a little girl would come up to me and press a rosary into my hand and I'd look around and she'd be gone.

"Irene Dunne and Joan Fontaine went to several South American schools with me, and it was really an educational trip."

RIGHT NOW, June's primary interest in life is her husband and her stepchildren and, of course, her new home, in which she will have a new domestic staff, understandably.

The actress is an experienced decorator and she says, "I'm very much on a merry-go-round buying this and fixing that."

June is so busy that it's difficult to believe that less than a year ago she was a quiet, reclusive ascetic who was prepared to devote her whole life to God and the Catholic faith.

She is still extremely pious but the transformation in her personality is absolutely amazing.

Her hair is very blonde, her eyes sparkle, her wardrobe is spanking new. Her mother says, "She has spent a small fortune on clothes ever since she began going with Fred." Her voice is vibrant and her behavior lively.

No one would ever imagine that last year at this time, June was a novitiate in a Roman Catholic convent in Kansas.

One of her friends said, "June Haver is today the luckiest girl in Hollywood. In Fred MacMurray she's landed the best catch of the season.

"Fred's got everything: money, looks, career, position—well, you name it and he's got it. He's understanding and tolerant. He comes from a strict Presbyterian family. His grandfather was a Presbyterian minister. So was June's. But June converted to Catholicism, and Fred believes her religion is her own business. And he admires her piety.

Texaco Star Theatre introduced Bruce Cabot, who was supposed to bring on the much heralded figure of history, Julius Caesar. But instead he said: "And now the conquering hero and leader of armies —Sid Caesar."

Leo Guild in The Hollywood Reporter

"As you may know, he suggested a civil wedding ceremony because that was best for Junie. She has been seeking a Papal Dispensation for her marriage to Jimmy Zito, and if she and Fred had been married in a Presbyterian Church, for instance, then the chances are she never would get the Dispensation."

HOLLYWOOD has seen so many marriages turn sour that the community is now ultra-sophisticated about weddings. A prophecy of divorce usually goes hand-in-hand with a wedding announcement. But that didn't go with the wedding of June Haver and Fred MacMurray, two people who are widely loved and deeply respected throughout the community.

No one has ever suggested that Fred married June on the rebound or that June married Fred because she wanted to further her career or establish a nest egg.

The key to this whole relationship has been love—simple, beautiful and binding. Love from the very beginning. **END**

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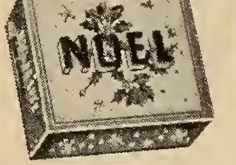

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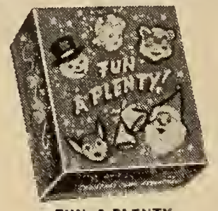

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give her mountains to climb

(*Continued from page 37*) want to know the truth. Do I have cancer?"

"No one can answer that except your doctor."

So she asked the doctor and after that she brushed evasions aside. If it was cancer, why pretend it was something else? But her nature turns toward the light. Fully aware of the connotations of her illness, she still refused to meet shadows halfway. "Given the choice between brooding or not, I don't. It changes nothing." Or, as Dick explained: "She'd rather escape into laughter than gloom. It's a healthy instinct. In her darkest hour you could make her smile at a joke."

During those months of treatment her smile seemed unforced and, swinging on crutches, she followed pleasant pursuits. Always self-reliant, she moved from the home of friends to her own apartment, furnished it with antiques inherited from her beloved grandmother. There her cronies gathered—Julia Adams, Mala Powers, Shelley Winters—and presently Dick Long, returned from war to resume his U-I contract. They fell in love.

Last October he asked her to marry him. With her heart crying yes, her lips said no and stuck to it. "It wouldn't be fair. Not till I know about the leg." Respecting her integrity, unwilling to complicate her problems, he agreed to shelve the question as unfinished business and continued to see her constantly. One day he came in to find her bubbling over an ad in the paper. "Poodles for sale! Let's buy one." They drove to the kennels and bought Cezanne who, in his clumsy innocence, proved the *deus ex machina*. Suzan slipped in a pool of water from his overturned bowl and broke the bad knee.

After three hours in surgery at Temple Hospital, she woke to find Dick bending over her. "Honey, they had to open your leg to set it. The tumor's inactive. Everything's going to be great. Will you marry me now?" The words rang like a peal of joyous bells. If Dick said it, it was true. Dick wouldn't lie just to make her feel good for a minute. The leg was saved. She closed her eyes against the great tide of thanksgiving and opened them to smile at her love. Their engagement was announced from the hospital next day.

Dick had told her what the doctors told him. They had found the tumor inactive. By that miracle which happens once in ten thousand times, it seemed to have died. They would do a bone graft and within weeks Suzan would be walking on her own two legs. Thus ran the first reports.

The second showed some divergence of opinion. Dr. Francis Engelman, newly called to the case, agreed that the signs were encouraging but refused to commit himself until he had gathered and examined material from all the other specialists and tissue from the leg had been further analyzed.

For two weeks Suzan lay in traction, spirits high, convinced that everything was going to be great, steadfastly ignoring any ominous alternative. Then Dr. Engelman had to walk in and perform the most agonizing job a good physician faces. The laboratory tests showed malignancy. The leg must be amputated. Dick stood beside her. Eyes huge in a face gone suddenly white, she broke the silence. "Maybe—there's still a chance?" It was less a question than a desperately faltered plea.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor.

She said she'd like to talk to the other doctors. The talks brought no comfort. She said she'd like to think for a while. A dismal rain dripped outside, matching the cheerlessness within. She stared through the window. This girl not yet out of her teens wrestled with the facts and at length reached her decision, foolhardy and magnificent. "I won't let them take my leg off. I'll *make* myself well." Advice fell on deaf ears. A resolve once taken, Suzan draws from some inner source the iron to stand firm. Against all sound opinion, against all odds, she determined to fight this battle out by herself.

"Little Miss Medical Association," she scoffs now. "Doctors were idiots. I was the kid who'd show them."

"She was dead wrong, of course. But," added Dick, "what a show of pluck!"

Up to her neck in casts, she had herself transferred to a sanatorium. The experiment lasted a week, while Dick stood by leadenhearted and, for the first time in her life, Suzan lost weight steadily without trying. At eight one Saturday night Dr. Engelman came in with fresh reports, which showed rising infection. He spoke quietly, without mincing language. "I feel the deepest admiration for your spirit, Suzan. The mind can do tremendous things. But it can't do this. Unless you agree to amputation, you're committing suicide. Unless you allow me to operate, I'm leaving the case. I'll be back for your answer in the morning."

The die had been cast. Between your leg and your life, there is no choice. The room was very still. Into the stillness Dick dropped a gentle question. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"No."

This he could certainly understand. "There are times when words are senseless and serve only to embroil you." The scene that followed may have seemed strange to some people. It didn't seem strange to Kay Biddle, Suzan's nurse, who took one look at dark head and fair bent over a board, and withdrew. They were playing gin rummy. If terrors gathered, neither girl nor boy gave them voice. Through the deepening night and into the dawn, all you could hear was the slap of cards. At four, Kay broke it up.

Under sedatives, she slept for a few hours. Dick lay wide-eyed in a nearby room. When the doctor arrived, Suzan was ready for him. "All right, you can go ahead and operate."

Within ten minutes she was whisked to the hospital. Dick stayed behind only long enough to pack. For two days they built her up with transfusions. On the third day they operated. Coming out of the fog, her eyes rested on Dick who had to stoop to catch the murmured words. "I'm going to get that artificial leg . . . and buy me a red, red dress . . . and walk into the studio and knock 'em dead . . ."

"Since when," says Dick, "we've been on the merry road to happy ever after."

Not quite, so far as Suzan was concerned. She had a piece of unfinished business pending. "It wouldn't be fair," she had told him months earlier. "Not till I know about the leg." Well, now she knew and now she gave him every chance to depart in good grace. He laughed the outrageous suggestion off, but that wasn't the answer. He grew angry at last, but that wasn't the answer either. Her smoky eyes held his. "Look at it my way, Dick. Put yourself in my place."

There he found the answer. "I'll do that, honey, and you put yourself in mine. Suppose *I'd* lost a leg. Would you love me any less?"

"More," she was bound to admit, against his tweed shoulder. Which settled that.

Three factors sped her amazingly rapid recovery. Dick's singleminded devo-

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tion. Dr. Engelman's understanding. Her own valor and sanity. She'd have no truck with invalidism, in which course the doctor egged her on. If she wanted a crew of chattering kids around, he said, "The more, the merrier." If she craved a hamburger instead of hospital fare, he said, "Let her eat what she likes; it'll do her good." With Dick, it wasn't a matter of dropping in to see her. Except for two days on *Playgirl* or a necessary errand, he never left her. She neither dragged in nor avoided mention of her leg, no more self-conscious than if it had been an appendix. Reporters clamored for interviews. In rosy bedjacket over a black gown, she received them exactly one week after surgery.

"Nobody wants to lose a leg or his eyesight or even his teeth. It's an inconvenience. But if you're asking me if I feel sorry for myself, the answer is no. In return for my leg, I've been given my life. That's a pretty wonderful exchange, and I'm about to enjoy every minute of it."

She glowed over letters from war amputees and others. "At first you're a little uncertain. You wonder how it's going to look and feel. These kind people told me how easily they'd adjusted, how normally they lived. Suddenly I had a whole new world of friends. They gave me not only an emotional lift, but practical help. I'm forever indebted to them."

"And to my studio, which spared no expense in taking care of me. I didn't have to worry about the money. One of the few times I cried was when they told me and wouldn't even let me say thanks. They can't prevent me from saying it now in print."

TOWARD THE END of February she went home with Kay, bent on a triple goal. To walk again, to become Mrs. Richard Long, to go back to work—in that order. Once the prosthetic leg had been made and mastered, they'd set the date. But that process takes weeks, often months. "We're in love," Dick pointed out. "We should be together. What are we waiting for?"

"So your bride can walk down the aisle."

"Does it matter, Suzan?"

"Since you put it that way, no."

They picked April 11 as the day, Santa Barbara as the place. They drove up and down house-hunting, but the rents were awful. "How about staying here?" Suzan waved an airy arm around her modest apartment. "Save all that beautiful money for the beautiful time when we can buy or build."

don't miss HEDDA HOPPER'S story of Edmund Purdom's fantastic rise from Pauper to Prince in the October MODERN SCREEN

"A tent suits me," said Dick, "as long as you're in it."

They got busy at U-I, too. Bill Thomas came over and laid a sketch before her. It showed a bride in a floor-length gown of rose-point lace over ruffled petticoats of palest pink chiffon and a peach satin underslip. Empire sleeves billowed to the elbow, tapered to the wrist, delicate embroidery traced the neckline. A tulle veil, hand-appliquéd with matching lace, flowed from a tiny coronet. Each detail had been wrought by Thomas with exquisite care to set off Suzan's slender dark loveliness. She looked from the sketch to him, from him to the sketch and struggled for words. "Oh Bill, oh Bill—"

He cleared his throat. "Any changes? Speak now, or forever hold your peace."

Her head went down on the drawing. "I'm so happy," she wept.

NOR DID IT sadden her when, among other preparations, she found them wrapping a pair of crutches in white satin. "I just think it's silly. You're wasting your good time. I'm going to walk." They reasoned, cajoled, bullied. "You'll have all that froufrou around your feet. Even on two sound legs, it's a nervous business. Fine thing if you tripped. Please, *please* Suzie, forget it."

Six days before her wedding, the artificial leg was delivered—only a practice leg at that. Painfully, doggedly, she began trying it out. Three evenings later Dr. Engelman called to say he wanted to come by with a wedding gift. "I'm going to meet him at the door," said Suzan. By a heroic effort, Kay kept her mouth shut. Torn between admiration and dread, she watched the tortured progress across the room, heard the breath drawn in gasps, saw the perspiration break. But when the bell rang, Suzan was at the door. "Hello, doctor, how are you?" she said, and fell against his chest.

He helped her to the couch. "That was swell, Suzan. But your wedding's three days off. Better use the crutches."

From the swelling chorus of protest, only one voice was absent. Dick knew what lay behind Suzan's insistence. It was neither pride nor stubbornness, but

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her love for him. He never had seen her walk. She had been on crutches when they met. Walking into wifehood would be a kind of symbol, a gift and pledge to him, another of those things that you can't put into words without getting embroiled. Dick said, "It's up to Suzan. If she thinks she can make it, there's no reason why she shouldn't."

FIVE TIERS of tall pink candles flickered softly above the oaken altar of El Montecito Presbyterian Church. Two hundred guests rustled—and quieted as the Reverend Paul Gammons took his place, followed by Dick and his brother Philip. The groom looked self-possessed, but probably his pulse could have been registered on a seismograph. Whether Suzan would walk or not was still uncertain. Studio spokesmen said no. Even Dick wasn't sure. She might have turned jittery or let the judgment of others prevail.

The first notes of "Lohengrin" brought Kay, matron of honor, into view. Then the doorway framed Suzan on her father's arm. Without crutches, with the barest trace of a limp, she came down the aisle, luminous face turned toward the altar and Dick. A great sigh rose from the guests. All such moments are touched with mystic solemnity. This one held more. It crowned the affirmation of faith over fear, of courage over darkness—the soaring triumph of life and love over death. It humbled and lifted the hearts of all who bore witness.

She placed her hand in his. The brief ceremony started. "What token of your love do you give?" The rings were offered. "These are precious metal, symbolizing the quality of your love." Each slipped a ring over the other's finger. "I now pronounce you man and wife, joining your gallantry, Suzan, with your devotion, Richard, as long as you both shall live."

Danny Kaye's finger was infected from hypnotizing a lobster. You hypnotize a lobster by rubbing its belly. This puts it to sleep. Danny ordered a lobster in Bookbinder's in Philly and rubbed its belly. The lobster clawed his finger. And that's how Danny's finger was infected from hypnotizing a lobster.
Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

Her head went up, tossing the veil aside. Their lips met. On her husband's arm she walked back.

"I always *knew* I'd be married without crutches," she cried.

"My spine," said Dick, "was jelly until I saw her coming. Then it stiffened with pride."

HER THIRD objective was to get back into harness. Only on that score did she ever fret. "If I can't work again, I'm not going to be happy." Six weeks after their marriage she and Dick appeared together on TV for Lux. Suzan played a girl whose husband's death had tied her psychotically to a wheelchair. Dick played the doctor who needled her to her feet.

The chair angle didn't appeal to her at all. "I'd rather do something that shows me dancing at Ciro's. I don't want to stress the loss of my leg." On the other hand, she'd be working, and working with Dick. Besides, she'd walk at the end.

"This hypoed me," she laughs. "It was like a deadline. They had taken my practice leg away. The permanent one wasn't even ready yet. You think you have three months to learn, then suddenly you've got to walk. So you do."

It wasn't that simple. The first try had been for Dick and 200 friends. This would be for millions. Frankly scared, Suzan played a small trick on herself. Rising to her feet, she hung on to one thought. "This is a movie," she pretended. "If I stumble, they'll just cut the scene and do it over again." She made it like a breeze.

Next day the studio called with the topper. "Any girl who can do live TV can make a picture. We're sending you to the Black Hills of South Dakota. To be an Indian with Mature and Lund. On one condition. If it's okay with the doctor."

"On one condition," echoed Suzan joyously. "Give me mountains to climb."

AT HOME THEY have fun doing nothing much. Dick painted a bedroom wall, paused for two weeks, and clambered out one fine midnight to tackle the second.

"Why?" asked his wife drowsily.

"Inspiration," he explained.

She found this reasonable. "I used to have to scrub the kitchen floor on Saturdays. So I'd gambol in from a Friday night date at twelve and scrub it then."

"What were you doing out until twelve?"

"Twelve isn't very late and besides, it's none of your business. I wasn't married to you then."

"You've got a point," he conceded, and went on painting. She went back to sleep, being an early riser. Dick fails to share her ardor for activity at six and insists that she drags him out of bed by brute force. Once out, he likes it. They drive through the fresh morning into the country where a curious thing happens. Inevitably, at gas station or coffee shop, they met some boy Suzan went to school with.

"Must have been a terribly large school," comments her husband.

"Average," Suzan assures him primly.

Nights, they mostly stay home. When Dick turns on the fights, Suzan escapes to the TV in the bedroom. "Come out!" he yells. "You're missing the battle of the ages." To her all fights look alike—a couple of guys pasting each other. But she indulges the male till he's engrossed again, then sneaks back to her own program. Or they go to a drive-in theatre, where she falls asleep and never sees more than fifty per cent of the picture. "I'm trying to get her in half-fare," says Dick.

As a cook, she works by flair rather than book. Uninhibited, Dick calls her, though never dull. "Dumps shelves of stuff into everything, don't ask her why, and it turns out deliciously." The first time his folks came to dinner, they set and re-set the table nine times before it seemed worthy of the banquet Suzan prepared. Now they haul out the TV tables and toss a salad.

DELIGHTING IN today, their dreams for tomorrow include a house in the hills, where it's quiet enough to hear the birds sing. Dick's only other requirement is a king-size bed. "So I won't be kicking him all the time," says Suzan. "Me, I need fireplaces in every room."

"Mr. and Mrs. Richard Long," he muses. "At home in a barbecue pit."

Their dreams include children, but not yet. "Suzan is only twenty. I don't think she should take that responsibility now. We have things to do—like seeing Europe together, like working together in pictures or on the stage. We both feel strongly that a mother should dedicate herself to her children. The time comes when you're ready. We'll wait until then."

One wonders where two people so young gleaned all their wisdom. One feels that, hand in hand with Dick, Suzan has climbed her mountain and won the top, where the view spreads wide. It's a view rich with the sweetness and splendor of life. Unlike most of us, she'll never take it for granted. END

I reached for his hand

(*Continued from page 41*) from the Grace Presbyterian Church of Montclair, inscribed by the minister and all the deacons. They wrote, "Stay close to the Word of God." I have.

For me it has been a lifesaver to have faith. I can't imagine anything more important to the members of today's younger generation who face times in which clear thinking is almost impossible.

The other afternoon I saw a young couple walking slowly with downcast faces and it seemed to me that I knew their story—the story of hundreds of thousands whose future the state of the world has thrown almost into dishevelment. They know for sure only that the country's military needs spell enforced separation for them. They know also that if and when they marry they face trying times in which to keep a family together. I know what it's like. I've never been married, but my folks had a difficult time from the start, and since I was the oldest child, I soon shared their burdens.

My father and mother met on the boat coming over from Germany. He had ideas about studying law. She was a seamstress. Before the boat docked in New York, he had proposed to her. This was in 1927, almost ten years after the end of the first World War. Mother, who planned to go to Chicago, had old fashioned ideas about being swept off her feet—and wasn't. Three years had passed before Mother thought they were sufficiently well-established to marry. And then they weren't. Dad was down to his last nickel, and I was just born when he got his first steady job as a member of the Montclair police force. From then until the day I became well-established as a model, poverty was never a stranger in our home. But neither was God. My first sense of Him came to me in words my mother always spoke as a sort of report of her prayers. "It *will* happen for the better," she would say. I was sure none other than God was whispering assurances in her ear and this cheered me in the face of many a skimpy meal, clothes I couldn't have and parties I could not attend.

There was little material comfort for us in those days, which made spiritual comfort all the more important, of course. And we got it. Even when religion was just a word to me, I would experience an awareness of the presence of Holy Love in our household. As a matter of fact it was a long time before religion was anything more than just a word. I will never forget how actual understanding of it came, or rather how I taught it to myself. It did not happen until I was teaching a Sunday School class.

REAL GEORGE!

At a Hollywood drive-in, late one night, the battery in my '36 coupe failed. The car was so situated that the only way to move it was to push it back toward the street. A tuxedo-clad man got out of the sleek new convertible parked next to me and offered his assistance. He told me to get into the car and steer while he pushed. To my surprise, my assistant turned out to be George Sanders!

B. W. Owens
San Diego, California

My pupils were a dozen children, none older than six years, and I used to spend my time trying to put the story of Christ to them in simple words. Eventually, I must have put it so simply that one Sunday afternoon I began to understand it all myself! Ever since then I have had a pretty good idea of what my mental age is, and any time I find myself getting a little egotistical about my accomplishments I remind myself of this episode and get my feet back on the ground.

This revelation of faith which came in my Sunday School work awoke quite a hunger for spiritual activity and I remember I kept after my mother to help me to satisfy it. One summer she went with me to the "Stony Brookers" series of religious conferences for young people, in Stony Brook, Long Island. I don't think I have ever had a better time in my life, up to and including anything Hollywood has had to offer. Perhaps this was because I was so young and eager for experience, and the conferences were so different from anything I had ever known.

Up to now I had been terribly conscious of the mechanics of living because ours were always so close to the breakdown stage. But here in Stony Brook all this faded; my stay was provided for and I was transported into a different realm, a world in which the mind and the spirit were most important.

Mornings we would have services amidst the fragrant pines. In the afternoons many of us would swim. Evenings there would be get-togethers in which we exchanged experiences and sang hymns. Great men who had been to such far-off (and to me, mystical) places as India and Africa talked to us and reported how

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they had helped spread Christianity there. There was such a unanimity about the acceptance of Jesus Christ and secure faith in eternal life ahead, that one almost glowed with it. And when I left Stony Brook something shone clear and sure in my mind, lighting up all the shadows. It was that *no one has to walk alone.* There was a hand—His hand. I only had to reach out for it.

I am almost certain that strongly contributing to my success has been a conviction, then born to me, that very little is impossible if God is on your side. I had it when I got back to Montclair, and the power of it was amazing. No longer did our poverty seem like a weight preventing me from holding my head as high as I wanted to; no longer did a career as an actress loom insurmountably high; no longer was I consumed by fear that if I attained high places I would be tumbled again by inborn inadequacies.

It is amazing, perhaps, that the strength of my faith gave me not only religious solace, but made me feel *fit* for a practical world. I could not have such a feeling without my faith. It helped me to become a better model then, and later a better actress before the cameras.

I know that many readers here will wonder how it is that a girl who speaks of such a background would accept the roles that have characterized my movie path—the sexy queen, the playgirl, the hussy. I can only say that because of such a background I can throw myself into this sort of part and feel confident that in no way will it reflect on me personally. There must always be someone in any film involving the study of good and evil, to depict the Mary Magdalene before her repentance, for instance.

Many people do not seem to understand this—and I used to be one of them! Following my first important screen role, as a sort of adventuress in *The Bad And The Beautiful,* I made a trip home to Montclair and posed for magazine pictures with my dad and our minister, the Rev. Frank Hunger. Dr. Hunger got a letter suggesting that it was a sin for him to pose with a movie star.

Well, some similar fear of Hollywood must have been in my mind when the opportunity to sign a studio contract originally came to me in New York. I worried, too, and I asked Dr. Hunger about it. He felt I shouldn't accept. I remember his questions. "Isn't it a wild kind of life?" he asked. "How will you fit?"

His words disturbed me, of course. It may surprise some people but I have an old fashioned streak and I visualized the extent of my discomfort if I did find myself out of place in Hollywood (I'm so old fashioned that I still wear my hair long, and any time you see it cut short you can be sure it isn't mine, but one of the hair-dressing department's illusions). I spent a day thinking and praying for help in making my decision. It finally came to me that whatever Hollywood is like, it need have no bearing on me personally; that if only I could make sure of this it would be all right to go.

LET ME BE truthful. Of course I wanted to go. I was crazy about the idea. But I would not have gone if I had felt that all my time there would find me upset. I would never be able to stand the strain of having my emotions in turmoil all the time. And believe me, if the life I had to lead was to be a questionable one, my emotions would *really* whirl!

Well, I had little to worry about. Without comparing Hollywood with Montclair or any other place, the important thing is that no one here stands between a person and his own morals or conscience. Here you can be whatever *you* want to be—and a lot of people want to be good.

I think that one of the first times I found myself talking to a man in a Hollywood studio our conversation concerned not acting, but religious faith. The studio was M-G-M and the man was Mel Ballerino, a casting director. I remember that when the announcement was made that I would play with Kirk Douglas and Lana Turner in *The Bad And The Beautiful,* I got my first gift from a man in Hollywood. The man was an assistant director and the gift was a St. Genesis religious medal.

Whenever I am on a set in a picture and meet new people it is surprising how many times the conversation turns to matters of faith; I am beginning to think that acting, because so much of the strength of it comes from the spirit within, naturally inspires one to thoughts about the why and wherefore of being. The minister tells people about themselves. The actor *shows* people themselves. He sometimes plays the good man, sometimes the bad. It is not surprising that he thinks about the difference.

MAYBE THIS CAN help explain why I can play the roles I do and still be me, why a Jane Russell can do the same and still join her mother in running that wonderful chapel of theirs in the San Fernando Valley which I have visited so often. My religion has never interfered with my roles—and my roles will never interfere with my religion. On the contrary, my work, involving so much traveling, has showed me faith brings comfort.

lovely **liz taylor**

ushers in the autumn

on **modern screen's**

october cover.

on your newsstand

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I make a guest appearance in a Philadelphia radio station and when I leave a woman steps up and hands me a crucifix. I cross the country in a plane and the girl next to me talks of the many times she has prayed that her husband, an Air Force pilot in Korea, would return to her unharmed; when we get off the plane in Los Angeles—there he is to meet her. I share an apartment with another girl when I get to Hollywood, the wild and wicked film capital, and when Sunday comes around she wants to know if I will spend it as she likes to spend her Sundays. I agree. We go to the Westwood Presbyterian Church.

And as I sit in this beautiful church listening to the sermon of Dr. Haven N. Davis, I feel, for the first time since I have come to California that at last I am again anchored to something secure. I am back again walking with Him. **END**

(Elaine Stewart is co-starring with John Derek in The Adventures of Hajji Baba, *released by 20th Century-Fox.)*

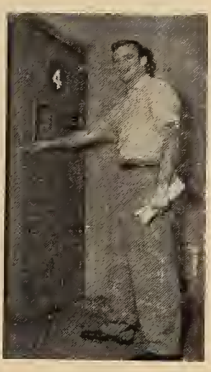
the best is ahead

(*Continued from page 55*) confidential dope, the inside story. The readers want it.' Well, I wouldn't. He was my friend, but I wouldn't. There's some place you have to draw the line as to what is people's business and what isn't, and that was the place. Well, he didn't like it. He didn't like it a bit. He thought I was trying to make things rough for him. But then—now listen to this—then later on, *he*, mind you, got into the same kind of difficulty. And one day he came to me and apologized. He said he understood now how I'd felt about it. *He* didn't want to give the real, confidential information, either, you see, now that he was on my side of the fence."

Jane Powell was married in 1949 to a man named Geary Steffen (pronounced Gary, not Geery), a blondish fellow with a good deal of chin and a talent for figure skating so exceptional that he was, at the time of their wedding, leading man for Sonja Henie's annual tours. When they married, however, Steffen put all that behind him to stay home and become a solid and industrious citizen, a successful insurance man.

Roughly 125,000 rhapsodic words were written about the union of Geary and Jane Powell Steffen and that's the way it seemed to be. There were two children, a boy and a girl, a quiet and dignified life on a leafy, pleasant street in Brentwood.

WHO DO YOU LIKE, I HOPE?



I was standing in the lobby of a San Diego movie theatre when a young man came up to me and asked, "Don't you like movie stars?" "To tell the truth, I don't know," I said. "I've never been lucky enough to talk to one and find out." He said, "Well, when the picture is over, how about telling me how you like me?" I agreed, though I hadn't any idea who he was.

When the movie was over he waited for me at the door. "Well," he said, "what do you think?" All I could say was, "I think you are swell, Mr. Ray." He smiled and handed me a photo. On the back I found written, "I think you are very nice," signed, "Aldo Ray"!

Frances Brooks
Union Springs, Alabama

It was not until after the birth of the second child that fissures began to show in the marital structure.

You can get yourself an argument both ways here, but majority opinion holds that Janie was getting a little fed up some months before she became actively aware of a dancer named Gene Nelson, alleged to be the cause of the ultimate split. At least one prominent woman star has said that Janie had only one beef, but it was a big one: Geary, after a good start, was letting the insurance business slide in order to sharpen his water-skiing. A less pleasant way of saying this is that Janie, though conscious that few husbands can match a film star's salary, still felt that her mate ought to go through the motions.

The Steffen camp, on the other hand, contends that Janie, along about then, was getting to be the Movie Star in spades and that Geary wasn't liking it at all.

Given this much, the time may have been fairly ripe for a break, and this came along when Jane met Nelson on a picture.

To put it not too delicately, there was hell to pay. Nelson had left his wife Miriam and their child. Soon, there wasn't a doubt in the world that Gene was fond of Janie and Janie of Gene. The cover-up was attempted but reporters broke through. Steffen set his considerable chin and growled to a friend that he'd reconcile but Janie would have to make the first move. Janie wasn't doing that. By and by, Janie played Las Vegas. Steffen was there. Janie's opening night songs could not have been more unfortunate. Knowing her personal story, the audience became acutely embarrassed. Goodbye, baby, she sang, I'm leaving you. How could you believe me, she sang, when I said I love you, when you know I've been a liar all my life? Ouch!

But Steffen came backstage later and kissed her—on the forehead. Then he went back to Los Angeles. Onlookers reported faithfully that he looked like a man who'd been hit by a pool ball.

Janie told the press she was going to think things over. She did. Then she came home and divorced Steffen, decree effective momentarily.

Four lives had been damaged, excluding children as no more than problematical casualties. Jane and Geary had gone their separate ways. The Nelsons' estrangement has not proved other than hopeless. But fate had still another rabbit-punch to wing Janie's way. She fell out with Nelson, and so came to the darkest, most noisome part of her personal tunnel. There was, it seemed, nothing left to salvage.

But there was. There was life to salvage. Although Nerney, too, maintains silence under a mutual consent pact with Jane, there is no doubt in the minds of those who know him that they will marry at their earliest convenience. Nerney is an engaging, hard-working man, not wholly unlike Steffen in personality but a rather far cry from Nelson. He is devoted to Janie's children. And the word is that he can take water-skiing or leave it alone.

Steffen no longer talks for publication on the mess in general, feeling with some correctness that anything he said now would be superfluous. But Hollywood thinks that he, too, is finding his way back to a normal life, appearing on the town now and again and reportedly working harder than he has for some time.

Nelson has been seeking reconciliation with his wife, but without any conspicuous success. Miriam Nelson, thought by many to have been the one clearly outraged party seems to be the happiest of the four today. She gets around, shows every evidence of genuine gaiety and none of emotional strain.

Jane Powell and Miriam Nelson ran into one another at a party the other night. Jane saw Miriam first and made a motion as though to leave, but it was too late. Miriam had turned. A few seconds later, the two were in warm conversation, punctuated by chortles. Thus they relieved their host of the necessity of shooting himself.

There is no word to date of Steffen and Nelson's setting up shop together, but perhaps it's only a matter of time.

"It'll seem funny," Jane said, "coming from me, but at last, happiness is getting

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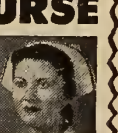

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to be something I know about. I have learned this for a beginning: the future is a dream and the past is dead. When something is done, it's done, and you turn your back on it. You live in the present, and if you do look forward a little, it's to something real and tangible and not so far ahead you can't even see the outlines.

"Right now, I'm working on this picture, *Athena*, for Metro. And when I go home tonight, I'll cook or I'll be with the children—excuse me, I'll cook *and* I'll be with the children. On Monday nights, I go to painting class. Busy. Oh, it's so important to keep busy, keep active. Or it is for me. That's what I've found out—the wonder of living from day to day."

Hollywood is now on a terrific kick about the power of positive thinking, but Janie denied that this was precisely what she had in mind.

"No, it's just *living*, instead of regretting or dreaming. I never want to look back again. I never want to look too far ahead. I want to *be*, right where I am and at the moment I'm there. Does that make sense? I've found happiness in the simplest things, like eating and seeing the sun rise and set or be any place it happens to be. In being with people or being alone. There's so much I've never imagined.

"Here's another one—reading. I've discovered reading! Can you imagine that? I've never read before. Now I read all the time. In the Powell household, reading has threatened television. I don't watch TV much any more—and I used to be one of those who couldn't live without it.

"And painting! I mentioned painting. I'm simply terrible at it but I love it. I started with houses. I've graduated to elbows now. Some day I'll even paint something you can recognize. I could paint tonight. Maybe I will. Play with the children. That's how it is with me these days. I'm a shut-in but I love it. No nightclubs. Not many parties. Once in a while is all. Now and then I go downtown to the theatre. That's a big night. But this evening—well, maybe he won't be by until nine because he has to work late, and we'll just sit for a while."

You note the bland use of "he."

"You know," said Janie. "My date."

And why wouldn't he be there till nine?

"Because of his work."

Which was?

"Insurance," said Janie. The silence was appalling and prolonged. "What did I say?" said Janie. "Insur— Oh, no! Cars! He sells cars! *Insurance*, yet! My goodness!"

Happiness, as someone must have said before, is an elusive thing. Often it is not for those whom life embraces too fiercely and too soon—child screen stars, for example. Whether these become emotionally jaded, or suffer the let-down common to youngsters who are given their dessert first, or simply are not allowed to grow in the orderly progression that is supposed to lead to well-adjusted adulthood—that's for the experts to decide.

But a lot of times they have it rough—as rough as Janie Powell has had it.

Jane was born on April Fool's Day, cute as any baby, the daughter of Paul and Eileen Burce of Portland, Oregon. But she grew up with a remarkable singing voice, and her life became unlike that of most cute babies.

Jane Powell says all she has missed from not having a normal childhood is playing with other children. She regrets that, but she will not link it with marital catastrophe—nor blame heartbreak on premature fame.

Besides, you know, all that is past. Dead. She's turned her back.

Yet Hollywood is curious to know whether she can turn her back forever. The optimists think she will marry Nerney and enjoy a happiness greater than any she has ever known. Others have a foreboding that the past never can be left fully behind, and that one dark day the shock of another setback will possess her.

But the optimists are more numerous and more convinced.

They point to the poised, courageous comportment she has exhibited from the start of the trouble, to her unflinching acceptance of a none too sympathetic role that became public property, to a touching dignity throughout an excruciating ordeal.

If she can weather all that, her admirers say, she's already over the hump, and the best is ahead. **END**

(*Jane Powell is now appearing in MGM's* Seven Brides For Seven Brothers.)

---

who says beautiful but dumb?

(*Continued from page 47*) she ordinarily does in it. Presumably this does not include a dive from a ten-foot tower onto a nightclub floor, but the rest—yes.

I see no immediate danger of Esther's departure from our midst—indeed Leo the Lion likely would burst his appendix if she decided to check out tomorrow—but none of us lasts forever. Esther has the fine intelligence to be conscious of her limitations. Some recurrent trouble with an eardrum may have spurred her decision to design the future. Whatever it may be, Esther Williams' mind never stagnates for a moment.

Beautiful? Assuredly. Dumb? I wouldn't say so.

Then one might have said Ann Blyth had everything—certainly enough that she could rest on her oars, had she wished. Beauty, talent, great popularity, a handsome, successful husband, a loving family. But for Ann—and for so many like her—complacency does not exist. She wished to use her charming singing voice on the screen, to add a new dimension to an already versatile personality. It meant a tremendous amount of work, but what of that?

Let me get this point in now: The clearest mark of intelligence in the successful screen star is the absolute willingness to work, the recognition that without that willingness, one's career is in genuine danger. Laziness is the unforgivable stupidity and the majority of those who have failed have failed because of it.

The film star's life is not an easy one. Besides the constant battle for self-improvement, it is a life of appalling hours and often appalling drudgery. She gets to the studio about seven, is busy until nine when she arrives on the set, ready to go. The actual shooting creates strain, tension and stifling boredom—the waiting period when sets are struck or cameras realigned. During breaks, she may be called on for fittings, interviews, rehearsals, one of a hundred related chores. She is always studying. When she gets home she's dead tired—sometimes too tired to eat more than soup with comfort. But she still has the next day's lines to go over.

I contend that no woman beautiful but dumb would subject herself to such an ordeal. Your answer might be that she's too smart. But I do not think so. The rewards for such rigorous, unstinting application can be great, both the material ones, and the tremendous compensation found in doing what one likes to do as well as one can do it and with every last ounce of energy.

I may be prejudiced but that, to my mind, is smart. It is more than smart; it is an order of high intelligence, the artist's sort of life.

In *Annie Get Your Gun,* another directorial *éclair* of mine, Betty Hutton, had to learn to shoot and shoot so well that there would be no suggestion of fake. We wanted it so that Annie Oakley herself would have approved. Skeet is a hobby of mine so I'm pretty fair at it. I took Betty out to the back lot and put a gun in her hands. She handled it at first as though it were a golf club with a cobra wrapped around the shaft. But in a few days she was knocking the tops off bottles. I'm not fooling you. She gave hours at a time to nothing but shooting and became a crack shot. For what? Just for a few scenes. Conceivably, a double could have been used in most of them. But doing it that way is not what has made Betty Hutton what she is.

Look at her now. She's in a fascinating phase of her career—nightclubs and other personal appearances—helping to get vaudeville back on its feet. She is not doing it for peanuts. If she feels she made the move at the right time, who am I to argue with her? She's too smart to have made it any other way. As I understand it, she didn't like the pictures she was getting so she took her case to the country. When she comes back to Hollywood, she'll be writing her own ticket.

Rosalind Russell, a truly brilliant woman, did the same with that superb New York show, *Wonderful Town.* So did Judy Garland, an incredible talent.

Jane Powell, one of the sweetest and most intelligent mothers I have ever known or seen, will be striking out on her own one of these days (Las Vegas last year was an impressive preliminary) and so will Kathryn Grayson.

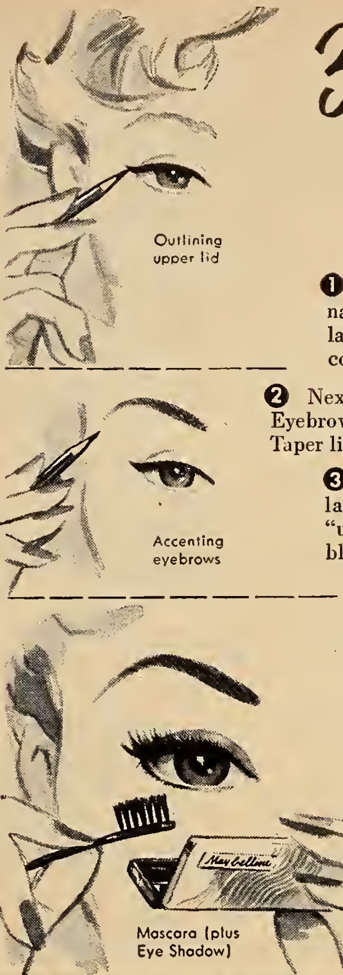
Kathryn's Las Vegas engagement wasn't just a routine, agented deal. Katie set up every last detail herself. They wanted her, of course, but she took care of her own end right down to the way the costumes should be stitched—and that niggling matter of dragging down $90,000 for three weeks.

She wasn't sure whether a classical program would be welcome in nightclubs. Normally the procedure would have been a kind of sneak preview on a modest tour. But that wasn't for Katie. She let Vegas pay for her gamble—what better patron would there be?—and then went on to the double satisfaction of proving that supper clubs *did* like her. Very, very much.

The point of Kathryn's beauty has been satisfactorily settled long ago. Now you can see what else there is.

Jeanette MacDonald, like Judy Garland and Betty Hutton, has a feel for live audiences and is on the road much of the time. But she can't be said to leave things to chance, which is intelligence on her part as it would be on anyone else's. I am quite impressed that she carries with her her own lighting, setting it up in each new auditorium. And I am very much impressed by the fact that in one night recently, she drew down $17,000. Beautiful but *what?*

Mae West has a similar gimmick for her tours, but on a very special scale. Miss West still is a big apple of the public eye and after each of her performances large numbers of her fans swarm to her dressingroom. They're entirely welcome—but not until Mae has lighted herself at her



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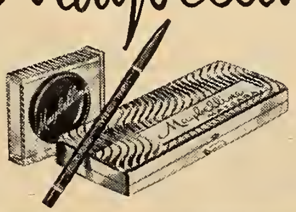

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dressing table with a special battery focussed and adjusted for Mae and Mae only. Thus she makes sure she looks as striking off as she does on—and Mae, believe me, is still very much something to see.

You may tend to look down your nose a bit at capers like this. But I don't. I speak here from a rather insular point of view, as part of the film industry, but I think they're great. We're showmen out here, and showmanship is as much our business as body-lines are Henry Ford's. I want to cheer when Marilyn Monroe makes one of those entrances, when Terry Moore cuts loose with her latest nip-up, when Joan Crawford never for a second behaves like less than a movie star—and would you say that dumbness has kept her on top for twenty-five years? Janet Leigh, a prime example of the hard-working, level-headed girl, continues to consent to those eye-filling picture layouts. That's a piece of this business, and it is a very vital piece. It's wonderful—and it's smart!

Then there are samples of what I think of as cool, no-nonsense intelligence. They may not seem like much as isolated episodes, but it's trouper stuff, little victories of poise and common sense over the sort of upset that unstrings a low-calibre brain.

I directed Ava Gardner in a scene in which she was to fondle a monkey. It was rather long but she played it without a hitch. This was noteworthy, for throughout the sequence, the monkey had been chewing steadily and painfully on Ava's forearm.

She could have stopped the action immediately. But it would have (1) cost money, (2) necessitated a re-take.

Ava declined to be heroic about it. A re-take, she explained, would simply have meant more chewing, so she wanted to get it over with the first time.

If I had been chewed by a monkey, I never would have thought of that—and I haven't the excuse of beauty to defend my short-sightedness.

You may recall the cat in *Cass Timberlane.* Now Lana Turner is kindness itself to animals but she has, like many persons, an aversion to cats. She feels about them much as some people feel about snakes. There is nothing to be done about it. Judy Garland is that way about horses.

That presented us with an impasse, of course, since Lana *was* one of the stars of the film, and she was called upon to lug that cat around. I defy you to this day to read the slightest trace of fear or revulsion in her comportment throughout the picture.

If Lana were feather-brained, she might have refused to touch the animal or succumbed to hysterics. But she swallowed an authentic phobia and went ahead with her job.

No one has ever suggested that the magnificent Ethel Barrymore is in any way dumb. But she plainly is beautiful and she is incontestably an actress. One of my favorite stories bears on my point.

I had done some early scenes with Miss Barrymore and afterward I asked if she would like to see the rushes to determine for her own satisfaction whether she wa happy with the way she was screening.

She asked me, "Were *you* satisfied with them?"

I said I was.

"Well, then," she said, starting to walk away.

"But, Miss Barrymore!" I called to her "Aren't you curious in the least about you performance?"

"Mr. Sidney," she said, "I have appeare in many, many plays, and have yet to se myself in one. Why should I start now?"

On the Metro lot, we have yet anothe highly intelligent young woman. He mind dominates her moves and decisions which usually are cagey ones. She is witty and cool, well-balanced and well-read, humorous and highly receptive and sensitiv to direction. All this proves is that she i not dumb. It does not establish her beauty But as one who knows every plane o Elizabeth Taylor's face, I will leave that to you, confident I am in safe hands.

Finally, real stupidity, dumbness, woul come through on the screen; not mock-dumbness in character parts, but the trul vapid expression of low-cell mental equipment.

So why should anyone be surprised tha film beauties are not dumb? Intelligenc registers vividly and on occasion it is eve misnamed "personality."

The faces of the new crop are alive wit intelligence. This is an integral part o their beauty, not a contradiction.

Beautiful but dumb—all these lovel women of Hollywood? Not a bit of it. *A contraire,* as they were saying in hig school French the last I took note of it. **EN**

(*Lana Turner can be seen in MGM* Betrayed, *Elizabeth Taylor in MGM's* Bea Brummell.)

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9/4

if you love judy . . .

(*Continued from page 50*) weekend, Mr. and Mrs. Luft turned up at the racetrack together. Sid was so attentive to Judy that several fans commented on his solicitude and Mervyn LeRoy, who had directed Judy in *The Wizard Of Oz*, remarked, "You are behaving like honeymooners!"

At Romanoff's, Chasen's, Sun Valley, Palm Springs, Warner Brothers studio—wherever you see Judy—chances are that Sid Luft is at her side or on his way there.

DOES ALL THIS sound as if the Luft marriage might be foundering?

Of course it doesn't. But Hollywood skeptics insist that Judy and Sid have yet to find true happiness. They tell of an incident which occurred several months ago n Holmby Hills.

"It was late at night," one neighbor recalls, "and I heard all this screaming and yelling and shouting. I knew Mr. and Mrs. Luft were in their house. And yet I didn't know what was causing the commotion.

"Of course it wasn't any of my business. But the Lufts *do* have children, wonderful kids, and we *have* had robberies in this neighborhood, quite a series of them. And I thought for a minute that maybe it was just a domestic quarrel. What couple doesn't fight once in a while? But the noise seemed to be too loud for that."

Anyway, the police were called and a prowl car whizzed up to Judy's house. The officers knocked and Sid answered. It was a quarrel all right, he explained, but it involved one of the domestic staff.

Hollywood pessimists have tried to blow ıp the incident into a marital crisis. But Judy and Sid refuse to be disturbed.

"I used to mind all those things they wrote and said about me," Judy admits. 'But now I don't care. I've found some peace of mind."

A SECRETARY who knows Judy well, says, "The best thing that ever happened to ıer was Lorna. I can measure the change n Judy's personality from the day she gave birth to that cute baby girl.

Jay Dratler's line about people who spend their time in Palm Springs playing cards around the swimming pool: "Obviously, dolling, they want their cards should get a tan."

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

"Childbirth does many things to many vomen, but it settled Judy and matured ıer. It gave her a new set of values. It olidified Judy's marriage and changed her utlook. She looks back on her own tormy, hectic youth, and she knows that orna and Liza, who is eight now, must be pared all that confusion.

"The most important thing in the world o Judy used to be Judy Garland. Now it's er children who count. So long as they're vell and happy and she's capable of working, she isn't worrying about what the ise guys have to say about her, Sid or *A tar Is Born*.

"I remember not too long ago, someone uggested to Judy the possibility that Sid as merely using her to establish his eminence as a motion picture producer.

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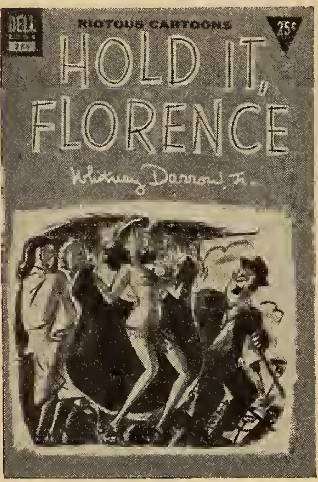

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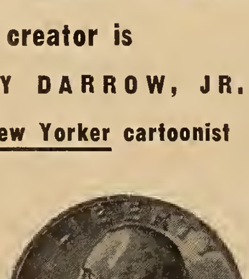

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than I've even been." And she certainly looks it. Her weight is 110 pounds. Her luminous brown eyes are sharp and clear. Her voice is bigger, better and more controlled than ever. And she is optimistic.

Perhaps Judy has gained some confidence from her new system of periodic physical checkups. Every six months or so, she checks into the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood and submits to a thorough examination.

After each visit to the hospital, the rumor goes around that, "Judy Garland is on that pill-kick again." Not true.

Judy sleeps well these nights because she has found peace. How lasting it will be no one knows. Judy's nature is volcanic and may erupt without a moment's notice, especially if another marital disappointment were to spark the flame. But she had the strength and will power and stamina to finish *A Star Is Born.*

Undoubtedly you've heard and read about Judy and *Star.*

Last year when she announced that she was going to use its musical version as a screen comeback vehicle, most of Hollywood was doubtful.

"Maybe Judy will start the picture," one producer offered, "but she'll never finish it."

"I don't care what anyone says," another executive confided. "This kid's strung tighter than an E-string on a violin. Worse yet, her husband is producing the picture. Luft knows a lot about horses, but what does he know about pictures? You'll hear them scrapping way off in Cucamonga."

WITH THIS RING . . .

Lydia became engaged to Charlton (Speedy) Heston—ten years late!

■ Lydia Heston stepped off the stage of *The Seven Year Itch* and walked into the arms of her tall and terrific husband. After a kiss longer than is allowed on the screen, he fumbled around in his tweed jacket and pulled out a tiny package.

"Tenth anniversary," he mumbled.

Lydia unwrapped the package. It contained a diamond engagement ring and a matching wedding band.

Speechlessly, she admired the fine stone. Then Charlton remarked, "Now you can put away that gold band you've worn for ten years."

"Nothing doing," she retorted. "My wedding ring stays on for every day. The finery is for state occasions."

Taciturn Charlton Heston is not really a forgetful husband, allowing his bride to wait ten long years for her engagement ring. When he does a thing he wants to do it right and it's only recently that he has had the money for such a spectacular gesture.

The Hestons just can't bring themselves to live like Hollywood stars. The days in which they honeymooned on a household budget of ten dollars a week are not forgotten. Yet in another ten years they'll be the same, for neither of them wants to settle into what they call the "glamour rut." Stardom to them simply means the opportunity to choose their roles.

Few are the Hollywood wives who would want to appear in a Chicago company of any play while married to a star of Heston's stature. Equally rare is a star like Charlton who would take third billing in a play just for the thrill of doing it. That happened when Heston opened for a short run on the stage in Bermuda, playing the bookish young man in *Born Yesterday,* with Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas in the starring roles. "Paul told me," he says proudly, "that during the New York run the highest price ever paid to scalpers for tickets was $50 a pair, but in Bermuda we had 'em going for $200.

Lydia and Charlton Heston photographed in one of their rare moments together.

"Of course we want to have a family before too long," he adds. "But in the meantime, Lydia is not the type to stay home while I bounce around the country. I'm proud of the way in which she puts her talent to work and I'll venture to say that this fact brings us closer than most couples in our profession." It is also bringing them greater success.

So put it down in your book. He's a man who may take ten years to buy an engagement ring, but he'll be around ten years after most of the male stars of today are forgotten.

These were the prophecies of gloom and disaster that accompanied Judy last October when, clad in sweater, slacks, and ballet shoes, she reported to Warner Brothers for her first screen work in four hectic years.

It would be nice to report that everything on *Star* was sweetness and light. But that isn't the way it happened.

Bad luck dogged Judy at every turn, and the fact that she could face this trouble and conquer it is what counts. At the outset, Judy offered the old Fredric March role to Cary Grant. Grant turned it down. Disappointment number one.

Then the film was begun in a photographic process called WarnerScope. After a few weeks, the photography was changed to ordinary widescreen. Disappointment number two for Judy. Then someone made another decision. "Widescreen is no good for such an important picture. Let's switch to CinemaScope." So all the old film was scrapped—disappointment number three—and the film was begun all over again.

With each change in photographic process, there was a change in cameramen. Add three more disappointments for Judy.

The next trouble was with a musical arranger. So he was replaced. Then a sketch artist was sent on his way.

George Cukor, the director, began to experience a bit of difficulty. This was Cukor's first CinemaScope picture, and he was trying to shoot it in long, sustained scenes rather than short takes. Only Judy Garland doesn't happen to be a "long scene" actress. Never has been. She throws herself into her acting so completely that she uses up her reservoir of emotional energy very quickly.

There was one hassle after another and Judy, via the unknowing gossips, was blamed for everything.

The $5,000,000 budget, the eight months of production time and the changes in personnel were all attributed to Judy or her glands or her eating habits or her husband or her temperament or her past.

Overheard: "My beauty parlor makes me LOOK younger but they still haven't come up with anything that'll fool a flight of stairs."

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

The delay and the mounting costs were attributed to every reason but the right one—that at thirty-one, after twenty-eight years of show business experience Judy Garland has developed into a mature, intelligent perfectionist who knows that in today's market the movie-going public must be given top-flight entertainment, or the picture will flop.

"When you have your own money in an independent company," Judy explains, "there's a tendency to cut corners. You know, speed up everything, hire five extras instead of twenty, print the first take.

"I just refused to do that. This was my first picture since *Summer Stock* and I was scared stiff when I started in. I'm always scared when I begin. But I was determined to do this picture as well as possible. And I honestly feel Sid and I have."

Asked about the reported trouble with Cary Grant and her musical arranger and George Cukor, Judy said, "There was no trouble. Just an honest difference of opinion.

"Originally we tried to get Cary for the Freddie March part. He said no, so we got Mason.

"As for my musical arranger, he kept saying during the picture that I was singing too loud. Well, I don't have that small movie voice any more. I'm a big girl now. I've been used to singing on the stage in London and New York and San Francisco. So he just quit. Otherwise, everything's been fine.

"Go around," she suggested. "Ask anyone on the picture. You'll find out."

George Cukor, a knowing and sensitive man who has directed some of Hollywood's foremost pictures—*All Quiet On The Western Front, Royal Family, Camille, The Philadelphia Story*—was kind enough to explain his position just before leaving for Europe on a vacation.

"It's amazing," he exclaimed, "absolutely amazing how these stories get started.

"Judy was perfect in this picture. Cooperative, tireless, energetic—and I say this objectively—absolutely magnificent.

"Before the film started my friends would call me up—I guess they meant well. 'George,' they warned me. 'Don't make *Star* with Judy. She's not well. She'll hold you up. Her husband will interfere. You'll never finish it. She's an unhappy girl. She can't find herself. Don't do it.'

"Not a word they said is true. Judy is in wonderful condition both physically and mentally. And the performance she gave—well, you'll have to see it for yourself.

"This girl has always been one of the rare, one of the truly great talents in this town. And now that talent has matured."

A studio executive agreed heartily.

"I've heard so many stories about Judy Garland and *Star*," he said, "that I'm sick. The plain truth is that we're overjoyed with this picture and that Judy was marvelous all during the production.

"Sure, it took a long time and cost a lot of money, but it's one of the finest pictures ever made. It runs more than three hours and we're going to road-show it and Judy will probably win an Academy Award. In all my years at this studio I have never witnessed a finer performance."

A doctor from Iowa, wandering around the Warner lot one day, had somehow stumbled onto Judy's set.

"She was sweet and down-to-earth," the doctor recalled. "I asked her to pose for a snapshot with me and she said, 'Gosh! I look like death warmed over today.' But she *did* pose and very graciously."

During the production of *A Star Is Born* Judy might very easily have ordered a "closed set" with "no visitors" signs plastered on each door. But she wouldn't.

"I've spent my whole life entertaining people," she said. "Entertaining people makes me very happy."

Despite this outlook and philosophy, a segment of the movie colony continues to discount Judy's present happiness, probably because up to now Judy has had so much unhappiness in her young life.

Over the years she has suffered from poor health, unsuccessful marriages, unrequited love, basic insecurity, maternal estrangement and a fatherless adolescence. One of her old friends has said, "If I'd been put through the wringer as many times as Judy has, I'd be emotionally bankrupt and a candidate for the booby hatch."

It is a great credit to Judy that she has survived with her courage intact.

Judy says that she "loves to work and work hard. I've always felt that way ever since I can remember."

She was born in 1923 to Ethel and Frank Gumm, a pair of vaudevillians who owned a small theatre in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, at that time a town of 2,500 people.

The third of three girls, Judy was christened Frances Gumm.

She made her debut in the family theatre at the age of three. The family moved to Lancaster, California, a small desert com-

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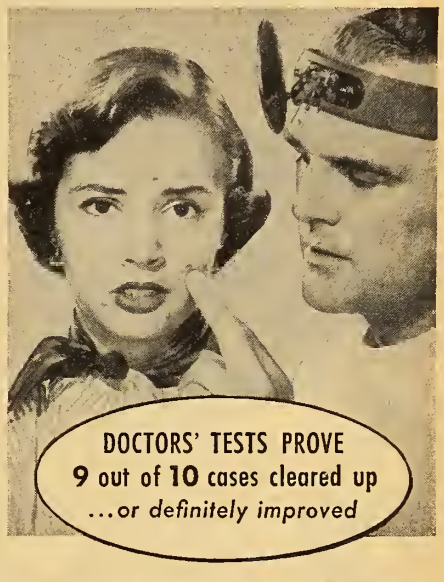

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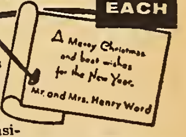
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munity eight miles north of Los Angeles where her father took over management of the local theatre. Judy was enrolled in a children's dramatics school where she learned to project her precocious voice.

Last year, a few months before Judy's mother died—she was working in an aircraft plant at the time—she spoke of her daughter's childhood.

"People blame me," she said, "for all of Judy's unhappiness. They say I deprived her of a normal youth, that I drove her into show business, that I tried to make her the big star I never was.

"That's not true. Not a word of that is true. Even as a little girl Judy was obsessed with entertaining. She never could get enough of it.

"She always loved to sing. It wasn't true of my other girls. But it was with Judy. She made her own youth. I let her do what would make her happy."

When Judy was twelve an agent named Al Rosen caught her act at Lake Tahoe and took her around to MGM. The buxom child sang one song in her full-throated, uninhibited style and within a week she had a movie contract.

A month later her father died of meningitis. This was the first in Judy's long list of heartbreaks.

Her second came at fifteen when she fell in love with a married man. Sometimes these puppy love affairs are trivial developments in a girl's growing-up. But Judy's first love affair was intense and important, and long after it ended, she carried a torch. Somehow her great open faith in people was irremediably damaged.

Her first marriage, to Dave Rose, was a bust, perhaps because they were both more interested in their individual careers than in their life together. The divorce left Judy with an emotional scar.

To compensate she worked harder. She starred in three great pictures, *Meet Me In St. Louis, The Clock, Ziegfeld Follies.*

Vincente Minnelli, aesthetic, thin-faced and artistic, offered to fill her emotional void. A year after their marriage their daughter Liza was born.

After that Judy's great trouble started. One day she would be ecstatically happy, the next day tragically sad. One day she took pills to gain weight, the next day to reduce. One day she imbibed stimulants, the next depressants.

One doctor blamed it all on the aftermath of childbirth. MGM, the studio where she'd worked for fifteen years, suspended Judy. It looked like the end. Judy thought so, too. At twenty-seven, hopelessly mixed up, she half-heartedly attempted suicide. After that she was under a doctor's supervision.

But all of that is part of the past. The present begins with Sid Luft.

No matter what you hear about Sid and his troubles with his ex-wife Lynn Bari, he is Judy's perfect complement.

It was he and he alone who infused her with the desire to sing and entertain again. It was he who, with the help of the William Morris Agency, booked her into London's Palladium, New York's Palace, Los Angeles' Philharmonic and San Francisco's Curran. It was he who talked David Selznick into selling the musical rights to *A Star Is Born*, and it was he who helped raise the capital to form their independent company, Transcona, Inc.

It is Sid who, knowing of Judy's old friendship with Frank Sinatra, is so understanding about having the singer visit them. Other husbands might be jealous. But not Sid. His faith in his Judy is limitless. And it should be, for these days with three children at home much of the time—Lorna, Liza and her stepson John—Judy no longer permits herself the luxury of moodiness.

"I hope to keep working," she asserts, "because I've worked since childhood and the whole pattern of my behavior would be changed too much if I were to stop.

"I do realize, however," she adds, "that there are some things much more important than a career."

"What, for example?"

"Children," Judy answered. "I want more children."

It has taken a long time, but at thirty-one Judy Garland has grown into a happy and fulfilled young woman. END

dahl—that's all

(*Continued from page 53*) man I've ever loved. I can't tell you what joy I've known playing opposite him in these last few pictures."

Arlene had been considered cold and aloof, so this frank confession of love and passion was a surprise to everybody but Lamas. He kept saying, "I don't understand how Arlene gets this reputation. She's very warm-hearted and responsive to the right man."

Fernando was not boasting, although many girls thought he was. He was merely being Fernando, outspoken and charming.

One time when the tide of rumor was mounting against him, Fernando was asked if his intentions toward Arlene were honorable.

"Deep in your heart, do you have any intention of marrying this girl? Did you ever have any intention of marrying Lana—or any girl, for that matter?"

Lamas smiled. "About Lana," he said, "that's finished so we will not discuss it. About Arlene—she has done very much for me, and I would love to make her mine. But what is the sense of rushing into marriage? I am not a little boy who cannot control his emotions.

"I am not going with Arlene to pass the time of day. She is everything a man wants in a woman. I realize that. But I will not rush into marriage. I did that when I was very young and I lived to regret it. And I will not do it again. Probably we will get married, but in due time."

Two weeks later, Fernando was in New York watching Arlene play Roxanna in *Cyrano de Bergerac* at the City Center. But he refused to make his intentions public.

Arlene, of course, won't admit it now, but she was hurt, deeply hurt. She'd gone overboard for Lamas, she had committed herself, she'd told the world that he was everything she had dreamed about, that despite her previous marriage to Lex Barker, Fernando was the only love in her life. She had bared her heart and mind, had given tongue to her innermost thoughts and saw them in the cold light of print. Now she began to wonder and doubt.

Suppose Fernando didn't want to marry her? Suppose she had made a bitter mistake? Suppose Fernando had been using her?

A proposal from Fernando would have destroyed these doubts at once. But the proposal didn't come.

Fernando was having trouble of his own. His second wife, Lydia, wanted the Nevada divorce decree and financial settlement validated in the California courts. His back was giving him trouble. There was the question of whether or not MGM would grant him the release he was requesting. Fernando was hardly in the mood for marriage.

If he doesn't want to marry me, Arlene thought, I don't want to marry him. They broke off their relationship without rancor or recrimination.

Fernando went down to Palm Springs. He began to date Mary Castle.

Arlene, admitting to no one that her heart was breaking, went about her many businesses: designing lingerie, writing her beauty column for the Chicago *Tribune*, discussing a new picture (*A Woman's World*) with Twentieth Century-Fox.

All this time the wise guys had Fernando written off as an "angle boy," a self-seeking, ruthless woman-user.

"He made a few pictures with Dahl," they said, "and then he kissed her off. Who will be the next victim?"

THEY SPOKE knowingly, but few people in this country know much about Lamas. This is his own story:

"I was born in Vincente Lopez, a suburb outside of Buenos Aires on January 9, 1916. My father died of double pneumonia when I was one. When I was four my mother died of peritonitis.

"I lived with my two grandmothers, one week with one, the next week with the other. They finally took the case to court to determine custody rights. The magistrate decided that I was to live with my grandmother Lamas from Monday to Friday so that I could attend the good city schools in Buenos Aires. On the weekends I was to live with my grandmother Fernandez in the country.

"I had no mother, no father, no sisters or brothers. Ever since I can remember I have had to work out my own problems, solve them by myself. As a boy I made my own decisions. I think this gave me some sort of self-reliance.

"Things have not been easy for me. I have had to fight for what little success I've had. No one has helped me much.

ARLENE'S GOOD-NIGHTIES

Arlene Dahl knows how to turn her spare time into a pretty penny. She has been designing lingerie for many years. Naturally for her own trousseau, Arlene created something special. It took more than a month to make the pink, sheer negligee.

"After all," Arlene explains, "I couldn't possibly wear something that Fernando had seen in department stores throughout the country. I had to whip up something just for the occasion."

If Arlene decides to release this model for public consumption she will call it "Wedding Night."

"I got into acting in the usual way, I guess. School plays—things like that. I finished high school when I was fifteen. I had an uncle who was a stage actor, José Lamas. I went to him and told him I wanted to become an actor. He warned me that I was being crazy but he got me a job in a play, *Navidad des Pobres.* I had five lines, a bit. When I was eighteen or nineteen I got jobs on the radio, Radio Mitri.

"I swam a lot. One year I won the South American free style championship.

"I never went to college although at one point I thought I'd study law. I was twenty-four when I got my first lead in a play, *Evacion. . . .* I've been lucky with women. They've always been kind to me, and I have tried to be kind to them, to give them all my attention.

"I think the first girl I ever felt romantic about was Estella Diaz, a fiery Spanish dancer from Asturias. I fell in love after seeing her perform at the Avenida. I think I was twenty-one at the time, just a kid. It probably wasn't love, just puppy love. I went backstage and told her she was great. I took her out to dinner and we went steadily for almost nine months.

"My first wife was Azuzena Mus, her nickname was Perla. She was a movie actress and singer. She was nineteen. I was twenty-three. We went together six months, not nearly enough time. We were in a hurry to be married.

"Times were hard. There is a Spanish saying, 'When poverty comes in the front door, love flies out the window.'

"It was terrible being poor. I don't ever want to be poor again. I will drive a taxi, work in an aircraft plant, do anything but be poor. When you have plenty of love and no money, somehow the love begins to disappear. Anyway, there is no divorce allowed in Argentina, so we went across the river to Montevideo and got a divorce there. That was the end of the marriage.

"Then I met Lydia at the Hindu Golf Club outside of Buenos Aires. I was having lunch with Eduardo Schlieffer, an importer. Lydia was working as a secretary. Schlieffer introduced us. She was very attractive. We went together for six months; then we were married in a civil ceremony attended by her family.

"At the time I was all alone in the world, my grandparents having died. Alexandra, my daughter, was born on April 14, 1947. And there is another old Spanish saying, 'Sometimes children are born with a loaf of bread under their arms.' It means they bring good luck.

"Alexandra brought good luck into our lives. A month after she was born, I got my first break in the movies. A friend introduced me to Manuel Romero, a director. He asked me to come out for a screen test. I was signed. Then when Republic Pictures came to Buenos Aires to shoot *The Avenger,* I was signed for the Spanish version and John Carroll for the English version. Then Republic brought me to the States."

JOHN CARROLL's wife at that time was Lucille Rymer, a talent executive at MGM. She recommended Fernando to her studio. Fernando sang for L. B. Mayer and was put under contract.

His American film debut was made in *Rich, Young And Pretty,* and after further experience in *The Law And The Lady,* he was assigned the plum role opposite Lana Turner in *The Merry Widow.*

There is no point in going over the Lamas-Turner love affair again. Everyone knows that Lex Barker wound up with Turner and Fernando wound up with Arlene Dahl.

Lex rushed Lana into a marriage which is apparently very successful. But Fernando approached marriage to Arlene with great caution. He made triply sure that life for him was inpossible without her.

DURING THEIR estrangement, Fernando tried not to think of Arlene. But she was too much in his heart and mind.

Finally, he arranged to meet her in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and he asked her out for the next day. It seemed to both of them that they had never been separated. They had never fallen out of love with each other, of course.

And this time, Arlene received the marriage proposal she had been expecting for more than a year. Arlene said yes.

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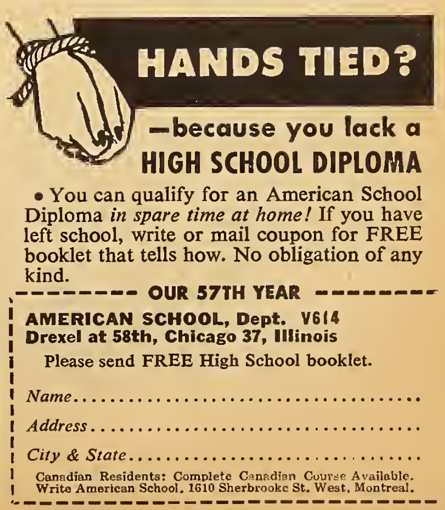
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so, sue me!

(*Continued from page 31*) hormones unknown outside the realm of rabbits, which Bob Mitchum has never claimed. It is to his credit, however, that he doesn't hold a low opinion of the feminine gender because of this tendency to melt into absurd puddles in his presence. He probably thinks it happens to all the boys.

Nor is his impact limited to those age groups which should still be receiving such emotional charges. At a recent dinner party an exquisite dowager of seventy years sought to question a screen writer closely about the Real Robert Mitchum. When the writer admitted that he hadn't met Mitchum, he might just as well have gotten lost.

"Now, there," she stated unequivocally, "is the only actor in pictures I'd walk across the street to see. And the only man in the world I'd still like to meet."

The other guests were amused, since she was such an elegant little thing, and they began to tease her.

"Dulcie," said one, "I don't think Mitchum is your sort, really. His choice of words is rather Edwardian, you know."

She was unperturbed. "I never knew a real man who didn't use strong language when it was provoked."

"But Dulcie," protested another, "he's supposed to be a terrible roué! I've heard that his leading ladies fight over him."

Dulcie smiled. "If it's true, it certainly *proves* that he's a man, doesn't it?"

Dulcie's husband thought that the conversation should have exhausted itself by now. "Dulcie," he said irritably, "may I remind you that your charming Mr. Mitchum has been suspected of getting his kicks from something stronger than cornsilk?" It should have worked, but this was Mitchum they were discussing. In the loaded silence that followed, Dulcie leaned forward. "Tell me," she asked sweetly of her husband, "is it fattening?"

THE FIRST picture of Robert Mitchum drawn by the pens of Hollywood writers was that of a crude, rough-and-tumble character possessed of nothing more than pure animal magnetism. Having been variously a longshoreman, a carny, a bouncer, a truck driver and a hobo, he was a tough guy and it showed; he appealed to a lady's baser instincts. When that characterization palled, the present one was superimposed. Bob Mitchum isn't a tough guy any more. Instead, he's a brilliant, shy, sensitive introvert, hiding his feeling of personal inadequacy behind a façade of cynicism and blasphemy.

This is the stuff of which fables are made. Certainly Mitch is bright, talented and acutely sensitive to the vibrations of his fellow beings—but never be deluded into thinking he's a shrinking violet whose virility is confined to his press clippings. When the men were separated from the boys, Mitch was there to be counted among the men. He can take care of himself, as he proved a few years back when he had a donnybrook with a large gentleman in Colorado. The gentleman was a professional fighter whose record indicated that he had knocked out nineteen of twenty-eight opponents in the ring. The record of Robert Mitchum wasn't available. The cause of their altercation was never established, but when the dust settled there wasn't a mark on Mitchum and his antagonist was resting as comfortably as could be expected in the local dispensary. Said an apologetic Mitch to the press, "All my fault," which was certainly the truth; there was nothing to indicate that the pugilist had planned a rest cure at that particular time. Then Mitch added, "An actor is always a target for belligerent guys who think that they are tough and Hollywood he-men are softies. Sometimes you have to fight."

BOB MITCHUM believes he is a cynic about humanity. Once he said, "I've been places where men would kill you for the shoes on your feet. I don't have to think twice about what they'd do to you here in Hollywood for a million bucks." From what bitter experience he gained this profound knowledge he didn't say, but it did absolutely nothing to prevent him from hiring a business manager who absconded with $83,000 of his money. It wiped out the Mitchums after five long years of working and saving.

Even now he is no less susceptible to the blandishments of people who entertain similar intentions. A case in point is his recent venture into the field of popular music. Though he's no Cole Porter, Mitch has a good feeling for music, and when he can't think of a song to fit his mood, he makes one up. Now and then they're pretty good.

He showed one such improvisation to "a guy"—Mitch never identifies them beyond that—and after a little time the guy approached him enthusiastically. "I think I have a good chance of getting your song published. Will you sign this, so I can get a rating?"

Bob signed. A few months passed, and he heard his song played on a disc jockey's program, just as you probably did. That was absolutely all he heard, however—his song being played—until an agent from the Bureau of Internal Revenue asked him for an accounting of his royalties!

"I just told him the truth, that I hadn't made a dime. I didn't mind the guy making money off my song," he said wryly, "but I thought the least he could do was pay the taxes on what he made."

CYNIC OR NO, Mitch is oddly philosophical about getting rooked. Maybe it's easier to practice philosophy than to admit people aren't always good. But according to him, it's the breaks. The man who stole his $83,000 is in prison, and he doesn't write songs to make money, anyhow. The big shoulders shrug in ageless acceptance. "You get a bad break, you just fight a little harder."

It isn't the way most men would think. Mitch doesn't think like other people, and because he doesn't, because he is literally a free soul, he is terribly vulnerable. He hasn't done half the things with which he is identified—but he might if he felt like it. Therefore any story about him is credible. Accuse him of anything in the world, and at least a few of his best friends will believe it. Why not? It's possible.

Mitch can't shake the character traits that make him vulnerable, but he's getting used to being a sitting duck on the pond. There was quite a newspaper spread last year about his being arrested for driving his Jaguar seventy miles an hour down Wilshire Boulevard. At the preliminary hearing Mitchum sat slouched down, talking to "a guy" who might have been a reporter, a lawyer or even a policeman. The guy said, "You'll be cleared if you take it to court; you're innocent on the evidence against you. Heavy as the traffic is on Wilshire at eight o'clock at night, you couldn't go seventy unless you were in a helicopter."

"So I take it to court and I'm cleared," Mitchum said. "Then what happens?"

The guy was elaborately casual. "Oh, the officer who made the mistake will get suspended or dropped from the force. He probably has a family, and the rest of the men on the traffic detail aren't going to forget that you cost him his job. Natural enough, isn't it? You can afford a traffic citation a lot easier than he can afford to admit a mistake that may cost him his job."

Mitch pondered. "So?"

"So, if you're smart, you plead guilty to speeding, reckless driving, resisting arrest, or whatever you're charged with. Pay your fine and forget about it. Otherwise, you get a lot of unpleasant publicity and the assurance that every time you run an amber light from now on, you'll get another ticket. Cops aren't mean, but they're human."

Bob Mitchum, boy cynic, shook his head. "Look, I just don't get it. This other actor, the one they caught last week—he was doing ninety. The only way they stopped him was to pump five bullets into his car, and when they opened the door he was so drunk he fell out on his face. How come he gets off with a fine for drunk driving and three lines in the newspaper, and I get the book?"

"Ah," answered his adviser, pointing the finger of sardonic truth. "They don't want to read about him. They want to read about *you.*"

Mitchum meekly pleaded guilty and paid. He's getting used to it.

NOT UNEXPECTEDLY, publicity-seekers take wide advantage of the fact that people want to read about Robert Mitchum. It was this and nothing more that precipitated the now-notorious breast-baring incident when Bob and his wife attended the Cannes Film Festival. Summing it up, a hitherto unnoteworthy actress cornered Mitch on a terrace at the very moment a swarm of photographers happened by, affording some rather staggering newsphotos of one Robert Mitchum leering down at an overlush, half-clad young female.

The leer was unquestionably Mitchum's, the one he was born with, but the circumstances were absolutely beyond his control. Asked to pose for a publicity picture, he had agreed amiably and without any inkling that the girl involved planned to shuck the upper portion of her costume. Later, pressed for an explanation, Mitchum gave reporters a statement which should go down in the annals of history with those of other doughty warriors—of one kind or another. "My back," he said laconically, "was to the sea."

Typically, he bore the girl no animosity, though he thanked his stars that Dorothy, his wife, was along on that sightseeing tour of the Iles de Lérins. Dottie saw some sights, all right. At least this time she knew that the mischief her husband was in was not of his own making. Of the misguided actress Mitch said indifferently, "She was all right. She said that she had been trying to get to Hollywood for three years and figured that this was the only way she'd ever make it. Afterward," he added with the fleeting, wry grin so typical of the man, "she said she hoped she hadn't caused me any trouble!"

It was too bad, someone said, that it had to happen to him, of all people. The big guy shrugged and spread his hands, palms up. "Who else?" he asked simply.

IN THOSE TWO WORDS he said a mouthful of wisdom learned the hard way. If the same thing had happened to George Murphy, who winced at Terry Moore's ermine suit, or Ronald Reagan or a dozen other staid Hollywood citizens, there would have been no international incident. With due local indignation and apologies to the distinguished gentleman so embarrassed, it would have died aborning. There were, in fact, a number of celluloid celebrities present at the Cannes Festival before Mitch arrived, but none had his exploitation value, as Miss What's-her-name well knew. She has since sunk back into the anonymity from which she briefly emerged, having gained nothing for herself that she could sensibly want. Unless for reasons of her own she cherishes the enmity of Louella Parsons, who is without a peer in her struggle to keep the name of Hollywood clean.

Any attempt to whitewash Bob Mitchum would be a farce. He is loaded with human failings, even some of the common garden variety. He's as lazy as a three-toed sloth. If he holds still for an interview, you can bet that otherwise Dottie would have had him painting the patio furniture, and he has simply chosen the lesser of two evils. Getting him to talk is like pulling teeth—and once he is started, the experience can be as painful as pulling teeth to the uninitiated listener, since the nature of his eloquence would raise hair on an egg.

He's painfully honest, which can also be defined as disastrously tactless. Once, when he was beset by about as much trouble as a man could find, Mitch declined to meet the press. Although he did so upon the request of his studio and the advice of sager heads, he was nevertheless awarded the Hollywood Women's Press Club "Sour Apple" for being the most uncooperative actor in Hollywood. In the true spirit of Lord Chesterfield Mr. Mitchum immediately sent the ladies a telegram, to wit: YOUR GRACIOUS AWARD BECOMES A TREASURED ADDITION TO A COLLECTION OF INVERSE CITATIONS . . . WHICH INCLUDE PROMINENT MENTION IN SEVERAL '10 WORST-DRESSED MEN' LISTS AND ONE SOCIETY COLUMN'S '10 MOST UNDESIRABLE MEN GUESTS' LIST, WHICH HAPPILY WAS PUBLISHED ON THE DATE I WAS MADE WELCOME AT THE COUNTY JAIL. Women scorned are traditionally to be reckoned with—but again, this was Mitchum, which puts an altogether different light on things. They not only forgave his irony; because of it, they recognized the fact that he needed this final slap on the wrist like a hole in the head. He has friends and fans among them to this day, stubborn, uninhibited and tactless as he is.

HE DOESN'T LIKE phonies and doesn't hide it, which means that he has made his share of enemies in Hollywood, and he never met an oddball who didn't strike a responsive chord in him. If you ever saw an actor holding a calm, rational three-way conversation with a two-headed monster, the actor would have to be Robert Mitchum. What he looks for in people is his own little secret, but he finds it in some pretty remarkable characters. As a matter of fact, this—Bob's choice of friends and the amount of time he spends with them—has been the only public issue of his marriage. Even his severest critics can't contrive anything more intimate. Let's face it: old Mitch, who makes the red corpuscles of grandmothers stir around like a hill of ants, is a one-woman man. He fell in love with one girl, Dorothy,

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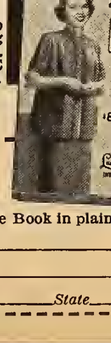

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and married her—and that's it. She and the kids, Jimmy, Chris and Petrine, hold the meaning of life for Bob Mitchum. On that score, at least, he isn't mistaken; he knows how it would be without them.

After years of yes, no and maybe, things are beginning to groove for Mitchum careerwise. He's busier than ever before, higher on the popularity polls. And now, he has to put up or shut up on the score of acting. Stanley Kramer has signed him to play the lead in *Not As A Stranger*, which is certainly the dramatic plum of the year. Moreover, with Paul Gregory, Mitch has invested money of his own in the screen rights to *Night Of The Hunter*, in which he will portray the most hackle-raising villain to appear on the American scene in many a year. In both pictures he'll either have to act up a storm or start thinking about one of his earlier professions, like selling shoes. While he's waiting, he's on loan-out to Wayne-Fellows Productions for *Track Of The Cat* and is also scheduled to be reunited with Susan Hayward in *The Untamed* at Twentieth Century-Fox.

On the face of things he ought to be happy as a clam—but you never saw a more miserable guy. He's behaving, he's working hard, and he ends up with an old, familiar companion: trouble. "I've gotta get sued," he said sadly. "If the picture I'm doing with Duke comes in on schedule, I'll have fifteen days left on my contract with RKO, and they're committed to lend me to Fox. If I don't finish the first picture, Wayne-Fellows sues me. If I refuse to go on loanout for the second, RKO sues me. If I do go on loanout for that one, Stanley Kramer sues me for a million dollars because *Not As A Stranger* doesn't start on schedule. And—isn't this a pistol? —if I don't meet the production date on *Night Of The Hunter*, I have to sue myself! That's right. Paul Gregory and I, as co-producers, have to sue me, as the star, for failing to meet my commitment. We have too much money tied up in it to do anything else."

What does a guy do in a case like this? Mitch's shoulders gave a familiar, characteristic roll. "Take them as they come," he said. "My first impulse was to say, 'I'm not making *any* pictures until all this blows over,' but I have to work. I have four families to support."

He brooded a moment or two, then the corners of his mouth curled in a wicked grin. "Of course, there *is* something I could do; I could be so insulting to one of my future leading ladies that she would go to her boss in tears and say, 'I refuse to make a picture with that uncouth boor!' Maybe I'll do that."

But you knew he wouldn't. Like all the rest of the problems, he'd take them as they came. **END**

ava and the bullfighter

(*Continued from page 33*) In Spanish, Dominguín conceded that all of this was true.

"Señorita Gardner," he confessed, "is one of the most fascinating, one of the most beautiful women I have ever met. She is an *aficionada* (a bullfighting fan). So is your famous writer *el señor* Hemingway. He is also my old friend and when the Señorita said to me in the hospital that she had acted in some of his stories and would like to meet him, I asked Ernesto to come to the hospital with me to meet her.

"There was a lunch in the hospital and then before the Señorita Gardner returned to London we went to a breeding ranch. She and Ernesto are very fond of each other."

Would Dominguín marry Señorita Gardner if he had the chance?

"But she is already married to the singer Sinatra," he protested.

"But she is getting a divorce."

"She is my friend," Dominguín asserted, "and I like her very much but I do not discuss these personal matters."

But in Lhardy's, an antiquated saloon near Madrid's old Puerta del Sol where Dominguín meets his friends, the word is that, "The American actress has cast her spell over Luis."

One veteran bullfighting critic says, "Now that he is retired, Dominguín is ready to settle down. He has more than a million dollars. Much of it is deposited in the National City Bank of New York. He owns much real estate in Spain and coffee plantations in Brazil.

"That he is crazy about her, few of us in Madrid would deny. When she came to Spain last May she was very tired and weak. Dominguín instilled in her new life, new vitality.

"She even said that she would buy some property in Madrid and build a house here. Of course, she never has liked Hollywood. But I believe it is Luis who is the big attraction for her. She is not the kind of woman who can be without a man.

"Besides, she is very much loved in Spain. She tries to speak Spanish and learn the ways of the people.

"When she was ill, Dominguín visited her every day. She was afraid, the doctors said, to be operated on. She thought the kidney stones could be dissolved. Some days it was very painful. One she fainted from pain.

"She is a wonderful girl. But in my heart I do not think she is the girl for Dominguín. The Spanish people are devoutly Catholic. There is absolutely no divorce. Ava and Dominguín might make a successful marriage in Hollywood but not in Spain."

In a matter of days Ava will have her third divorce. One might imagine that she would be in no mood to consider marriage—for a little while. But for Ava, marriage is necessary to happiness.

"All I want," she has always said, "is a good husband and a flock of kids."

Her career has never meant too much to the thirty-one-year-old Carolina beauty. "But let's face it—it's much better than being a secretary," she has said.

Ava has been married to three Americans—Rooney, Shaw, and Sinatra. Each marriage failed.

Suppose for husband number four Ava should choose a Spanish bullfighter. For years she has loved bullfights. Whenever she can, she drives down to Tijuana in Mexico to watch the imported matadors. Some women find the spectacle too bloody, but not Ava.

If Ava were to marry Dominguín—and undoubtedly she will say she never has given the idea a thought—she would have to live in Madrid which is perfectly all right with her.

Spanish wives are not regarded as equals by their husbands. This is one avenue of nonsense down which Ava Lavinia would not be likely to tread.

Ava is a headstrong girl. She believes in fair play from the opening gong, which is why she dropped F. Sinatra. She didn't believe he was playing fair.

In Spain, Luis Miguel happens to be much more famous than Ava. His father was a second-rate bullfighter who taught his son how to toss the cape in front of young heifers when the lad was only five.

By the time Luis was twenty, he was

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receiving $15,000 a fight, and he was considered Spain's second greatest bullfighter. The first was the immortal Manolete who was fatally gored in 1946 while trying to equal Dominguín's incredible mastery with the cape. Dominguín had performed ahead of Manolete.

Three weeks later when Dominguín turned up in Barcelona, police advised him to leave town. "The feeling against you is so strong," they explained, "we cannot be responsible for your safety. We suggest you do not fight here." But Dominguín fought with such unforgettable bravery that the crowds cheered him as the new king of bullfighters.

Last January, Luis Miguel came to Mexico. Already a millionaire, he seemed to lack his previous enthusiasm for the sport. He went to Venezuela where a bull drove a horn into his right thigh. It was his eighth and worst wound. But he continued fighting, mostly for the money.

In Bogota he annnounced, "I once loved bullfighting like a madness. But now I've lost the joy of fighting. That's when accidents, fatal accidents, happen. Today I'll make ten or twelve thousand dollars. But now it doesn't matter."

After this fight in Colombia, Dominguín cabled his mother. "You can be calm now. I have fought my last bull."

Ava knows Dominguín's story. She is three years older than Luis. But he has more money, more fame, more education. Inequality in intellect has never disturbed Ava. She has always thought her husbands much smarter than she.

But she is disturbed by inequality of affection. She seems to love much more than she is loved. Certainly this was true of her first two husbands, Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. Whether it holds true for Frank Sinatra is open to dispute.

Deborah Kerr said recently that when she was in Hawaii making *From Here To Eternity* with Sinatra, "I never saw a man so much in love with his wife. Frank spent every spare minute trying to get phone calls through to Ava in Spain."

But it was too late by then.

What will develop between Ava and Luis Miguel Gonzalez y Lucas, we shall have to wait and see. Should the "close friends" have a rendezvous in Hollywood within the next few weeks the newspapers will be jammed with predictions.

If Dominguín cannot come to this country, he and Ava will meet again in Madrid. Ava has much more privacy there.

Dominguín is the best thing that's happened to Ava this year. In January she said that she was divorcing Sinatra. No one believed her. Then she flew off to Spain and Italy. She looked thin and wan when she showed up in Rome for *The Barefoot Contessa.* She was mentally torn when Sinatra kept up his barrage of long distance telephone calls but she decided that when she returned to the States she would file for divorce. Reconciliation, she told herself, was hopeless.

Frank sent her a chocolate coconut cake via Lauren Bacall who was flying to Italy to visit Humphrey Bogart. But although Ava appreciated the cake, and even ate it, she knew in her heart that the marriage was finished. She threw herself into *The Barefoot Contessa.*

In February when the company moved to San Remo she almost lost her life.

One Friday Ava went sightseeing off the coast with director Joe Mankiewicz, Italian stars Valentina Cortese and Rossano Brazzi. The sea was calm when they left in a tiny boat. But they lost control of the craft as the Riviera currents sucked it out to sea.

When Ava failed to show up for some scheduled shooting, the film crew became alarmed. A large yacht owned by the Rizzoli Film Company was ordered out. After a four-hour search, Ava and her friends were sighted and towed to safety.

Ava was taken to her room and put to bed. "I was scared stiff out there," she said.

When *The Barefoot Contessa* was finished in March, Ava, accompanied by her sister Beatrice, flew to Spain for a rest. Ava had met Dominguín the year before. In Madrid they became inseparable.

Then she had an attack of kidney stones. She was hospitalized in May.

Later that month, after kissing Luis goodbye, Ava took off for London and returned to Hollywood.

Reporters asked her about Sinatra and Dominguín. Of Sinatra, Ava said, "I told you six months ago that I was going to divorce Frank, and I'm anxious to get it over with. Unless MGM has an immediate assignment for me I would like to establish residence in Nevada and do it there.

"If not, I will get the divorce in California. I can't make any plans until I've talked to my studio."

Dominguín?

"He is just a very good friend," she asserted. "If he's coming here I don't know anything about it."

A week later, Ava, between hospital examinations, was suspended by MGM for refusing to star in *Love Me Or Leave Me.* She blithely drove down to Tijuana to see the bullfights.

Then she picked up her two sisters, their maid, and Ben Cole, business manager to the ex-wives of Artie Shaw. In two cars, they drove to Zephyr Cove, a resort on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe.

Here, in a rented house named Twin Cedars, Ava said she would establish residence for a Nevada divorce from Frank Sinatra.

Because he owns a two per cent interest in the Sands Hotel on the Las Vegas Strip, Frank is registered in the State of Nevada as a licensed gambler. Reporters wondered why Ava wasn't securing the divorce in Las Vegas.

"I've had fun around Lake Tahoe before," she explained. (Three years ago she visited Sinatra at Lake Tahoe.) "And I like Reno very much. That's why I chose this spot."

Ava might have been avoiding Las Vegas because all of the men she had been married to—Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw, and Frank Sinatra—happened to be entertaining there.

"Not at all," she said. "I simply prefer Tahoe and this whole district."

"What will be your grounds for divorce?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "The usual grounds." (Mental cruelty.)

A photographer asked for a picture.

"Honest, fellas!" Ava exclaimed. "Just look at me!" She was dressed in an old blue wool shirt and a grey tweed skirt belonging to her maid.

"These aren't even my clothes," she explained. "I look like the devil. We shipped a trunk up to Reno and we can't find it. I don't have a stitch to wear.

"Why don't you come back tomorrow? Say at two-thirty. And I'll be glad to pose for you then."

The photographer said, "Fair enough." Next day when he turned up, Ava was gone and her sister Beatrice said she was terribly sorry but Ava said she couldn't pose for any photos. Later, Ava changed her mind when she was accused of having double-crossed the press. She posed for a few shots. But the newspapermen were more interested in hearing about Dominguín.

And as Ava discussed her plans in Nevada, Luis Miguel was making plans of his own in Madrid some 6,000 miles away to visit his "*amiga Americana,*" presumably at this very minute. END

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Didn't Betsy Drake go to Europe with Cary Grant because she was afraid of Grace Kelly's winning ways?
—N.T., Chicago, Ill.

A. *No. Betsy and Cary are married, like to spend all their time together.*

Q. I understand that Donald O'Connor has to pay his wife $100,000 alimony every year. Is this on the level?
—B.Y., Kansas City, Cal.

A. *Gwen O'Connor receives 20% of the first $100,000 of Donald's adjusted income, 10% of the second $100,000, $150 a month for the support of their child.*

Q. Isn't Burt Lancaster shy about admitting to his real age? I'm told he's 46 years old. True?
—E.R., New York, N. Y.

A. *Lancaster, according to official records, was born in New York City on November 2, 1913.*

Q. Is it true that Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer own and manage a string of prizefighters?
—F.J., Louisville, Ky.

A. *They have a financial interest only in several pugilists.*

Q. Isn't Bob Wagner going around with a divorcée who is really his secret love? —D.R., La Jolla, Cal.

A. *Yes—for the time being.*

Q. What is the relationship between Frank Sinatra and Jackie Loughery, Guy Mitchell's ex-wife?
—S.J., Marlin, Tex.

A. *They are good friends.*

Q. Why did Linda Darnell keep her marriage to Phil Liebmann secret for so many months?
—H.T., Trinidad, Col.

A. *She didn't want to answer questions, so she waited until she was out of Hollywood to make the announcement.*

Q. Is there any actor in Hollywood who has more money than Jimmy Stewart? —P.S., Kingsbury, Cal.

A. *Bing Crosby, Bob Hope.*

Q. Why did June Allyson turn down a percentage of the profits on *The Glenn Miller Story* in favor of straight salary?
—E.T., St. Louis, Mo.

A. *Miss Allyson's reply: "I must have had rocks in my head."*

Q. What is Esther Williams' real name? Can she see without glasses?
—V.Y., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A. *Esther's real name is Esther Williams; she wears contact lenses or glasses when not working in pictures.*

Q. I was in Hollywood last summer and wanted very much to visit a studio. Every studio I went to told me that no visitors were allowed. Why?
—F.T., Milwaukee, Wis.

A. *Visitors' requests are so numerous that if complied with they would halt production.*

Q. I've been told that the one reason Clark Gable signed a contract with 20th Century-Fox was that they agreed to give him a percentage of profits on his pictures and MGM would not. True or false? —H.H., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *True.*

Q. Wasn't Sheree North really signed by 20th to keep Marilyn Monroe in line? —G.R., New York, N. Y.

A. *Possibly—but avowedly to star in* Pink Tights.

Q. Will Vittorio Gassman ever make another film in Hollywood? I understand he's against the town.
—M.H., San Diego, Cal.

A. *Gassman has nothing against Hollywood, something against ex-wife Shelley Winters.*

Q. I have just seen *Gone With The Wind*. What ever happened to that marvelous actor, Leslie Howard?
—T.N., Del Rio, Tex.

A. *Howard was killed during World War II when Nazi agents in Portugal ordered the Luftwaffe to shoot down a passenger plane which they mistakenly thought was carrying Churchill to England. Howard was aboard that plane.*

Q. Is it true that Debra Paget's mother was once a famous burlesque queen?
—V.D., Little Rock, Ark.

A. *Mrs. Paget was in burlesque.*

Q. What's happened to the famous dog, Lassie? I understand she's dead.
—D.J., Edisto Island, S.C.

A. *Lassie is 14 years old, begins a television series on CBS, September 12.*

Q. Didn't Gilbert Roland's arrival in Spain delay the marriage of Olivia de Havilland to Pierre Galante?
—J.Y., Colorado Springs, Col.

A. *Not at all.*

Q. Isn't there domestic trouble in the Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis household?
—J.Y., Mountain Home, Idaho

A. *No. Both have been overworked, both are tired, both want a baby, both are weary of moving from one house to another.*

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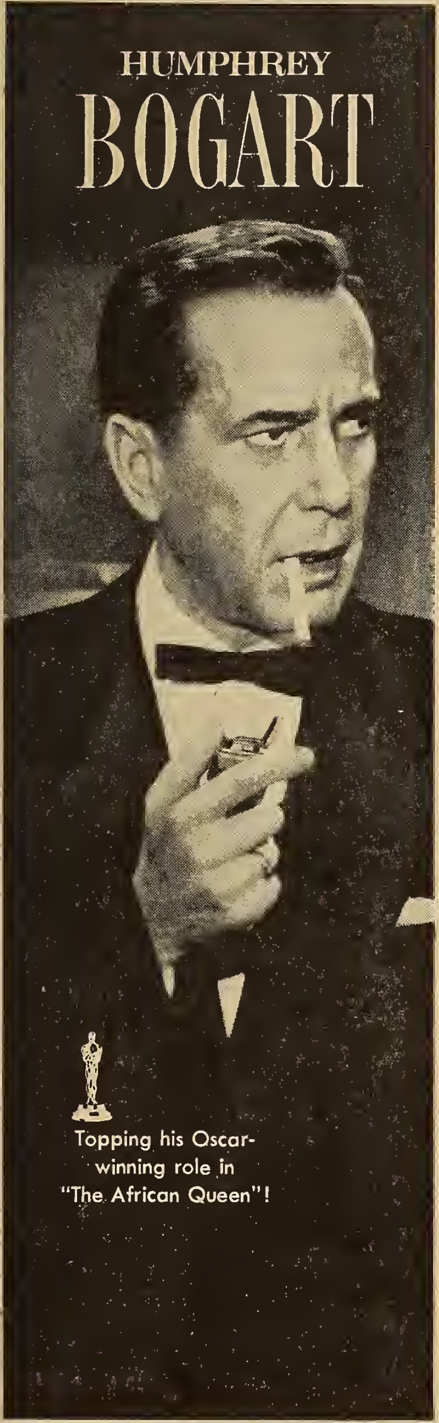
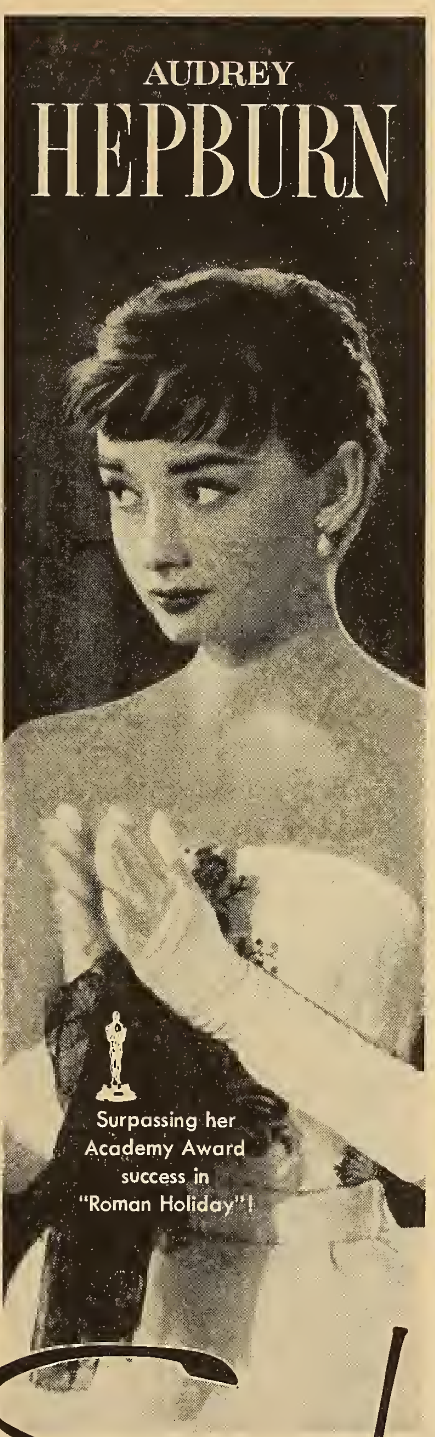


HUMPHREY
BOGART

Topping his Oscar-winning role in "The African Queen"!



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WILLIAM
HOLDEN

Outdoing his "Stalag 17" power-performance!

in

Sabrina

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NEW LANOLIN
SHAMPOO

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Money Back Guarantee

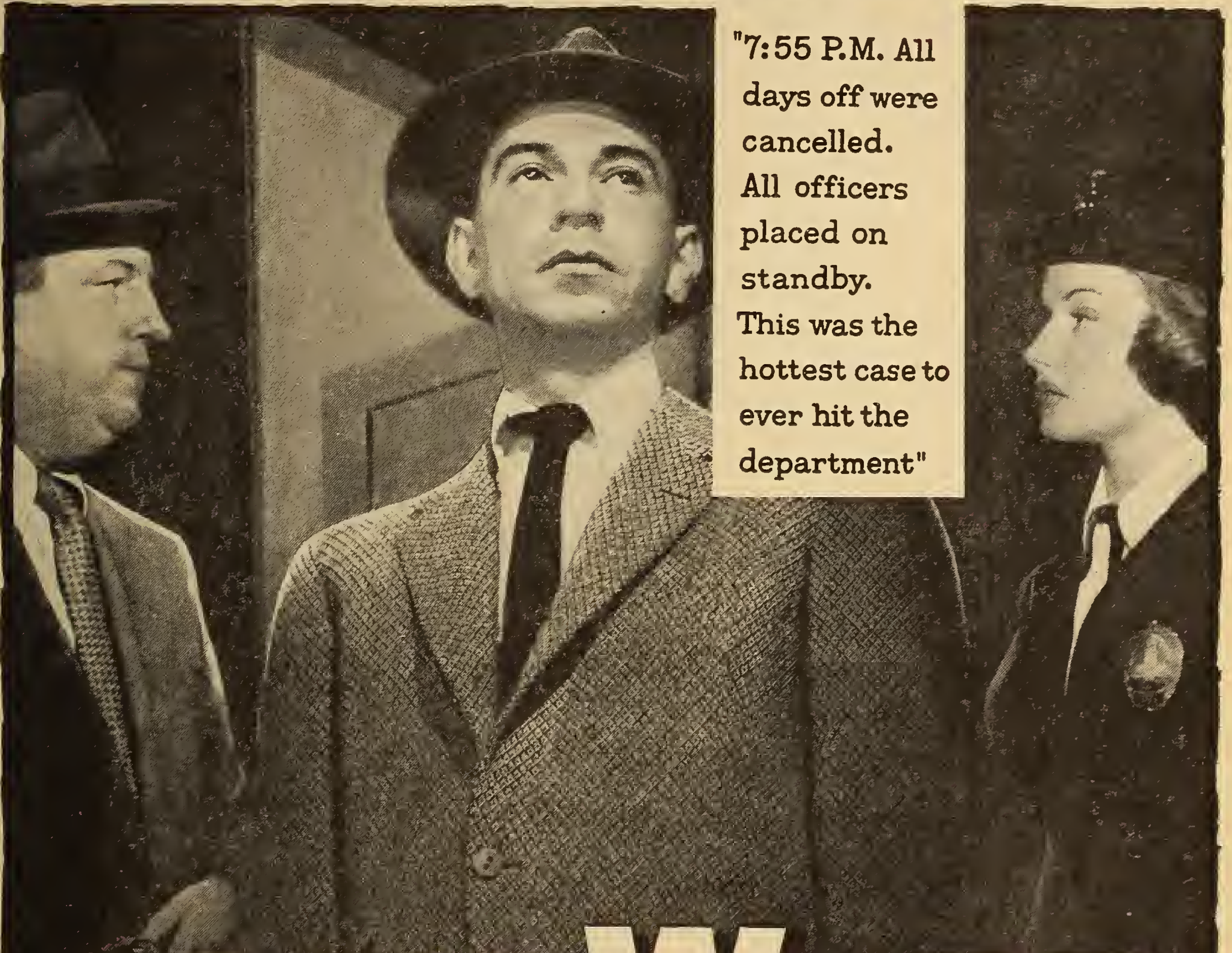
TV TALK

Eva Marie Saint stays home . . . Kim Stanley meets her kids . . . Arlene Francis realizes an ambition.

As a child, Arlene hated the way she looked!

Arlene Francis always seems happy and gay on television, and she's even more so in her private life. In fact, she's probably one of the happiest women around anywhere. The people who work with her claim they do not know how she does it. She can be tired, beat, and exhausted; have twenty people surrounding her, asking for something or calling her or plucking at her sleeve—and she never will complain. She just keeps on smiling, and never loses her patience. Yet she isn't one of those women who are saccharine sweet and get on your nerves. She is the one gal on TV whom everyone loves. She can travel all over town without finding one enemy or even one person who's lukewarm. There may not be another big star who can say that! Arlene is also one of the happiest wives and mothers in town. She's been married for eight years to Martin Gabel, a short, bespectacled actor-producer who looks a little bit like an older Rod Steiger. They have a little boy, Peter, who is *not* one of those children who are ignored by their famous parents. Arlene and Martin spend a lot of time with Peter. He does not go away to school (he goes right in the neighborhood), and he isn't sent off to camp in the summer. Arlene and Martin even eat dinner at six-thirty most nights so that they can be with Peter. Arlene likes to stay home. One of her lifelong ambitions was to own a New York town house, and she and Martin finally have one. It's a four-story one, on New York's upper east side, but it's not quite as toney as it sounds; you can hear the Third Avenue El very clearly. Arlene not only bought it, she also contracted for all the workmen who did it over, and supervised every bit of the work, even the new roof and plumbing! And she did a good job, too: everything works, and she hasn't had one repair job yet. So she really knows what she's talking about on *Home,* her NBC show for women. She had the outside of the house painted pale yellow with black trim, and in the summertime she has bright orange awnings at all the windows. The kitchen and the diningroom, on the ground floor, are yellow and beige. Up on the second floor, which contains the livingroom and study, all the walls are beige because Arlene thinks it's a becoming color for women, no matter what their complexion or hair color. And both rooms are chock full of pictures and flowers and books. The walls in the study are completely covered with either bookcases or pictures—from floor to ceiling. Up on the next floor, Martin's bedroom-study is beige, too. For her own room, though, Arlene went wild with purple and lavendar. On the top floor, are the two servants' rooms and Peter's. One whole wall in Peter's room is a huge map of the world. None of the countries are labeled because Arlene and Martin wanted Peter to recognize the shapes first and then look up the names in an atlas. Arlene is probably very happy that Peter has light brown hair. When she was little, she used to be very sensitive about how dark-skinned and dark-haired she was. She looked like her father, who is Armenian. Her mother is English and very fair, and Arlene always wanted to look like her and her mother did, too. (Arlene was born Arline Francis Kazanjiane; she dropped her last name when she went on the stage, and her first radio contract spelled her first name with an "e." She thought it was lucky and kept it. Arlene's mother is very proud of her daughter, as is Mr. K., who fought Arlene's acting career for years. They're a very close family, in fact: the Kazanjians live about three blocks away, and see the Gabels all the time . . . Everyone is wondering why, after all these years of living alone in two small hotel rooms during the week, **Arthur Godfrey** brought his wife Mary up from Leesburg, Virginia, and moved into a big, fancy apartment . . . **Jinx Falkenburg** is a little miffed. She has to share a bare dressing-room with Faye Emerson, while, right across the hall, Arlene Francis has one all to herself—with a star on the door and a carpet on the floor! . . . **Kim Stanley** got her stage name in a strange way. Most people think up their own, or find one in a phone book, or take a friend's suggestion. But Kim's mother gave her hers. Kim is the name of one of Mrs. Reid's grandsons, and Stanley is one of her family's names. Mrs. Reid lives in New York now, in a small Greenwich Village apartment, so that she can take care of Kim's two children when Kim is rehearsing or acting out of town. In fact, she had to leave the children for a month because Kim had been so busy that her youngest child thought his grandmother was his mother! So Kim stayed alone with the children out on Long Island and re-established herself with them. Kim is just beginning to be happy again after a miserable marriage that left her a nervous wreck. Now that she is divorced, she is devoting herself to her children and her career, which is really booming . . . Some of (*Continued on page 36*)

SGT. JOE FRIDAY for the first time in a motion picture theatre!



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JACK WEBB

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THE TRACK-DOWN STORY NEVER TOLD BEFORE! SO BIG IT HAD TO BE TOLD ON THE WIDE, WIDE SCREEN IN WARNERCOLOR

'Frank' is in it too!
BEN ALEXANDER
as Officer
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Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the "Missy" hair style. Bobbi is so simple to give, no help is needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

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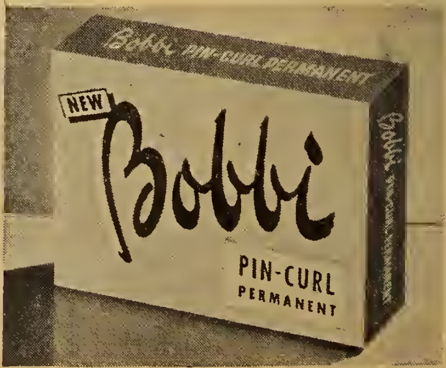

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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

IN THIS SECTION:

Louella Parsons' Good News!
I nominate Gary Crosby
Doris Day's green thumb
About Ava's bullfighter
the letter box

Jane Powell: Will she, won't she?

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

Everyone on location for The Conqueror *showed up at Susan Hayward's birthday party in the Utah desert. Director Dick Powell was there, Susan's co-star John Wayne and her two boys. Susan doesn't look too well, these days; the divorce has worn her out.*

I chaperoned Debbie Reynolds in Las Vegas—with some help from Jimmy McHugh. Debbie spent all her time with Eddie Fisher. It looks like love to me!

It was exciting to learn that Linda Darnell had been secretly married to Philip Liebmann for four months before they told a soul—except Linda's daughter Lola.

I CALLED JANE POWELL about her marriage to Pat Nerney because I heard she had received a diamond ring and was wearing it on an "unofficial" finger.

This is exactly what she said: "No ring. No marriage plans. All this stuff about our marrying as soon as my divorce is final is very premature.

"I'll tell you honestly I haven't made up my mind, and I mean it!"

I said, "But honey, just about the time I quote you on this in *Good News,* you'll be eloping with Pat!"

She said, "Whether you believe it or not, Louella, Pat and I have not talked marriage. Don't forget that both of us have had marriage failures. We are very happy together and value deeply what we have found in each other's friendship. That's the way it is now and may be for a long time."

Terry Moore made her nightclub debut in the dress above. It cost $3,500, and weighed 22 pounds! Terry called it a "nude soufflé" and I don't know which was a bigger sensation—her terrific act or the gown!

Jeff Chandler was quite taken with Grace Kelly and her lovely roommate, Rita Gam. Grace's latest beau is Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney's ex. Oleg says he and Grace will be married. This could be a big surprise.

I bumped into Judy Garland during one of her rare nights on the town and was so pleased to see that she's still looking well and gay. All the hard work she had making A Star Is Born *didn't hurt her new happiness.*

This is awfully hard to believe, baby.

When I saw these two in Las Vegas, they looked sooo much in love I thought they might be married by the time you read this.

BEFORE I LEFT FOR LONDON on my summer vacation, I had a whale of a fling in Las Vegas which was absolutely packed with stars doing their nightclub acts at the assorted hotels and casinos.

Frankie Sinatra (jamming them into the Ziegfeld Follies show at the Sands twice nightly) got the bright idea of holding a two A.M. preview of his new movie, *Suddenly*, and inviting all the stars and chorus girls on the Strip to attend.

(The *Strip*, kids, has nothing to do with taking off clothes. It's the name of the section of Las Vegas on which the swank places are located!)

Even in Hollywood, I've seldom seen as many Hollyites as turned up for Frankie's wingding. Ann Sothern, enjoying a big success herself with her nightclub act, looked absolutely stunning. If you ask me, Ann is one of the best dressed gals in Las Vegas—where they do a heap of dressing and undressing.

Speaking of undressing, Terry Moore, whose debut in the nightclubs was scheduled for the Flamingo the following night, looked very modest in a high-necked white piqué when she arrived for the Sinatra showing.

My constant pals in Las Vegas were Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher—but I've written a whole story about them, which you'll read on page 42 of this month's MODERN SCREEN.

(I can add that since our return Eddie has gifted Debbie with a strand of perfectly matched pearls and also a ring!)

Tony Martin and beautiful Cyd Charisse with their pals, the Mack Millars, were almost everywhere we went. I continue to be amazed at the few fans who recognize Cyd, for my money, one of the true beauties of the movies.

Several places I was asked, "Who is the gorgeous doll with Tony Martin?" The only way I can figure it out is that Cyd is just even more beautiful off the screen than she is in her movies.

There was plenty of excitement around Las Vegas about Ann Blyth's nightclub debut which occurs in September. Everyone loves this girl and has such respect for her.

Designer Helen Rose who is doing Ann's entire wardrobe reports: "No nudity for Ann's nightclub act. Just *sheer* talent!"

Before getting off the subject of Frank Sinatra's showing *Suddenly* in unusual spots —when he returned from Las Vegas he took

Gary should give Eddie Fisher some stiff (but friendly) competition.

I nominate for stardom: GARY CROSBY

■ I nominate for stardom Gary Crosby—provided he takes off about thirty-five pounds! This eldest heir of the Crosby clan is not only a hot hit on radio already but Paramount, where his old man toils, is searching diligently for a story for Gary—and without Bing!

He's one of the nicest kids I've ever met. None of the Crosby boys likes risqué jokes. Once during a rehearsal for his radio show replacing Bing for the summer, a line of dialogue got a bigger laugh than Gary thought it rated.

"Say," he whispered to his writer-producer Bill Morrow, "that doesn't carry a connotation I'm not hep to, does it?" It didn't!

His favorite "mature" friend is Nancy Sinatra, Frankie's ex. He likes to drop by the Sinatra home, take pot luck with the family and sing to the accompaniment of Frankie, Jr., or Nancy. He thinks "the children" have talent.

He is extremely easy to work with and has great respect for the men behind the scenes who make the show go. He addresses men with the slightest touch of grey as "Sir."

He worries about little things—but he is trying to cure himself of the habit. He worries about his father's health, is upset if Bing goes to the hospital for a mere check-up.

Don't let anyone tell you that he has a serious romance. "The older I get (he's just turned twenty-one) the more I realize I'm not old enough to think of marriage."

Nor does he think of himself as rich. "They give me some (never quite enough) and save the rest," says he.

the picture out to the home of his children and held a special preview for his ex-wife Nancy, the kids and his musician pals.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Hate to say it, but it was the combination birthday party for Jimmy McHugh and an au revoir affair for me the night before I left for London—and if there ever was a more festive occasion I'd like to know about it. Let me give you an idea:

At midnight Vera-Ellen was staging a wonderful dance in the livingroom and wonderful Rosalind Russell was putting on one of her numbers from *Wonderful Town* for the group in the patio at the same time!

And Judy Garland, Dinah Shore and Margaret Whiting were harmonizing "Shine On

Ever since she recovered her health and good spirits, Dodo has wanted to try gardening.

Then she found out about all the transplanting and hoeing and weeding for rare flowers.

Harvest Moon" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love!"

The girls in their summer dresses were lovely to look at against the backdrop of a moonlit night, candles a-glimmer on tables set with pink tablecloths and all the flowers in the garden in full bloom.

Jane Wyman's deep suntan shone like copper against the deep-cut white chiffon dress she wore.

Judy was in pink—even to the cloisonné cigarette case, compact and lipstick you could see through her plastic evening bag.

Dinah Shore looked like a big flower in her white dress with the full white-and-green whirling skirt.

Janie Powell was so completely surrounded by Pat Nerney most of the evening you could hardly see that she looked chic indeed in peppermint-stripe chiffon.

It was a sentimental night for me because I won't be seeing all these people I love so much for six weeks and you can bet I wiped away a tear or two when they all, including Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds, lifted their voices to sing "Louella" to me as the party ended.

"I'M NO HATCHET WOMAN," I told the London reporters who came to interview me the day I arrived in England. I got a kick out of their expressions when they asked me if the movie stars are frightened out of their wits whenever I show up.

"No," I replied, "I'm much milder with age!"

I don't know whether they believed it or not. Probably not. But they were surprised by my answer and showed it.

The stars they are most curious about?

Marilyn Monroe, first and most often mentioned. They particularly wanted to know if all the lurid details of the "life story" of Marilyn, written by Ben Hecht and printed in British newspapers, are true. (All I know is that Marilyn is furious about the articles and says she never authorized them.)

There's also big interest in Jane Russell. Does she look like she does on the screen? Is she a religious fanatic? If so, why is she so sexy on the screen? (Jane *does* look like herself on the screen; she's no religious fanatic although she's active in the affairs of her church; she believes she's more sinned

Doris Day developed a green thumb!

Marty wanted roses but Doris wanted only exotic blooms and went to a nursery.

It was discouraging to Dodo, who hadn't planned to make it a full-time job.

So she phoned Marty, for some husbandly advice. "Roses!" said Marty. "Azaleas at least!" begged Doris, seeing all her pretty plans—and plants—disappear. So they compromised on African violets!

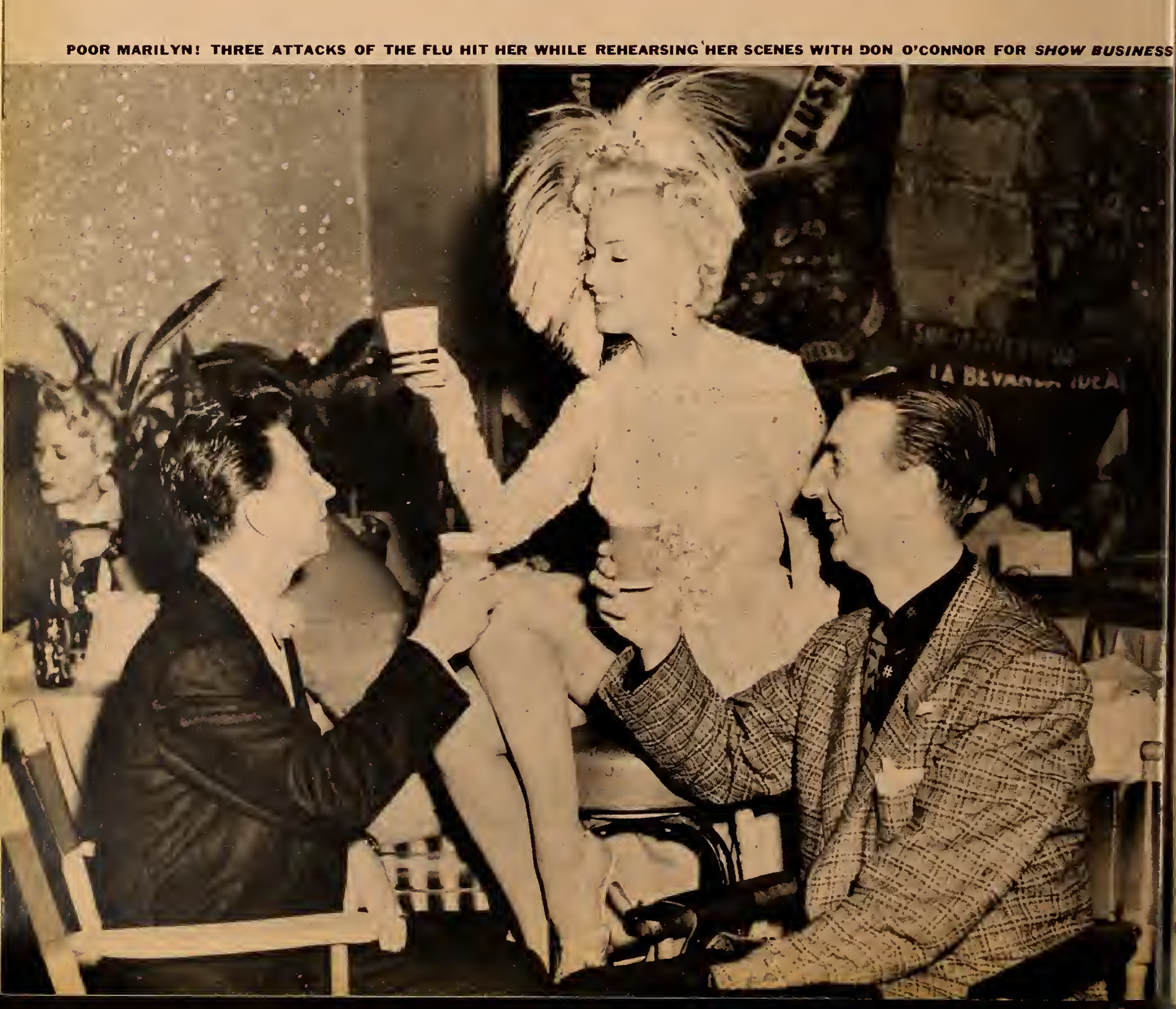
The rough-and-ready men really had themselves a ball!

Gene Autry and Roy Rogers attended the party thrown by the western stars in honor of Norman Nudie, the tailor who outfits them all.

Audie Murphy and Rex Allen showed up, too—in Nudie-created outfits, of course! Pretty Cathy Marlowe looked only semi-western.

The testimonial dinner was very lively, with the men swapping tall tales across the table. Note Rex's famous horseshoe ring, by the way.

POOR MARILYN! THREE ATTACKS OF THE FLU HIT HER WHILE REHEARSING HER SCENES WITH DON O'CONNOR FOR *SHOW BUSINESS*



against [lurid camera angles] than sinning in her screen roles.)

The British reporters asked if Jane Powell has lost much of her teen age following because of her divorce. (I told them the initial hue and cry about Jane's leaving Geary Steffen and her romances with Gene Nelson and Pat Nerney seems to have died down lately. The reaction was *violent* in the beginning, much disillusion at first.)

Another question: Is Gregory Peck now very unpopular in Hollywood because of leaving his wife Greta and their three sons? (I wouldn't say so. Greta's dignity and the way she has conducted herself through their separation have won her great respect and admiration in movietown. But this doesn't mean people consider Greg a louse.)

Last, but not least, they wanted to know: Is Frank Sinatra going back to Nancy?

(They both say they have no such intention. But who knows? Since he got Ava out of his system, Frank spends more and more time with his children and at the home of his ex-wife. He's pretty likely to drop in any time. Frequently he has lunch or dinner with the children or takes them to a cafe for an outing. Sometimes Nancy, a very popular gal, is at home on these visits. Sometimes she isn't. Not long ago, everyone was agog when they showed up in the same party at a nightclub—but when reporters frantically started checking next morning about a reconciliation, both replied, "No reconciliation.")

These are the topics the British press seemed most interested in. You fans probably knew the answers already.

IF EVER A PICTURE WAS BLIGHTED by illnesses it's *No Business Like Show Business* with everyone in the cast and most of the crew being down with something or other most of the time.

Mitzi Gaynor had the worst breaks. After spraining her ankle and being on the sidelines for two weeks, the very day she reported back for dance rehearsals, she turned the same ankle and—boom! She's laid up for another seven days!

Poor Mitzi had just moved into her new apartment—incidentally, the first time she has lived alone minus mama's watchful eye—and she was so excited about getting things arranged.

On this same musical on the Twentieth lot, Marilyn Monroe came down with the flu on *three* separate occasions, was reported pregnant twice—and firmly denied the reports that she and Joe Di Maggio are expecting. "I feel too miserable to have a baby," Marilyn wailed—although I'm not exactly clear about her meaning.

Director Walter Lang, Dan Dailey and Johnny Ray were all bedded with severe colds at one time or another, causing songwriter Irving Berlin to remark, "There's no business like *slow* business—getting started and finished."

SHELLEY GETS HER WISH. She once *demanded* that her (then) husband, Vittorio Gassman marry his leading lady Anna Maria Ferrera ("because they were carrying on a torrid romance while he was still married to me"). She is going to get her way. If she cares any more, which I doubt.

From Rome I hear that Vittorio and Anna Maria will be married by late fall and that

on my soapbox:

ABOUT AVA'S BULLFIGHTER

■ Miss Gardner's friend from Madrid is one of the least gallant gentlemen to visit our parts in some time. In fact, I'll go so far as to say that this whole episode of Ava's sitting out her divorce from Frank Sinatra in Reno while Luis Dominguín makes unflattering remarks about her in Hollywood and then planes up to be her house guest has been very short of dignity of any type.

Interviewed by reporters and asked about possible marriage plans with Ava when he first flew into California, el señor, the fighter of bulls, says in good enough English to be understood: "No Ava! She marries and divorces too much."

Yet he and la Gardner were all over Lake Tahoe for five days holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes. (Maybe Ava hasn't been reading the papers.)

Upon Dominguín's return to movietown he was again asked about matrimonial intentions toward the glamour girl (not unreasonable considering that about-to-be-divorcées seldom entertain gentleman house guests while being unhitched unless it means something), and he goes up with: "No marriage to Ava. I am too *infirm*." He's twenty-eight!

Whether or not they eventually marry when Ava leaves off being Mrs. Frank Sinatra, I cannot hold high hopes for the success of a union in which the husband is so ultra frank—to put it mildly.

the letter box

MRS. J. HURBAN, of Berea, Ohio, feels deeply for Gail Russell: "I am sure Guy Madison has done all he can. But can't some producer give this talented and charming actress the morale boost she really needs? I mean, give her a job!"

"B.P.," Detroit, doesn't believe that Rock Hudson is in love and planning marriage. "If he were—what's to keep him from taking out a license? This business of saying he's improving himself as an actor and becoming firmly established is a silly excuse. I feel he just hasn't found the right girl." *Maybe you're right, B.P.*

Nothing in the world can convince RUTH LIEBERMAN, of Mattapan, Massachusetts, that there is any serious difficulty between Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. For one thing, Ruth is president of the Martin-Lewis fan club! She loves both boys and she's very upset about reports of trouble. *Don't worry too much. After a few rough spots, Martin and Lewis are seemingly very happy these days.*

BARBARA SIVGARD, Stockholm, Sweden, writing in perfect English, wants the world to know: "Elizabeth Taylor is far more popular in my country than Marilyn Monroe. And we still regard Farley Granger as Hollywood's top male star."

JAN SHEPARD, Riverside, California, writes: "I am not cynical about Hollywood marriages. I believe that if people *will leave them alone,* Lana Turner and Lex Barker will stay married and so will Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis."

MARCELLE HARRISON, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, didn't let just fair reviews on *Demetrius And The Gladiators* keep her from seeing the picture: "I think it is the greatest, just the greatest, and Vic Mature is a marvelous actor."

I can hardly believe JOYCE PHILLIPS, Cantan, Illinois, when she asks, "Does Joan Crawford answer her fan mail?" *Doesn't everyone know that Joan is the fan-mail-answeringest gal in movies?*

My apologies to MARGOT DANIEL, of Buenos Aires, for misspelling her name when I printed her very interesting account of our film stars attending the Argentina Film Festival. Margot Daniel is correct.

the Italian girl is now in Paris for her trousseau. You can bet she isn't in London. That's where Shell is making her movie, *Million Dollar Baby.* Shelley is still a bitter girl about her marriage. Even now she can go into a tirade about Gassman and how much he cost her in good old U.S.A. dollars.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Did Elaine Stewart develop into the big glamour star MGM expected her to be? Anyway, she's No. 1 glamour girl in the life of Dr. Herman Platt, whom she is expected to marry.

Oleg Cassini keeps telling friends he and Grace Kelly will be married. The studio is worrying. Sometimes, but not often, such worries have some basis.

Susan Hayward is too thin and too tired looking. Her troubles with Jess Barker are taking their toll. No wonder she is looking for a ranch (near St. George, Utah) where she and the boys can be far, far away from Hollywood when she isn't working.

Lana Turner looks lovely now that she's almost blonde again. I'd stay that way, honey. You're a blonde personality.

Julia Adams and Vic Damone may be serious—or they may not.

Best recipe for being the wife of a comedian I've ever heard: A friend, describing Eden Hartford, the new Mrs. Groucho Marx, says: "She laughs at *all* his jokes. Never tries to crack one herself. . . ."

I have a hunch Mitzi Gaynor misses living with mama.

I have another hunch that Marilyn Monroe will enter a famous clinic for a complete physical check-up when she finishes *No Business Like Show Business.* Catches too many severe colds.

Vera-Ellen's teeth aren't straight but for some reason (good to her) it doesn't show when she smiles on the screen.

Must say Amanda Blake was honest about her reasons for calling off her marriage to Don Whitman, good-looking TV director.

"Just too much interference from his family," Amanda told me. "If you can't take it before marriage it's going to be worse after.

"I still think a lot of Don and I believe he feels the same toward me. We'll remain friends and maybe date now and then. But, marriage? *That's* out, thank you."

Lana Turner's gown as Goddess of Love in *The Prodigal* cost MGM $15,000—and with just a bead here and some semi-precious stones across the bodice—it's said to make the outfit worn by Marlene Dietrich in Las Vegas look like a Mother Hubbard.

The gown is so daring, it was tested for the censors on a closed stage with only the producer and the cameraman present.

Our girl friend has shed twenty pounds—but don't think for a minute she doesn't fill out that dress in the right spots!

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU DEPARTMENT: Bob Wagner consented to date one of his fans for a picture layout for a national magazine—and now he's dating her more than any of his other girls. She is twenty-one-year-old Aleen Warthen from Wilmington, California—and a real looker.

Well, Gregory Peck fell for the French girl who was sent out by a newspaper to interview him and now they say he's going to marry her.

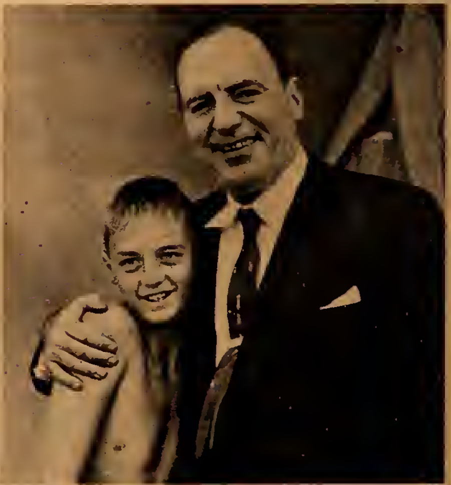
Keep your fingers crossed, girls. Who says the amateurs are out of the running with Hollywood glamour boys?

Despite her denials, everyone around Warners believes that Pier Angeli is head over heels in love again—with James Dean, the New York actor who is out here for one of the top roles in *East Of Eden.*

The reason Pier is being so secretive (if you can call lunching with him daily a *secret*) is because Mama Pierangeli approves no more of young Dean for her daughter than she did of Kirk Douglas, which was not at all. Dean belongs to the Marlon Brando school—you know, no car (uses Pier's), wears blue denims and T-shirts, and grunts when he's spoken to.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

May Wynn and Bob Francis made an appearance when The Caine Mutiny *opened in New York, gave out Lenthéric "Rocket Red" lipsticks.*



A winner met a winner when Pat O'Brien, just named Catholic Man Of The Year, congratulated Johnny Rackin, junior swim champion.

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S

COLD CREAM

NOW IN

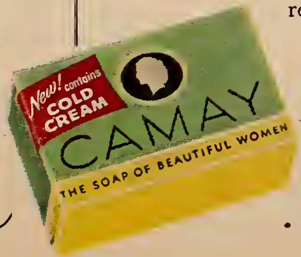
CAMAY

"Your skin will love it!"

says Mrs. James Fritzell, a radiant Camay Bride. "Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I tried it the minute I heard about it, and I think it's the most marvelous complexion care ever!"

NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST! Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that contains precious cold cream. And women everywhere tell us it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care.

WHETHER YOUR SKIN IS DRY OR OILY, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll love Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, rich silken-soft lather, and caressing fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!



Now more than ever ...The Soap of Beautiful Women

beautiful *New Way* to bewitc

That's why girls who get kissed wear Make-up Mist

Because your cute little nose is *never* shiny. Because your cheeks are smooth and soft and rose-petalled as a baby's. Because you look too irresistibly kissable *not* to kiss!

the boys ___ Pond's New Make-up Mist

New —**Out of a divine squeeze bottle** comes a make-up that's new, that's *different!* Its softening emollients actually *smooth in* to your skin leaving only a dream-lovely MIST of color—a delicate MIST that's pure flattery! pure enchantment!

New—**Smooth on one drop at a time!** Make-up Mist's squeeze bottle gives just *one* drop at a time. No waste, no drippy globs. Circle on each drop—it becomes a creamy film. Circle over again—only a MIST of color remains! Never oily, never streaky. Just color that clings as never before—won't smear off on *your* collar—or *his* lapel!

New —**Carry with you, keep your fresh look!** Slip this slim, light squeeze bottle into your purse—for a fresh "face-do" at any hour. A drop of Make-up Mist retouches—*without streaks!* You can even powder over Make-up Mist, and your powder clings as it never has before!

New —**Six clear, clean shades!** One that's *yours*—to transform your complexion with born-beautiful color!

Try it today!

Maybe the one thing, the *only* thing that a beautiful rival has that *you* haven't got is—Pond's enchanting new Make-up Mist!

Only 59¢ plus tax

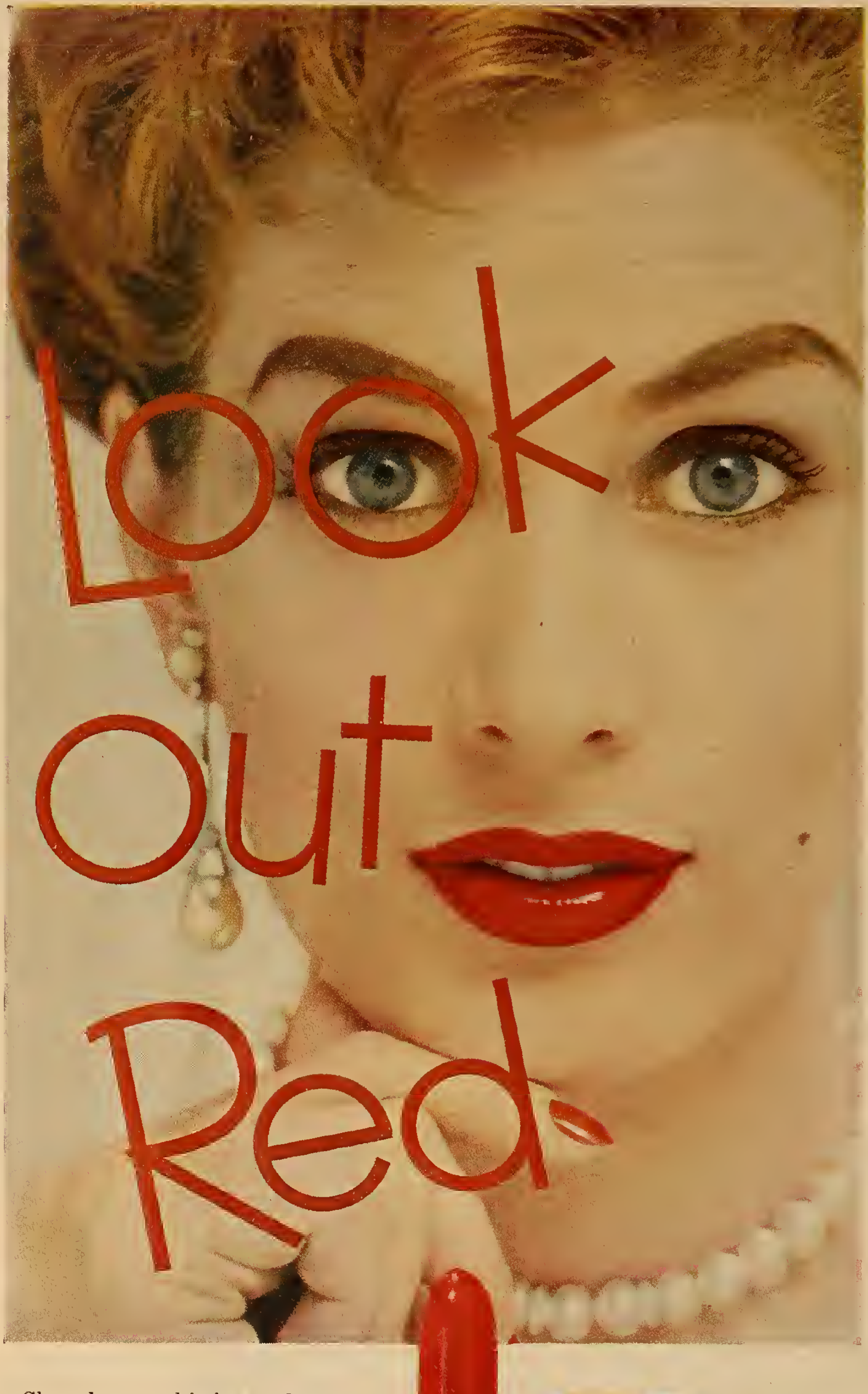
Unique SQUEEZE bottle you'll tuck in your purse!

Easier to use. Gives one drop at a time

No waste, no spilly mess

Can't leak, can't break

Carry in purse for fresh-ups any time, anywhere



Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red . . . hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is *all* red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that *stays* red and stays *on*—hour after hour!

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢ plus tax

Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

Advice from the Beauty Director of the Conover School: "Use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. Then fill in with short, down strokes of your Cashmere Bouquet lipstick."

Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

GUY'S CATCH — AND EVA'S CATCH

It took Eva Gabor to bring Madison in from the fields and streams!

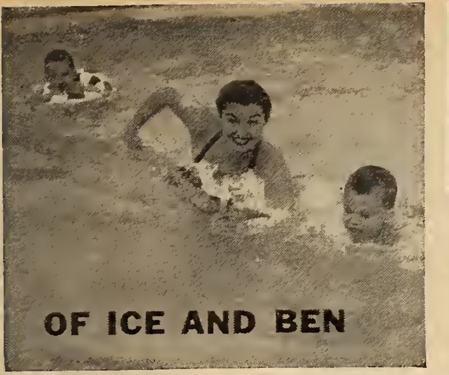
■ The outdoorsy bow and arrow man, Guy Madison, has been enjoying the company of delightful, cosmopolitan Eva Gabor since his divorce from Gail Russell was filed. But those who are taking bets on a marriage are likely to lose money. Guy fought hard for his first marriage and its failure has made him wary.

According to Guy's friends, Eva (the sensible Gabor) has wrought a miracle. She has brought him back into the social swirl—or at least to the edges. A year ago wild horses couldn't have dragged him to a black-tie party. But when Hedda Hopper invited him to her party for Mary Martin he came rolling down the mountains from Big Bear Lake where he was filming *Wild Bill Hickok*.

"Even bought me a new tux for the occasion," he said. "For the *High And Mighty* première I trotted out my old double-breasted outfit and I had a feeling that people were looking at me as a second cousin to Rip Van Winkle."

In spite of the social antics, hunting and fishing are still Guy's chief interests when he can get away from Hollywood. When he can't, his address is the Lakeside Golf course.

Guy is a home-loving type and will probably marry in a couple of years. But right now he is planning a small bachelor home in the hills of Hollywood's Outpost section. He will build part of it himself, and no doubt, half of Hollywood's marriageable girls will be trying to help him with the decoration.



OF ICE AND BEN

Also of Esther Williams and how she keeps her kids afloat!

■ November 25, Esther Williams will have been Mrs. Ben Gage for nine years. Of this long union she says, "I've never had it so good." She has also said to Ben: "Now look, don't buy me anything expensive for our anniversary this year." So far, except when he plunged for a diamond and star sapphire bracelet, Ben has been a good boy. He's keeping mum on this year's surprise, but he'll have to go some to top the practical gift of last year. Then Esther put the kids to bed, drank a toast in champagne and figured that was all, when she walked right by the present. Then she did a double-take at the biggest refrigerator she'd ever seen. Ben had bought a restaurant size!

Of swimming and children, Esther says: "I've never been an exponent of the 'throw them in and let them sink or swim' school. We have a fence around the pool and both Benjie and Kimmie know that they can never enter into the pool area without a rubber tire around their middles. The truth is that neither of them has ever been afraid of water. But they do respect the danger of it when their mom and dad aren't around. Just the other day, Benjie, without any urging, tossed away his rubber tube and swam two lengths of the pool without hesitation. Now Kimmie can't wait to do likewise."

Esther's concentration on her family still leaves time for strenuous rehearsals for the nightclub act she'll do with Ben at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, now that *Jupiter's Darling* is finished. "This," she says, "will mark the first time I have faced the public *all dry,* and I hope they like it."

One more thing Esther hopes. Now that she has that huge refrigerator, maybe this year Ben will give her a truckload of groceries to fill it.

Today, Tonight—wear it and see why more women use Evening in Paris than any other fragrance in the world!

Cologne, $1.00, $1.75
Perfume, $1.00 to $15.00
Improved-formula Face Powder in 6 stylist shades, $1.00
(all prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS Created in France... Made in the U.S.A.

Jean's WRETCHED

PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. F-104, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL

All Drugstores have Midol

Midol

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

His cattle poisoned by waste from a copper mine, Matt (Spencer Tracy) summons his sons, Bob Wagner, Hugh O'Brian, Earl Holliman and Richard Widmark to force the mine owner to remedy the case.

His Indian blood (from his mother, Katy Jurado) may prevent his marrying Jean Peters, daughter of the governor, but Bob continues to court her. Meanwhile, a rift between the brothers widens, becomes real feud.

Matt dies while Bob is in prison on a frame-up. At his father's funeral he throws down a lance as a symbol of the warfare-to-the-death between his scheming brothers and himself. The ending is happy.

Picture of the Month: BROKEN LANCE

■ You needed a rugged, pioneer spirit to build yourself a life in the west. Spencer Tracy, owner of Devereaux Ranch, had this spirit in the extreme. He came out in the early Eighties with a wife and three sons, tamed the elements and became one of the richest, most powerful men in the state. He survived, all right, but his wife died a year after they settled and his three sons did the work of six men. When Tracy married again he picked an Indian maid (Katy Jurado) and the son they had (Robert Wagner) became his pet and worshiped him. Now all the boys are grown. Richard Widmark, the eldest, resents the fact that Tracy never acknowledges him as an adult and doesn't trust him with responsibility. His two brothers (Hugh O'Brian and Earl Holliman) weakly follow where Widmark leads. Wagner fights them all for his father's sake, but he has troubles of his own, having fallen in love with a girl whose social position is far higher than his own. When Tracy's wilful violence carries him too far, Wagner accepts a jail sentence to spare his father, but the results are almost disastrous. Tracy is broken by a bitterly vengeful Widmark, leaving Wagner with a longing for vengeance. *Broken Lance* is a gripping drama and Tracy gives a brilliant performance as a tough old tyrant whose many virtues were necessarily undeveloped because of the constant demands of ambition. Rich in action and psychological insight, *Broken Lance* is further helped by CinemaScope and the scenic beauty of the west. Among the cast are Jean Peters, Edward Franz, E. G. Marshall.—20th-Fox.

"THE GREATEST GIFT ANY MAN CAN BRING TO A WOMAN IS HIS INNOCENCE – WHICH HE CAN GIVE ONLY ONCE."—*The Egyptian*

"I, Sinuhe, the Egyptian, have forsaken eternity and everlasting life for the perfection of love...

"I committed every crime against man, woman and the gods. I gave my innocence to *Merit, a tavern maid,* who bore me a son. I surrendered my parents hope of immortality to *Nefer, shameless temptress of Babylon.* I committed the sin of sins, with *Princess Baketamon,* who coveted the throne of Egypt!"

Before your eyes, "The Egyptian" comes to life! The graven images become flesh-and-blood realities. The ancient hieroglyphics become transformed into living vistas. The Rivers of Babylon flow once again in the wrong direction. *The Forbidden Land of the Hittites and the Pyramids of the Nile relive their golden age.*

20th Century-Fox presents DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production

THE EGYPTIAN

Photographed With The Revolutionary New Anamorphic Lens In

CINEMASCOPE

starring

Jean SIMMONS · Victor MATURE · Gene TIERNEY · Michael WILDING · Bella DARVI · Peter USTINOV

. and Edmund PURDOM as "The Egyptian"

with Judith Evelyn · Henry Daniell Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ Screen play by PHILIP DUNNE and CASEY ROBINSON From the novel by MIKA WALTARI

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I dreamed I went on a safari in my maidenform* bra*®

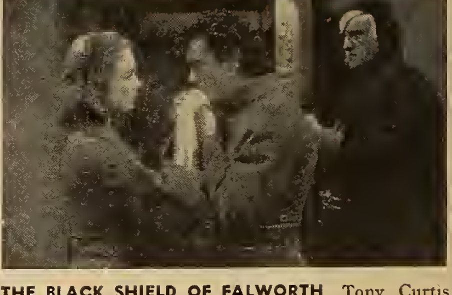
Look who's after big game . . . me! . . . the most dangerous figure in the Congo. Completely ambushed by admiring glances for my fabulous form. No girl on the hunt ever had more fatal ammunition than a Maidenform bra.

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette in acetate satin with lace. Also in nylon taffeta and in broadcloth with lace . . . from 1.50

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1954 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. JEWELRY: MONET COSTUME: COLE OF CALIFORNIA

REAR WINDOW *Rear Window* is a new kind of Hitchcock thriller. It gets you excited little by little. You're not even sure anything happened until the end. James Stewart, a successful free lance photographer, is immobilized with a broken leg. He doesn't have much to do but wait around until nurse Thelma Ritter comes to tidy him up and his exquisite girl friend Grace Kelly glides in to plead unsuccessfully for his hand in marriage. So he sits in his wheelchair snooping on the neighbors. Interesting types—including a bedridden wife and a solicitous husband (Raymond Burr). One rainy night Stewart sees Burr going out with his wife, a valise and a suspicious air. Murder, says Stewart, a few clues later, and tries in vain to enlist detective Wendell Corey's aid. What happens? Take a look through *Rear Window*.—Paramount

DUEL IN THE JUNGLE Unless polar bears turn up in Africa, this picture hasn't missed a trick. Everything from waterfalls to elephant stampedes is thrown at you with astounding abandon. Seems that adventurer David Farrar has just taken out a two-million-dollar insurance policy with Dana Andrews' company. Next day Farrar is reported drowned. His fiancée, Jeanne Crain, is led into the jungle on a mysterious safari by African Michael Matara. Farrar's ma wants to see her, he says. Happens that Ma isn't anywhere near that jungle. Andrews chases after Jeanne and they find Farrar at the end of the trail, wielding his whip and having his sadistic way with the natives. Jeanne's disappointed in Davey but it's too late. One false move and he'll have his sadistic way with her. Never saw so many evil leers, so much jumping. The grand finale looks just like the Sunday comics. Technicolor—Warners



THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH Tony Curtis and Barbara Rush are of noble birth but they live like peasants until the day a nobleman tries to assault Barbara. Then their guardian (Rhys Williams) takes them to Mackworth Castle where the Earl (Herbert Marshall) allows Tony to train as a squire and Barbara to become lady-in-waiting to Janet Leigh. Okay. Only Tony is dying to discover his heritage (turns out his noble dad was falsely accused of being a traitor) and a certain Earl of Alban (David Farrar) is planning to overthrow Mackworth and then King Henry IV. He'll stop at nothing. But Torin Thatcher's building Tony into a champ and, by a ruse, Mackworth gets the king to knight Tony so he can challenge Alban to combat. The story's fun—like a big picture book for children. And if you haven't had enough of knights in armor (they're almost as popular as cowboys) you'll enjoy it. Technicolor—U.I.

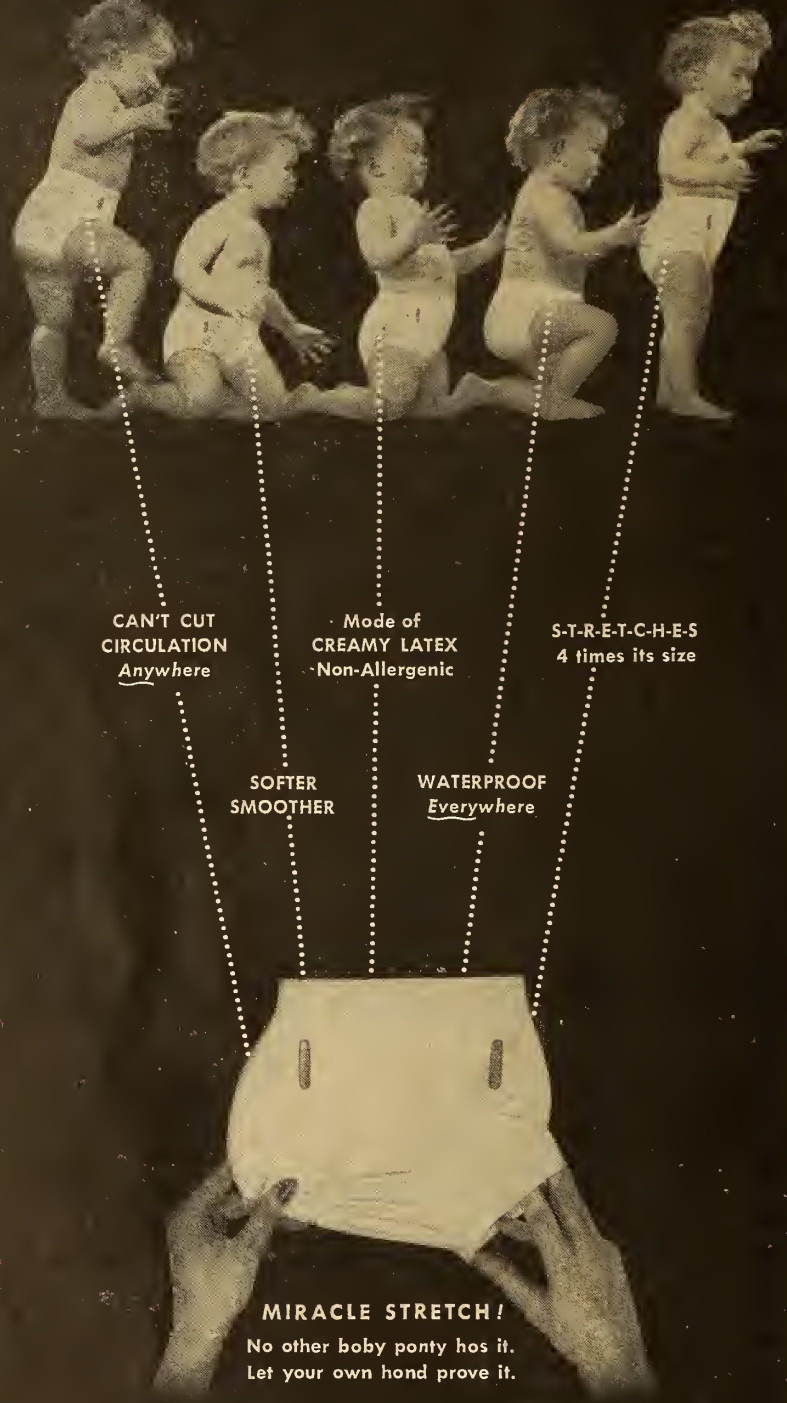
Your hair is romance...

keep it sunshine bright with White Rain

You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight . . . leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain . . . you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI


CAN'T CUT CIRCULATION *Anywhere*
Made of CREAMY LATEX Non-Allergenic
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SOFTER SMOOTHER
WATERPROOF *Everywhere*
MIRACLE STRETCH!
No other baby panty has it.
Let your own hand prove it.

KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE" IN PLAYTEX® BABY PANTS*

See how the Baby-in-Motion picture (on top) proves that Playtex Pants—and only Playtex Pants—can shield baby with such complete comfort and provide such practical and gentle protection. Stitchless, seamless, longer lasting. Washes in seconds. No wonder more mothers buy Playtex than any other make!

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THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS This is the story of a hard old Scot (Duncan Macrae) whose philosophy of thrift and Godliness is distorted to the point of cruel tyranny over those he loves. And it is the story of two little boys (Jon Whiteley, Vincent Winter), his grandchildren who come to stay in the harsh, poor country of Nova Scotia. The boys, orphaned and needing love, meet only rigid discipline and pallid emotion from their grandmother (Jean Anderson) and aunt (Adrienne Corri), who are afraid to displease the master. One day the older finds a baby, hides it in a little hut he's made and hovers over it like a mother. Only eight, he's unaware of crime but is nevertheless accused of kidnapping and brought to trial. Only then does the grandfather realize the extent of his arrogance and begin to make amends. A magnificent film classic, the children's acting is unbelievably expert and charming.—U.A.

BETRAYED In case you've forgotten, back in 1943 half the world was fighting the Nazis. MGM has concocted a spy story using this information and set it in Eastman Color against the pale green, misty background of Holland. The color is great. The movie itself might have been terrific if MGM hadn't gone and messed it up with a lot of necking. Involving Clark Gable, Dutch Intelligence Officer, and Lana Turner, his protegée. Otherwise the story's about a bloodthirsty Dutchman (Victor Mature) an underground hero whose daring accomplishments move British Intelligence to link up with him. Lana's the link. She leaves a shady, rather gay life to pose as a schoolteacher in Mature's home town. Funny thing. As soon as Lana's in on secret operations Mature starts losing most of his buddies. Question is: who's betraying whom around there? With Louis Calhern, Wilfrid Hyde White, O. E. Hasse.—MGM

RING OF FEAR The whole Clyde Beatty Circus is in this CinemaScopic production which means thrilling, authentic shots of big top activities, including black-maned lions being subdued by the master (Beatty) himself. Otherwise it's the tale of a homicidal maniac (Sean McClory) being stalked rather casually by that famous author of detective fiction Mickey Spillane. McClory has broken out of an asylum and recovered his old job of ringmaster at the circus. When his ex-girl Marian Carr spots him she cries with fright. Her aerialist husband, John Bromfield, shortly plummets to the ground from his flying trapeze; Beatty narrowly eludes death as a training harness falls free of its tiger, and a little alcoholic clown named Twitchy (Emmet Lynn) is found feet up in a water tank. There's foul play afoot, you can bet, and Spillane eventually gets on the scent. With Pat O'Brien—Warners

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Happy is the bride who wears a Keepsake Diamond Ring, for here is a diamond chosen with *quality* as the all-important consideration . . . a diamond whose fine quality will be reflected forever in its exceptional brilliance and beauty.

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PHONE WESTERN UNION'S "OPERATOR 25" FOR YOUR KEEPSAKE JEWELER'S NAMF

Now—a pressed powder for dry skin!

New "Puff Magic" is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—comes in 5 flattering new shades

My dear friends,

Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don't cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a *lanolin* makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with *lanolin* foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

Natural Magic—*a stardust finish for your skin.*
Honey Fair—*for that "lit-from-within" look.*
Honey Brunette—*flattering as candlelight.*
Bridal Pink—*soft and natural as a blush.*
Tan Magic—*rich as Riviera sunshine.*

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

NEW Puff Magic by LADY ESTHER

PRESSED POWDER WITH LANOLIN FOUNDATION

Mirrored case. $1.00 + Tax • Scroll case. 59¢ + Tax

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

PUSHOVER One thing this fast-paced thriller teaches: you have to be a stronger man than detective Fred MacMurray to resist the lure of 200,000 bucks and siren Kim Novak. Kim's old boy friend has just robbed a bank and MacMurray and Phil Carey have been assigned to watch her every move from a vacant apartment opposite hers. They expect old boy friend to show with the loot. In the course of duty MacMurray has struck up a warm friendship with Kim, so warm she's talking about $200,000 being adequate for a honeymoon. All MacMurray has to do is bump off old boy friend and run. Meanwhile, detective Phil Carey, alone with a spy glass, spots nurse Dorothy Malone who lives across the courtyard. She's his type. They don't really get together until MacMurray, playing both sides of the cop and robber game, gets increasingly frantic and turns trigger-happy.—Col.

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS If not for the Crusades those knights of old would surely have died of boredom. Here they are again—English, French, Germans, Spaniards—encamped on the Plain of Jaffa in 1192 A.D. King Richard (George Sanders), attacked by an assassin, lies helpless in his tent while Sir Giles Amaury (Robert Douglas) plots against him. Loyal Sir Kenneth (Laurence Harvey) encounters a debonair Mohammedan (Rex Harrison) on the desert who saves Richard's life. Sir Kenneth is honored but then he's caught making love to Virginia Mayo, Richard's cousin, and is stripped of knighthood, given to Harrison as a gift. That's only the beginning of this intricately plotted tale. The cast is large, the setting elaborate and you'll get your money's worth of jousting, hot tempered knights. CinemaScope—Warners

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE EGYPTIAN (*20th-Fox*): A really big film, this epic of love and excitement in ancient Egypt stars Edmund Purdom, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, Michael Wilding, Gene Tierney, Bella Darvi and has Technicolor and CinemaScope as well.

SABRINA (*Para*): Wonderful Audrey Hepburn and her co-stars, Humphrey Bogart and William Holden, make this charming comedy about the chauffeur's daughter who falls in love with the rich man's son an absolute delight. Light, and lots of fun.

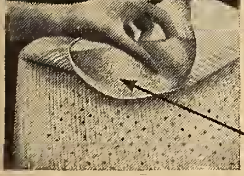
HOBSON'S CHOICE (*U.A.*): A really funny British comedy, this one stars Charles Laughton as a father so stingy he'd rather have his daughters stay single than give them a dowry. But daughters have minds of their own—and husbands, too, eventually.

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS (*MGM*): One of the best musicals to come along in ages, this one even has a plot in the shenanigans of seven uncouth, woman-hungry he-men who kidnap their brides. Jane Powell and Howard Keel, Technicolor, CinemaScope, good tunes and top-notch dances.

ON THE WATERFRONT (*Col.*): One of the year's best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.

Now! Magic "Fingers" to Control those "Calorie-Curves"!

As if your own fingers were lifting and firming your body muscles—that's how the hidden "finger" panels control those "Calorie-Curves."



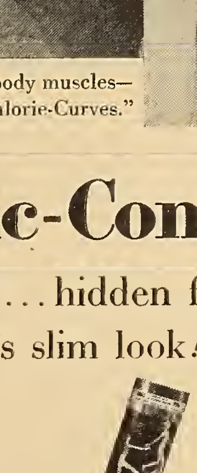
New Playtex® Magic-Controller!

has fabric next to your skin . . . hidden finger panels that firm and support you for fall's slim look!

From new non-roll top to adjustable garters, Playtex Magic-Controller smooths away those extra inches at waist, at hips, at thighs without a single seam, stitch or bone.

And you've never known such a combination of comfort and control! Because it's all done with latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric—completely invisible under the sheerest, most figure-hugging clothes! What's more, it washes in seconds—and you can practically *watch* it dry!

Playtex is the only girdle with *latex* on the outside, *fabric* on the inside. Whether you wear extra-small or extra-large—see what a difference Magic-Controller makes in your figure.



Playtex fabric lined Magic-Controller* $7.95

Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50

(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

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Back in his heart... Again!

But she wouldn't have been if she hadn't corrected that insidious trouble* that came between them.

Don't let *halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light, and don't trust to makeshifts to correct it. Trust it to Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against offending. Use it night and morning, and always before any date.

Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped for hours, usually . . . *4 times better than any tooth paste.*

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. *Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer, depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

COMPLIMENTARY ANGLES

by Doris Day

Here are wise hints on how to say "Thank you" prettily.

■ Giving a compliment is one of the easiest of the social graces—but accepting it can be one of the most difficult. People are beset by all sorts of complexes when they are told something pleasant about themselves. These complexes are unnecessary if we remember three simple things:

First, we must assume that the compliment is given in honesty. Second, we should accept it in honesty. And third, we should accept it with humility.

I learned the first of these rules the hard way. I used to be very negative. When people told me something nice about myself I thought they were really just trying to help me bear up under some basic flaw. When I was a child, many people told me they thought my freckles were "cute." I hated my freckles. And when people mentioned them in a complimentary way I was sure they were merely trying to alleviate a great affliction.

But today I receive thousands of letters from people I do not know, complimenting me on those freckles!

Some people are suspicious of what they consider "cheap flattery." In my book, there isn't any such thing. If telling a person she sings well, or dances nicely, or looks pretty is "cheap flattery" I'm in favor of it.

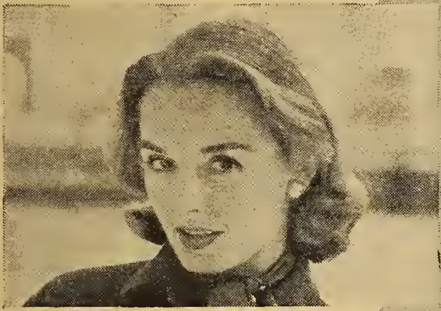
We should not assume that others have ulterior motives. We have to learn that people are basically sincere, and when we accept that we will have gone a long way toward mastering the art of accepting a compliment.

To accept a compliment honestly means to accept it without false modesty or blasé nonchalance and without deprecating ourselves. We are all pleased at being told something nice, so why not show it?

I used to respond to compliments

(Continued on page 32)

Helps Heal: "Eight years ago," says Louise Hepburn of Canaan, N. Y., "Noxzema quickly helped heal my teen-age blemishes*! Now Noxzema helps my dull complexion look so much fresher and more alive!"



Dry Skin: "Before I used Noxzema, I had a very dry skin," says Heidi Mullenger of Denison, Iowa. "Now it looks so much smoother, fresher. I like Noxzema best of any beauty cream I've used."

Look lovelier in 10 days

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This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier —helps keep it that way, too!

- If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion — here's wonderful beauty news for you!

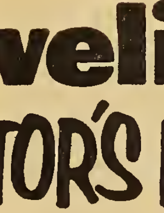
A famous skin doctor has worked out a home beauty routine that helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier—and helps you *keep* it that way!

Why It's So Successful!

Noxzema is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients found in no other leading beauty cream. It's *greaseless*—and it's *medicated* . . . to aid healing, help keep skin looking fresh and clear.

The Tingle Tells You! The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a wonderful, cool, refreshing tingle — the signal that Noxzema is going to work, helping your complexion look prettier.

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, and dull, lifeless complexions. Start *your* Noxzema care tonight. Here's all you do:



1. Cleanse your face with a Noxzema 'cream-wash.' Smooth on Noxzema, wash off with a wet face-cloth — just as if you were using soap. Unlike most cold creams, Noxzema washes off with water!

2. Night Cream: Use Noxzema before going to bed. Pat a bit extra on any externally-caused blemishes. No messy pillow — Noxzema is *greaseless!*

3. Powder Base: Before putting on make-up, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier looking complexions. Use it for 10 days. If you don't look lovelier, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore — your money back.

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50% More NOXZEMA for your money (*than in smallest sizes*)

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COMPLIMENTARY ANGLES continued

Doris exchanges pleasantries with Vic Damone.

by disparaging myself. If someone said, "I loved your recording of such-and-such a song," I'd say, "Oh really? I thought it was awful!" If they said, "How nice you look!" I'd reply, "Oh, my hair's a mess!"

This is a sadly mistaken attitude. We have to take people at face value, and stop measuring their opinions by our own. Just because you do not happen to like the dress you're wearing, doesn't mean it isn't pretty by someone else's standards.

Some people "talk down" their attributes when receiving a compliment out of a mistaken desire to be humble. This is false humility.

True humility, on the other hand, is perhaps the most important of all three of my rules for accepting a compliment. Our talents are not exclusively ours, and of our own making. We are merely instruments through which pleasures of various sorts are brought to others.

I receive many compliments from people who enjoy my singing. But I didn't create my voice. It was entrusted to me as a means of bringing happiness to other people—and I never get over being grateful to God for allowing me this privilege.

When people say to me, "I love your singing," I try to express in my reply both my pleasure at the compliment and my deep gratitude that the gift has been given to me.

One more word: don't hoard compliments! A compliment is one of the little pleasantries that brighten our daily living. Everybody likes them, even though they may pretend otherwise. But I like to think that compliments are not *given*, but *lent*. Whenever I receive one, I consider that I am temporary custodian of a pleasantry which I must pass along as soon as possible. I make a special effort to seek out someone whose talent I can admire, and I tell him so.

I try to deliver the compliment in honesty and friendliness, and assume that it will be accepted the same way.

These M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings to match their complexions

RADIANT

ESTHER WILLIAMS, *star of M-G-M's color musical* JUPITER'S DARLING

OLIVE

CYD CHARISSE, *star of M-G-M's color production* BRIGADOON

PINK

JANET LEIGH, *star of M-G-M's production* ROGUE COP

MEDIUM

LANA TURNER, *star of M-G-M's color production* BETRAYED

IVORY

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, *star of M-G-M's color drama* BEAU BRUMMEL

And whether your complexion is *Ivory, Pink, Medium, Radiant, Olive* or *Sepia*, there are perfect Bur-Mil Cameo hosiery "Skin Tones" for you.

Now *you*, too, can wear

STOCKING COLORS TO FLATTER YOUR COMPLEXION

Under the expert guidance of William Tuttle, head of make-up at M-G-M, all M-G-M stars add to their glamour with blended face powder and Bur-Mil Cameo stockings in "Skin Tone" colors.

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Let Bur-Mil Cameo's Face Powder Finish give your legs a misty, well-powdered look. Let Cameo's new "Skin Tones" harmonize with your complexion both daytime and evening.

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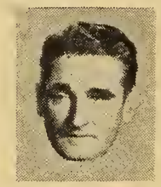

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MY FIRST LOVE

By Jane Russell

Herewith the tragic tale of a tender maiden's unrequited affection.

■ To tell the truth, I chased my first boy friend shamelessly for years without getting to first base. He couldn't see me for dust. His name was Don Ben Bolt, we were both about eleven years old and we entered the sixth grade together. Right away I could tell he was the type I go for—he was sort of an eleven-year-old Marlon Brando. Not shy, exactly; he just couldn't have cared less about things. Girls, especially.

That boy really sent me. I used to nudge and kick and scuffle with the other fellows to see if he'd notice me, but he never did.

When, wonder of wonders, his family moved right next door to mine in Burbank, I thought I had Don trapped for sure. He couldn't get away. That's what *I* thought. Oh, he was a rough one!

Winter afternoons he'd be out, barefoot, kicking a football till the sun went down. I could watch—he knew I was there, all right—but he wouldn't let me play. When we played tag and I was It, I always chased Don. He *never* chased me. He could eat like a horse, so I made pot after pot of candy and took it next door. He just ate it, that's all.

Once he told his mother, who told my mother, who told me, that Don liked me, and I was richer than if I had a pocketful of gold nuggets. I think about the kindest words he ever said to me personally were, "Get away, will ya? Leave me alone!"

Even when the Bolts moved down to San Diego, I never stopped badgering that boy. I used to go down and visit, and the family took me for granted; I was one of them. In fact, it was accepted—by everyone but him—that I was Don Ben Bolt's girl. I did have a date with him down there, if you can call it a date. I said, "We're going skating, and *you're* going to take me!"

"What for?" Don asked, but we went and we had a real fun time.

Then things changed, as they do when you start to grow up. We both got interested in other things, other people, which must have been quite a relief to Don. Time passed so quickly that before I knew it, five years had elapsed without my seeing him. One night, being in the town where he went to school, I called his fraternity house. The boy who answered the phone said Don was washing dishes or on duty or something—I don't remember exactly. What I do remember is how long it took him to come to the phone, and I lit right into him. "Donald Bolt," I said, "who do you think you are to keep me waiting like this?"

He didn't even ask who it was. After five years. "Oh," he said in his patient tone, "it's you."

Don is still around here somewhere, happily married to a girl who must have been able to run the 100-yard dash faster than I could. I hope he reads this and gets the devil razzed out of him. And I hope he knows that if his family hadn't moved to another town, he wouldn't have the distinction of being The One That Got Away From Jane Russell. Because there is one final little twist I like to remember about my first love. That night when I called Don at the fraternity house, we had our one and only real date. It was such a lovely evening that he would have had to be less than a gentleman not to kiss me good night when he took me home. I like to remember that kiss, because then and there I discovered that Don Ben Bolt wasn't *nearly* so indifferent to my charms as he had been pretending since he was eleven years old!

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Illustrated—*On figure.* "Perma·lift" Bra #161—$2.50 in fine cotton.

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GREYHOUND

(*Continued from page* 6) **Robert Montgomery's** old friends, who knew him when he was just a movie star and not a White House adviser, are pretty miffed with him. One of them acted in one of Montgomery's TV shows, and says Bob ignored him completely and sent word, via an underling, on how he should say his lines . . . It seems odd now that their names are always spoken together, but **Hume Cronyn** and **Jessica Tandy** haven't been married for too long. She used to be married to Jack Hawkins, the British actor you see in so many movies . . . **Eric Sevareid** is unbelievably fussy about the way his office help type. There had better not be any erasures! . . . **Eva Marie Saint's** favorite form of recreation is sailing in her and her husband's two-passenger Chris Craft. They go out every weekend they can. Sometimes they ask friends out for the day, but they purposely bought a small boat so that they could be alone together some of the time. You've never seen a woman more in love than Eva Marie. She talks about her husband constantly, and when he's with her she lets him do all the talking—hardly says a word herself. He's the reason she doesn't want to make any more movies: it would mean leaving Jeff . . . **Pinky Lee** lies about his age. He's more than forty-two. But he doesn't lie about liking children. He is crazy about them, and you couldn't find a father more fatherly than Pinky is with his three offspring . . . **Charlie Ruggles** used to be a championship handball player . . . **Pat Barry**, who plays the young wife on *First Love*, is the daughter-in-law of the late, great American playwright, Philip Barry. Her husband, Philip, Jr., works for ABC, and they used to run summer theatres together—a cuter couple couldn't be found anywhere. One time, when they were running a theatre out on Long Island, Phil almost died before the doctors found out what he had. It was Pat who told them! He'd been bitten by a tick, she said, and he had Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. She was right, too—and a good thing. It could easily have been fatal. One of Pat's few Broadway parts—and her only big one—was in the only play **Steve Allen** has ever done—*Pink Elephant*. It wasn't a very good play, but Pat and Steve had a lot of fun. She rewrote some of her lines herself to make the character she was playing sound more like Vanessa Brown's role in *The Seven Year Itch*—which Pat was dying to play. (She never did get to.) Steve just rewrote his to have fun!

Last Chance To Vote

If you haven't voted yet for your favorite stars to win the famous Modern Screen *Silver Cup Popularity Awards, then here's your final chance to do it! Carefully fill out all the blanks on the coupon below and rush it to us right away. Your votes will determine the winners of the 1954 awards, so be sure to tell your friends to get busy and cheer their favorites in. We'll announce the winners in the February issue, on sale January, 1955!*

I VOTE FOR__________ MY FAVORITE FEMALE STAR OF 1954

I VOTE FOR__________ MY FAVORITE MALE STAR OF 1954

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1954 ARE:

1.__________ MALE 1.__________ FEMALE
2.__________ MALE 2.__________ FEMALE
3.__________ MALE 3.__________ FEMALE
4.__________ MALE 4.__________ FEMALE
5.__________ MALE 5.__________ FEMALE

FOR THE TOP NEW STARS OF 1954, I NOMINATE:

__________ MALE __________ FEMALE

MY THREE FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1.__________
2.__________
3.__________

THE STORY I LEAST ENJOYED WAS__________

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
AGE_____ **OCCUPATION**__________

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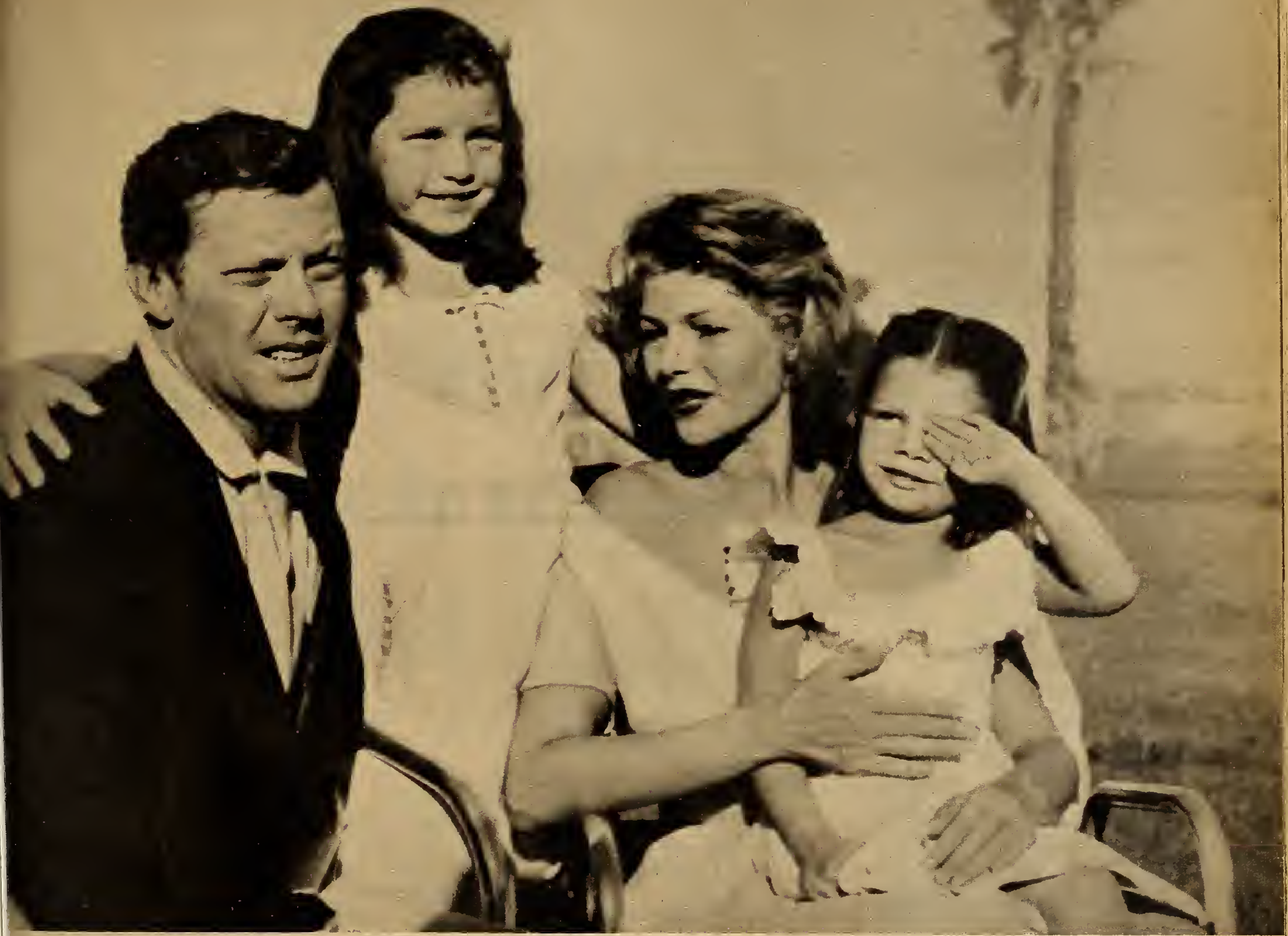
SO SOFT, YET MANAGEABLE . . . SO SWEETLY CLEAN!

Come-hither loveliness—that's what your hair has after a luxurious Prell Shampoo! It's caressably soft, yet so *obedient!* Yes, angel-soft, smooth as satin, glowing with that 'Radiantly Alive' look *he'll* love! And Prell leaves your hair *really* clean . . . fresh and sweet . . . and free of embarrassing dandruff! Prell is easy to use, too—so convenient. No spill, drip or break. Try Prell tonight—it's *wonderful!*



Being charged with neglecting her children while vacationing with Dick was only one of the calamities dogging Rita since her marriage.

Who is the mysterious mastermind making trouble for Rita and Dick?

■ In Hollywood's bizarre and colorful history many actresses have been condemned, pilloried and victimized. But no one has suffered more than Rita Hayworth.

She is a beautiful young woman who has never harmed anyone, who has gone out of her way to help countless people. Yet she now finds herself in the incredible position of fighting for the custody of her own children, fighting for her own husband, fighting for her own survival, fighting for one modicum of love and public understanding.

"What do they want from us?" Rita asks in desperation. "All Dick and I want is to be left alone, to be allowed to work out our own salvation. Still, we're attacked on every side. And all we want is a little peace."

The only peace Rita has known lately, she enjoyed at Lake Tahoe, Nevada, where she rented a house for herself and her two daughters, Rebecca, ten, and Yasmin, four.

Rita rented this house (only a few miles from the house where Ava Gardner was sitting out her divorce) while her fourth husband, Richard Benjamin Haymes, was fighting a battle in a Los Angeles court to prevent his deportation (*Continued on page* 74)

by Richard Moore

Everyone knows that Liz has not been well. But is it true that her recent illnesses stem from being sick at heart?

BY ELLEN JOHNSON

Time of trouble for Liz?

All Liz needs, Mike says, is a husband to love and protect her. Gossip, though, wonders if Mike is the man for the job.

Louella found Liz cheerful about her injured leg—but it's only the latest of her ailments—including hepatitis, nervousness.

■ Lazy as they like to be, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding were lounging peacefully beside their pool. Mike went into the house for something or other, returned, sat down—and soared upward like the flying young man on the absent trapeze. He had sat on a bee, which took umbrage at the familiarity and expressed its displeasure with a direct hit. Maybe Mike sat a little gingerly for a few moments, but that's all there was to it. A bee had stung him.

Except that a short time later another bee stung his child bride, and the next day she was bedridden, unable to walk on a badly swollen leg. Same sort of bee, same sort of sting, but while Mike had forgotten his injury in half an hour's time, Liz could not have been more devastated by a machine gun bullet.

Which adds to the persistent and ubiquitous rumor that all is not well with Elizabeth Taylor. As the know-it-alls point out, she certainly has become fragile lately. In her childhood she was such a tomboy that admittedly she felt awkward and clumsy in feminine apparel. Romping about with her dogs, horses and chipmunks, she may not have been the most rugged kid on the block, but neither was she the most sickly. Her health didn't start to fail, in fact, until her present marriage.

She was on a holiday tour with Michael and the baby last year when she suffered what has been variously described as a heart attack, a heart cramp, a nervous heart, an undiagnosed nervous condition affecting her back, and complete nervous exhaustion. To the realistic, it didn't make sense. *Something* was wrong with Liz, but what? As the Wildings are not a fanatically athletic couple, it was hardly likely that she had overdone physically. And how could a vacation trip cause complete nervous exhaustion? It seemed odd—if she was happy.

Back home and at work in *Rhapsody*, Liz sustained a leg ailment which necessitated its being placed in a cast. There was no cause for real alarm, apparently, but production on the picture had to be held up because the injury inexplicably refused to mend. (*Continued on page* 104)

FRANTIC ROMANCE

By Louella Parsons

Here's the real story of the Debbi

■ In all the years I've been covering Hollywood, I've never been closer to th inception of a romance than the curren heat wave blowing up between Debbi Reynolds and Eddie Fisher.

We were all in Las Vegas together. In fact, Eddie was on the plane with *m* when reporters from rival papers wer frantically checking the story that he wa eloping with Debbie, who didn't actuall

Reynolds-Eddie Fisher romance—told by Hollywood's greatest reporter, who was there when it all began!

rrive with her mother until the follow-
ng morning!

When Mrs. Reynolds was unexpected-
y called home a few days later, she put
)ebbie, an unusually well-adjusted, well-
alanced, intelligent girl for her years, in
ny care. I suppose one word from me
nd Debbie would have done as she
leased. But she was very cute about
eporting to me after her mother left.

One night—morning rather, it was about one A.M.—I found a note in my mailbox at the Sands Hotel.

Dear Ma: (it read) *We're catching both Frank Sinatra's and Ann Sothern's shows tonight, so won't be in till late. Don't worry. And don't ring either of us until noon tomorrow. Will meet you at the pool for lunch. Debbie and Eddie.*

Are they *really* in love?

Will they marry?

Let's take those questions one at a time.

If these two popular, phenomenally successful young people aren't completely out of this world, completely *gone* on each other as of now, then I don't know exciting young love when I see it!

One day when Eddie and I were alone, sunning (*Continued on page 90*)

Lonely on location trips, John always has his kids join him, finds work on the movie for Pat and Mike to make sure they're not excess baggage.

THE TWO YEARS OF EXILE ARE OVER. SURROUNDED NOW BY THOSE HE LOVES, THE DUKE'S IN HIS DUKEDOM

"From now on I'm going to do all my traveling on my own seven acres," John says. His redecorated home no longer holds sad memories.

THE BIG MAN COMES HOME

by Jim Henaghan

Pilar takes over soon, but until then Melinda is lady of the house—however odd her duties!

Indian wrestling with Pat, exploring the countryside, John seemed relaxed and happy again.

-ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD!

■ A large man in a white shirt and apron opened the door and stepped out on the porch.

"Good evening, Mr. Wayne," he said. And then he grinned. "Welcome home."

"Thanks, Scotty," John Wayne said. "It's good to be here."

And then he threw himself into a comfortable chair, dropped his hat on the ground beside him and lay back. Through narrowed eyes he gazed about the land that was his and the house that he hoped would be his final home.

It was no pasture land. Seven acres of neatly clipped green grass stretched out and curved in a broad sweep to the top of (*Continued on page* 96)

Gable, Milland, Crosby - what made them fall for Grace? And why do the top beauties envy her?

by STEVE CRONIN

The whole town's talking about KELLY!

■ If ever a girl was in the running in Hollywood, it's Grace Kelly. And what the whole town wants to know is, how did she get so far so fast?

Some say it's the luck of the Irish. But that's too easy. Some say it's talent or sex or what she knows or whom she knows. But one who knows her well says, "I've read dozens of articles about Grace—how beautiful she is, how well-scrubbed, soft-spoken, ladylike, how smart and subtle and sophisticated—how talented and genuine and hard-working. But nowhere have I seen a mention of the one quality that is most characteristic.

"That quality," the friend continued, "is ambition. Grace Kelly is one of the most ambitious girls I know.

"How do you think she gets all her marvelous roles? By sitting back and waiting for producers to beat a path to her door? Hardly.

"This girl really knows how to operate. She's got a highpowered agency, MCA. And she knows what she wants."

And in the last three years this quiet blonde from Philadelphia has got what she wanted. Although she is only twenty-six, no other young actress has touched her record, qualitatively speaking, of eight top-notch movies with eight top-notch leading men.

No other young actress has such a record of romance rumors, either, some with the aforementioned leading men.

According to the gossips, Grace Kelly is a *femme fatale,* an American combine of Greta Garbo and Ingrid Bergman, who has allegedly toyed with the affections of Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Ray Milland and Bing Crosby, to name only a few of the more famous men in her life.

Grace has still a further distinction: she is the envy of practically every other motion picture actress in the world. A few of these were gathered in a Beverly Hills restaurant discusssing their sister actress.

"For my money," said one, "Grace Kelly is the most overrated actress to hit this town in years."

"I saw Clark Gable taking her to the Academy Awards," added another, "and all I can say is that the King's eyesight must be slipping."

"Compared to Lana Turner," a third volunteered, "she's got about as much sex appeal as a string bean."

When actresses start talking about one of their colleagues in this salty fashion, the conclusion is inescapable: Grace Kelly has arrived.

Now, what makes Grace so distinctive, so desirable, so (*Continued on page* 79)

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

Don't look for trouble in the Allyson-Powell ménage. Junie has learned a few small ways to keep a marriage happy!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

On location in Utah with Dick, June surprised stepdaughter Ellen with a Sweet Sixteen party.

Among the guests was John Wayne's son Mike, who is making his movie debut under Dick's direction in *The Conqueror*—starring his father.

Ellen's brother Norman is appearing in the picture, too, brought his sister along for a vacation—and "just to be with Dad."

■ When June Allyson told some of her friends that she was going to St. George, Utah, "to be on location with Richard while he directs *The Conqueror*," they told her she was making a mistake.

"Look," one of them said, "you've just finished *Strategic Air Command*. You've been knocking yourself out in Ft. Worth and St. Petersburg and New Orleans. You're dead tired.

"St. George is a nice little town, but in the summer the mercury shoots up to about 130 degrees. It's no place to go for a rest, Junie."

Mrs. Richard Powell cocked her cute little head to one side.

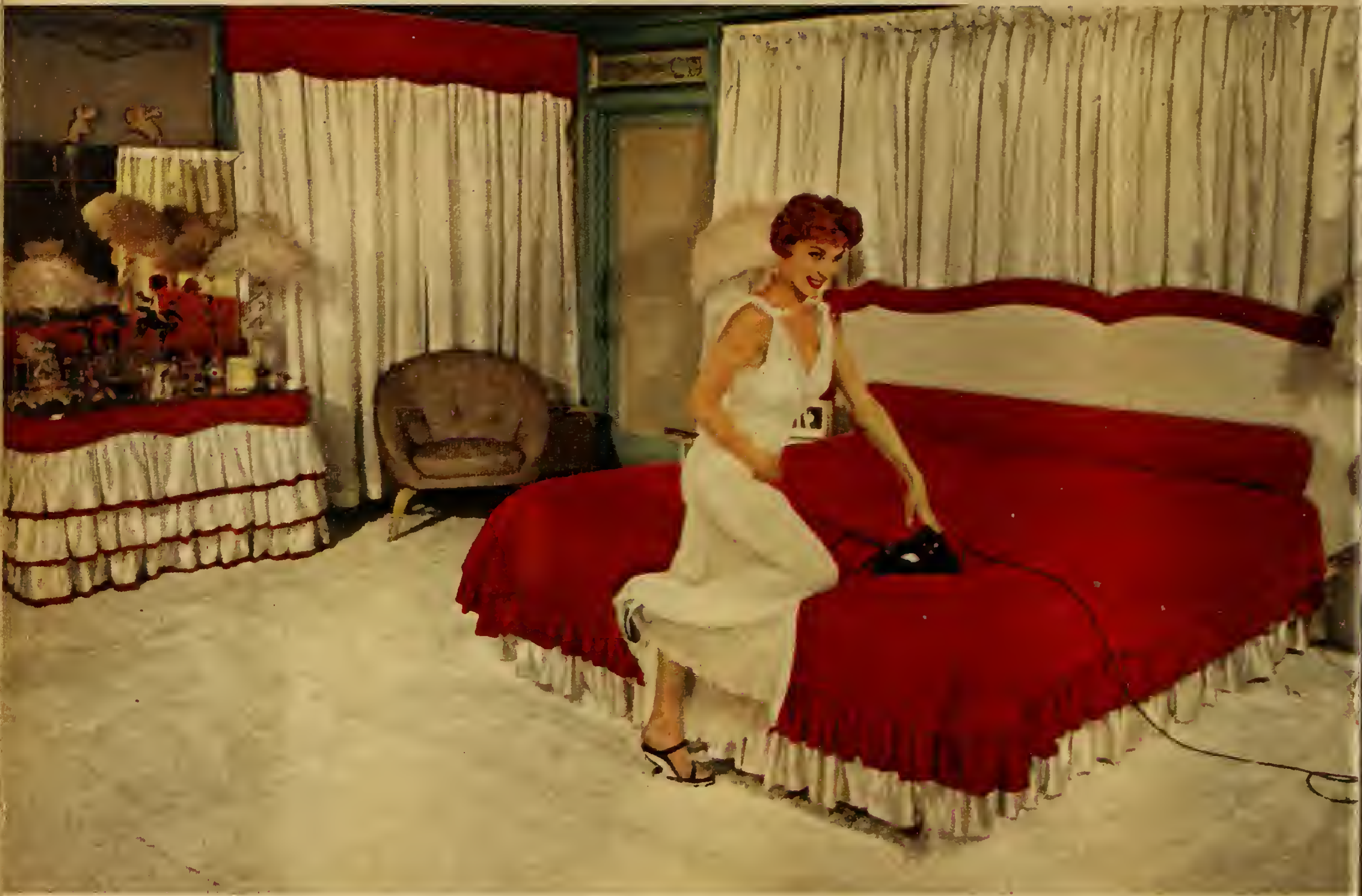
"I'm not going to St. George," she announced in that perennially husky voice, "to rest. I'm going there to be with Richard."

So June climbed into her Ford station wagon and with the Edgar Bergens beside her, headed for the miserable Utah desert. When she got to St. George she was assigned a room with her husband Dick in the Twin Oaks Motel.

Susan Hayward and John Wayne, who play the leads in *The Conqueror* (the story of Genghis Khan, the great Asiatic warrior), (*Continued on page* 103)

Despite the heat, June spent much of her time on the desert location with Dick, was furious at rumors that their nine-year-old marriage was in trouble.

abra-ca-Debra



Most of the rose velvet and white satin furnishings in Debra's huge corner suite came from her room in the Griffins' former home.

The Chinese room was the only spot in the twenty-five-room mansion not redecorated. Mama loved its vibrant tones, decided to mingle Chinese and modern motifs throughout house.

Over 300 yards of white carpet were laid down to lighten the large, dark rooms. The old-fashioned fireplace was re-done as a planting area for tropical greens. Note artificial flamingoes, toy dog—the Griffins have a live menagerie, too.

A dream-come-true is Debra's new home—but it took Paget magic to keep it from being a nightmare!

BY MARVA PETERSON

■ The house looked like something out of an old Boris Karloff movie.

Vacant and slowly decaying, it stood surrounded by its own jungle of weeds and overgrown shrubbery. Here and there a window was broken and a part of the stone masonry had fallen away. Compared to the usual immaculate houses in this part of Beverly Hills, it seemed dilapidated and antiquated.

Debra Paget was so disappointed she could have cried.

For as long as she could remember, her indomitable mother, Maggie, had promised the five children that if they were good, watched their weight and worked hard, some day they'd live in a big house with a swimming pool. And now on this cool star-bright evening, her parents were seriously considering moving into a "white elephant."

It was all Debra could do to stifle her tears. This deserted relic was hardly her dream of the ideal family homestead, particularly for a rising young movie star.

She looked around to see if anyone else shared her disappointment. In addition to her parents, there was Teala, her married sister, and William Barry, the friend who had (*Continued on page* 84)

Three-dimensional mermaid mural was painted in the hall by family friend, artist Arne Nybak, as a housewarming gift. "It sets the tone of the whole story-book house," Debra says.

EDMUND PURDOM:

From pauper to prince

BEFORE: Without a cent for passage home to England, unable to find work at a studio, not permitted by his visa to work anywhere else, Ed and wife Tita lived in this garage without hot water or refrigeration, ate when friends fed them. Three days after baby Lilan was born Tita was back to scrubbing diapers, washing Ed's one shirt and her only dress.

AFTER: Now living in this charming home, Ed and Tita regard the past as a nightmare, are grateful for big break which came when Mario Lanza refused to complete *The Student Prince*. Ed took over the role—with Lanza singing—and won raves. With four big productions coming up his future seems secure though some say he has a temperament problem.

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Ever hear of Horatio Alger? He created the American rags-to-riches idea. Ever hear of Edmund Purdom? He brought it to life!

■ Edmund Purdom is the man I was prepared to hate. When this English actor was given Mario Lanza's part in *The Student Prince* and Mario's God-given voice along with it, I rebelled. I had heard those Lanza recordings for the picture and thought they were the finest he'd ever done. To me it was unthinkable that Metro would hand the part over to an unknown Britisher. I said so in my column and, among other things, predicted the picture would be laughed off the screen.

Words don't taste bad. I know. I've just finished eating some of my own. I went to the preview of *The Student Prince* as a Lanza rooter —I still am. But when I left the theatre I was predicting that Edmund Purdom would be one of the biggest stars in Hollywood. He was terrific in the part—he really was a prince.

It's an uncomfortable experience watching such a replacement as this, but I can't blame MGM. They had lots of money tied up in the picture and when Lanza refused to work, they had to finish it somehow. The same thing happened after Marlon Brando walked out on *The Egyptian*. Purdom inherited that part also and after I watched him do some scenes on the set I came to the conclusion he was better in the part than Brando would have been.

Purdom didn't want to meet me until I'd seen *The Student Prince*. He has a (*Continued on page* 72)

WHAT'S SHE GOT?

It takes much more than beauty to give a girl a glamorous life. Here's how it's done by eight of Hollywood's most exciting stars.

←ESTHER WILLIAMS

She's got size. Esther is the tall girl's inspiration; she's proud of her height and capitalizes on it without making the fellows feel she's bigger than they are mentally or physically. How? By being healthy and vital instead of languishing; by being able to do anything the men can do—but not *quite* so well!

More pictures on following pages

ELAINE STEWART

She's got a surprise for everyone. She has face of a dreamer—and the mind of a business woman. That fragile, famous form you'll see in *Brigadoon* conceals the muscles of a wrestler (no kidding—prowlers beware!) and behind her reserved, seemingly conceited manner lurks a girl who hates compliments on her looks!

KIM NOVAK

She's got everything. What Monroe developed, Kim was born with. A sultry voice, a taste for luxury, a frank enjoyme of being voluptuous . . . plus an air that tells a man she doesn't care if he's five feet tall and homely—just as long as she knows he'd love her if she didn't look so good either. But she'll frank about it if he doesn't interest her at all.

ANNE BAXTER

She's got that rare combination: sex appeal an tact! She may be a *femme fatale*, but men know she'll conduct her romances on a kiss-an never-tell basis. She may win a top role in *Ten Commandments*—but her dates won't have to listen to her crow about beating Jane Russell Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward and twelve other beauties for it.

WHAT'S SHE GOT? continued

MARLA ENGLISH

She's got the knack of talking with her eyes and keeping her mouth shut! You'll see her do it in *Living It Up*. Men relax with Marla; she's a good listener. Other talents: she paints, and can chin herself twelve times in a row!

PAT CROWLEY

She's got enthusiasm. Morning, noon and night, pretty Pat effervesces, never holds still long enough for a man to get bored. Dates find her more fun than a barrel full of monkeys—or raving beauties!

TERRY MOORE

She's got energy. Terry can do anything—fly a plane, do a nitery act, make headlines daily. She's apt to tell a man what she thinks he'd like to hear; it may have a faint flavor of double-talk—but it's sure to be both kind and clever!

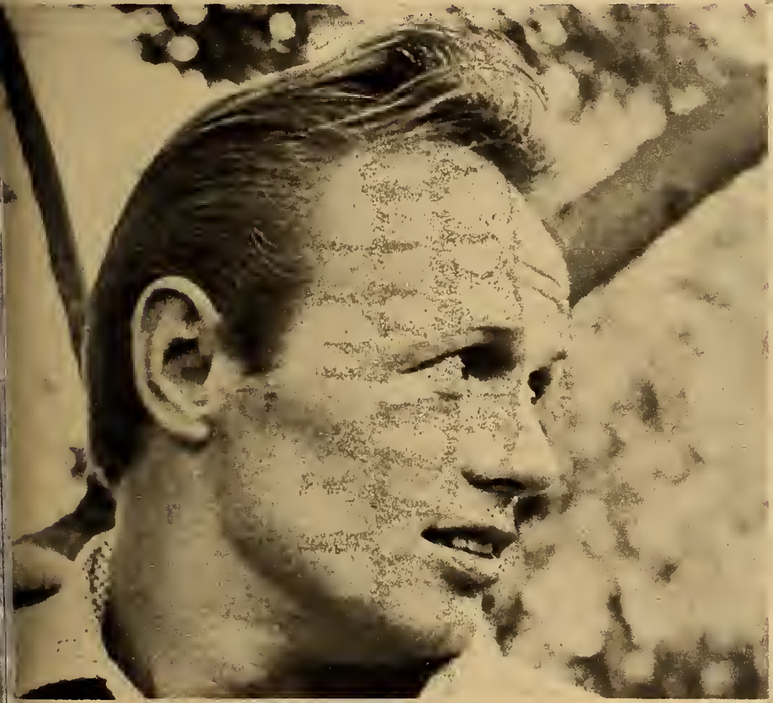
JULIA ADAMS

She's got a grown-up, happy way of life. Her favorite word: Upbeat. Her philosophy: Never dislike anyone or anything. The result: Stardom in *Five Bridges To Cross*.

← **HOWARD KEEL** There's a guy! Keel wants to be told—told what he's having for dinner, who's coming, what time it is. Demanding, though. You are a perfect wife and mother, or else! He'll let you have cooks, maids and nurses, but woe to you if you can't take over on servants' day off. This is the cover-up expert. Strangers say he's unsentimental, and true, he'll give a present like he's handing you a wet fish, but he'll shop frantically for your Christmas jewelry in July. The handiest man known to man, he can paper the house, fix the plumbing, paint the furniture. Don't call him up; he hates telephones, and has two in the house so he can detest them double. (Most actors can't live without four.) He barely holds still for photographs in public but surely he's a dream boat in one respect: he'd rather sleep late than make another million. When his kids rush in at six A.M., he groans, but he gets up and fixes breakfast, before reporting for work on *Jupiter's Darling.*

IF HE WERE YOUR HUSBAND...

here's what you'd have to know . . . and put up with . . . and laugh at . . . be proud of . . . and love!



← **RICHARD WIDMARK** You'd never be happy unless you appreciate a high I.Q. and have one yourself. But intellectual snobs need not apply. A small town boy (Sunrise, Minnesota) Dick was an instructor at Lake Forest U., and it's never quite brushed off. His modesty approaches timidity, yet he finds equal satisfaction in conversations with truck drivers and sophisticated authors. Adults find him hard to understand, but kids know instinctively that he's a kindred soul. If you were married to Dick you'd never attend boring dinner parties with business friends—he refuses to "cultivate" people. Mr. Widmark stays close to home and has brushed off numerous little Hollywood blondes. Yet he has two girls he loves, his wife and eight-year-old daughter, Ann. When he vacations, the family lives the champagne life because he doesn't propose to take it with him. All he asks in return is companionship, and some day, he'd like a son to carry on his name. His latest film is *Prize Of Gold.*

VICTOR MATURE He might hand you a $3.98 doll for your birthday to see if you loved him enough to keep quiet. Then two days later he'd pick you up and show you a new Caddy in the garage. He'd demand chili for breakfast, cut your allowance to lend money to a pal, then send your mom and dad to Honolulu for their anniversary. He'd disappear for days, and when you were about to consult a lawyer, he'd return, having been on a hunting trip in some remote spot where the only "other woman" was a 107-year-old Indian. He hates routine so much you'd get to bed at six A.M. or four P.M. You'd be expected not to complain if he played golf from sunup to sundown and your only defense would be to take up the game yourself. Any girl who weds Mature needs the balance of a lady juggler to stay happy in the perpetual emotional blizzard, but he's a spectacular provider, a wonderful father, loads of fun and a top-flight actor as he proves again in *Betrayed.* →

More pictures on following pages

IF HE WERE YOUR HUSBAND... continued

BURT LANCASTER The only genuine Hollywood non-conformist (and proves it by staying out of headlines) 41-year-old Burt can lick his weight in men half his age. Other men speak softly in his presence, and you'll find him generous. But he'll expect you to prepare dinner for fourteen on an hour's notice and get sore if you protest. He'll expect you to stay calm amid the bedlam of five kids and a couple of pals because noise doesn't bother him. He'll make you stand in line at a restaurant rather than use his name to get a table. He can drop a week's salary in a poker game (until he grows older and more mellow) and not go sour or raid the sugar bowl for your household money. You'll wish his conscience wouldn't hurt because he has five dollars more than the next fellow, but he's a great guy to grow up with. He'll always frighten you a little when you watch him in pictures like *Vera Cruz*—you'll be afraid that when he holds you he'll crush your ribs. But he won't. He has a heart like a wild animal but he's gentle as a lamb.

STEWART GRANGER The lazier the gal the better he likes her. Marry Granger and you don't have to worry about boiling water. But there are drawbacks. He prefers his female beautiful, but she'll spend most of her life in blue jeans. He likes to stay home and really does prefer a good book to people. His girl must love to swim, own a good pair of lungs and a sense of humor. She'll have to learn to take being ducked in the pool and give as good as she gets. He has an atom bomb temper, but when a row is over it's over for good. He hates intellectual snobs, but you'll have to argue intelligently—and loud. He takes pride in being a terrific host, will tell the servants to get lost while he serves the buffet. Know your shortcomings, because he will be the first to admit his. He'll also admit he's got a magic wallop for the opposite sex. But though he'll battle the world in his profession, and rise to new heights in a film like *Beau Brummell* he'll wind up just like a kid at night, with his head on your shoulder. Wow!

AUDIE MURPHY Warn your friends never to cross him. He has a memory to shame elephants. When he's moody he may not talk for hours; then he snaps out of it, but won't say what he was thinking. No matter how famous he becomes his friends remain the same, and he likes his wife to entertain old pals. He's not a heavy-handed father, and your son will be his shadow-companion. He likes horses and dogs but is not overly sentimental about them; his deep affection, not freely expressed, is strictly for his wife and family. Even when you're in the money he'll be content (and you'll have to be, too) to live slightly on the wrong side of the tracks because he has an abiding suspicion of too much luxury. In a movie like *To Hell And Back* he'll concentrate completely, but you'll find his understanding of the deepest variety and know that he'd give his life for you at a moment's notice. Disapproval he voices with a bleak look that delivers the message but doesn't linger. Trouble comes only if you dote on horror TV shows. He'll shut off the set in front of your nose.

This is Fred and June's honeymoon bungalow.

FOR LOVERS ONLY

by William Barbour

If you've ever been in love you'll rejoice for June and Fred—and for their happy honeymoon. And you'll forget their troubles—recent and past—as they already have.

■ For June Haver and Fred MacMurray there was no honeymoon hideaway. Their bridal suite was a glamourless bungalow overlooking a forest of cameras and floodlights. Privacy? Not much, but June and Fred thought it was heavenly.

They drove to Moran, Wyoming, a picturesque village in the beautiful Grand Teton National Forest. Fred was on location working in *Blue Horizons*, a film about the Lewis & Clark Expedition, "trying to earn some money to pay for the house we just bought." (A month before they were married, June and Fred bought Nelson Eddy's Hollywood estate for $130,000.)

While Fred was emoting with Charlton Heston and Donna Reed in front of the VistaVision cameras, June remained in their one-room bungalow, fighting the Wyoming mosquitoes and ironing her husband's shirts on an ironing board borrowed from the prop department.

One morning Fred returned from the location with a little grin playing across his face. June was busy rinsing out a few of her own clothes.

Fred took her in his arms and kissed her lightly on the lips. "Listen, Shorty," he said, "how about a little fishing up in Yellowstone this afternoon? I finished early today."

"Just great!" June agreed. "I'll pack a picnic lunch and we'll have a ball."

Thirty minutes later the newlyweds were sitting in their grey Cadillac convertible, and Fred was driving to one of his favorite trout streams.

Arriving at the picnic site, June began to unpack the hamper while Fred with his fishing rod made a bee-line for the trout.

Once she had her picnic lunch set out neatly and properly, June flopped down on the grass, clasped her hands behind her neck, and closed her eyes. This was joy and love and peace and contentment—resting here on a river bank, waiting for the sound of a (*Continued on page 64*)

Fishing on Fred's afternoons off allowed them to be really alone—though tactful co-workers always respected their privacy.

More pictures on next page

Fred took photos of June wherever they went. Both behaved, according to the crew, "like people who knew what marriage was all about. Not mawkish, but loving!"

The photo above, Fred's favorite honeymoon snapshot of June, was mailed home to the MacMurrays' adopted children, Sue and Bobby. The kids were the first to know about the marriage; they approved of it wholeheartedly.

Talking shop with cast members, June admitted that she wants to return to pictures. "The kids are in school," she said, "and I've always liked to stay busy."

The mosquitoes were awful, the heat bad and the dust even worse—but the honeymoon? That was perfect!

(*Continued from page* 63) loved one's voice or the soft touch of his hand. And then it came, the moist pressure upon her forehead.

"Ah, Fred," June murmured, her eyes still closed in ecstatic bliss.

Another kiss, this one extremely wet. And then June MacMurray opened her big blue eyes and found herself looking up at a full-sized grizzly bear, one of the hundreds that are allowed to roam at will around Yellowstone National Park.

"Fred!" June shouted, scampering to her feet. "Fred!" And with that she broke all existing speed records sprinting down to the trout stream.

"A bear," she called out. "A bear, Fred. He's eating our picnic lunch. I thought he was you."

MacMurray edged his way out of the stream. He grabbed a small log. "You stay behind me," he cautioned. Then he advanced toward the grizzly, slowly and carefully.

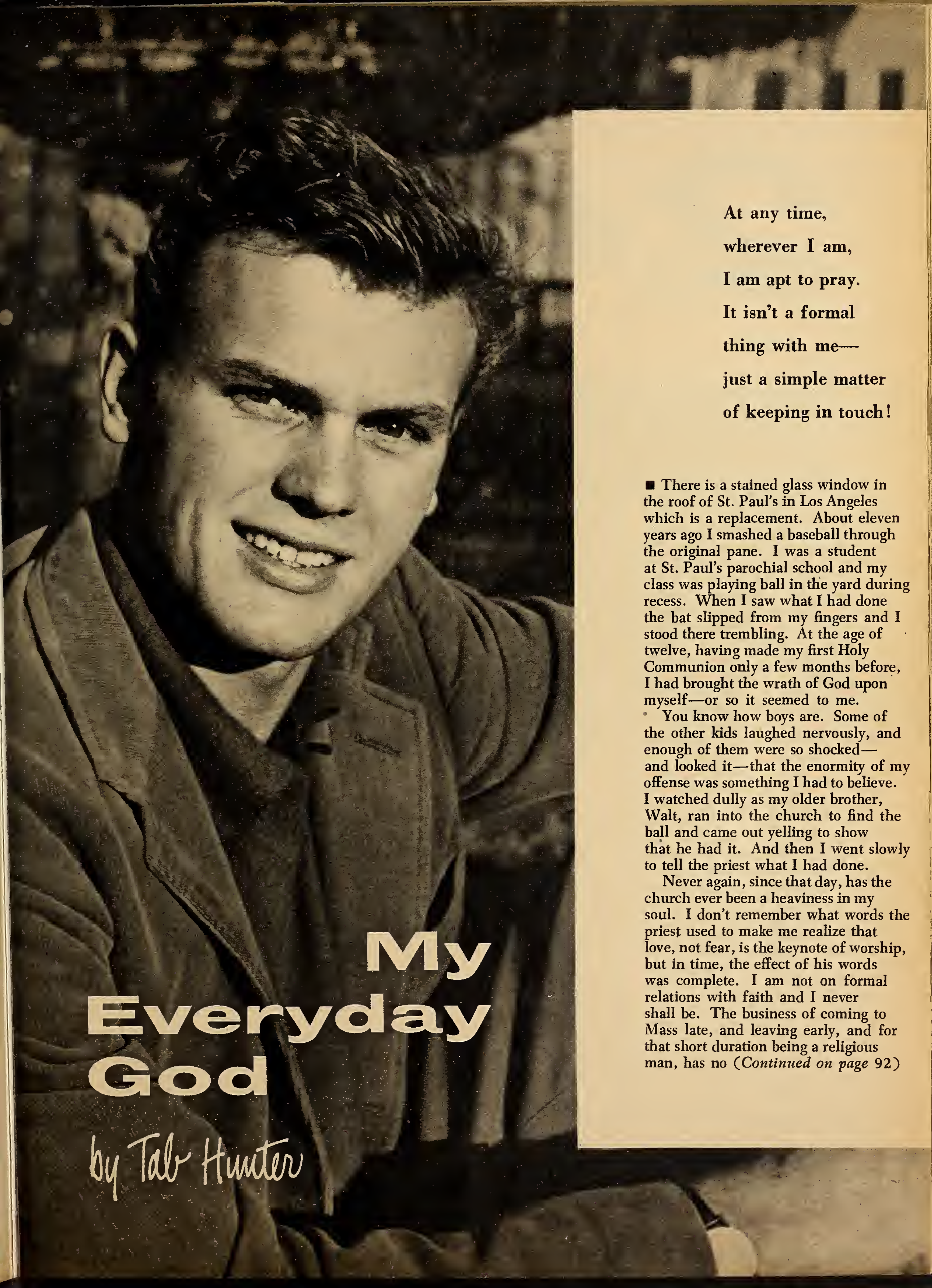
He succeeded in frightening the bear away from the picnic lunch but not for long. The bear sniffed more food in Fred's car and shuffled toward the Cadillac. Fred was afraid the animal might dig its claws into the convertible top and rip it, so he took a sandwich and using it as bait, drew the bear from the car. Then he and June slid in and drove back to Moran, laughing most of the way.

That night when Fred and June told producer Bill Pine what had happened to them, Pine grinned.

"That," he said, "is exactly the kind of story the publicity department is accused of making up."

But to June the bear incident "will always remain one of the highlights of our honeymoon."

This honeymoon began on (*Continued on page* 94)



My Everyday God

by Tab Hunter

**At any time,
wherever I am,
I am apt to pray.
It isn't a formal
thing with me—
just a simple matter
of keeping in touch!**

■ There is a stained glass window in the roof of St. Paul's in Los Angeles which is a replacement. About eleven years ago I smashed a baseball through the original pane. I was a student at St. Paul's parochial school and my class was playing ball in the yard during recess. When I saw what I had done the bat slipped from my fingers and I stood there trembling. At the age of twelve, having made my first Holy Communion only a few months before, I had brought the wrath of God upon myself—or so it seemed to me.

You know how boys are. Some of the other kids laughed nervously, and enough of them were so shocked—and looked it—that the enormity of my offense was something I had to believe. I watched dully as my older brother, Walt, ran into the church to find the ball and came out yelling to show that he had it. And then I went slowly to tell the priest what I had done.

Never again, since that day, has the church ever been a heaviness in my soul. I don't remember what words the priest used to make me realize that love, not fear, is the keynote of worship, but in time, the effect of his words was complete. I am not on formal relations with faith and I never shall be. The business of coming to Mass late, and leaving early, and for that short duration being a religious man, has no (*Continued on page* 92)

24 hours

■ MODERN SCREEN photographer Bert Parry spent a day with Tony Curtis—trying to find out where he's going in such a hurry.

Knowing that the average man should go into training for at least six weeks before such a rash undertaking—and being an intelligent type—Bert did the next best thing. He bolted a mouthful of super-charged vitamin capsules and conned an overnight invitation from Janet and Tony in order to start his day the night before.

Arriving shortly after the dinner hour, Bert suggested that they get some art of a warmish nature while the opportunity presented itself, and the kids fell to with a goodly will. As the camera—which never lies—recorded every detail, Tony looked tenderly into the eyes of his beautiful wife and said, "Sweetie, I saw an ad in this morning's paper about a house in Coldwater Canyon that looks like just what we want."

"Kiss!" commanded Photographer Parry.

They obeyed with alacrity; then Tony lifted his lips from hers, and Janet asked, "How much?" When Tony told her the asking price on this paragon of houses, she winced. All *that!*"

"Just one more," said Bert Parry.

The Curtises rubbed noses and puckered up again until they heard the shutter click. "It has a tennis court, sweetie," Tony wheedled.

"Well," said Janet, "but all that money—"

"Just one more," interpolated the voice of Mr. Parry like a broken record.

Janet fell into Tony's embrace with renewed ardor while the camera made noises like a Gatling gun. When it stopped, Tony made his big pitch. "I—uh—talked to the real estate agent today. He said that if we sign a two-year lease, they'll put in a *pool!*" His expression of triumph was a thing of beauty.

"Don't go 'way," muttered their guest. "Just have to reload the camera."

They ignored him. "I don't know." Janet was still evasive, but her protests were growing feeble. "Two years is a long time. Maybe we'll be able to save enough to buy our own home before then." That's the agreement between Janet and Tony; they'll pay cash on the barrelhead for the house they buy. Partly to escape monthly notes at a high rate of interest, but mostly because it has to be *theirs* right from the beginning.

"All set," announced Bert. "Let's get back to work."

"This is work?" Tony murmured as Jan leaned invitingly close.

Fifty-five shots later they broke it up. Bert Parry reclined on the couch, doubtless dreaming of a dark darkroom and all those exclusive pictures. Janet, having made a tentative promise to look at the house tomorrow, was let off the hook and disappeared. Tony settled down with the (*Continued on page* 68)

Tony: (tenderly) I saw a house advertised for sale.

Janet: Hey! Pay attention to your gracious hostess!

with Tony

Want to know what keeps Tony going? Stagger along with him and a Modern Screen photographer—and don't forget the aspirin!

BY TONI NOEL

Janet: How much? . . . (sweetly) All that!

Tony: (seductively) It has a tennis court, sweetie.

Janet: Well, maybe if they put in a pool . . .

You like this pose? Mrs. Curtis at home.

This is really part of my new dance routine . . .

But it's just as good for cleaning walls!

More pictures on next page

(*Continued from page* 66) evening papers. Houdina went over and bit Bert on the ankle. All in all, it was a sweet domestic scene.

The peaceful silence was short-lived, however. Suddenly Tony shook his dark head disgustedly. "Jeez!" he said. "How do you like that!"

Bert looked up from the limb he was examining in the light of a possible damage suit. "Like what?"

"Listen," asked Tony. "How many pictures did you shoot this evening?"

"Sixty-seven, maybe?" offered our modest cameraman.

"At least that many. So I just get finished kissing my wife sixty-seven times, now I pick up the paper and read that we aren't getting along. The Curtises, it says in this column, are headed for a showdown!"

Their brooding over the injustice of it all was male, companionable—and of short duration. "Well," Bert said facetiously, "you know what they say about a kiss in time. Maybe you ought to try giving Janet a great big buss."

The smile Tony gave him was like sucking lemons. "For that witticism, pal, I'm going to let you walk the dog tonight. And it's past her usual time, so beat feet."

"That's supposed to be your job," Bert protested, trying to feel like a put-upon guest. "And she doesn't like me, anyhow. What are you going to do?"

"Read the box score on the game the Giants played yesterday," retorted his host.

Which just goes to prove that it's pretty tough to earn a living in Hollywood. The skills of an expert cameraman are many and varied, but they don't include walking the dogs of movie stars. At that, Bert was lucky; during his stroll with Houdina, she only nipped him twice.

When he returned to the house, bleeding ever so slightly from the ego, he found Tony doing exactly what he had said—reading the sports section—with a broad grin of satisfaction. Janet was practicing a dance routine for her forthcoming *My Sister Eileen* to a playback, and Mr. Parry's countenance brightened at the sight of lithe convolutions intended to incite a man's baser instincts. His admiration was constrained, however, by the fact that he had no wish to invite a jealous belt on the dewlaps from Miss Leigh's husband, who was reportedly not getting along with his wife.

Maybe they weren't getting along, but Mr. Curtis was keeping an interested eye on the gyrations of Mrs. Curtis. Once, when she collapsed to the floor and lay supine, breathing deeply, he lowered his paper, regarded her with a jaundiced eye, and deadpanned, "If you're ever going to learn this number, may I suggest that you elevate your exquisite derriere from the floor and get with it?" Or words to that effect.

Janet answered, "Yes, master," and didn't move a muscle until Tony rose, extended a hand and pulled her gently to her feet. It's too bad that Bert hadn't time to grab his camera again before she had thanked her husband with a feathery kiss, but then, that picture would have been no more spontaneous than those he had already shot. Shared by these two, a kiss is a kiss is a kiss.

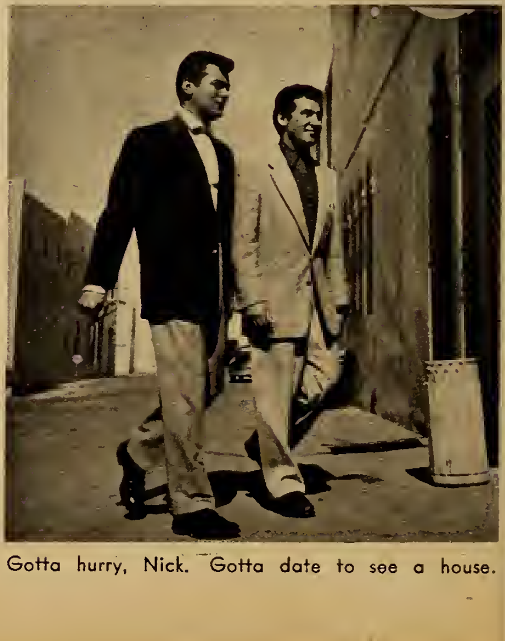
A little later they all said good night, and Bert retired to the couch. It seemed to him that he had no sooner rested his head on the pillow next to Houdina's (she either loved him too much to endure a separation or hated him enough to assure him a miserable night) than he was shaken roughly by the shoulder. "Rise and shine!" sang Tony Curtis, happy as a clam by the dawn's early light. He looked so young and vital and handsome that a mere mortal cameraman shuddered to view his own unshaven image in the bathroom mirror.

Better that Bert hadn't taken time to shave, because as a result he had no breakfast. Janet, whose picture was still in the rehearsal stage, sat down to a reasonably leisurely (*Continued on page* 87)

"You must be exhausted!" said the

Tony: Some photographer! Rise and shine—it's dawn!

C'mon, George, smile pretty for the man. Like me!



Gotta hurry, Nick. Gotta date to see a house.

photograher, panting after Curtis. "Who—me?" said Tony. "This was nothing—just an ordinary day!"

We'll finish breakfast at the commissary. Bye!

What's new today, hey? Brooklyn *beat* us? Them bums!

Enough with the powder! Let's roll!

Yeah, Mom's better, Julio. I'll see her later.

Directors, producers . . . think they know baseball!

This is my leading lady. What a doll!

Gee, it's nice of fans to send you things.

Welcome the conquering hero! Hey—going somewhere?

Aw, honey, I'll miss you. Darn the P.A. tour!

THE FIRST YEAR IS THE

By Jack Wade

"WE VOWED," LANA SAYS, "NEITHER OF US WILL EVER SAY 'I'M LEAVING!' WE'VE STUCK TO IT!"

Lana feels that she, as well as Cheryl, is growing up under Lex's influence. "He's the first husband I've ever had who tells me anything," she says—and listens to his advice even when he makes her give Cherry more independence.

Entertainment, like living, is strictly family-style now. Lana and Lex believe that even a temporary separation is unhealthy, not only accompany each other everywhere, but take Cherry along too—even on second honeymoons.

HARDEST

■ For Mrs. Alexander Crichlow Barker, 2d, of Holmby Hills, California, it was one of those times when a lady doesn't know whether to laugh, cuss or cry.

Here she was on her dainty knees, scouring the bathroom tile with her newly restored blonde coiffure wadded up in a scarf and a feeling of desperation beneath it. The couple who took care of her big house had walked out that morning and the upstairs maid had given notice. Fourteen dinner guests were due in a few hours and out in front the newly widened driveway was a fresh mass of gooey tar. A cement mixer rasped dismally beside the new guest wing which gave no indication whatever that it would be ready for the arrival of her sister-in-law from the east. The carpenters had just built the steps in front of the place instead of behind it as designed and the warm grey paint she'd chosen had come out an asphyxiation blue and would have to be done over. There was silver to polish, the house to clean and a hundred urgent items hammering at her nerves.

A discordant crash of piano keys smote them next, along with a frustrated wail from her daughter Cherry, "I'll never *learn* to play this silly thing!" Mrs. B. had all she could take.

"Cheryl Christina!" she yelped, using the full, formal tag reserved for discipline, "you put your mind to your practicing and not another peep out of you! I'm in no condition." Then, unkinking her cramped legs, she dragged herself wearily into the den and collapsed on the sofa, with feet propped on the arm for relief. At this point of surrender a blandly handsome giant, irritatingly cool, calm and dripping pool water, strolled into the room and inquired pleasantly, "Hi, Mama—taking it easy?"

Mama leaped to her feet as if a bee had stung her. "Taking it *easy!*" she cried indignantly. "Why, (*Continued on page* 99)

Nights on the town are rare now and always end early.

from pauper to prince

(*Continued from page 53*) justifiable ego and he was angry at what I had written before seeing him on the screen. But my enthusiasm was so great when I did see him that the atmosphere was cleared, and we were buddies when he and his wife Tita sat down to tell me the story of their Hollywood struggles. I'm a sucker for a sob story.

They're a stunning couple. He has had $15,000,000 invested in him by two studios before the public has even had a chance to see him. Purdom is handsome in the romantic tradition—wavy black hair, dark eyes and classic features. Hollywood has tied the "glamour boy" tag on him but he's a lot more than that. He has a fiery temperament, a cultural education, musical knowledge, talent and a world of charm. And his bubbling blonde wife Tita is as frank and communicative as a child; gay, pretty, talented (she's a ballet dancer) with a rare zest for life.

When Purdom was thrown out of a Shakespearean acting bit at Stratford-on-Avon after what he describes as a "disagreement with the management," famous director Tyrone Guthrie commented: "It won't hurt him. He'll either starve or be a star in five years."

That was four years ago and both predictions were correct. It's hard to think of these two as hungry, cold and so broke they didn't even have bus fare. They were many times without a roof over their heads during a grisly year in which they fought for a foothold in movies. It's harder to understand how some of their compatriots gave them nothing but such advice as: "Go home. There are too many Britishers here already." Nor is it easy to conceive that agents told Edmund: "Your accent is hopeless. We can't get parts for any more British actors." But it's heartwarming to learn that helping hands with folding money were held out by sympathetic strangers the Purdoms had met casually in their search for work—new friends who fed them.

Purdom's salary jumped overnight from $350 a week to $2000 per. We met for dinner because he was working day and night and mealtime was his only chance to talk. The Purdoms arrived in a sleek Alvis.

"This is a celebration," he told me. "We got our things out of hock this afternoon. Tita's wedding and engagement rings and her father's watch—they've been in and out of pawnshops a dozen times this past year. We paid interest so they wouldn't be sold—two dollars a month—and sometimes we went without dinner to scrape the money together."

"But how," I asked, "did you ever get into such a jam?"

"I came here for a contract test at Warners," Purdom said. "We had been in New York. I had a small part in *Caesar And Cleopatra* with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. The arrangements for the test had been made in London when a scout saw me there. At the close of the play Warners advanced me $600 and a ticket to Hollywood. By that time practically every studio here had offered me a test, but I was committed to Warners. I felt if that didn't work out, I was pretty certain to land something else. Twentieth offered to test me for *My Cousin Rachel,* among other things. When I accepted the $600 advance I cut myself off from having my fare paid back to England by the Olivier company. So I made the Warners test with Mike Curtiz, but nothing came of it.

"It didn't happen so quickly, however. There was a month of encouragements and delays before my option was dropped. Tita had joined me here. My chance at *Rachel* was gone as Richard Burton had been signed. Other things were cropping up and Mr. Curtiz advised me to stay on and Tita and I talked it over and agreed this was the time to gamble as both Universal-International and Twentieth were offering tests for a contract. I decided on Twentieth. The test was made by Sammy Fuller. It was a sort of a Scotland Yard thing, a fast-talking detective. It was without meaning and when studio heads saw it they lost interest. Then our finances were almost gone but I wasn't afraid. I thought I'd take a job at anything, any sort of work, to keep going. But when I tried to get work at a market I learned that my visitor's permit allowed me to work in America only in a picture studio."

Tita took up the story: "We were in real trouble; we were entering on what we call our abject misery period. We were living in a garage on Berendo Street which cost thirty dollars a month, but that was an unreasonable amount considering our lack of cash. Sometimes we had ten dollars a week for food, but the time came when food became a matter of luck. We had a bed, two chairs, cold water only, no refrigerator. There was no insulation and in August the heat was indescribable. I was expecting a baby—our first. I lived in one dress and Edmund had one good shirt which I washed out every night."

"Americans we'd meet would ask us to dinner or slip a ten-dollar bill in my coat pocket along with words of encouragement," Purdom said. "There was always something in view but the timing was bad. Timing is so important, not only in acting but in being available for opportunities when they are offered. You feel sure you can make good if you get the chance, but in my case so many things were contingent on opportunity timings. Our visa was running out and we were terrified of being deported. If you're sent out of the country it's almost impossible to get back in. We were conscious, too, of how our parents were worrying. Either Tita's parents or mine would gladly have helped but they were not allowed to send money into a dollar country."

"We couldn't go to a clinic when it was time for the baby to be born," said Tita, "because we were here on temporary stay. I'll never forget Millie Gusse's face when I asked her where the charity hospital was located. Millie has been one of our most faithful friends from the day we met her. She was casting director at Universal-International. She was horrified at the idea of my having a baby under such circumstances, so she arranged to have her brother-in-law, Dr. James Winsberg, see me. He was wonderful and kept me supplied with pills and vitamins and things and told me he'd deliver the baby without fee since my father and brother both were doctors. Millie tried so hard to get Edmund into U-I and when that didn't work out she introduced him to Paul Gregory and to some TV people who were casting. She gave us all the clothes for the baby—blankets and everything. She has the greatest heart in the world."

"Then when Tita was due for the hospital I got a job in *Julius Caesar,*" Edmund told me. "A small part—two days' work. I had to stab James Mason and say, 'I am sorry, my lord.' That's as close as I ever got to him. That day I hitch-hiked a ride to Twentieth to check on a part in *Titanic.* Nothing was decided, so I started walking to Culver City. I was so nervous I'd be late that I ran half the way. But I got the part and I immediately borrowed $150 advance from my agent Paul Small and went right over to the Culver City Hospital and arranged for Tita to enter. The night Lilan—we call her Mrs. Doody—was born, I walked over there to see her.

"Strange things happen when you're in trouble. I remember once we were evicted for non-payment of rent. Liz Fielding appeared out of nowhere and took us to live with her. She was like the hand of God.

"Another time when I was up for the part of Mr. Lightoller in *Titanic,* I had little hope since they turned me down on a contract. But I held onto that one-in-a-million chance. I waited and waited, but no word. It seems everyone knew I had the part but they thought I had been told and through some oversight neglected to tell me. We were going around in circles. We couldn't go home, we didn't have any money. Our parents were worried—they were slowly going out of their minds. Then we heard the good news.

"In another desperate moment I put an advertisement in a local paper to sell my gramophone equipment so we could eat. Then in the mail came a check for $100 from another American who insists on not being named. He merely told us to use it and pay it back when we could. Those were the wonderful things."

When Tita Purdom went into the hospital on that $150 advance, she could stay only three days.

"Then back to the garage," she said. "I was up washing diapers and dishes and everything else the day after they brought me home. There was an old two-burner

The lean year is over Ed can laugh at the shoes he once could not afford to have repaired.

Proud of his Alvis, Ed learned being a star meant that his repair bills would be higher!

stove but only one burner and the oven worked. Fortunately I breast-fed the baby because, having no refrigerator—not even an old ice chest—we had no way to keep milk in summer weather. But my brother, who is a doctor, used to work in the East End of London and made a discovery that's practically infallible. Children who have been breast-fed for at least three months seldom get infantile paralysis. It isn't proven, but statistics indicate it."

Right after *Titanic*, Edmund got his contract at Metro and they moved into a little apartment above the Sunset Strip. He was still getting $350 a week when he went to Twentieth as the star of *The Egyptian.*

Others who helped them were Sidonie Espero and John Steel. When the worst was over they ran into Linda Christian and Ty Power. "I went to school with Linda in Palestine," Tita told me. "When Edmund was set in *Titanic*, they took us on a trip to Mexico and when we returned we stayed in the guest room at their house until we got a larger place. We were expecting another baby in July, our apartment lease was up and we had to have more room. The day we moved our things were carried over in the bureau drawers from Linda's; we had no suitcases and no luggage left."

Purdom was secure by the time they moved into the comfortable three-bedroom house in Beverly Hills they now occupy. "Ty Power's business agent found the house for us," Tita said, "and we had to move in on Sunday since I was unable to help and it was the only day Edmund had free. He had to be at the studio early Monday morning for make-up tests. We couldn't get a moving van so Edmund and Alabam Davis, his stand-in, and John Bryant, another friend who had been splendid through it all, made the move themselves."

THIS NEW STAR with the strange up-and-down history is a genius at electronics; he has assembled his own high fidelity equipment and built one for the Tyrone Powers. He is probably the one person who could pick up Mario Lanza's sound track and complete a polished and inspired performance. His father is an authority on Shakespeare, and a well-known drama critic and author in England. Charles B. Purdom is now working on books about Bernard Shaw and Harley Granville Barker. His father objected to Edmund's acting ambitions because he believed his talent for electronics could give him a more substantial life. Edmund was born Edmund Anthony Cutlar Purdom and hung onto the first and last names in spite of our best efforts to call him Edmund York. He was born at Welwyn Garden City near London and raised in a Benedictine monastery where the rugged routine included ice cold showers even on winter mornings. He attributes much of his freedom from colds to this Spartan beginning. He earned his first money by delivering newspapers. At nineteen he went into the theatre. He was in England's Bedfordshire and Hartfordshire Regiments in World War II but was later transferred to the entertainment division. He is not yet thirty and has a long movie future before him. Metro has a long list of big productions lined up for him including *The Prodigal* and *Ben Hur* after *Athena.*

His wife Tita was born Anita Mary Esther Phillips. She's half English and half Swedish but was born in France. Her father, who died last year, was once a physician to the Sultan of Johore. She traveled extensively when he was in the English Colonial Service. She is a ballerina, having joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet during the war. She has done both legitimate stage work and cinema in England and has played one part in Hollywood, a Cockney maid.

BEING BITTERLY poor is no fun anywhere. But in Hollywood where life is glossy and luxurious, where there are more long cars and swimming pools than people, where even the dogs have their own beauty parlors, it's cruel indeed. Edmund Purdom walked from one casting office to another until the soles were out of his shoes and often had a full meal only when some thoughtful person invited him and his wife home for dinner.

"When I think back on how we literally clawed our way into a desperate survival," he told me, "how we had to beg and borrow and go without—I wonder how we came through it. At the time we accepted it and made the best of it from day to day. Looking back, it seems as unreal as a nightmare and I hope it will fade from our minds as quickly as dreams do."

But the sour side of stardom has already reared its ugly head. Among the fan letters have been many roundly abusing him for daring to take over the Mario Lanza role.

After news of his increase in salary was printed, he had to have the gearshift of his English car repaired. He located the salesman, who told him the cost should come around $100 or $125 at the most and told him where to go. But the car came back with a $530 bill. "Worst of all," he fumed in telling the story, "the thing worked only in one gear."

I TALKED WITH Millie Gusse, their good angel. She had been to an auction with Tita Purdom the night before and tells me she sees a great deal of them. She tried hard to sell Purdom to U-I. It's amazing how many studios missed the boat.

"You know the boy now, Hedda, and you know he would attract anybody who looked at him," she said. But when I told her that the Purdoms had enumerated all the things she had done for them, she tossed it off with: "All I want in exchange is the baby, Mrs. Doody, but they won't give her to me. When you meet her, you'll want her, too."

Tita fascinates everyone who meets her. "She was five months pregnant when I met her," Millie told me, "and she still hadn't been to a doctor. She has amazing courage and she asked me quite casually where the charity hospital was. I nearly fell down. You don't permit this. So I sent her to my brother-in-law who is an obstetrician and she was in good hands. He delivered the second daughter on July 9—nice, isn't it?" Millie Gusse thinks Tita is terrific as an actress. "She's a young Gracie Fields," was her summing up of Tita's performance in *Man In The Attic*, which she did between babies.

Tita Purdom has a professional career of her own if she wants it after the little family is all straightened out. While she was living with Liz Fielding she had her nose bobbed. Liz drove her back and forth to Long Beach during the ordeal. It was her husband's first present to Tita after he got his MGM contract.

Some of Edmund's friends think his temperament may get in the way of his progress. He's a nervous fellow; quick, highly intelligent, with strong likes and dislikes. He admits he is thoughtless. "I never remember birthdays or anniversaries, my own included. And I don't like imposing my birthdays on other people." Others hint at a tremendous ego. From what I have seen of his work I feel it's justified. Those who know them both say they have never seen so much courage in any two people. They faced the facts with no gripes, and that's what attracted so many people to them.

END

THOMPSON'S HIDEAWAY

Let others go to parties—
Carlos would rather stay home
and write a good book!

■ Shades of the day when Peter the Hermit was more famous than the stars—Hollywood now has another man who is forsaking its glamorous streets. Carlos Thompson, MGM's famous import from Argentina, has moved out of Beverly Hills to a retreat in Topango Canyon, two thirds of the way up a mountain. There, surrounded by his books in a rustic house, safe from prowlers because of the rattlesnakes outside, Carlos intends to live.

The blond, six-foot-two star of *Valley Of The Kings*, who first attracted attention in this country in *Flame And The Flesh*, simply became weary of having people continually dropping in on him in his Beverly Hills home. Carlos, despite his extreme popularity as an escort for eligible glamour girls, is not simply long on profile and short on brains. He writes books—cracking good ones. His first, a collection of short stories under the title *All Is God* has had a fabulous sale in South America. His second, a highly controversial novel under the title *The Other Cheek*, will shortly be published. So far none of his writings has been translated from the Spanish, but he's working on that in his hideaway.

In South America Carlos played heavy, sadistic roles and he's a little frightened at suddenly popping out in movies as a singer. "I'm afraid that when they see me in my home country the audiences will rise up and shout, 'Oh no, not *that*, Carlos!' "

He needn't worry. Even among hostesses, Carlos is second in popularity only to Gable. South of the border, it's no doubt the same.

who is the mysterious master mind?

(*Continued from page 39*) from the United States.

Rita's peace at Tahoe was purely physical. She and her two little girls swam in the lake and sunned themselves on the shore and stayed very much to themselves. But Rita was wracked by thoughts of persecution.

In her own mind, she is convinced that a powerful Hollywood motion picture executive is determined to ruin her life unless she gets rid of Dick Haymes. And this is one move she will not make, one threat she refuses to bow down to.

She is deeply in love with the Argentine-born crooner, may even be carrying his child at this very moment, and no matter how tough things are made for her, she is determined to sacrifice everything for love and family.

RITA HAS HAD rough sledding ever since she married Haymes in Las Vegas last summer. After the wedding, which was staged at the Sands Hotel under the supervision of press agent Al Freeman, Rita and Dick and her two little girls flew to Greenwich, Connecticut, where Rita had rented a fourteen-room house from a Mr. Joseph Kraeler.

Last summer when she was asked why she was leaving Hollywood, she said, "I think we'll be happier in the east. Things are less frantic there."

It didn't work out that way. For example, when Rita and Dick decided to leave Connecticut early this year and move into the Plaza Hotel in New York City, a deputy sheriff held most of their personal belongings, charging that they owed $675 back rent and had inflicted $4000 worth of damage on Kraeler's house. In order to obtain their belongings, the Haymeses had to post a $5000 bond.

Once in New York, Rita and Dick were exhausted and decided that they could do with a little Florida vacation. So they put Rebecca and Yasmin under the care of Mrs. Dorothy Chambers, an old friend of the Haymes family. She is a wonderful woman who owns an antique shop in Westchester County.

While Rita and Dick were in Florida, a mysterious "someone" filed charges with the Westchester County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that Rita's two daughters were being shamefully neglected.

Rita has a pretty good idea who instigated the charges but she's keeping the identity of the culprit to herself.

You can imagine how Rita felt, however, when she picked up a newspaper one morning last spring and read that a Children's Court Judge had issued an order placing her two little girls in the protective custody of the Westchester sheriff.

If the person who had made the charges were really concerned about the welfare of the girls, he could have picked up the phone and made a collect call to Rita in Florida to say, "The woman in charge of your children is neglecting them shamefully."

Why didn't he do that instead of filing charges with the Children's Society? As Mrs. Chambers herself said at the time, "I wish to God I knew who started this. I'd slap him with a suit for defamation of character. It's beautiful and it's pathetic. Nobody who is really thinking of these children would do a thing like this."

Rita, of course, raced home from Florida while newspapers everywhere carried sensational charges: RITA HAYWORTH ACCUSED OF CHILD NEGLECT. RITA FACES NEGLECT CHARGES.

It was ironic. Rita has looked after those two children from the days of their births while their two fathers, Orson Welles and Aly Khan, have been cavorting all over Europe with beautiful women. They contribute practically nothing to the support of their children, although every now and then one reads that Aly is about to settle a million on Yasmin. One is prompted to ask, "A million what?" Thus far, he has only promised to pay $8,000 a year for her support, and Rita has yet to see the $8,000.

When Rita turned up at the Children's Court in White Plains, New York, on April 26, Judge George W. Smyth absolved her of neglecting her daughters. She was told she could keep custody of Rebecca and Yasmin, but at the same time she was cautioned to keep Rebecca in school.

There was a closed hearing for two hours after which the judge disclosed that he had been in contact with Prince Aly Khan and actor Orson Welles and that they both had characterized Rita as "a loving mother."

The judge intimated that the neglect charges had been filed because Rebecca was out of school while her mother was away. Just who was keeping such close track of Rita and her children no one is saying. Certainly, Rebecca's education hasn't been neglected. She is a bright child.

debbie reynolds

is in the headlines again

and on **modern screen's**

november cover, too!

at your newsstand

october 7

BEFORE RITA had got over the heartache connected with the rearing of her daughters she was faced with the prospect of losing her husband.

As practically everyone knows, the U.S. Immigration Department began proceedings last year to deport Dick Haymes. By claiming to be a citizen of a neutral nation, Argentina, Haymes had managed to remain draft-free during World War II. Because of this he was not allowed to leave the United States. Last winter, however, he flew to Hawaii to visit Rita while she was making a picture there.

Upon returning to California he was told that he was liable for deportation to Argentina because he had left the country. Haymes swears that before he left the country he asked the Immigration officials if there was any law against his taking the trip.

Richard Cody, a former Immigration employee, has sworn in a closed hearing that he was ordered not to tell Haymes anything, that, in fact, "an entrapment" was set for the singer.

Haymes' lawyer, David Marcus, is convinced that, "someone has been trying to make Haymes the scapegoat. Just who wants him out of the country, I don't know. I've heard it said that if Haymes gets shipped, Hayworth will be more tractable. I don't think so. If Haymes is deported, I'm sure Mrs. Haymes will follow.

"But at this point it doesn't look as if Dick will be deported so easily. His warrant of deportation has been canceled and the Immigration Department's Board of Appeals has been scrupulously fair."

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that while Haymes' hearing was in progress, Rita's studio gave out the assertion that in no way was it interested in the outcome. This is meaningful because it has been suggested in many quarters that it is Rita's studio that lies behind all her heartache and trouble.

Rita has her own film producing company, Beckworth Productions. Only recently her company filed suit against Columbia Pictures asking for an accounting of $13,000,000 worth of film product.

One well-known Hollywood observer says, "It's really very simple. Some of the big shots think that Dick inspired the suit against Columbia. They think that if they can get rid of Dick, Hayworth will be very easy to handle. They think Haymes is 'the heavy' in the case."

Columbia Pictures describes this and similar allegations as "ridiculous." Rita is under suspension for refusing to make pictures at Columbia, and as soon as she returns, expressing her willingness to work, she goes back on the payroll at approximately $5,000 a week.

It is no secret that Rita wants to get out of her Columbia contract. She will do anything to sever her association with that particular studio. She will give up her lawsuit, her claims to any money due her, her residual interests in films, everything. She just does not want to make another picture for Columbia.

As a result of this adamant attitude, she is dead broke and living on borrowed money.

Haymes, of course, has no money, and is being sued for non-support by two of his former wives, Joanne Dru and Nora Eddington.

So, all things considered, it's really pitiful. These two people have devoted the best, most fruitful years of their lives to show business.

The woman, Rita Hayworth, is broke, harried, condemned, subjected to the most unfair attacks, private and public, ever directed at any famous figure.

The man, Dick Haymes, is broke, too, threatened with jail and deportation.

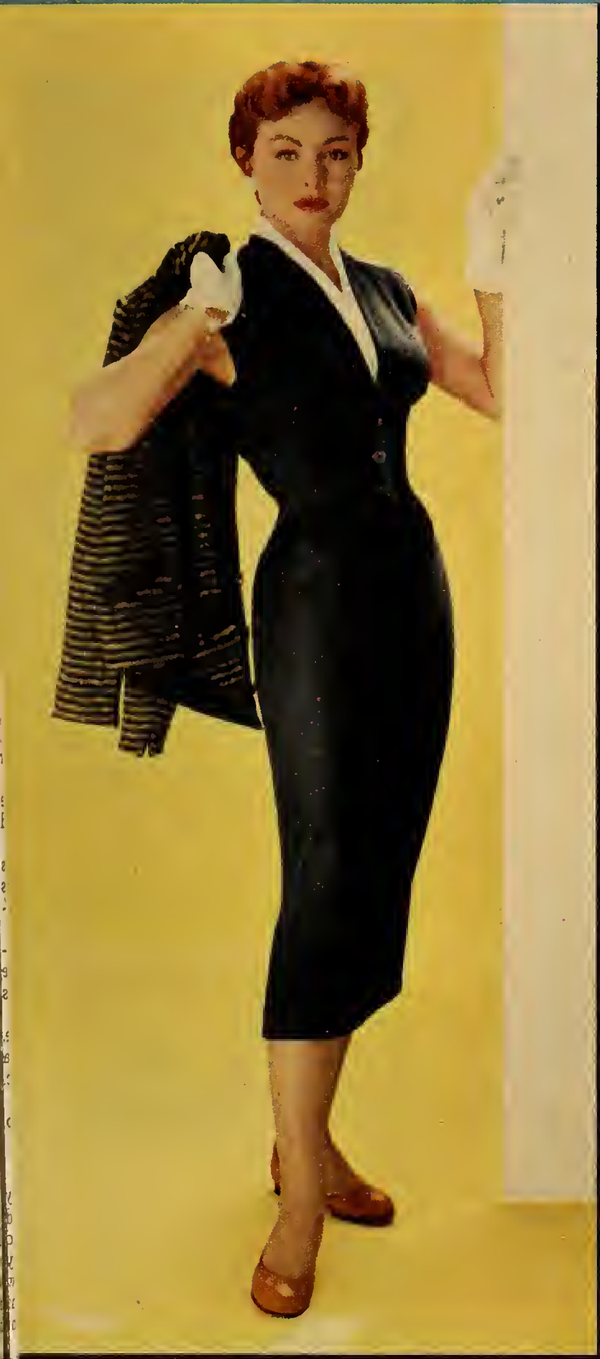
IN THE WHOLE WORLD these two have only each other to count on for support and encouragement. They are both convinced that eventually they will fight their way through the darkness that threatens now to engulf them. And the beacon of light that will see them through is their potent and continuing love.

"It is very easy to love and be happy," Rita once said, "when you have your health, when your career is going well and things are good at home. When the bottom drops out, it's much more difficult."

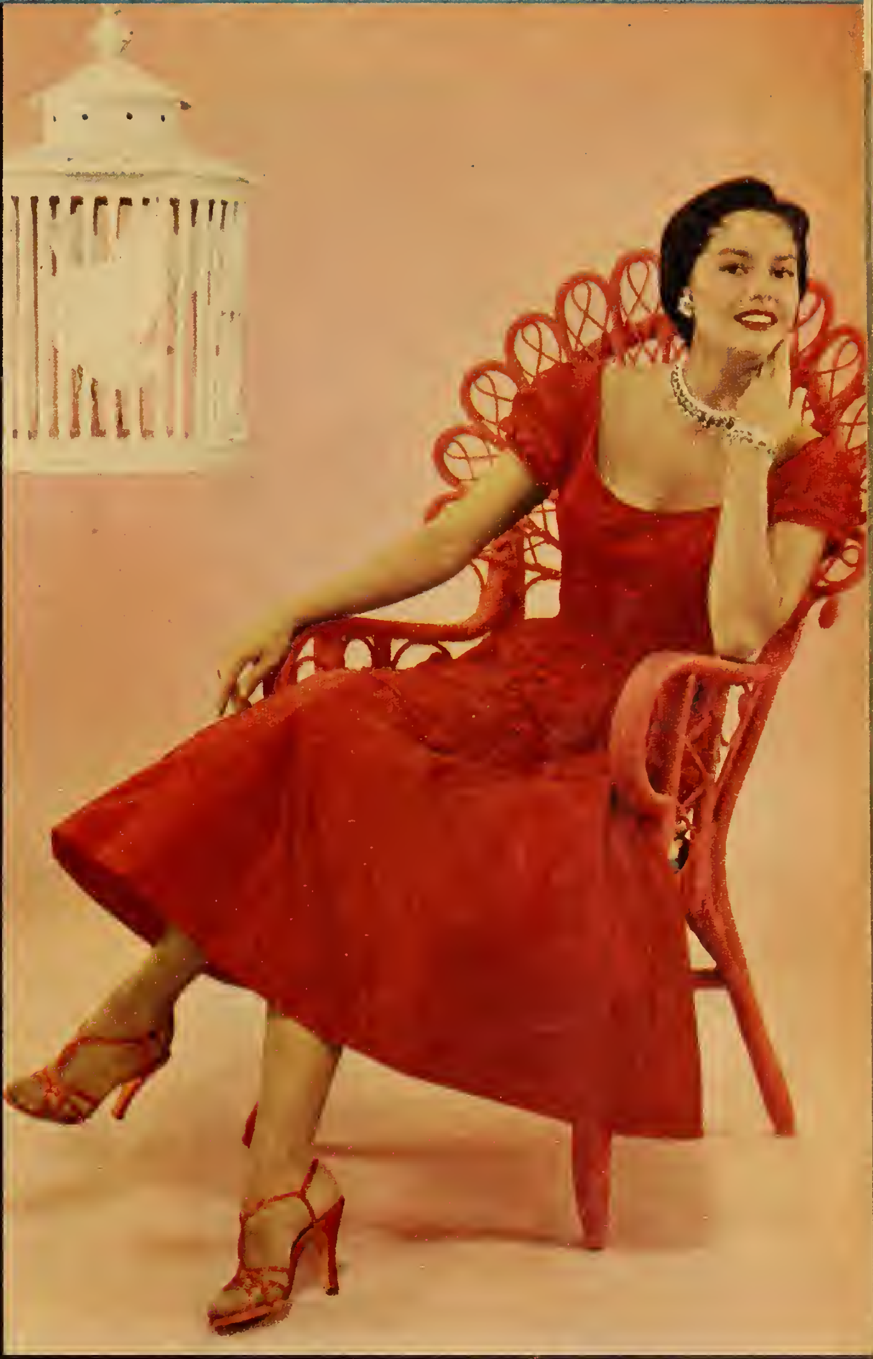
The bottom of pretty nearly everything has dropped out for Rita and Dick. But they still have their love. And with that for a foundation, there are no heights to which they cannot ascend.

Certainly after all these months of persecution, anguish, and heartache, they deserve one good break. It is hard to see what could be served by deporting Haymes and thereby driving Rita and her children from their country. END

modern screen fashions



Engstead



Glenn Embree

New and exciting shoe style for fall! Jeanne Crain, Fox star now in Warner Bros. *Duel In The Jungle,* accents her wool costume with smartly styled flats of cork tan glove leather, a Connie Shoe Creation. See this flat style and other new fall Connie styles in detail on page 76. Costume ensemble by McArthur.

Cyd Charisse gives stocking hints—choose evening and day shades to complement *your* skin tone—choose the *right* stocking style for each shoe style! Cyd enhances her *olive* skin with Cameo's *Rose Beige* for evening, *Rose Mauve* for day. All about Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on page 77. Ceil Chapman gown. The jewels are by Volupté.

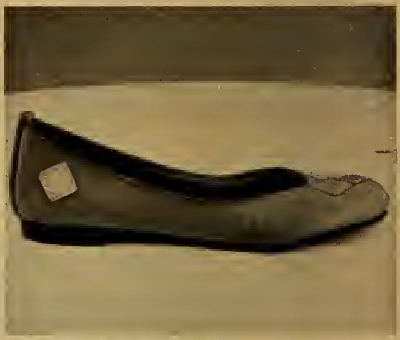
MORE ▶

FASHION RIGHT–

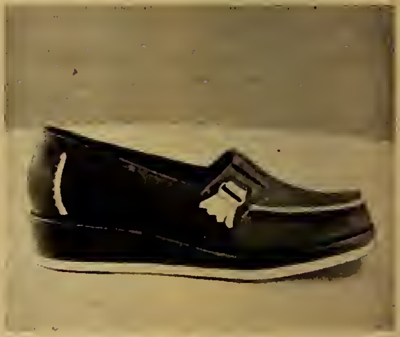
John Engstead

Jeanne Crain, Chairwoman of the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board, looks over award-winning Connie Shoe Creations. She holds the style she wears on page 75—wears another winning style here. Details of shoes at the right. Two-piece dress by McArthur. Other Board Members at the Modern Screen Connie Shoe Creations party included: Polly Bergen, Terry Moore, Jeff Hunter, Sheree North, Debra Paget, Cameron Mitchell, Peggy Ann Garner, Roberta Linn and John Raven.

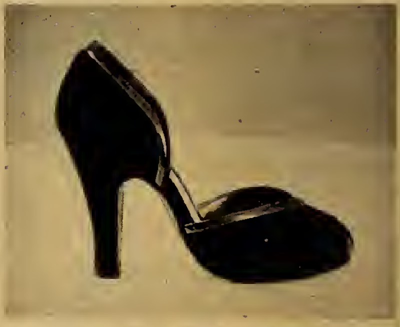
CONNIE SHOE CREATIONS CAN BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 84.



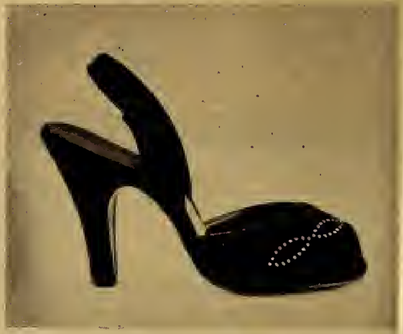
Leather flat. Cork tan, multi-tan trim or black, multicolor trim. About $5.95.



Leather crepe sole wedge, contrast trim. Tan, black or cream. About $6.95.



Classic d'Orsay pump, gunmetal strip trim. Black or blue suede. About $7.95.

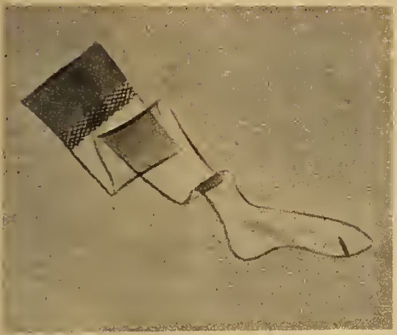


Open-toe, sling back sueae pump, nailhead trim. Black or brown. About $6.95.

Roberta Linn and John Raven, two of the Modern Screen *Board Members at the fashion party who chose Connie Shoe Creations.*

Board Member Peggy Ann Garner makes her choice of shoe styles that go around the clock—flats for casual wear, sling pumps for dress.

STAR BRIGHT



For sandals: Complete nude-foot seamless. $1.65. Worn by Cyd Charisse on page 75.

For pumps: Ultra twist *66 gauge, 12 denier. Full-fashioned, self seam. $1.65.*

For Cuban styles: 60 gauge, 15 denier, black outline heel and seam. $1.50.

For flats: Famous Burmilace*—60 gauge, 15 denier, shadow heel and toe. $1.65.*

Ann Miller wears Bur-Mil Cameo's newest complexion stocking shades to flatter her *pink* skin—*Peachbloom* for evening, *Crackerjack* for daytime. Bur-Mil Cameo makes daytime and evening stocking shades to complement the five key complexion tones—*olive, ivory, pink, medium* and *radiant*—in a complete range of stocking styles. Ann wears sheer full-fashioned stockings; Cyd chooses complete nude-foot seamless, page 75. Both stars are in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. Ann's next picture is *Hit The Deck;* Cyd's, *Brigadoon.*

BUR-MIL CAMEO STOCKINGS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES.

John Engstead

MORE ▶

modern screen fashions

■ A new fashion star is born! The Playtex *Living Bra!* Peggy Castle, next to be seen in United Artists' *The White Orchid,* was Chairwoman of the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board that approved this wonderful new item. Minus wiring, boning or stiffening, the Playtex *Living Bra* (worn by model below) lifts, controls and separates; gives you a flattering uplift, comfort and ease. The bra cups are a combination of nylon taffeta with nylon marquisette, the low-cut back, bias-cut sides and V-plunge neckline are batiste elastic. Will not wrinkle, creep or ride up. 32A to 40C. White only. About $4. This award-winning bra by Playtex at leading department and specialty stores. Other Modern Screen Board Members included Polly Bergen, star of TV's *Hit Parade*, Rita Moreno, now in 20th's *Untamed* and Renie, 20th clothes designer for *Untamed.* Golden metal compact by American Beauty.

United Artists

Roger Prigent

More fashions on page 82

talking about kelly

(*Continued from page 46*) popular with men and so much in demand by the industry?

When she came out to Hollywood four years ago to test for a role in *Taxi*, she was turned down for the lead. One cameraman says, "Because on film she just didn't come across. She generated absolutely nothing—no sex, no vitality, just a kind of subdued prettiness."

A few months later when Grace was signed for a small part in *Fourteen Hours*, she again made little or no impression. Of the millions of people who saw the film, hardly anyone can remember Grace in it.

FROM THIS standing start, how did Grace Kelly suddenly burgeon into "the hottest young actress in the business?" How, for instance, did she outdistance all the acting ladies in Hollywood who were plotting for the role opposite Bing Crosby in *The Country Girl?*

The old acquaintance who believes that it's Grace's ambition that moves her along tells how it was done.

"Grace told her agent that she wanted the role very badly. Then she called the producer, Bill Perlberg. She told him the same thing. Perlberg hedged. Grace had done a wonderful job for him in *The Bridges At Toko-Ri*, but Bill knew that MGM wanted Grace back for *Green Fire* with Stewart Granger. And he knew something else. He knew that Bing Crosby wasn't particularly anxious to have Grace as his leading lady. So Bill stalled for a while, diplomatically, of course. He was convinced Metro wouldn't let Grace remain at Paramount for a second picture.

"But Bill didn't reckon with Kelly's ambition. She pressed for the part, day after day. When Metro finally told her a loanout was impossible, Grace led with her trump.

"'If I can't play the roles I want,' she said, 'there is no point in my being in this business. I'll pack up and go home.'

"Grace has a big advantage. She doesn't need money. Her father is rich. Metro knew that of course, and in Hollywood as in Wall Street, people who have money are not kicked around—not very much, anyway. So Metro gave in and Grace was cleared for *The Country Girl.*"

Bing says now that he never did object to Grace's joining the cast of the picture. And apparently he didn't. Of course Bing was aware of Grace's alleged affinity for leading men—as in the case of Ray Milland.

No sooner had *Dial M For Murder* started when stories that Milland was leaving his wife and hoped to marry Grace began to circulate.

At that time Bing was being mentioned in connection with both Mona Freeman and Margot James and he didn't want any more publicity like that. When *The Country Girl* began, Bing and Grace were polite to each other.

Bing has never been a man to offer his friendship freely, and Grace sensed that. She has an unerring facility for judging men. At the start of the production the Kelly-Crosby relationship was purely professional. Gradually it thawed and grew into a personal relationship. Bing and Grace have a great deal in common. They are both of Irish descent, both Catholic, both hard-working and both emotionally restrained.

Before the picture was finished, Bing was dating Grace quite frequently. Once, Bing took her dancing at the Mocambo, where the photographers gathered around and shot him without his hairpiece, an indelicacy which always arouses the Crosby ire.

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SOME OF Grace's rivals would have you believe that she appeals to men like Crosby, Gable, Milland and Cooper "because they are well on in years and are always searching for a leading lady who won't make them look too old." They say that Grace's outstanding professional virtue is the maturity of her appearance.

Last year when Clark Gable was in London, he was, as usual, reluctant to say anything. Asked about Grace, he answered, "She is a very sweet and refined young lady with lots of inner warmth and talent."

Was it true that while they were making *Mogambo* in Africa, they fell in love?

"Ridiculous," Gable said. "We went hunting together a couple of times. That's about all."

A British newspaperman who had accompanied the *Mogambo* troupe all through Kenya, was a bit more expansive.

"Very quickly," he reported, "Grace Kelly became the darling of the outfit. John Ford, the director, took a liking to her right away. He gave her one of his favorite caps and began calling her Kelly.

"The general feeling among members of the cast was that Kelly was one regular girl, normal and easy to get on with.

"I don't knew whether she fell for Gable first or vice versa but they certainly struck up a close friendship. When they returned to London, they took up where they left off in Nairobi.

"I saw them dining together several times and I later ran into them at the New Theatre and Her Majesty's Theatre. In fact, I believe they were sort of mobbed when they tried to see *Paint Your Wagon*.

"Once when I rang up Kelly, I asked her if she were engaged to Gable.

"'Don't be foolish,' she said. 'Mr. Gable is a very dear friend and a very kind man who was very considerate on location. Yes, I've gone out with him a few times. But it's nothing serious.'"

The friendship may not have been serious then. But somehow Grace's mother, Mrs. Margaret Majer Kelly, got wind of it in Philadelphia. The next thing anyone knew, Mrs. Kelly was in London living with Grace in the Savoy Hotel and Gable was staying over at the Connaught. Al Menasco, his old pal from California was on his way to join Clark for a tour of the continent.

When Mrs. Kelly took her beautiful young daughter back to the States, Gable and Mr. and Mrs. Menasco went on to Paris. It was there that Gable met Schiaparelli model Suzanne Dadolle d'Abadie.

Suzanne joined the wanderers and soon rumors began to drift back to Hollywood that in this statuesque French beauty, Gable had found his fifth wife.

How these rumors affected Grace Kelly nobody knows. Nobody but Grace, that is, and she is not one to talk about her personal life. She's a sensible girl, and perhaps she realized that there was no point in pining for a man who was thousands of miles across the Atlantic, apparently having a great time with a French model on the sands of Capri.

GRACE THREW HERSELF into her television work in New York, starring in one playlet after another until the day Jay Kanter, her agent at MCA, called her to ask, "How would you like to go to Hollywood and play opposite Ray Milland in *Dial M For Murder?*"

Grace had seen the play on Broadway and she was enthusiastic—in her own quiet way. Little did she know that she was destined to be attracted to Reginald Truscott-Jones, formerly of His Majesty's Household Guard. Mr. Truscott-Jones acts under the name of Ray Milland.

Grace's friends say, "She never would have fallen for Milland if she hadn't been under the impression that he was separated from his wife. She has far too much self-control for that. She is an idealistic girl, and she would sooner cut off her arm than break up any going marriage."

Anyway, Milland was extremely taken with Grace during the filming of *Dial M For Murder,* and it was no secret on the Warner lot that he planned to divorce his beautiful wife Mal and marry Grace Kelly.

Naturally enough, Milland, now reconciled with his wife, refuses to discuss the affair. For her part, Grace airily acts as if it never even happened. The approximate truth is that once she learned that Ray had not been separated from his wife when they met—that is, that their friendship had begun under false pretenses—Grace called the whole thing off.

As in the Gable problem, Grace's mother came to her daughter's side in the problem of Ray Milland. It was said that henceforth Mrs. Margaret Kelly would act as Grace's chaperone in Hollywood.

Of course Grace Kelly needs no chaperone. She is self-reliant, blessed with integrity and righteousness, and would never do anything embarrassing to herself or to her family. Her best chaperone will always be her own conscience and her parents know that.

Once the Milland rumors blew clear, Mrs. Kelly went back to Philadelphia, and Grace took off for South America to star in *Green Fire*.

When she returned she began to see Clark Gable again, but the time she had for social life was limited. She had to leave for Cannes and *Catch A Thief*.

GRACE KELLY is near-sighted and wears glasses, is blessed with natural beauty and unerring understanding of men.

From whom she got this understanding it is difficult to say. Some believe it came from her father, a rugged athlete who started a bricklaying business in Philadelphia with $7,000 borrowed from two wealthy brothers. That bricklaying business is now an eighteen-million-dollar contracting outfit.

Others say Grace learned how to handle men by handling her brother John, a world champion oarsman. But a girl who attended the Stevens School with Grace and knows her background well, says, "She learned about men from a boy in Philadelphia named Harper Davis. She was very much in love with him and eventually they might have been married. But he died last year."

Someone else insists that Kelly, before movie fame, used to go fairly steady with Gene Lyons, an excellent stage and TV actor. Supposedly Lyons was smitten by her born-to-the-purple manner.

Grace's technique apparently consists of being natural, quiet, and attentive.

Bill Holden said, "I've never known her to take advantage of being a woman. In *Toko-Ri* she was always on time, always knew her lines, always contributed a good deal to the scene." And Grace has a wonderful way of contributing without being pushing. She talks in modulated tones and makes it a point never to hurt anyone.

GRACE HAS MADE her own living, more or less, since she was seventeen or eighteen. Her family wanted her to go to Bennington College in Vermont but scholastically she couldn't make the grade. Then she decided to study acting.

In 1947 she went to New York, enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and found work as a model. Since she is extremely photogenic, she soon became a very popular photographers' model. She appeared on magazine covers and gradually she worked her way into TV where casting directors said she looked like "the typical young British bride."

One night a talent scout from 20th Century-Fox saw Grace on his TV set and suggested that the studio test her for a bit in *14 Hours* since much of it was being shot on location in New York.

Grace got the part, but Fox didn't find her sufficiently promising for a term contract. Her appetite for fame had been whetted, though.

She worked hard. She played Bucks County in Pennsylvania, then Ellitch Gardens in Denver, then back to TV in New York, always learning, always listening, always studying and waiting for that one all-important wedge in the door of fortune.

It wasn't long in coming.

In 1951 Stanley Kramer had signed Gary Cooper for *High Noon* and needed "a young leading lady at not too much dough." MCA sent over some film on Kelly and Kramer ran it off. He liked what he saw. So did Cooper.

Grace was signed for the role of Cooper's wife. *High Noon* turned out to be the best western of the year, winning an Oscar for Coop and critical acclaim for Kelly.

MGM then offered Grace a contract, the salary starting at $750 a week, an opportunity to play opposite Gable in *Mogambo* and plenty of time for stage work. Grace affixed her signature to the contract. And she was off to the races.

So much of Hollywood beauty is beltline processed that Grace's natural good looks immediately registered with the critics—and with her leading men. They began to describe her as "one of the few ladies in the picture business—reserved, refined and restrained."

She is smart enough not to compete with her escort. When she's with Gable she gives him the impression that she is honored to share his company. With Crosby she makes Bing feel like a gay, young, dancing blade. She dresses simply and conservatively and makes her escort feel that she will be very much at home no matter where he takes her.

Gable says he was afraid to take her hunting with him in Africa but that she acquitted herself nobly. "Never griped a single time."

BECAUSE GRACE KELLY is genuinely reserved, she does not make a particularly rewarding interview. She answers questions briefly, competently and respectfully, but she rarely offers an elaborating anecdote.

One newsman said, "She gave me the feeling that I was being presented at Buckingham Palace."

Grace has adopted a quasi-British accent or as Cary Grant explained, "She speaks English in a very special way as if she belonged to both America and Great Britain."

Despite her sensational success, Grace never has gone Hollywood. On the west coast she sublets reasonable apartments and in New York has kept her small apartment on East 66th Street.

Ask her how she feels about things and her blue eyes light up and she says modestly, "I've been very lucky and I know it. Once in a while that happens to someone in Hollywood and it's happened to me. I'm hot at the moment. But how long it will last I don't know."

Grace, incidentally, had good luck at the gaming tables in Monte Carlo before *Catch A Thief* got started.

"I went with Betsy Drake and Jessie Royce Landis," she told a friend, "and they had the most *complicated* gambling systems. All I did was put my money on number six. And I won."

Grace insists upon describing herself as "just lucky." Certainly she's been lucky in birth, background, beauty, career, and lately, in gambling. One wonders if she will be as lucky in love. END

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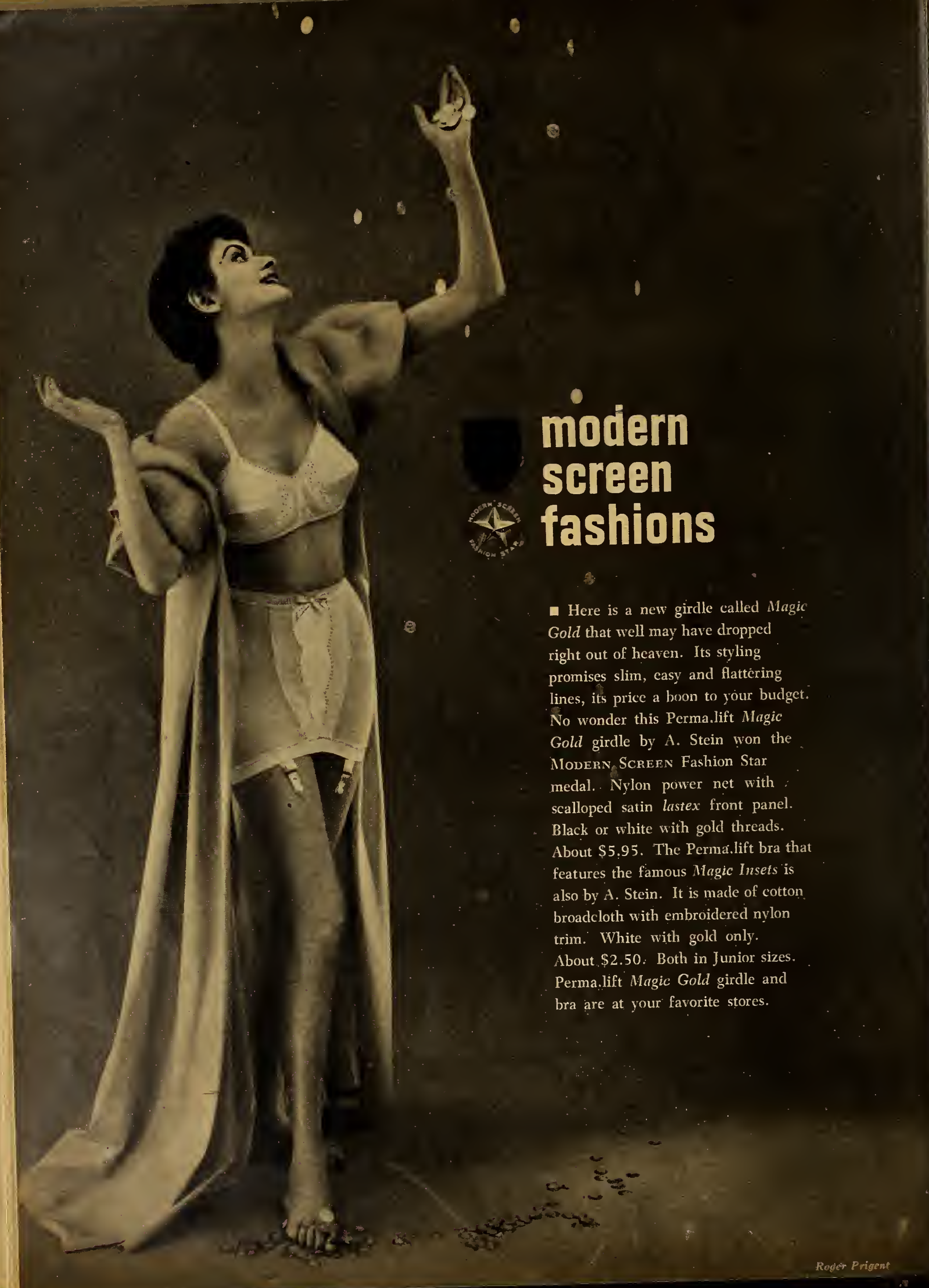

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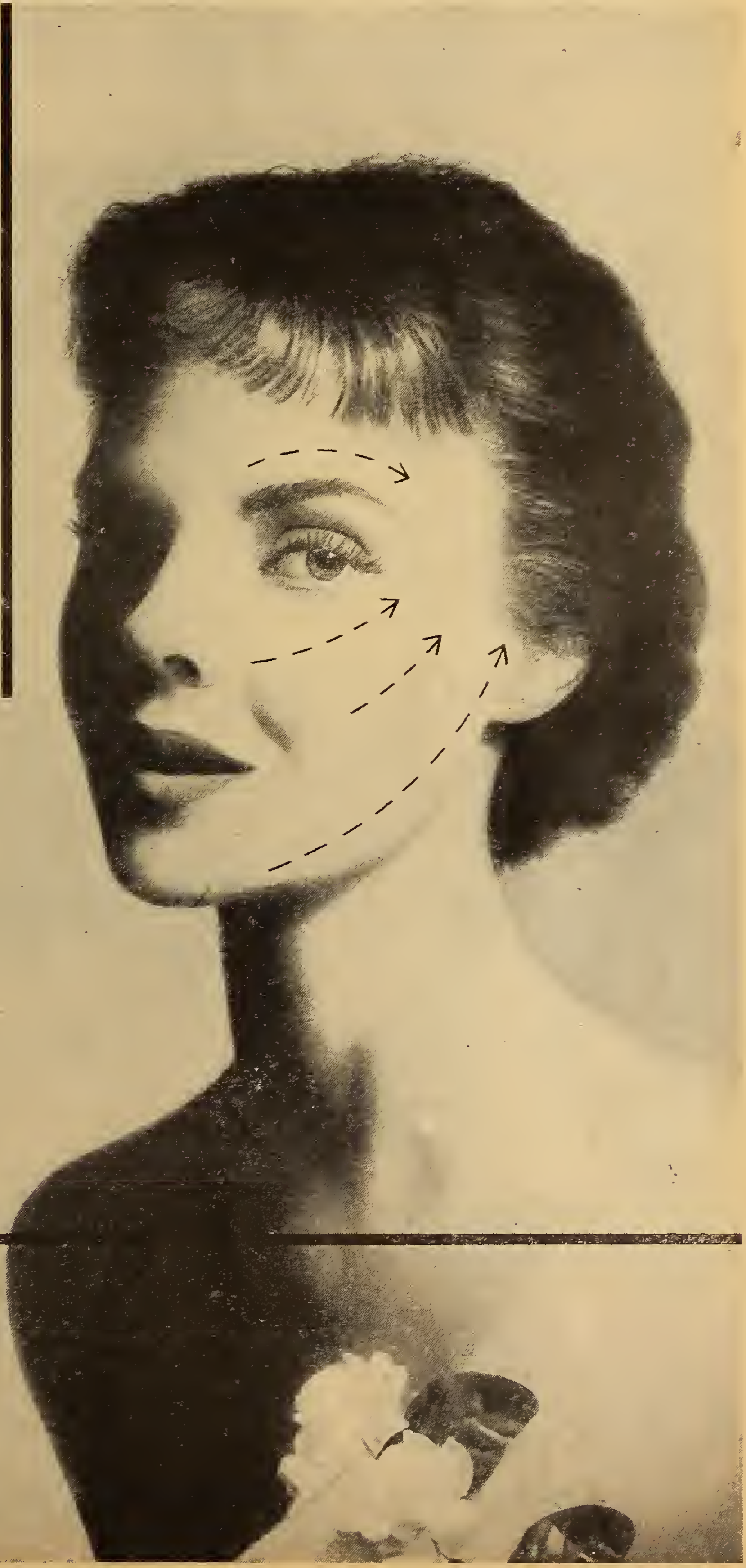

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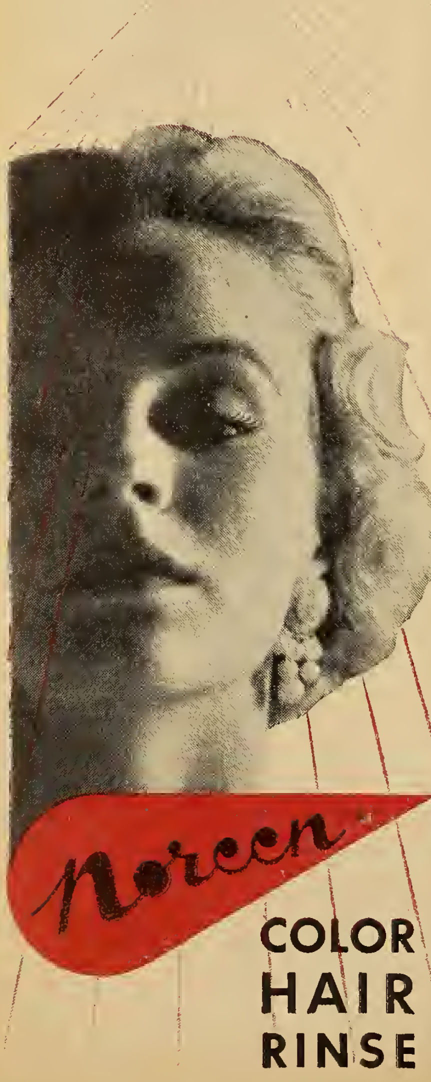
Noreen
COLOR HAIR RINSE

abra-ca-debra

(*Continued from page 51*) found this house. Obviously, they were all too overcome by the sheer size of the three-story mansion to notice that it was terribly run down. Wisely, Debra kept her thoughts to herself. She climbed out of her Cadillac convertible and followed the rest of them as they filed up the flight of stone steps leading to the main entrance. Bill Barry turned the key in the lock and ushered them into the vast emptiness.

There was no electricity in the house so Bill and Debra's dad had to carry flashlights. As they moved from the livingroom to the solarium, from the diningroom to the Chinese room, the two men played their beams of light into the farthest dark corners. Their footsteps echoed loudly on the bare floors and there was dust everywhere. Debby shivered.

It took Bill Barry over an hour to show the Griffins (Debby's real family name is Griffin) the complete house from the basement to the top floor. He didn't omit one of the twenty-five rooms or seven baths. He pointed out how the various bedroom suites included their own small kitchenettes so that they could function as separate apartments in case anyone wanted to live independently of the family and yet under the same roof.

He showed them three different playrooms with outside entrances so that a gang in one room needn't disturb a party in another. He demonstrated the hotel-size stove and refrigerator which are permanent equipment in the kitchen. He flashed his light along the walls of built-in closets and the marble-lined bath with the steam cabinet. He even included a side trip to the small guest cottage beside the three-car garage. Then he led his visitors around the outskirts of the property so they might see how completely private the pool and gardens were.

When the inspection trip was completed, a kind of contagious excitement spread through the Griffin group. "Can we afford such a big place? What did you think of that rustic gameroom? Where will we ever get enough furniture to fill twenty-five rooms? Won't the pool be heavenly?"

Only Debra and her mother were completely quiet. Debra was trying to fathom Bill Barry's reason for bringing them to this creepy place. And Mother Maggie was silently figuring and weighing the alternatives before making up her mind.

Finally, Mrs. Griffin declared herself. "We can either go forward or slide back," she said, voicing one of her pet beliefs, "but we can't stand still. I think we should take it. What do you say, Frank? Teala? Debby?"

"I think we should talk to the others," Debby's father suggested.

And so, like every other big decision that faces this unusual show-business family, the question of moving to Beverly Hills was debated around the diningroom table late that night. It's the custom among the Griffin clan to give everyone a voice in family affairs. And there are nine strong voices in Debra Paget's family.

First, of course, come her parents. Next come Teala and her husband, Gene Bennett, who live at this same address along with their two little girls, Kim and Jeneene. Between Teala and Debra comes Frank, Jr. Frank is an actor under contract to RKO. Debra follows Teala in age. Eighteen months younger than Debby is Leslie, or Lisa Gaye, as she is called professionally. And last of all is their precocious little sister, six-year-old Marcia.

With so many different theatrical personalities under one roof, you'd expect nothing but jealousy and continual friction, but there is none. With an admirable spirit of cooperation, the Griffin family manages to live together in harmony. Mother Maggie explains this by saying that "my kids are all too busy to fight."

But there is more to this remarkable family spirit than just keeping busy. The Griffins happen to like each other. The girls are good friends. All the grown-ups pamper and love the children. And everyone admires and adores Mama.

In addition, the family has evolved a workable system of living. Each capable member contributes to the family fund, and everyone has a say in how the money gets spent. All share in the housework. Over the years, they've found that by pooling their incomes and energy they can live better together than apart.

The move into the big house in Beverly Hills is a wonderful example of the "Griffin System" in operation.

"The night after we saw the house on Crescent Drive," Debra recalls, "we sat up until two in the morning arguing. At first, I was completely against our taking such an old house. It seemed to be a hopeless wreck, but Mama soon set me straight. She said that all it needed was a thorough cleaning indoors and out. Dad agreed.

"Then she outlined some of her ideas about how we'd furnish the place. She

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said she'd like to put white cotton carpets all over the house to lighten the rooms and to mix a lot of big comfortable modern chairs with some Chinese chests. It sounded pretty wonderful.

"In the end we all decided that the house had everything we'd always wanted—a home with plenty of rooms and a pool. We were willing to work to pay for it."

Two nights later, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin signed the lease for their new Beverly Hills home, a three-year rental with option to buy. With that the work began.

IT HAPPENED TO US

While we were in high school a friend and I attended the opening of a new theatre in New Orleans. After the performance we went backstage for the autograph of the guest star, Dan Duryea. He signed the white cards we presented and then drew mine back to see what it was—and laughed. Because he had signed the only papers we had available: our report cards!

Mrs. Cleo Crawley
Gulfport, Miss.

According to Maggie, "We really should have taken before-and-after pictures. Without photographs people can't begin to appreciate what a wonderful transformation the decorating firm of Mann & Field wrought on that out-of-date house."

The first stage was the clean-up. Mr. Griffin and Gene Bennett worked on the yard, while Debra and her mother tackled the house. "To give you a small idea how wild the grounds were," Debra's dad explains, "Gene and I worked around outside for a week and we didn't know we had a huge outdoor barbecue and grill hidden under some ivy."

The changes were almost as surprising inside. Right from the beginning Maggie worked with Bob Gilbert, Mann & Field's head decorator. She ordered over 300 yards of white carpeting through them. She chose her big comfortable couches and chairs in their showrooms. Bob Gilbert helped plan the seating arrangement in the livingroom. He also suggested that she move the old diningroom furniture into the breakfast room for everyday use. Then he sold her a very striking new diningroom set for parties and company dinners.

As soon as the utilities were turned on and the house was reasonably clean the Griffins moved in with their entire menagerie. They own two parrots and a macaw who were quickly installed in a sunny room on the third floor. The dogs, Gypsy and Honey, were let free in the big back yard. Cuddles, the baby monkey, got a stylish new black wrought iron cage and now he's allowed to stay in the front hall. The five cats were allowed to roam at will. And all the pet goldfish were unceremoniously dumped into the lily pond.

The human members of the family had a much tougher time deciding which set of rooms they'd occupy. After much indecision, Debra finally chose a big corner room with a fireplace and a lovely little balcony. "It's heavenly," she claims, "especially early in the morning and at dusk. I can lie on my bed and listen to the birds and watch the squirrels. You'd think we were living in the country instead of on a busy block in Beverly Hills."

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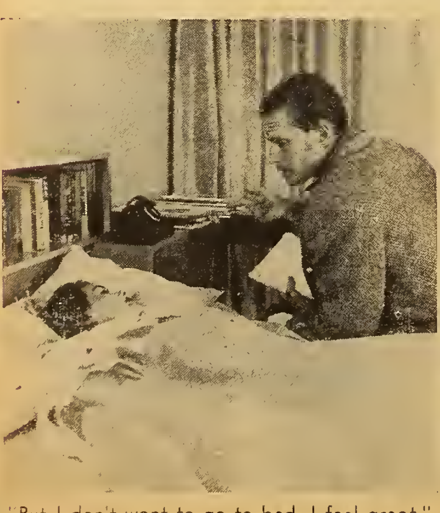
"Hon," I said, "I have something to tell you."

"I'm pregnant! . . . Charlton . . . don't choke!"

"I saw the doctor today. He says I'm fine."

"I won't need a hospital bag for months!"



"But I don't want to go to bed. I feel great."

"And don't baby me . . . well, if you insist . . ."

Most of Debby's white satin and rose velvet furnishings came from the Griffins' old Hollywood Boulevard house, but Mrs. Griffin did have some adorable cupid lamps made especially for the new room.

Leslie chose the sleeping porch overlooking the pool for her private world. The furniture in this room has a Cordovan finish and is as tailored as Debby's is feminine. Leslie has twin beds because she loves to have girl friends like Lori Nelson and Julia Adams spend the night.

Teala and her husband have a separate apartment with rooms for their tow-headed little daughters. And for the first time in his married life, Frank Griffin has a den of his own where he can go off by himself, read the paper, and take a midday snooze. He also has a new desk for which he can thank little Marcia.

On about the 428th trip to the Mann & Field headquarters, Marcia and Debby were waiting while their mother looked at curtain material for the solarium. Debby was engrossed in her favorite pastime of clipping recipes from magazines. Suddenly little Marcia suggested, "Let's buy Daddy a desk. He needs one terribly. He has to keep all his papers in boxes."

Debra threw her arms around her baby sister. "Angel, what a divine idea!" she agreed. And so Debra bought one.

THE WHOLE FAMILY received a wonderful surprise from an old friend and artist, Arne Nybak. Arne's specialty is commercial murals and stage sets. His commissions keep him busy all over the country. When he dropped by the Griffins' place one Sunday to see the new house, he was so struck by its dramatic quality that he promised to give the family a special housewarming gift.

"Why not a sample of your work?" Debby asked. She never dreamed he'd take her seriously.

A few days later Arne arrived at the door with his paints and brushes. He tied an apron around his business suit and went to work. For three days he painted a wonderful three-dimensional mermaid mural in the front hall.

"It's the first thing people see when they come to visit us," Debby says, "and it really takes their breath away. Honestly, the jeweled mermaids kind of set the tone for this whole story-book house."

Debra and her family have been living in their new home a little more than three months. By now, they're used to the luxury of private rooms and adjoining sun decks and five telephones. They've got the housework down to a science. This is one movie star's family that doesn't have a servant problem. It has no servants.

Each girl looks after her own clothes and cleans her own room. Maggie and Teala share the cooking but Debby likes to do some of the baking. All the children help with the dishes and bed-making. Then race outside and sit by the pool.

"If people used to criticize me for not dating and always sticking close to home," Debby says, "they're really going to blast me now. I plan my whole day just so that I can spend the best sun hours swimming. I even had my hair cut to make it easier to manage when it gets wet. I really love this beautiful place. Honestly, it takes a pretty sensational date to lure me away."

To be sure, a lot of the younger movie crowd gather at the Griffins' place. And you never can tell when one of them may prove to be the man in Debra Paget's life. But this much is certain. If a man does win Debby's heart, he'll have to marry her fabulous family, too. This is one clan that believes in sticking together. **END**

(Debra Paget can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Gambler From Natchez.*)*

24 hours with tony

(*Continued from page 68*) repast, but Bert accepted the fruit juice and coffee Tony handed him on the wing, along with the explanation, "We'll grab something at the commissary." Then Tony gave Janet a quick, hard kiss and said, "'Bye, sweetie. Don't work too hard. I love you," and was gone. Tony had begun to run.

Bert opened his mouth to utter a few nice words of his own, but outside a car horn blared, warning him that if he didn't want to get lost before his day with Tony Curtis started, he'd better make tracks. "Goodbye, Janet. Thanks," he said hastily—and sleepily.

Tony pointed the nose of his Cadillac convertible toward the Cahuenga Freeway and the studio like a racer on the last lap at Indianapolis. He was humming a cheerful little scrap of song. "Didja know I'm gonna be a crooner? No kidding, I signed a contract with Decca. Will Cowan, the producer, is helping me out with the arrangements and stuff, because I don't know from nuttin'. Remind me, I've gotta find some time to talk to him today. What a sweetheart of a guy!" New projects—those make Tony run.

"Yes sir, the next voice you hear will be that of Anthony Curtis, boy balladeer. Cochise did it—and what has he got that I haven't, except a great talent?" Tony was speaking of his buddy, Jeff Chandler, who recently commenced to bend the public ear with gratifying results.

He swung in at the gates of U-I and beamed broadly at the guard. "So, what's new this morning?"

"Seen the papers yet?"

"No. Why?"

"Brooklyn beat us last night."

Tony's grin vanished. "Them bums!" he said bitterly. "They ought to be flattered to carry the Giants' gloves."

"I like the Dodgers," Bert Parry said mildly.

Tony wheeled and stared at him. "Who's this layout for? Modern Screen? Remind me, never, never to do another layout for Modern Screen. Nowhere in my contract does it say I've got to consort with Brooklyn rooters. Let 'em suspend me—I'll sue." He parked the car, hopped out and departed in a cloud of dust, yelling over his shoulder, "Meet me in the commissary in ten minutes, Bert. We'll have breakfast!"

Off on some errand of his own, Tony ran all the way. On his way back he met a close friend, Nicky Blair, and invited him to breakfast. "How'd Willy Mays do last night?" he asked.

"He got another homer," Nick answered, and Tony was happy again.

In the commissary he chucked his favorite waitress under the chin. "*Good* morning, El-*ee*-nor! How's my sweetheart today?" She likes it, she likes it, and she wishes he didn't always have to eat in such a hurry. It's bad for his stomach.

He does have to hurry, though, because he has only a few minutes to get over to wardrobe and into his costume before he's due on the *Five Bridges To Cross* set. Tony always has only a few minutes' grace.

On this particular set he was met by make-up man Frank Westmore, who refused to be baited into a discussion of baseball. "We're running late," he squelched. "Hold your head still."

By nine o'clock the cameras were rolling. Sporadically they rolled, but the set constantly seethed with activity in preparation for them. The stage was finally set, Director Joseph Pevney had rehearsed the scene to his satisfaction, an assistant director shouted out the warning, "Quiet, please, everyone," a bell clamored, and they were in business. With luck, the second or third take was good; if not, they would do the scene another dozen or so times before they heard the welcome words, "Print it!"

Tony retired to his dressingroom to go over his next lines. His door is never closed, so he had little time to relax alone, listening to the new Frank Sinatra album. "Absolutely the greatest thing he's ever done!" he said to Jeff Chandler, who had ambled over to the set.

"Yeah, and you're not going to give him much competition," needled the big guy.

"I know it," Tony admitted.

Co-star Julia Adams appeared to ask about his mother, who was in the hospital after surgery. Tony hadn't had time to call yet, so he did it that minute. "She had a good night," he reported cheerfully to Julia, then said into the phone, "Give Momma all my love, and tell her I'll see her later."

George Nader, getting his first big break in the picture, loomed in the doorway to report that Sherman Clark, still photographer on the picture, wanted them on the set for some candids. Tony rose immediately and went out with him. "C'mon, you bum, smile pretty for the man," he ribbed the more serious young actor.

"Can't," George answered with marked gravity. "You get wrinkles that way. I never smile unless the script calls for it."

Another scene and another before the company broke for lunch. Tony walked over to the studio with Julia Adams, holding hands; en route he was heard to say, "Jeez, you're cute enough to be mascot to the Giants. I'm gonna speak to Leo about you."

At lunch he sat with Joe Pevney and his producer, Aaron Rosenberg. There was very little horsing around; the three men

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conversed quietly as they ate, and their faces were uniformly sober. Trouble with the picture? Not at all. They were discussing the won-and-lost record of a Giant pitcher named Antonelli and wondering if he could keep up the pace. Big business.

TONY WAS BACK on the set in an hour. He is anything but flippant about his career, and he's a bear for punishment. For instance, he's always two weeks ahead of the shooting schedule in memorizing his lines. It's the intense way young Mr. Curtis is built. This character he's playing—he has to have time to pull it apart, examine all the facets of its personality and put it back together as an understood integer. What makes Tony run? His career, maybe.

He was dead serious, talking on the set. "There are times," he said, "in every guy's life when he has a choice of two roads to take, and if he knows what kind of person he is, he always knows which is the right road for him. Me, I spread myself in six directions at once, and you know what that is? Wasting energy, throwing it away.

"Like I said, I just want to understand one guy—me. I don't want to overreach myself, which is easy to do in a business where there are always people around to tell you how good you are. But I don't want to waste anything I've got, either, I want to know." What makes Tony run? Tony?

Then he dropped the subject to demonstrate a purely personal talent for entertaining. Children, that is. There are three little ones in *Five Bridges To Cross;* they're great favorites of Tony's and they know it. Between scenes that afternoon he performed simple feats of magic until the two boys, Ronnie Anton and Larry Turner, were bug-eyed. Then he captured one of them.

"Tell me, young man," he asked, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Ask a silly question and get a silly answer. "An actor, of course," replied the Tony Curtis of 1974.

This year's idol frowned fiercely at his young colleague. "That is merely secondary, my friend," he corrected. "What you grow up to be *first* is a Giant rooter. Shall we live it up a little and have a coke?"

Nearby stood tiny Kathleen Hooper, at whose diminutive feet Tony's heart lay. When his wooing of her brought no response, he turned his attention to her rag doll; he crooned to it tenderly, rocked it, performed ridiculous aerial antics with it until Kathleen's solemn little face broke up in delighted chortles. She was won, and until Tony was called for the final scene of the day, she nestled contentedly in his arms.

SHOOTING OVER, Tony and Nicky Blair loped over to the projection room to look at the day's rushes. At a more sedate pace followed a photographer named Bert Parry, who was beginning to feel the effects of Tony's day. Tony was still in a hurry, though, because one of the things that makes him run fastest is his wife. He has caught up with her careerwise, and that evening he had to catch up with her and a date to look at a house.

The rushes looked fine, they emerged from the projection room, blinking in the afternoon sun, and were trapped by Bob Palmer of the casting department. "Tony," he said, "you've got to come in Wednesday."

Tony looked outraged. "You promised I could have next week off!"

"Can't help it," Bob insisted. "We've got to have you next Wednesday."

"All I ask," murmured the martyred Mr. Curtis, rolling his baby blues heavenward, "is one week off. One week—seven beautiful days—and you have to break it up in the middle! Publicity gave me the week off; Betty Mitchell said I didn't have to do anything next week. Do you realize I haven't had any time off in a *year?*"

Nobody's in the least impressed by his histrionics. Tony loves being needed. He also loves to horse around about how abused he is.

"See you next Wednesday," said Palmer.

"Sure thing, you bum," Tony waved an amiable hand at his departing back. "See you tomorrow, Nick. Let's go home, Bert." He had just played his biggest scene of the day, since he's known to be about as cooperative with studio and press as an actor can get.

HE ALREADY HAD the Cadillac's engine running when Bert Parry dropped into the seat beside him with a tired sigh—but he didn't get away. Somebody called his name frantically, Tony slapped on the brakes, and Jay Thompson of the Publicity Department raced up with a huge package.

it could be worse!

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"Been trying to catch up with you all day!" he panted. "I guess you got another present from a fan. Will you sign here, Tony?"

Finally they were out the gates and in the heavy late afternoon traffic. Bert thought he might as well have a catnap on the way and afterward he said, "Maybe it's a good thing I didn't look. We got back to the house so fast that my nerves probably would have given way if my eyes had been open."

Tony parked before the house and took the stairs two at a time, fresh as he had been at six that morning. "Hi, doll!" he greeted Janet, who opened the door. Then his mouth stayed open, because she definitely wasn't dressed for a house inspection. "Hey, what gives?"

NURSERY RHYME

Last summer I sat at the table next to Dinah Shore and her little girl in a large hotel diningroom. Everything was quiet until I heard the familiar Shore voice softly singing,

"Mabel, Mabel, big and able,
Take your elbows off the table!"

With that her little daughter Melissa removed her elbows and smiled an adorable smile.

Mrs. Johnny Apple
Kansas City, Missouri

"Thank heaven you got here, sweetie," Jan said, lifting her lips for a kiss. "I've been trying to call you, and I just wrote you a note. I've got to meet Dean and Jerry in Cleveland; we're doing a PA for *Living It Up* tomorrow for the matinee."

"Oh," Tony said. Then, uncertainly, "Can I drive you to the airport?"

"No, honey. The studio car is on its way to pick me up now. There wouldn't be time."

In less time than it takes to tell, she was gone. Tony sat down and started shucking clothes. Every two minutes the telephone rang. "Hello?" Tony would say. "Gee, sweetie, I'm sorry but I can't. You know me and my mind—I never write anything down. Well, it turns out that I have to do an interview and they're due in about five minutes. No, it would be too late afterward—but thanks for calling."

After a while he said to Bert Parry, who was studiously avoiding the attentions of Houdina, "I don't really have an interview to do tonight."

"But you must be tired," said Bert, who certainly was.

"No, I'm not tired. I'm lonely. You know what I think I'll do? I'll go look at the house anyway—and then I'll stop at a drive-in and have a hamburger for dinner. You want to come along?"

"Not without Janet," Bert admitted truthfully.

"I don't blame you," Tony agreed dolefully. "Neither do I." **END**

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by CHERAMY
PERFUMER

frantic romance

(*Continued from page 43*) ourselves by the pool, I asked him, "Do you love Debbie?" And before he had a chance to catch his breath, I hurled another one at him, "Do you want to marry her?"

He literally gasped. "Gee, Ma," he said when he was able to get anything out, "that's a large order to fill on a second's notice."

I was amused by my young singing friend's fluster. "I repeat the questions," I stated.

Eddie, who had been stretched out beside the pool, sat up, moved his towel closer and sat down beside me, suddenly very serious.

He didn't answer right away. When he did, he said: "I've got it bad for Debbie. If you want to say that you think a girl is the most wonderful girl you've ever met and that you want to go only with her—I suppose it could be called an engagement.

"But, look, Ma," he went on, "don't say we're engaged because maybe Debbie doesn't love me that much. Maybe she doesn't want me."

NONSENSE, I thought. I had been spending a lot of time with these two and if Debbie isn't equally, maybe more, in love with Eddie than he with her, I miss my guess. But being loyal to my sex, I didn't speak my thoughts.

I was thinking back over the five or six evenings Eddie and Debbie and I had spent together in Las Vegas.

I had watched Debbie when the autograph fans had swarmed around them as we went on our rounds in this playground of America.

Every place the kids went they were mobbed. But much to my surprise, whenever a pencil was shoved into Debbie's hand and an autograph book pushed at her, she immediately handed over the pencil and the book to Eddie first—as if to say, "Here, it's your autograph they want."

And I claim a Hollywood girl as cute and popular as Debbie is doesn't make this gesture toward a man unless she means it!

Another thing. If we were sitting in a cafe and some of the chorus girls in the assorted revues dropped by to meet us, I could just *feel* Debbie watching Eddie to see if he was attracted to any one of them—which he wasn't.

She was happiest, I think, when we were driving from place to place, the kids sitting on the back seat with their arms around one another. Sometimes Eddie sang to her—his beautiful voice sending chills down even my back.

He is such a sweet, thoroughly unspoiled kid I don't see how anyone can resist him.

Only once during the whole week did they faintly approach a tiff.

This was the day Debbie had promised her mother she would return home and Eddie didn't want her to go. He even asked me to call Mrs. Reynolds asking permission for Debbie to stay over.

But before I could move, Debbie said to Eddie, "Please, darling. There's nothing I want to do more than stay with you. But I promised Mother. Some of her relatives whom I haven't seen in a long time are visiting us for this one day, and I promised I would be home to meet them. I have to keep my word."

Eddie, thoroughly piqued, turned and started to walk out of my suite. Debbie just stood her ground and watched him disappear.

Then, before either of us could say, "Scoot," he dashed back, took Debbie in his arms and kissed her neck and pretty face.

"I understand, baby," he whispered, "I'm just disappointed."

I thought this was about time for me to do a disappearing act into my bedroom. And I did.

IF THEY ARE sooo much in love, and everything is going so brightly in both their careers, what then is to keep these two from immediate marriage?

Now, we did not discuss this point but I am sure it is important with both of them. Are they as yet *mature* enough to take on marriage at this moment when girls are making fools of themselves over Eddie in the same way they once did over Frank Sinatra; and when a lot of young men, whether they know her or not, look on Debbie as a favorite dream date?

You think this is a small matter? Don't fool yourself.

Both of these kids know the game they're in. They know the temptations and pitfalls. And, they've worked too long and too hard not to be wise beyond their years.

They also have responsibilities to their public and to their families.

Eddie was brought up in Philadelphia and his singing records, his nightclub appearances, his TV show and public appearances have made him in a few short years one of the most popular singers our country has ever known.

It is so characteristic of this boy that when he opened at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles he had an entourage of about ten people who had been good to him when he was a child!

Groucho Marx went shopping along Beverly Hills with his daughter, Melinda, eight. She lingered in front of the shop windows, and he called her to, "Hurry up!" She snapped back, "Don't yell at me! I'm not your wife!" —*Paul Denis*

There was the woman who owned the candy store and used to give him candy when he minded the store for her. There was his father, to whom he sings his favorite, "Oh My Papa." There were the two successful young song writers, Dick Adler and Jerry Roth, boyhood friends of Eddie's—and he is as delighted as they are over their Broadway hit, *The Pajama Game.*

At Eddie's table also was Jenny Grossinger, of Grossinger's Hotel where Eddie once sang and where he was discovered by Eddie Cantor.

And last, but far from least, Debbie was there—her eyes shining over his success on the West Coast. It would take the rest of this article to list all the celebrities and socialites who turned out to welcome young Fisher—in fact, the Cocoanut Grove lists his opening as the biggest in the history of this famous room. This, definitely, was Eddie's night.

A FEW NIGHTS later, it was Debbie's. Along with Eddie's close friend, Jimmy McHugh, Eddie, Debbie and I attended the Hollywood première of my daughter Harriet's picture, *Susan Slept Here*, which stars Debbie and Dick Powell. Not because it's my child's picture—and I'm deeply proud of her work—but Debbie has never been as cute in her career as she is as *Susan.*

When we came out of the theatre, everyone flocked around Debbie,, congratulating her, telling her how wonderful she is, doing raves, really.

Her eyes were dancing with happiness. Her cute, pert little face shone as though there were an electric light behind it. Yet, always she reached for Eddie's hand and kept him close beside her.

We went to the Brown Derby for a bite to eat, and for the first time I realized how very serious Debbie is about her career.

"I look like a kid. I'm really twenty-two," she said as though that age is beyond

THE NUMBERS RACKET

• None of us is getting any younger no matter how young we are, as the cliché goes. But you may find some surprises in the ages of famous movie folk, many of whom have the same birthdays—perhaps even the same as yours. Here is a partial list of stars who made their first appearance on some bright fall day in the not-too-distant past. MODERN SCREEN publishes these vital statistics with no guarantee that there hasn't been a little cheating here and there. But what does it matter so long as they all stay glamorous and exciting?

Star	*Birthday*	*Age*
Peter Lawford	Sept. 7	31
Claudette Colbert	Sept. 13	49
Scott Brady	Sept. 13	29
Dick Haymes	Sept. 13	38
Lauren Bacall	Sept. 16	30
Anne Francis	Sept. 16	24
Greta Garbo	Sept. 18	48
Shelley Winters	Sept. 18	31
Paul Muni	Sept. 22	57
Martha Scott	Sept. 22	38
Marge Champion	Sept. 22	28
Walter Pidgeon	Sept. 23	56
Mickey Rooney	Sept. 23	34
Gail Russell	Sept. 23	30
Aldo Ray	Sept. 25	28
Greer Garson	Sept. 29	46
Lizabeth Scott	Sept. 29	32
Bud Abbott	Oct. 2	59
June Allyson	Oct. 7	31
Diana Lynn	Oct. 7	28
Cornel Wilde	Oct. 13	39
Rita Hayworth	Oct. 17	36
Joan Fontaine	Oct. 22	37
Jack Carson	Oct. 27	44
Teresa Wright	Oct. 27	35
Dale Evans	Oct. 31	36

youth. "I have seven years of bucking this game behind me. And I'm just now hitting the headline spots.

"I've watched the careers of other girls," she went on, "and I've noticed the ingénues don't last long. Not after the dew of youth is off 'em. I honestly want to do something serious. I hate sappy kid parts."

Eddie, surprised at his baby's vehemence, said, "But, honey, most of your fans think of you as a teen ager."

Debbie batted those big, beautiful eyes at him. She winked. "But I'm not, my boy," she giggled.

The more I see of her the more I am convinced that there is a strong cross streak of real maturity in Debbie's youthful appeal. I think she knows what she's doing all the time.

Once, when I was interviewing her on the set of *Susan Slept Here* toward the finish of the comedy, she said:

"I'm good in this picture. Ask Harriet. I know that doesn't sound particularly modest—but I'm not particularly modest. I know what I can do—and what I can't."

Despite her cuteness and her ability to sing, dance and imitate almost from her cradle in El Paso, Texas, her birthplace, making headway in her career has not been too easy for Debbie.

WHEN SHE WAS eight, she moved to Los Angeles with her parents (her father was an employee of the Southern Pacific Railroad) and her older brother Bill. They bought a modest home in Burbank. It is indicative of Debbie's character that she still lives with her family in the same house.

She was no smash getting started in films. Even in high school plays, the leading parts went to other girls and Debbie took what was left—usually a bit.

But in 1948 she put on such a hilarious imitation of Betty Hutton in a talent contest, she was chosen "Miss Burbank of 1948" and her luck started to turn.

Her first screen role in *Daughter Of Rosie O'Grady* led to a job at MGM playing Helen Kane, the boop-boop-a-doop gal in *Three Little Words,* and from there on she was on her way.

She first came to my attention in a publicity way when she and Robert Wagner were touted as being "madly in love." Perhaps they were. What happened to this youthful romance, I don't know. But its ending is supposed to have left Debbie a little disillusioned.

Since that time, she's dated many boys. But I don't believe she's been in love before Eddie came into her life.

One big, bright factor the kids have in favor of an early and successful marriage is that they both come of happy homes. Eddie is devotion itself to his family of four sisters and two brothers—and Debbie's home life is ideal.

THE LAST TIME I saw the kids, before leaving for my vacation in Europe, was at the birthday party I gave for Jimmy McHugh. Jimmy had asked that they be seated at his table and knowing how fond of him they are, I was surprised when they were not at the house at eight o'clock.

About nine they called. "Ma," they chorused, "we're lost."

And, I guess they were—lost in a fog. They didn't arrive until dinner was over.

"Who can eat?" Eddie said, gazing into Debbie's eyes.

And, until two o'clock in the morning there they sat, Eddie never more than two inches away from Debbie, holding her hand, kissing her and reaching for her, and she putting her head on his shoulder and looking up at him—lost in a little world of their own while Judy Garland, Jane Wyman, Margaret Whiting and Roz Russell sang love songs in their direction.

You can take it from there. END

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my everyday God

(*Continued from page 65*) attraction for me. Instead I live generally conscious at all times, no matter what I may be doing, that I have a spiritual affiliation. I don't mean that I walk with pious manner or expression. My faith doesn't get in my way. I just try to live so it *is* my way.

Maybe I should explain about my Catholicism. When some of my friends have said that I am an "amazing kind of Catholic," they don't mean my devoutness. They mean the way I came to enter my church. I like to tell the story because it illustrates so graphically the wonderful and tolerant philosophy of a lady whose outlook on life has always inspired me—my mother. My mother is not a Catholic. She is a follower of Unity. In a sense I was taken from her arms and conveyed to Catholicism while her attention was engaged in earning a living for my brother and myself. When she learned what had happened she uttered no protest, insisted on no change, permitted both my brother and me (it happened to both of us) to consider ourselves Catholics and continue as such. She gave us no reasons, but in the years to come we felt we knew what they were.

My parents separated early after my birth so that I don't even remember my father. Mother got work as a ship's nurse with the Matson Lines and had to leave Walt and me (neither of us yet five) with a Catholic family. With Mother away for long periods, these good people felt more than an ordinary responsibility for us; they felt we should have a religious identification and since our lives were so closely entwined with theirs they took us with them to their church.

Later, at a time when Mother was seriously ill, she consented to having us baptized in their faith which was already so familiar to us. To Mother, as I came to realize in time, there is a divine plan to life. The baptism of her children in another church might well be a part of it. She would not interfere.

And so, in what was probably a unique family relationship, we continued to live together thereafter, Mother in Unity, and her two sons in Catholicism. There was no clash. Instead, the fact that she granted us, just two small boys, such autonomy and independence, not only gave us a feeling of freedom we'll never forget, but more than this, the rich sense of individuality so important as a source of self-respect and well-being.

In Unity the teaching is that thought is omnipotent. Mother would put it to us this way, sometimes: "Thoughts are things. If you think right thoughts, the right things will happen." I fell into believing her and I have never fallen out. This, added to my Catholicism, worked out into a basis for what I have mentioned before—the feeling that my God is an everyday one, not just a Sunday divinity.

At any time I am apt to pray. If this sounds a little stuffy I should make it plain, perhaps, that to me prayer is not the formal thing others too often take it to be. To me prayer is just being "in touch." When I drive, for instance, I talk to St. Christopher a lot. If a near-accident occurs I am apt, quite naturally, to speak to him. I guess friends have heard me burst out, "Oh, thanks, St. Chris!" No matter how tired I am at night, I pray—no matter if I am so tired I know I'll never finish. What better way of falling asleep than in the middle of your prayers? If I see a little raggedy child in the street I don't go by without a thought, a prayer-thought for her. When I pass a church I don't keep looking straight ahead as if I haven't seen it, or as if this isn't the time for such matters. I turn and look and I say a sort of prayer-hello.

I don't want to sound naive about this, or childish. What I am again trying to make clear is that I am not one for formal piety—I don't even like such a picture of myself!—but that I consider that my church is my friend as well as my source of salvation. For instance, I love to go to Lake Arrowhead on a Sunday and attend Mass outdoors at the Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima. But if on a Sunday morning I also want to waterski, and the water is best for this at just about the time of the two Masses, eight o'clock and ten o'clock, wouldn't it be all right to miss the Mass?

Maybe you are a little ahead of me and figure that the answer is yes and that is why I call the church friendly. But it doesn't work out that way. When I was faced by the problem I decided I should not miss Mass. Having made this decision, I was given a helping hand by my friend, the church. I found a small Catholic hospital at Lake Arrowhead where a six A.M. Mass is held every morning for the patients and nuns. The next Sunday there was in attendance at that Mass, held in a small chapel in the hospital, ten patients in wheelchairs, six nurses and one water skier. This was a matter between "friends," and my friend the church was naturally serving me a good turn.

I don't want to sound forgiving about myself. I would like to sound forgiving about everyone. I have told lies, I have hurt people and I have stolen. But I have never done it easily and my hope is to make it so much harder that I won't be able to do it at all. And maybe because I know how much understanding I need, I always want to have understanding in stock for anyone else.

Robert Q. Lewis was being interviewed by a group of high school editors. One editor asked, "Who is responsible for getting you where you are now?" Bob answered: "The elevator man."
—*Paul Denis*

The kindest face I can think of belonged to an old workman in the West Indies who used to shuffle down every day to open the gate of an estate in Jamaica where we were shooting scenes for *Isle Of Desire* about four years ago. I noticed two things about him quickly—his benevolent look and the fact that his feet were bare and unprotected from the hard rocks and gravel of the path. One day I gave him one of the two pairs of new sneakers I had bought. But next day he was still walking barefoot.

I wondered about it and some of the others in the company kidded me. They said they had heard that my noble looking gate man was one of the biggest drunks in the district, and that he had undoubtedly pawned the sneakers for rum.

"The fact is," said one of the fellows, "you probably contributed to his downfall, rather than helped him."

They all laughed and I felt foolish and rather annoyed about it. One of the other men noticed this and talked to me later about it. "You know, you have no right to resent the old gate man in any way," he said. "You had reasons for giving him the sneakers and nothing he did with them can in any way lessen what the giving meant to you. Now what was it those sneakers had to do—which they haven't done—that has bothered you? If he is an old man who has had the curse of heavy drinking on him all his life were you going to cure it with your small gift? Did you wish to commit a miracle? And are you angry because you didn't?"

I saw what he meant, of course. I'll never in my life again ever give anything to anyone without also giving the understanding that it does not commit them in any way.

Since I need such understanding for myself, how can I deny it to others? I pray that I'll stop telling lies, for instance. Yet this, as I know, doesn't guarantee that I will stop. When an occasion turns up in which I get the idea that a lie can help me, out comes the lie, as likely as not. And of course it comes out even though I know that more often than not it won't help me at all, that, in fact, it will jam me up!

Back in Jamaica, when we were making that same picture, the director asked me two questions in succession and my answer to each was a lie. He asked me if I could throw a javelin and I said yes. He also asked me if I could shinny up a coconut tree and I said yes. I had, of course, never thrown a javelin and had never climbed a coconut tree. About the javelin—I learned one night that on the next day I would not only have to throw it, but hit a bunch of papayas with it. I started practicing and kept at it so furiously that the next day my arm was so sore I couldn't flip a toothpick, let alone hurl a javelin. About the tree—that was a mess, too. Talking over some forthcoming scenes with an assistant director, I learned that one was coming up which required me to climb a coconut tree. Again I practiced and again too late. When it was time for the scene I was a very good climber of an eight-foot tree. But the one they showed me shot straight up for forty feet. I hadn't a chance and they had to fall back on some makeshift handling of the problem which embarrassed me plenty. They filmed me doing my eight-foot climb from the bottom of the tree. Then they chopped off the top of the tree, stood it up on the ground and had me climb that small section, filming me so it looked as if I had climbed all the way.

So I don't need to get hit over the head to realize I must have a spirit of understanding and forgiveness for others. I need only to review how much understanding I have taken from others all my life. I can even go back to a time in San Francisco when, as a four-year-old, I was a sore trial to my usually understanding brother who was all of five. Wherever his adventurous soul drew him he had to take me, not only because he was supposed to look after me, but because I was such a cry baby in those days I'd get him in a jam if he didn't. (I continually jammed him up anyway, I guess, because I have a tiny piece of scar tissue just northeast of my left eye where he caught me with a BB pellet one day for "telling on him.")

My mother had to show a lot of understanding, too. One day Walt and I, still pre-kindergarten age, wandered away from home and found ourselves down at the Fisherman's Wharf at nightfall. We had lost our shoes and stockings (or had thrown them away most likely) and of course we hadn't had a bite to eat. Then Walt got a wonderful idea. Seeing fishermen around he figured they needed bait, so we started digging for worms we could sell to them. It worked indirectly. A man asked us what we were doing and, giving us carfare, put us on the trolley for home.

When I got into my early teens I went horse-crazy. I just had to go riding every day. Naturally I didn't have the money to ride as much as I wanted to and I got a little sticky-fingered to take care of the emergency. The victim was my mother. I would take loose money from her coat pocket, I would keep the change when she sent me to market and I'd snatch anything that was lying around loose. For a long time this went on without a word from her. Then one day I stole from her pocketbook. That was the end of it.

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These days Johnny feels at home in Hollywood.

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■ "Last year I came to Hollywood to make a movie test for 20th Century-Fox and I was so nervous I had to excuse myself in the middle of the filming so I could steal away and be sick to my tummy." So said Johnny Ray on the set of *Show Business* where he's "having a ball." What relaxed him?

He was waiting for his first scene, jittery as a hangover. A young fellow walked up to him, shook his hand, and said, "Johnny, you're the greatest. The best of luck to you!" That was Bob Wagner, and Johnny has felt at home in Hollywood ever since.

The famed cry singer is on the spot and he knows it, for he sings only one song in the picture and in the later scenes he plays a young priest. The tension is eased by an amusing situation. Johnny, with Mitzi Gaynor and Donald O'Connor, plays one of the children of Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey.

After hours, Johnny and Dan have been dating the same girl, Charlotte Austin. The morning after Dan takes Charlotte out, Johnny buttonholes him. "Pop," he bellows for everyone on the set to hear, "you stay away from my girl. You're too darned old to be running around with such a sweet young thing!" Next day it's Dan's turn to grouse. "Look here, infant," he'll bellow. "I don't want a son of mine hitting the nightclubs. Charlotte is a lovely kid and I'm warning you to stay away from her." When they reach the stage of a mock fight, Mother Merman breaks it up.

Mitzi Gaynor tried to settle the feud by offering to chaperone them while the two dated Charlotte together.

The studio workers are more than impressed with Johnny. Most of them expected another conceited singer, and are amazed to find a down-to-earth guy, long gone from the headlines.

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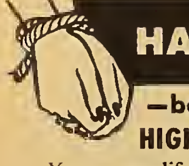

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She sat me down and let me know she had known about my stealing all the time. She named the amounts so there could be no mistake. She said that each time she knew I had stolen she had wanted to mention it, but hadn't because she hoped I would stop by myself. And she had kept on hoping.

"Today you went into my pocketbook," she said. "What happens now?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Do you do something about this or must I? I will leave it up to you. What's the answer?"

I didn't have an answer for a while. And then one came to me. I told her I was going to find some kind of job to make the extra money I wanted. (And I did.) Her eyes became gentle for a moment. I knew she was smiling inside and the moment had a certain wonder in it for me—how quickly we had gone from desperation to hope again, and how quickly her love for me had wiped out the memory of my ugly thefts!

A nice girl, my mom, and a nice viewpoint she has helped give me. She had a right to be bitter about many things in her life and she never was. How could I ever be? She used to see right through our poverty and hard times toward something I could tell must be wonderful to make her eyes light up as they did. And now I know what she saw. Another day and another place—where we would belong forever! I wouldn't want to be here now if I couldn't have been there then! END

(*Tab Hunter can be seen soon in Warners'* Battle Cry.)

for lovers only

(*Continued from page 64*) June 28 when Fred and June slipped away from Hollywood and were married in a double ring civil ceremony at the Ojai Valley Inn.

"It was really very exciting," June recalls, "because Fred worked until two o'clock in the afternoon on the day we were married.

"We tried to keep the wedding a secret because we didn't want to get married in front of a hundred reporters and cameramen. I have lots of friends in the press and I love them all, but there's a time and place for everything.

"Anyway, I was sure that when Fred left the studio on Monday one or two press cars would follow him. Hedda Hopper had called me a day before and said, 'I'm sure you're getting married on Monday. Where's the wedding to be held?'

"I said we weren't sure, and that was really the truth because Fred and I didn't even have a marriage license. As a matter of fact, the license bureau in Ventura stayed open after five o'clock on Monday so that we could get a license.

"Then we drove back to the inn at Ojai, and it was there in Don Burger's apartment—he's a friend of ours—that we were married."

The rites were performed by Superior Court Judge Charles F. Blackstock with Mr. and Mrs. Bo Roos of Beverly Hills as witnesses. Bo is Fred's business manager. Fred's mother, Mrs. Melita MacMurray, and June's mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Ottestad, were present.

The ceremony was short and neither June nor Fred was nervous. June never looked lovelier. She wore a champagne-colored silk dress with a full skirt, pearl buttons, a Peter Pan collar and a tiny silk hat. Fred wore a dark blue business suit.

The actor slipped a wedding band of five diamonds in a platinum setting, on June's finger. His ring was a plain band of solid gold.

After the ceremony, Fred and June phoned his two adopted children, Susan, fourteen, and Robert, ten, who were staying at the MacMurray cattle ranch in Healdsburg.

"We just got married," Fred announced.

"That's great!" Bobby shouted. "Let me talk to Mom."

June took the phone and her luminous blue eyes were filled with tears of happiness. In her heart she knew that her days of sorrow and loneliness were over. This, for her, was the beginning of a new life, a life in which the most important thing was to keep Fred happy.

That night the newlyweds drove to Fresno. They spent the first night in a small motel at the edge of the city. The following morning they read in the newspapers that they were on their way to St. George, Utah, to visit actor John Wayne at whose Christmas party they had met, thus beginning their love affair.

The papers gave other erroneous information about their plans which they enjoyed reading. But the newspapers were correct about one thing. That was the effect of June's marriage upon her status in the Catholic church.

By marrying MacMurray, a Presbyterian, in a civil ceremony, June deprived herself of the sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church of which she has been a devout member since she was converted to Catholicism twelve years ago. This is because the Catholic Church does not recognize June's divorce from musician Jimmy Zito.

Before she married Fred, June consulted the marriage court of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, hoping for a special Papal Dispensation, praying that the Church would annul her marriage to Zito. But when she was told that such a procedure might take years and that even then, the decision might go against her, she decided to marry MacMurray anyway.

She knew she would be ineligible for such sacraments as Holy Communion and Penance, but in her own words, "I fell in love with Fred, and I had a great decision to make—one of the greatest in my life, and now I'm glad I made it."

From Fresno the honeymooners went to Yosemite National Park. There they ran into Red and Georgia Skelton and all the little Skeltons, vacationing.

Red has known Fred and June for years, and when he saw them he threw his arms around their necks and kissed them both.

"Just got married!" he shouted. "These two just got married. A wedding present, Georgia. Gotta give 'em a wedding present."

Red always carries three or four cameras. This time he had a new Polaroid, a camera that gives a finished photograph in one minute. Red not only snapped the honeymooners but gave them his Polaroid as well.

"Where you heading?" he asked.

"I'm doing a picture up in Wyoming," Fred explained. "Jackson Hole."

"I know Jackson very well," Red kidded. "Once got stuck in the same hole with him." Everyone laughed. "Kidding aside," Red continued, "got a radio with you?"

June shook her head.

"Who ever heard of going on a honey-

John Barrymore said, after the opening of his last play on Broadway: "If I had a stomach I'd be sick to it."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Presenting Roberta Linn—

and one of her favorite secrets!

■ While Shirley Temple stays home with the kiddies these days, and many another child star has long since been forgotten, the name of Roberta Linn is going down in Hollywood history as the movie moppet who proved it can be done.

Once upon a time, Roberta worked with little Miss Temple in *Little Miss Marker*. She worked in *Our Gang* comedies and in many other pictures. But when she graduated from high school, she ran smack into the wall marked, "No Hope for Kid Stars." She turned to singing, filling the solo spot with such bands as Joe Reichman, Jan Garber and Lawrence Welk. Then, before she could worry about movies again, television took her to its heart and in two years she has captured seven statuettes, sixteen scrolls and twenty-one laudatory certificates, including the "Emmy," for being the "Most Outstanding Female Performer of 1953."

Roberta, just twenty-two years away from her birth in Gravity, Iowa, simply doesn't have time for sports to keep her figure superb. Like Laraine Day, Arlene Dahl and other glamour notables, her secret is a little machine, smaller than an overnight case, called a RelaxAcizor.

"Let's face it," Roberta says. "Every girl has some part of her proportions that can stand conditioning. While I don't have to lose weight in a hurry, I could if I wanted to with my RelaxAcizor, which can trim inches off your tummy in jig time. I use mine for the thighs. All I do is put the pads in the proper place, connect the cords to the little machine and lie back while the electronic impulses go to work."

If Roberta knows any other beauty secrets, she keeps them locked up in her clever little head—and the heart from which emerges that inner sparkle that is making her one of Hollywood's top personalities.

moon without a radio?" Red demanded. "How can you keep up with the baseball scores?" And he handed Fred a large portable Zenith.

Later that evening the MacMurrays headed for Reno. "And there," June recalls, "Fred won two dime jackpots playing the slot machines. He got a big kick out of it."

The MacMurrays spent the first week of their honeymoon on the road and while they were recognized everywhere there was no invasion of their privacy. Fred is a dignified, conservative man.

When he and June arrived in Wyoming on July 6 (when *Blue Horizons* got under way) it was Fred who suggested that they stay at a lodge that was thirty-five miles away from the location.

"I think this is better," he said, "than staying at the same place with the rest of the crew." Fred isn't snobbish. He was afraid of the usual honeymoon kidding.

June, as ever, was completely agreeable. "Anything you say, darling."

So Fred drove up to a dude ranch and asked the manager what the rates were.

"Forty to fifty dollars a day."

"Sorry," Fred said. "That's too much."

"But doesn't the studio pay while you're on location?" June asked later.

Fred nodded. "Sure the studio pays," he said. "But I don't throw my money around and I'm not going to throw Paramount's around either. Come on, Shorty. We'll stay up at Moran with the rest of the crew." That night Fred and June MacMurray checked into Jackson Lake Lodge.

They occupied a one-room bungalow with double bed and throughout the entire production not one member of the location crew made "honeymoon" remarks.

"I've never seen two finer people," one of the production assistants said, "than June and Fred. Never a gripe, never a complaint. The mosquitoes were something awful and when the wind blew, our rooms were full of dust. But Fred and June never blew their tops. They are calm, polite, friendly. They seemed to be very much in love but they didn't act like honeymooners.

"They acted like people who knew what love and marriage was all about. June used to come down for lunch and Fred would always kiss her hello and goodbye but there was never any mawkish or silly or embarrassed love-making.

Although Fred's welfare and the happiness of her two stepchildren come first for June, she says she has no intention of giving up her screen career.

"I've spoken to Fred about it," she asserts, "and he's said anything I want to do about it is okay with him.

"I was offered a part in *Oklahoma* but if I had taken it I would've had to give up my honeymoon with Fred. And there isn't a screen role big enough to make me do that. However, if any good parts come along, I'm certainly in the market for them.

"After all, Bobby is ten and Sue is fourteen, and they both go off to school, and we have help to take care of the house; and I've always liked to stay busy. And pictures is the one business I know a little about, so I might as well stick to it."

Despite rumors to the contrary, June has no intention of altering her religious affiliation. She is still a devout Catholic. On her honeymoon she said a rosary for Fred each time he went fishing.

"I wanted him to catch his full allowance of five trout a day," she explained.

MacMurray, who is seventeen years older than his twenty-eight-year-old bride, is happy. And for one reason: "Life isn't too much fun unless a man can share his living with someone he loves." **END**

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the big man comes home

(*Continued from page 45*) a hill on which sat the house, almost obscured by pepper trees. He had parked the car and cut off across the lawn, past a caretaker's house, a riding ring and a series of horse stalls and a stable. Then he had climbed to a wide play area beside a large swimming pool. He had inspected the water before he trudged up a steep incline of fieldstone steps that hugged the contour of the hill.

Here at the top was the house. A large house of fourteen rooms, two stories high and built to complement the hill top and take advantage of the many trees.

Yes, it was a homecoming. This was the first evening in more than two years that John Wayne had come home to a house that was really his. During that time he had lived in rented houses and had spent many months of his time in far places, mainly because he had no base in Hollywood that offered the security, comfort and peace he craved. He had owned this property for a long time, but until he started remodeling a year ago it had been a deserted barn on a hill of burned grass—a place that held unhappy memories—and he had shunned it.

Now it was a home again, and the girl who had made it so, Pilar Pallette, the Peruvian beauty he was going to marry and who had supervised the remodeling and decorating, would soon come driving through the gate to share dinner with him. John Wayne grunted in anticipation and he spoke aloud to nobody in particular.

"From now on," he said, "I'm going to do all my traveling on this seven acres."

And like an old movie stringing through a familiar projector, the journeys he had made, the junkets to far places he'd staged ran through his mind. They were episodic fragments of the past that he'd think of once more and then banish to some small storehouse in his head. Of course many of them were necessary to his movie work.

LOCATION TRIPS are hardly considered journeys by movie stars, maybe because about fifty per cent of the movies made in Hollywood require them. But it is interesting that to John Wayne these enforced departures from his base are the most trying. And he suffers like a lost dog for his fireside and family. Consequently, on every location trip he makes he somehow manages to have his four children go along for a short time, at least. They went to Honolulu for *Big Jim McLain* and to Mexico for *Hondo* and to St. George, Utah, for his latest film, *The Conqueror*.

But true to a code he established long ago, the two boys must work to earn their pocket money. In Mexico they had to keep the huge water tanks filled for the hordes of thirsty horses on the location. In St. George, Pat worked (on a union waiver) in the wardrobe department, and Michael, the nineteen-year-old, was selected by director Dick Powell to play an outpost guard.

In Mike's scene, Duke, playing Genghis Khan, strides up to Mike, who, in the story, has been accused of laxity on his post. The father looks at the lad in great anger. He turns to an aide.

"Is this the man?" he asks.

"It is," says the aide.

"Hang him," says Wayne and walks away.

On the trip to Utah, the children, Mike, nineteen, Patrick John, fourteen, Toni, seventeen and Melinda, thirteen, came with their future stepmother, Pilar Pallette, who herded them in a private plane and delivered them to Dad's doorstep. The kids adore Pilar and she is crazy about them.

JOHN WAYNE was a local boy. That is, he was raised in Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles like Hollywood. Like most normal boys he wanted to travel, but the farthest he had ever been by the time he was twenty-one was the half-way mark to Honolulu. The trip was not blessed by authority. He wound up in jail.

He had been working in pictures as a laborer when he could get the work and money for travel didn't come fast enough. So Duke hitch-hiked to San Francisco and smuggled himself aboard one of the Matson liners bound for Honolulu. With the surf at Waikiki almost audible in his ears, he secreted himself in a stuffy out-of-the-way locker. The ship set out to sea and as the hours passed the pleasant surf sounds were replaced by a more immediate noise, the growling of his own belly.

On the third day out, all of young Duke Wayne's dreams of Honolulu sunlight and moonlight exploded and were replaced by a vision of food, so he staggered out, tagged the first ship's officer he saw and suggested the fellow pinch him immediately as a stowaway and lead him to the dining room. This was done. Then Mr. Wayne was escorted to the captain, given a thorough tongue-lashing and the liner lay to while Duke was slipped to the deck of a freighter bound to San Francisco.

In the city by the Golden Gate, he was promptly locked up in the pokey and charged by the company that was later to enjoy his patronage many times—as the occupant of the best suite on the ship—with stealing a ride.

"I sure sweated out those three days in the can," says Wayne, "but I got a real break just before I was to come to trial. I knew George O'Brien in Hollywood. His father was the Chief of Police of San Francisco and he came to see me. He went to bat for me and had the charges dismissed. And I walked out a free man with an admonishment never to board a Matson liner again unless I had a ticket. I thought of how close my stomach got to my backbone and decided to take the advice. But I was still a frustrated traveler."

ALTHOUGH HE'D been born in Iowa, the eastern part of the United States was a really distant place to John Wayne and he always had wanted to go there. But they weren't passing out railroad tickets on street corners, so Wayne stayed west. He made his first trip shortly after he met John Ford. It held little significance at the time, but just this year he thought of it again. They had gone to Annapolis, Maryland, and Wayne had played a small part—as a midshipman—in a service picture. Director Ford stood behind the camera and eyed the young actor not too pleasantly. But after the shot was taken to his satisfaction, he drew Wayne aside.

"Young man," he said, "you're probably the worst actor in the world. But I have a feeling that someday we'll do something together that will make you a star."

That was really the beginning of a re-

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lationship between a star and director that has become a Hollywood legend.

In the summer of 1954, John Ford was to make a picture called *The Long Gray Line.* He is meticulous in his choice of actors, often spending weeks searching for just the right player for even a minor part. One day he called Wayne.

"Duke," he said, "I took you to Annapolis to play a midshipman more than twenty years ago because I thought you were the right guy for the part. Now I want to ask a favor. There's a small part in this thing I'm doing now that I haven't been able to find the right guy for, but I just saw the face of the lad I want. It's your boy, Pat. Let me take him along."

Pat, all six feet of him, and only fourteen, went. His dad was so pleased that he flew east and drove to West Point and stood behind the camera with Ford and watched his son step into his own footsteps.

SOME OF THE more amusing anecdotes in the life and travels of John Wayne have to do with the publicity jaunts he has been obliged to make.

Shortly after he was signed by Fox Films and starred in an epic western called *The Big Trail,* Wayne was informed they were going to change his name from Duke Morrisson to John Wayne. He didn't like the idea much, but he had little choice. And then he was told that he was leaving immediately for a tour of the east, in order to familiarize the country with Fox's new star. Duke and a publicity man boarded a train and had an uneventful ride to within fifty miles of Manhattan. Then the press agent opened a suitcase and took out an outlandish costume and told Wayne to put it on.

Wayne took a look at the get-up and said he wouldn't even wear it in a movie.

Marge and Gower Champion gave a "hodge-podge pot-luck" dinner party for six couples—everyone to bring his favorite dish. Each couple arrived with a cake! And Marge, knowing they were coming, baked a cake.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

The suit was buckskin, with plenty of shredded fringe on it. The shirt was the loudest thing Wayne had seen that didn't explode and there was an improvement on a ten-gallon hat. Duke shuddered and refused to get into the clothes.

"Look, Bud," said the press agent, "you're supposed to be a gunfighter, a frontiersman. Now get into the suit."

"But I'll look like an idiot," said Duke.

"You just get into the suit," said the press agent, "and leave all the thinking to us. And remember your name is John Wayne."

Fresh from the days of dining in hamburger joints, Wayne got the message.

"Yes, sir," he said.

It was a sight to behold in New York and Philadelphia. Wayne was attempting to hide behind pillars and in doorways as he was led about for display by the press agent. But the payoff came in Chicago. Wayne was at a press conference and fed up to the neckline of his loud shirt.

"Do you always dress this way, Mr. Wayne?" a reporter asked.

Wayne turned his back on his keeper (who was nodding his head vigorously) and almost snarled an answer.

"What do you think I am? A monkey?" he roared. "I not only don't always wear this outfit, I'm never going to wear it again!"

And he stalked into the bathroom where he began to tear off the clothes and fling

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them into the other room in the center of the group of reporters. He has never worn Western clothes off screen again.

THERE WERE rough years after that, but John Wayne never would go on a publicity tour unless he was well briefed in what was expected of him. He wanted honesty in his contact with the public, and honesty from his producers.

A few years ago, though, he fell into a well-laid trap. Herbert Yates, the head of Republic Studio, called him on the phone and said he was going to London to chat with some of his representatives there. He casually suggested that Wayne come along. Duke wasn't working, so he agreed.

In London, after checking into their hotel, Wayne happened to look into a closet he hadn't used and saw a large Stetson hat perched on a shelf. He called in one of Yates' assistants and demanded to know what it was doing in there.

"Well," said the assistant, "the boss wants you to drop in on a few theatre managers with him and we thought it might be nice if you were in character."

"I am in character now," said Wayne, pointing to the plain snap-brim he had tossed on a chair.

But for once he was disuaded. He agreed to wear the hat. The next morning a small group of Republic people piled into a car and set out to see the theatre managers. As they pulled up to the first theatre, Wayne thought there was considerable activity around the place. They went inside to the manager's office and chatted a few minutes. Then came the shaft.

"Duke," said the man who had dug up the Stetson, "there are about three thousand kids sitting out there in the theatre waiting to see a morning show. It might be nice if you just stepped out on the stage and say hello."

"Now cut it out," said Wayne. "I came over here on a pleasure trip. Not to make personal appearances."

"I know," said the fellow, "but those kids know you're here and it would be a pity if they didn't get just a peek at you."

"Okay," said Wayne, "but this whole thing looks like a set-up to me."

"How can you say such things?" asked the man, pushing Wayne toward the wings. Then, just as Wayne was about to step on the stage, the chap waved his hand and the Stetson miraculously appeared on Duke's head.

Although he was inwardly fuming, Wayne spoke to the kids for about ten minutes and then started to take his leave. The manager stepped forward.

"Children," he said, "don't you think we ought to sing our song for Mr. Wayne?"

There was a roar of approval, and while Duke stood in complete embarrassment, every kid in the theatre stood up and they sang "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon."

When it was over Duke thanked them and then charged into the office. He poked his finger into the innocent face of the man with the Stetson.

"You might be able to tell me," he said, "that it was just a coincidence that those boys and girls were in this theatre when we came in. But nobody is going to tell me that three thousand English kids all know the words to 'She Wore A Yellow Ribbon' when the picture hasn't been opened here yet! I've been framed!"

He made the rest of the tour as planned, visiting some twenty London theatres that day—and in each one the kids stood up and sang "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon."

"I was sore," Wayne said. "But I couldn't get too mad at a guy who taught half the kids of London to sing a song just for me."

IF YOU SAW *The Quiet Man* you probably remember the scene in the small town pub in which the citizens, looking upon the stranger among them as something of an upstart, refused to have anything to do with him. Well, that scene came from real life. There was little to do in the village in which the picture was being shot, so the second evening the troupe was in town, Wayne wandered down to a local pub and set his foot on the bar rail. The place was well filled with Irishmen—and they quieted down in their conversation when Duke came in and eyed him suspiciously. Nobody recognized him.

Wayne had a drink, then offered to buy one for the barkeep. The man, with a nose as red as a tulip, avowed he never touched the stuff. After a while Wayne tried again. He asked the man standing next to him if he'd join him. The fellow muttered something about being a teetotaler. Wayne stood at the bar and fumed. Finally, he addressed the bartender in a loud voice.

FLIGHT OF THE HUMBLE BRANDO

Walking in New York City, we recognized Marlon Brando and Movita, strolling in the opposite direction. We turned to look and impulsively started to follow. Maybe they heard me gasp, "That's Marlon Brando!" and feared we would start an avalanche of autograph hunters. In any event, Movita dashed across the street and Brando ducked into a cafe. Really! That wasn't necessary. We were just admiring Streetcar *fans who would have been too shy and considerate to invade their privacy.*

Marian Rundell
Black River, New York

"Set up a drink," he said, "for everybody in the house."

The bartender did so and Wayne raised his glass. "Ireland forever!" he said, and downed his drink.

There was a long pause; nobody touched an alien glass. But here was a toast few men could ignore. And what Irishman will waste whisky? Finally, one chap picked up his shot and raised it high. One by one the others silently followed suit until all the glasses were empty. Still not a word had been spoken. Wayne was just about to give it up when a small fellow down at the end of the bar raised his voice.

"Bartender," he said, "I wish to buy everybody in the house a drink—so that we can toast our friend from America."

Wayne was no more a stranger.

These were pleasant journeys, even though there were minor annoyances and hard work involved in many of them. But there were unpleasant trips.

About the time his marriage to Chata Wayne was headed for a reef, John Wayne spent no more time in America than he had to. Duke used to take off and go anywhere an airplane would land. And they landed in some unlikely places. Small airfields in the Andes. Remote military establishments, for Duke never missed an opportunity to drop in at some outpost to say hello and chat with Marines in the field.

He toured every South American country and, as usual, played fair with the press. Some of the journalistic methods of our South American friends were quite shocking to him, though. There was the time he had just fallen asleep in the nude on top of his bed in a city in Brazil when he was awakened by a bright light. He snapped open his eyes and saw a photographer just lowering his camera at the foot of his bed. The light had been a flash bulb. The cameraman took off like a deer and Wayne, with a mighty roar, leaped out of bed and chased after him. He caught the terrified photographer at the door and dragged him back into the room.

Although Wayne doesn't speak Spanish, the man knew what was expected of him. He withdrew the plate from the camera and handed it to Duke.

"Now," said Wayne, "if you'll just sit there and wait until I get dressed I'll pose for all the pictures you want. But there'll be no cheesecake, see!"

Wayne got dressed and they took pictures for an hour.

It was on one of these exile trips that John Wayne first met the girl who is to be his wife, Pilar Pallette. It was in Lima, the capital of Peru, where she was employed as an actress. He saw her across a room full of people and paid little attention to her. Somebody introduced them, but neither stayed to chat. It was not love at first sight. They found nothing in common, even though both were unhappy because of marriages that were on the rocks.

But he met her again in Los Angeles a year or more later, and, as time has proven, they meant a good deal to each other after that meeting.

The sun was beginning to slip behind the row of elm trees across the valley. The large green gate began to swing open in response to a button pressed by Scotty in the kitchen. A car pulled on to the macadam road and threaded through the shrubs and trees toward the house.

Duke got up and walked to the parking strip and helped the small Peruvian girl out of her car. He kissed her lightly on the cheek and led her to the terrace.

"Scotty," he called, "you can serve dinner out here any time you're ready."

"Yes, sir," Scotty called back.

Wayne turned to Pilar. "I don't know how you feel about eating outdoors," he said. "But you might as well get used to it. You and I are going to be eating dinner out here for a long time. This is going to be home."

They smiled at each other—and you could tell they both had been looking forward to the day the big man finally came home to stay. **END**

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the first year is the hardest

(*Continued from page 71*) why—" and amid tears Lana Turner sputtered out her woes.

Half-way through the outburst the strong arms of Tarzan reached out for his mate and lifted her up even with his six feet, four. "It must be very rugged," grinned Lex Barker sympathetically. "But tell me—sorry you married me?" And he didn't let her down until the answer came —"Not for one minute!" And along with it a contentment for Mrs. Barker that kicked away all the cares—real and fancied.

Legally speaking, you might say Lana Turner's statement that recent trying day was obtained under duress and therefore should be stricken from official records. But just for this record, she meant every word she said. Lana wouldn't trade places with any other girl in the world. As Lana and Lex Barker toast their first anniversary in champagne she can count almost as many blessings as bubbles.

For the first time in her life Lana has a husband who treats her as a partner—not a toy.

For the first time, too, Lana is solvent—and with money in the bank! Only a few months ago she was heavily in hock. Today she doesn't owe a penny outside current bills; she has annuities, blue chip stocks and interest in some oil wells.

For the first time the playgirl aura that palled is gone. For the first time Lana isn't escaping from an anxious, unhappy home life to court the frantic "pleasures" of Hollywood's glitter mills. She's running her home instead of letting it run her away. The girl who used to make sensational headlines every week, hasn't made even a mild one in fifty-two weeks.

For the first time, too, she has a happy, congenial and rounded family—the sister that Cheryl always longed for in Lex's Lynn, her exact age, eleven, and a little brother "Zan." What's more, there are plans and good prospects for new babies of her own.

Lana's career has jumped back into high gear, with the high powered, glamorous kind of pictures that made her famous. She's playing super-sexy Astarte in *The Prodigal*, MGM's showiest effort of the year, so expensive that it doesn't even have a budget. And this on a brand new contract for five more years at $5000 a week, with an option for two more.

Most of this—and more—Lana Turner well knows is a direct result of the happiness, peace and stability she has found in her marriage with Lex Barker. And that is a solid surprise to almost everyone—including the lucky lady herself. If cynics viewing Lana's past marital storms—and Lex's—didn't give the union an outside chance at the start, Lana herself gave it an even harder time. Not much more than a year ago, "marriage" to Lana was understandably an unpleasant word. No girl ever gagged more at the scent of orange blossoms.

Lucille Ball has been telling her studio crew her favorite psychiatrist joke: A man was notified by his psychiatrist, "If you don't pay your bill, I'm going to let you go crazy." —*Paul Denis*

The big house on Mapleton Drive that she had salvaged from the wreck of her marriage with Bob Topping was up for sale. Lana never thought she'd be needing it again. She had grabbed at the chance to leave Hollywood and its memories for Paris to make *Flame And The Flesh*, taking her mother Mildred and Cheryl—all the family she had—with her. But before she left, she made the happy mistake of accepting an invitation to dinner at Lex Barker's Westwood apartment. After a home-cooked meal she almost dropped her wine glass when that calm character observed, "Now, when we get married—"

"I *beg* your pardon!" gasped Lana. "When *who* gets married?"

"Us, of course," grinned Barker. "Who else?"

"I think," Lana cooled him off, "you've had too much of this wine and I think you had better take me home." Which he did. But he's pretty stubborn.

Only a few weeks later when Lana boarded the transatlantic plane at Idlewild airport there was A. C. Barker II, in the seat next to hers pretending to be surprised, as she definitely *was*. He explained that he'd been to see his folks in

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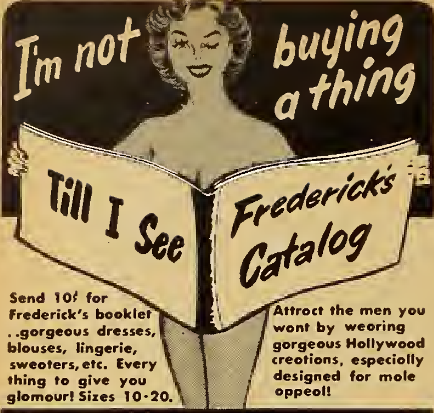

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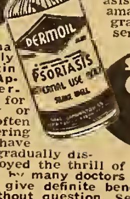

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New York and was on his way to Italy to make a couple of pictures for Cinemex. He didn't say why he was going by way of Paris or why his seat happened to be next to hers. But she could guess—and so without mincing words Lana corrected all mistaken impressions before they took off.

"I'll look forward to seeing you in Europe," she promised. "But marriage is out. Never again. I've had it." But that, of course, was where Lana Turner was wrong.

When you review an actress' courtship, marriage and what has followed on a first anniversary eve, events are prone to be tinted in rosy hues, especially when things have worked out as happily as they have for her. But Lana is not the type to paint any lily. "Believe me, I was putting on no act. I wasn't being coy about anything," she says, frankly, "or playing hard to get. I just plain didn't want to get married. I thought certainly experience had proved it wasn't for me ever again."

Lex was no stranger to Lana before all this began. Most people remember their highly publicized exchange of escorts at Marion Davies' big party. Lana came with Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl came with Lex—and after the public fireworks they switched partners. Since then Lana had seen Lex off and on.

She knew he was from a good New York family, a graduate of Phillips-Exeter Academy headed for Princeton until a weakness in math and a break on Broadway changed his plans to be an engineer. She knew he was variously talented—formerly a Manhattan commercial artist, had been the liaison officer with the French Zouaves in North Africa whose language he spoke like a native. She knew he had all the social graces, was well-traveled and a gourmet who liked his own cooking, that he was an athlete of proportions at golf, tennis and skiing. She knew he was witty, affable, friendly and of course handsome as all get out with a Greek god body. He'd had reasonable success although he considered himself destined for better things than his ape-man roles. She also knew he had a way with the ladies and that she liked him herself.

But if Lana Turner had been on the prowl for her fourth husband—which she wasn't—Lex Barker definitely would have been the last man in the world she'd have picked as her quarry.

She knew about Lex's unhappy first marriage and even more about his brief marriage to Arlene Dahl. Strangely enough, these domestic demerits—both Lana Turner's and Lex Barker's—actually drew them together and have held them that way ever since. Both appreciate what they've found in each other.

As Lex says today, "Lana's the first woman I've ever known who listens to what I tell her." And as Lana says, "Lex is the first man *I've* ever known who would discuss everything with me." In short, they have companionship in addition to adult love. And Lana's discovery of Lex Barker's capacity for that is really what changed her mind. In Europe she saw a side of him she hadn't known before, a side she liked too much to lose.

For eight months Lana and Lex carried on a European courtship. Mostly it was a courtship family style, with Lex's children and their governess in Italy, Cheryl and Lana's mother in Paris. Both the things they did—their sightseeing rambles throughout Italy, France and Spain—and the places they stayed—Naples, Paris, London, Capri—were with kids and in-laws around. When picture locations pulled them apart there was something missing, not only for Lex and Lana, but for Cheryl, Lynne and Zan.

Lana found herself in the puzzling position of refusing to admit she was seriously in love with Lex Barker—and at the same time knowing she was kicking fate right in the teeth. "Even when I was saying 'uh-uh' to Lex I wrote the real estate agent back home and yanked my house off the market," she remembers. "Now why would I do a thing like that?"

Bank Holiday—the time when all England closes shop tight—was when Lana's resistance finally weakened. She was in London for interiors of *The Flame And The Flesh"* when Lex flew up from Rome. They drove up to Maidenhead on the Thames, and a lovelier place, Lana thinks, she's never seen—with willows sweeping the shimmering river and antique beauty all about. "Anyone who could be in Maidenhead and not get romantic isn't human," she sighs. "Nobody ever accused me of that." So when Lex asked for the 900th time, "When are you going to marry me?" she found herself answering that she was going to the minute the picture was finished. And that is about what they did, one year ago September 7.

Among Lana's first-year memories naturally the ceremony in Italy stands out above all. There was another ceremony, of course, last Christmas Eve in Hollywood—just to wrap up the union without question. But the rites in Turin are the ones that Lana and Lex Barker are celebrating this September as most of Turin did at the time, despite Lana's careful plans to make a "quiet affair"—still remembering the showy rites with Bob Topping and the disastrous results.

At a preview, a fan rushed up to Walter Brennan and gushed: "May I have your autograph, Mr. Hayes?" Brennan, playing it straight, wrote, "I'll never be the actor that Walter Brennan is—Gabby Hayes."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

They chose Italy because Lex's children were there and because, as Lana explains, "People in Italy get married to stay that way. We wanted all the good omens we could find, because both Lex and I wanted this to be for keeps." That charm, so far, has worked like a charm—but the memory of their cloak-and-dagger precautions for privacy and the way things turned out, still makes Lana laugh.

"We took a villa up on a hill overlooking the Po River to get all the family together. A place with high walls and hedges. We paid off half of Italy, I think, to keep the secret. We arranged to have the wedding at six o'clock after the registry closed, swore the mayor and our attorney to secrecy. On our wedding day we pulled down the blinds because the bushes were jumping with reporters wondering what was up, but with a pretty good idea.

"The afternoon of the wedding Lex drove out in the Jaguar alone—or so it seemed. But down on the floor in the back was the bride—me—covered with a car robe. I wasn't exactly blushing but I was mussed and smothering. I've always thought he kept me there too long just to make me suffer. But there was one thing we didn't know—in Italy there's a law that all civil weddings must take place with the doors wide open. We might as well have been married in the town square! I wouldn't say it was a romantic setting. Scrubwomen with mops and pails crowded around us and, because the ceremony was in Italian, interpreters had to tell us what was going on all through the event. It was hot, it was confusing and it was crowded. But it was very, very real to me and the people couldn't have been sweeter. I still have the bouquet of white bovardia the mayor who married us gave me. How he knew that was my favorite flower I'll never know."

The honeymoon was more romantic although Lana worked throughout most of it. Mildred Turner spirited all the kids back to Paris by train, then off to Hollywood for school. The newlyweds drove back, picking out every idyllic inn they could find on the way. They stayed in Lana's Paris apartment while Pierre Balmain fitted her wardrobe for *Betrayed*. Then Mr. and Mrs. Barker went to Holland on location. They spent most of the time there in the romantic forest of Arnhem in the *Koonings Jaght,* a king's vast hunting lodge. The leaves were turning crimson and gold, deer came right up to their window and in the evenings geese streaked south across the sky. No wonder Lana remembers *Betrayed,* despite its ominous title, as the most heavenly picture job she ever had. She worked almost every day while Lex caught up on his golf with Vic Mature. There were relaxed evenings by the fireplace and good companionship with Vic and a fellow Lana's been soft on in a filial way for years, Clark Gable. By the time they flew back to Hollywood last December, Lana and Lex realized what they had together and made some resolutions.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

Once while riding a train, the gentleman next to me engaged me in conversation. As we passed some snow-covered mountains I remarked, "If only I had some skis, I'd get off at the next stop and go skiing." The gentleman leaned over to the passenger in front of us and said, "Could you oblige, ski nose?" The passenger lowered his paper and laughed. It was Bob Hope!

Elizabeth Bitz
Brooklyn, New York

"They were pretty simple ones," Lana reveals. "Just these—that no matter what happened we'd never say two things—either, 'I'm leaving' or mention the word 'divorce.' If you don't say those things they just can't happen. Of course, we've had arguments," she admits frankly, "some hot and some heavy. The first year is always the hardest. Neither Lex nor I are perfect. We've had our adjustments to make. But we've never gone to sleep without saying 'I'm sorry' and we've never held a grudge. I know the word seems strange applied to me—but the thing Lex and I try to be is sensible."

Lana's right. On past performance not even her best friends would beam that level-headed adjective in her direction. "Maybe I've caught some sense from Lex," she guesses, "or perhaps I've finally grown up. After all, it was about time." Anyway, on the first year's record both Lana and Lex have demonstrated sane thinking.

Take the house they live in. It's the same house Lana and Bob Topping bought, the one that was up for sale when she left for Europe—and reasonably so. Just Lana and Cheryl would never need a fourteen-room mansion. Like all honeymooners, the Barkers dreamed of something new, designed just for them. "But then," says Lana, "we asked ourselves why. It's perfect—handy for both of our studios, big enough for our family, a huge yard for the kids, a tennis court and pool. All it needed was changing for our particular needs. Instead of selling and finding something else probably half as good, we just fixed it up."

Actually, the big *chateau* looks very much as it did before Lana left it. The décor and furnishings are of the Topping era. Besides Lex's sword, dagger and gun collection in the lanai, some paintings and souvenirs brought back from Europe, there's nothing different inside. They added a new guest wing over a double garage. Lex's sister, Fredricka and her son Peter stayed there and Lynn and Zan sleep there when they come over from Jack and Connie Adams' house in Westwood nearby. The garage and expanded driveway is to handle their collection of cars—Lex's Lincoln Capri, the red and black Volkswagen baby bus, and Lana's new yellow racer, the Ghia Fiat that's already the talk of car-happy Hollywood. The other improvement was to convert an upstairs porch into a walk-in wardrobe closet for Lana, although there's not too much to fill it with these days. Here again, Lana has changed.

There was a time when Lana would romp off to "kill a couple of hours and spend $1500," as she remembers a little unbelievingly now. Then if she saw a dress she liked she'd buy it in all colors. Now she's lucky if she brings one home. Another smart move Lana made the minute she returned to Hollywood was to hire a business manager. "I never used to know where my money went. I didn't know whether I had fifty cents or $5000. I still don't prize money for money's sake, but for the first time in my life, I know what a comfortable feeling a little nest egg is."

Lana has more than that—although as late as 1952 she wondered how she'd ever pay off her back taxes. Beatrice Halstead, the shrewd woman who handles her finances helped work the miracle. She tells Lana, "This is for expenses. This is for taxes. This is to play with—and this is to be saved." There's no back talk. Lex and Lana are just as sensible about their family finances. He makes less than half Lana's salary and the arrangement they have divides the household expenses in proportion.

All this doesn't mean that Lana has turned pinchpenny. Nor does she have to. The Ghia Fiat is proof of that. Lana bought the flashy sports car and herds it around Hollywood considerably under the 150 m.p.h. it can do, but actually it was Lex who had his eye on the beauty ever since he and Gary Cooper took a spin in one at the Paris auto show and drooled. Knowing that, when Lana spied hers at Dutch Darrin's shop in Hollywood she said, "Wrap it up," although the price equals a down payment on a fair-sized house. There's only one other like it in America. So far she hasn't collected a traffic ticket—although the other day when Lex called her at the beauty shop and said he wanted to see her, he had hardly put down the phone before the racer screeched to a stop in the driveway. "How did you get here?" he gasped, "Fly?" And that's another thing.

Since Lana and Lex were married they've hardly been apart longer than brief hours like that—consciously, too. Both know how two careers can split up a home,

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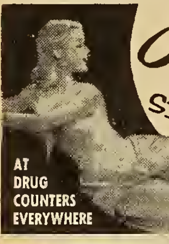

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that in Hollywood absence is not likely to make two hearts grow fonder. So they've resolved to stick closer than glue. When Lex was called back to New York at his father's last illness Lana went with him. When he went off to the drab desert town of Mojave to shoot *Yellow Mountain,* Lana trotted along, too, living in a motel where there was nothing to do night or day—except be with her old man. But that's where she was.

How long they can keep up that side-by-side resolve, of course, is questionable now that both careers are starting to roll again. Lex's new contract with Universal-International might take him almost anywhere and Lana herself has no assurance she'll check in forever at Culver City after *The Prodigal* and *My Most Intimate Friend,* which follows, with Lana's most intimate friend Ava Gardner. One of the bittersweet breaks they've had since they came home is career idleness. It's been great for companionship but as both complain, "By now we're getting a little buggy." There's nothing a contract actor can do when the studio doesn't call except wait.

Fortunately, they've had plenty to do with the house projects, catching up with their friends in the evenings and keeping three kids happy by day. Lex and Lana have Lynne and Zan every weekend and they're hoping to have them more and more. That's what they really built the new bedrooms for. Fortunately, Lex and his first wife, Connie, and her husband, Jack Adams, are on friendly terms. As for Cheryl, she's pretty crazy about the new daddy she calls "Po." Lex is the type who understands ladies of all ages and knows how to please them. He started Cherry off on her present ice-skating kick and when the piano lessons get too tough takes her side against mama as Lana wails "he does in most everything"—but she's not really too mad about it.

When Cherry begged to leave for a Girl Scout camp, Lana acted like a fluttery mother hen and forbade the overnight excursion. There was quite a scene, with tears and stormy protests until Lex sauntered in, learned the issue and broke it up with, "Why not? That's what Girl Scouts are for, isn't it?" Outnumbered, Lana gave in and wound up driving the whole troop to the mountains and bringing them back. Almost every day it's a family struggle to see who picks up Cherry at school, and it was Lex's idea that Cheryl go along when he took Lana to Acapulco for a second honeymoon after their remarriage.

Of course, life is not all kids for the Barkers. Both Lex and Lana are still out for adult good times, although what they call good times today aren't escaping from nervous loneliness to the nightclub circuit. They get around—with Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding, Ursula Thiess and Bob Taylor, Cubby and Nedra Broccoli and a lot of others, both at their houses, and out on the town—but not so often. The other night they took their house guest, Fredricka, to see Joe E. Lewis on the Strip and pulled in, a little shocked at themselves, around two-thirty A.M. But mostly it's a prosaic married folks back-and-forth dinner deal, at which Lana confesses she's hopelessly in debt. "We owe everybody in this town," she sighs, "and that's one thing my business manager can't fix." This delinquency leaves Lex Barker strangely unmoved. He has another new and sensible idea about Hollywood social life.

"Hollywood actors just get in trouble when they party around," observes Lana's husband, who should know. "Sports are the thing. There are a lot of things people don't know about Lana. Guess what I married. An athlete! You ought to see this girl swim, play tennis and golf. Why the pro at Bel Air says she has the most perfect natural swing of any pupil he ever had!" That may be a surprise to the Mocambo set, but it's gospel.

Lex dragged Lana practically by her hair onto a golf course in Holland. To his surprise, she made four bogeys on her first round. Back home he trotted her pronto to the Bel Air clubhouse and today she gives him a fair match, although Lex is a ten-handicap swatter. Now he's teaching her surfing. When the next mutual vacation comes up, they're off to Hawaii. For that idyll, Lex has been taking some instruction, too—on a guitar. Vicente Gomez, the virtuoso, dropped in at the house not long ago and when Lex heard him romp on the melon box he just had to learn. For a long time he kept it secret, hoping after their anniversary dinner to casually yawn, "Oh, let's have a little music," trot the thing out and make it ring with "Romance," Lana's favorite tune. To pull off this feat, he had to hide in the bathroom, the basement and a few other confining places to practice, so he finally let the secret out in order to get hot for the occasion.

All these activities, besides keeping Lex and Lana Barker together and out of possible mischief, have banished another nightmare that used to haunt Lana, particularly when she wasn't on a set. "I used to let myself gain weight between pictures," she admits, "then go through agonies getting in shape for the cameras. Now it's no problem." Already Lana has dropped nine pounds despite eight months vacation—and lucky for her, too.

Lana will be making the greatest bid for high style sex and glamour of her entire career as Astarte in *The Prodigal,* where she can use every curve she's ever owned. With slanted eyes, gold leaf makeup, and dripping half the jewels in Solomon's Mines, (one pair of shoes cost $500 and an opal-studded dress $5000) Lana is out to make all the sexy sirens of Hollywood's past look like schoolmarms.

If you know your Near East mythology, this Astarte doll was just about the end-all of femininity, a gorgeous creature who signified the ultimate in love and beauty.

Nobody thinks Lana Turner is exactly miscast and naturally she's tingling with excitement about reviving the seductive, glamour-stacked Lana the customers have always cried for.

Both Lana and Lex Barker would welcome a family of their own. Lana's mate is christened Alexander Crichlow Barker, the Second. His son is the Third and his dad is the First.

"They call Lex's father 'Al,'" says Lana, "He's 'Lex, and our boy is 'Zan.' There's just one syllable missing. All we need is a 'Der.'"

Right now Lana and Lex Barker can't think of much more happiness than their first year of marriage has brought them both. But there's just one thing that could top all that by the time their second anniversary rolls around. That's one more Barker to fill out the family name. **END**

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little things mean a lot

(*Continued from page 49*) had rented private homes for their location stay in St. George. All Dick and June had was a single motel room. Here, June washed Dick's socks every evening and hung them in the window to dry. Here, too, she gabbed with Dick's two children by a previous marriage, Norman and Ellen.

Norman and Mike Wayne (Duke's son) have roles in *The Conqueror*. Ellen came along just to be with her dad.

June knew that Ellen's sixteenth birthday was coming up and she arranged a surprise party for her stepdaughter.

In short, June worked herself to a frazzle just keeping her family happy. She hates flying, but one weekend she flew back to Los Angeles to bring her daughter Pamela to St. George. She even rode with Dick on his new motorcycle.

She was wonderfully kind to the citizens of St. George. They would knock on her motel door and ask for autographs or ask her to step outside for pictures. June was always gracious and compliant.

One time when Dick was out in the middle of the parched desert, June insisted upon driving eight miles over really rough terrain to lunch with him. The production crew had warned her that a cloudburst was in the offing and the roads would be impassable. But June went ahead, anyway. While she was there, a bridge was washed out and she couldn't get back to the motel for hours.

When news of her many family activities wafted back to Hollywood, some local observers, jaded and skeptical, found the news difficult to believe. Perhaps they didn't *want* to believe that June, in the most trying of circumstances, was a model wife. For months they had been whispering that "there's trouble in the Powell-Allyson household."

FRIEND IN NEED

Leaving a Fifth Avenue store with my arms full of boxes, I tried to get a cab but I found myself dropping bundles. A nice, tall man asked if he could help, took two boxes from me and found a taxi. Gratefully, I said there should be more fellows like him. He thanked me and as he spoke he removed his sunglasses. It was Jimmy Stewart.

Miss Mary Squitteri
New York, N. Y.

This rumor began several months ago when June and Dick were out to dinner with friends. The Powells began to quarrel. June (who is so emotional she cries at card tricks) jumped up from her seat, ran out, and hailed a cab.

Next day Hollywood was whispering that the Powell-Allyson marriage had turned sour. Said one know-it-all: "It figures. Let's face it. They've been married nine years. That's par for the course."

Said others: "She's just tired of playing Trilby . . . Two careers in one family just don't mix . . . I never expected it to last!"

June was disturbed by these rumors.

"Richard and I quarreled," she admitted. "So what? All married couples have disagreements. It was nothing important. It's over and done with."

Yet June was deeply hurt. She couldn't understand why people were ready to write off her nine years of marriage.

Didn't they understand that she and Richard had been through so much together, they had become inseparable parts of each other's lives?

Didn't they realize that only a few months before she had come close to losing her husband on the operating table?

"I'll never forget it," she says, "so long as I live. It happened last winter just before I started the *Glenn Miller* job. Richard got up in the middle of the night. He thought he was suffering from indigestion. He took some bicarbonate of soda and went back to bed. Then he took a little brandy. But that didn't help either.

"When morning came I called a doctor. By then the pain had spread all over his stomach and his skin was red and I was really frightened.

"The doctor said it was just a virus and told me not to worry. He gave Richard some sedatives and told me everything would be fine. Only Richard's pain got worse and worse and he was in agony for the next three days.

"I stayed with him all the time but on the third night I just couldn't keep my eyes open any longer. I fell asleep right on top of the bedspread and when I awoke, Richard was sitting on my bed and water was running down his face and I remember saying to myself in a daze, 'That's funny. Why is he taking a shower at this time of the night?' And as I tried to shake the sleep out of my eyes, Richard mumbled, 'Help me, June. Please help me.' And then he collapsed in a heap at the foot of the bed.

"I don't know how I managed but I dragged him to the bed, and it was then that his appendix burst. We rushed him to the hospital for an emergency operation. Richard is allergic to penicillin, so they couldn't use that to kill the infection and it began to spread through his system.

"Then the terrible mental torture began. Suppose he dies, I asked myself. What will I do? How will I ever be able to tell Ricky or Pam?

"And Richard *was* dying. There was no doubt about it. Another operation was necessary. They were giving him blood transfusions and feeding him intravenously and it looked like the end for sure.

"A priest went into Richard's room and then walked out to me and said, 'You'd better go in, Mrs. Powell.'

"And I can't tell you how I felt when I walked in and saw Richard on that bed, almost lifeless. I began to talk to him, telling him that he must live, must live. I don't know what I said. But after a while his eyes opened ever so slowly and he mumbled, 'This is a helluva way to quit smoking. Isn't it, June?' And once he said that I knew he'd pull through."

Such experiences bind a man and wife together and to June it's incredible that anyone might think a picayune quarrel could nullify such love as theirs.

TO OTHERS it is not incredible at all. A prominent director, for example, who has known the Powells for years, says, "The reason many Hollywood people expected June's marriage to fail is relatively simple. At the time of their marriage, Junie had nothing in common with Dick except a show business background. She was twenty years younger than he—naive, insecure and incapable of helping him socially, domestically or professionally.

"She couldn't sail, couldn't play tennis or golf, didn't know how to run a house, was wracked by an inferiority complex, stammered when speaking to the servants. In short she was a New York City kid who had been raised in poverty.

"Her acting career, however, was going great guns, and Dick's was not. The wise

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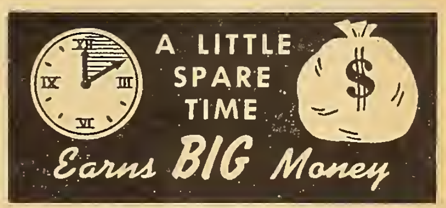

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guys thought that sooner or later jealousy would ruin the marriage. They didn't understand that June and Dick are intelligent and have great strength of character.

"In the years he's been married to Junie, Dick has taught her a great deal. He still chooses scripts for her, and she still abides by his decisions, because they are wise decisions born of extensive experience.

"Some actresses resent their husbands' counsel. Not June. She respects Dick and loves him for all he's done. And in the dark days several years ago when his career seemed to have slumped, she always maintained great faith in his ability.

"That faith has paid off. Today Dick Powell is one of the biggest men in Hollywood. He owns a TV series, *Four Star Playhouse,* produced by Powell Enterprises and sponsored by Singer Sewing Machine. He alternates with three other top names, Charles Boyer, David Niven and Ronald Colman.

"Dick is one of Howard Hughes' favorites at RKO. Hughes signed him as a director in 1952 and Dick did an excellent directorial job on *Split Second.* Last year Hughes made him a producer and this year Dick is not only directing and producing but he's just finished starring with Debbie Reynolds in *Susan Slept Here.*

"June's career is in high, too. *The Glenn Miller Story* is one of the big money makers of the year, and she has just signed a share-the-profits deal with Alan Ladd. Under the circumstances, it seems impossible that career problems could cause Dick and June to split up—and unlikely that anything else could.

"But the rumors persist because people don't realize how much Junie has changed in the last ten years. They think she is the same clinging, bewildered kid who married Powell in 1945 and that Powell is envious of her success. Or that she is currently resenting his guidance."

POWELL SAYS, "Who has time to deny silly rumors? I'm too busy making a picture."

In St. George, June said. "Dick and I have never been happier. It just hurts me to see him working so hard. Every night after the day's shooting he holds long conferences with his staff. He's really a very fine director. I'm sure this picture will prove it.

"The reason I'm out here with Richard is because I love him and want to be near him. I was away from him during the shooting of *Strategic Air Command.* And I don't like being away from him."

That does not sound like two people on the verge of separation. Of course, conditions might change but this isn't very likely. Ever since Dick married June, he's had eyes for no one else. No matter how *gauche* she was, he never strayed, never grew angry, never got fed up. And as June says, "It began to penetrate my thick skull years ago that Richard loved me for myself. And when I became sure of that I began to grow up."

June was wise enough to ask for children to solidify the marriage.

At first Dick was chary of adopting children. (He had two by his previous marriage to Joan Blondell). But only because he wasn't at all sure that June could handle children.

In 1949, when Joan Crawford told the Powells about an adoption home in Memphis, Tennessee, they adopted their daughter Pamela from there.

Two years later on her way back to Memphis to adopt a brother for Pam, June found that adoption wouldn't be necessary. She gave birth to Richard Keith on Christmas Eve that year.

It has surprised many people, but June turned out to be a model mother thereby winning her husband's lasting respect.

When Dick married June she had relatively few friends in Hollywood. He introduced her to his own world, a conservative world of prominent, wealthy, influential people. June had to do some drastic adapting, and while she made many errors at first, she gradually learned to feel at home with all kinds of people.

During this adaptation, she dropped the chorus girls she had known and grown up with in New York (Betsy Kelly, Gene's wife, and Jane Ball, Monte Prosser's wife) largely because they rarely crossed her path, but partly because she did not feel capable of mixing the two worlds.

LAST YEAR after ten years in Hollywood, June seemed to have conquered her inferiority complex.

She refused to sign with MGM again and struck out on her own, fully confident that she would do well. And she has.

She hired a secretary who once worked in the Copacabana chorus line, even as June had.

Simultaneously she became the mistress of a vast new estate in Mandeville Canyon, refurbishing the place and supervising it with dispatch and precision.

There were suggestions, of course, that she was revolting from Powell's domination, asserting her own personality at last. But actually June's real personality never has been submerged. It has been merely in the process of development. It has taken June a long time to get over her fear of assuming responsibility. Now June is sure of her own values and does not hesitate to act on them.

"In my book," she said a few weeks ago, "Richard's happiness and the happiness of our family come first. If there's any time left, I'll think about my career.

So long as cute little Junie adheres to that program, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Powell are destined to go on with many years of domestic bliss.

END

time of trouble for liz

(*Continued from page 40*) Now Liz is suffering, "but not seriously," from hepatitis. Anyone with hepatitis has a serious liver condition. The charm and beauty of Elizabeth cannot except her. So maybe it's psychosomatic, suggest some. Maybe it's pseudo-hepatitis brought on by the fact that she's desperately unhappy.

ADD NASTY STORIES. A busybody on the MGM lot reports an unmistakable warmth in Liz' attitude toward a certain handsome young man under contract to that studio. Just flirting, perhaps, teasing a little—but isn't it significant that this gentleman is much closer to Miss Taylor's own age than her husband is?

"Sure, she's making eyes at some other guy," say those who consider it a privilege to cast the first stone, "and it's long overdue. Look at the record."

Well, let's look at the record, in honesty and fairness to the girl. Liz was seventeen, not even graduated from the studio high school, when she met Lt. Glenn Davis. They were in love or not, depending on how you look at it. Liz says it was hero-worship and, being a gentleman, Glenn says nothing—but a full-page picture of one of their embraces in *Life* magazine said a mouthful. And Mrs. Francis Taylor, in a story about her daughter, wrote, "That September Elizabeth was sent to England for *The Conspirator.* She wrote Glenn every night and never went out on a date the five months we were there." If that isn't love, there are plenty of Hollywoodites who would accept it gladly as a substitute.

Unfortunately, however, in pursuit of his Army duties, Lt. Davis went too far and stayed too long. In one of his absences she met a handsome and wealthy young man named Bill Pawley in Florida, and her dancing heart was gone again. Bill was on his way to the West Coast to see her again before Liz faced up to the fact that Glenn had to be told. He must have been astonished to find himself in the position of the rejected suitor, not having known that he had any competition, but Glenn retired from the field gracefully and without recrimination.

The engagement of Liz and Bill was announced on June 7, 1949. Three months later, at the request of his fiancée, Mr. Pawley, Jr., announced that the engagement was off. An optimistic lad, he hoped that the new arrangement was only temporary. Yes, they were in love. The problem was that his work kept him in the East while Liz labored in Hollywood—a full continent away. He hoped that things could be worked out, Bill told the press. They couldn't. The truth is that he wanted her to give up her career and live in Florida, his home. Possibly in the first blush of romance the picture looked rosy, but within three months Liz showed a marked reluctance to part with California, career and limelight. She couldn't promise and, since Bill couldn't be dissuaded from his conviction that a wife's place is with her husband, the engagement was off.

It was at this point that the London *Sunday Pictorial* suggested someone "should administer a series of resounding smacks behind the bustle of (Liz') latest Paris creation" for silly and irresponsible behavior. For the first time in her young life Elizabeth Taylor was getting a bad press, particularly notable because it was a British newspaper taking her to task. Having spent the first eight years of her life in England, she had always been a favorite daughter.

When you look at the record, she hadn't done anything so terrible. She had been engaged twice, and twice she had disengaged herself when it became clear that happiness lay in some other direction. Is that wrong? Should she instead have allowed each romance to reach its ultimate end in marriage, becoming a two-time loser in the divorce courts before she was out of her teens? It seems bad enough to make a mistake without deliberately compounding the error, which Liz would have done if she hadn't backed away from those two early engagements.

A month after the Pawley situation had been disposed of, Liz met Nicky Hilton and did *not* fall in love at first sight. Liz was growing cautious, as well she might, since Hollywood's reaction to her third engagement was, "Oh, really? And who's next?" She was wary, she wanted to be sure, and Nicky courted her a full eight months.

At that time Liz told no less a reliable source than Louella O. Parsons. "There is no doubt in my mind that he is the one I want to spend my life with. Since we met we have never had one quarrel, one moment of misunderstanding. Every day I love him better." They were married on May 6, 1950, in the Beverly Hills Church of the Good Shepherd. Liz had even begun taking instruction in the Catholic faith because Nicky is a Catholic.

The Hiltons' blissful state of mutual understanding must have ended a day or so after they exchanged vows. First reports from Europe, where they honeymooned, were that the youngsters' marriage didn't have a ghost of a chance. By the time they came home, it looked pretty much confirmed; Liz had lost too much weight, was overtly miserable, and the usually affable Nicky had turned surly, difficult.

PEOPLE IMMEDIATELY and inevitably took sides. "Nicky is a spoiled brat," said the Taylor camp. "Even on their honeymoon he left her alone while he drank and gambled and chased around. He used language abusive enough to crush a sensitive girl like Liz."

To which the Hilton retinue retorted, "Nobody's denying that Nick is headstrong or even spoiled. But he's also a very intelligent guy, and she's only beautiful. There's nothing below the beautiful surface. He probably went out because he was bored silly." Cruel words, accusing them both, helping them not at all.

The doom-shaped pattern was unfolding. In October Liz Taylor went to Palm Springs alone "to rest," denying that she had had another fight with Nicky or that she intended to give up her career in an attempt to save her marriage. "My husband has no objection to my career," she said then. "We are very happy."

Yet, within four weeks, she filed suit for divorce after a little more than six months of marriage. The charge was cruelty, which covers a multitude of sins and nobody knows how much heartbreak. By her own admission, Liz cried for days and nights on end after receiving her interlocutory decree. Was it the right thing to do? She didn't know, and apparently Nicky didn't, either, because two months after that initial decree was granted, the manager of the Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas reported that Liz and Nicky were there, dining and dancing, holding hands and kissing for all the world to see.

They got together still another time before it was all over. That October Hollywood was rocked by the news that Elizabeth Taylor, accompanied by Nick's brother, was flying to Houston to see her erstwhile husband. "It's news to me," Nick said with a poker-faced shrug. "I'm here on a business trip." But when Liz was bedded down with a cold in New York and unable to make the trip, he flew up to keep the rendezvous.

"Liz is emotionally upset by rumors that Nicky is engaged to Betsy von Furstenberg and will marry her as soon as the divorce is final," said a New York representative of MGM. Assuming that it was true, there was still nothing to get upset about. Miss Von Furstenberg has been engaged to practically every eligible male in the American theatre without having once been brought to altar.

The story was not allowed to be true, however. MGM's West Coast office rushed into print to deny it and said, instead, that Liz and Nicky were meeting to discuss a property settlement. It was a likely story, except that there was no property to discuss. Liz had already said she wanted nothing from Nicky other than a divorce. What's more, Nicky's father had given her a huge chunk of Hilton Hotel stock for a wedding present.

The odds are that the two confused kids got together to talk about a possible reconcilation one last time. Who knows, except the people involved? All the world knows is that if such was their intention, someone's proud neck still refused to bow.

This was the most trying year of her life for little Elizabeth Taylor. She went home to her family when she left Nicky Hilton, then moved away into an apartment of her own. Talk around town was that the breach between the Taylors was

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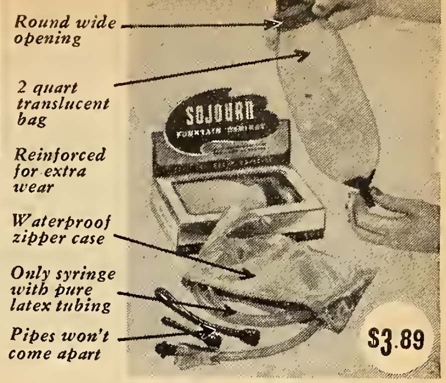

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a bad one, which Liz refused to dignify with either a confirmation or a denial. "I moved out because I have to learn to rely on myself, to make my own decisions," she said. "I have to grow up some time, don't I?"

Judging from the defiant and often childish statements she made in the months that followed, Liz didn't grow up very much. She said, "Nicky was a big mistake. I think the idea of a June wedding appealed to me more than anything." Having been married in May, that is.

And she said, "Nick and I had a fairytale courtship. Then, after the marriage, we weren't on our good behavior any more, and we found out that we didn't even like each other very well. . . . Two weeks after the wedding I knew I had made a mistake—but it was a beautiful wedding, wasn't it?" Yup, just like in the movies.

And she said of Stanley Donen, "We're good pals. We're together constantly, and we're good for each other. But it isn't love." Why, then, did the columnists find it necessary to rebuke them in print for the amount of necking they did in public?

And she uttered one truism that will live forever. She said, "I've been able to wear a plunging neckline since I was fourteen years old, and ever since then people have expected me to act as old as I look. My trouble all started because I have a woman's body and a child's emotions." In the case of Liz Taylor that remark was either astute or instinctive self-analysis, but it could also be made, incidentally, about actresses considerably older.

Liz had fallen into the trap laid for unwary, unhappy celebrities. Trusting as a puppy, she gave interviews far and wide, and every time she opened her mouth, something wrong came out in print. When she decided—or was advised—to stop talking, she got hurt another way, because any star who refuses to discuss personal problems is automatically tagged "temperamental."

Granted, her marriage to Nick Hilton was a bad mistake. Liz has always acknowledged more than her share of blame for the failure. "I thought I was mature enough to cope with marriage, and I wasn't. I had always had my own way. Instead of pointing out my faults, people always told me how good I was. I never learned responsibility." And after the breakup, she erred further in expressing herself too freely. But Liz had never been through the Hollywood marriage mill before—how was she to know?

Through the mistakes she learned about responsibility—and humiliation and heartache. In her brief marriage she learned that she couldn't be emotionally dependent on Nicky, because he was equally immature. Then she went home to her family and was startled to discover that the role of baby daughter no longer fitted. She could no longer give her life blindly into the hands of her parents. No more a child, no more a wife, she had to go forward. Liz went out and rented an apartment of her own—for precisely the reasons she gave: she had to learn independence. "That incredible child" was growing up in self-defense.

Shortly after her final meeting with Nicky in New York, Liz was shipped off to England again to portray Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. Indicative of her emotional growth, this time she was accompanied by her secretary instead of her mother. It caused no stress within the family, rumors to the contrary. The Taylors understood and accepted that their daughter must stand or fall alone.

She fell—like a plummet—at the feet of a sweet, shy, sensitive fellow named Michael Wilding. This, curiously, was their second encounter. Mrs. Taylor, in writing of the five-month sojourn in London when Liz was seventeen, spoke of their meeting and added, "I knew that except for Glenn, the man in Elizabeth's life would be Michael Wilding." This time there were no "excepts" or "ifs." Liz was ready to know adult emotion.

Way back when she was seventeen, Mike had said lightly, "Some day you should marry me, you know," and now he said, "You see? I told you, you should have waited for me!"

When word of their love leaked out, it was received with almost universal skepticism. They were totally different from each other. Mike was twice Elizabeth's age. He was a man already settled while she still had a dainty fistful of wild oats to sow. This was going to be murder. Too bad—and he was such a nice guy, too.

A few people believed in them. One was Michael Wilding, who said, "She wants to be married to someone who will love and protect her, and that someone—by some heaven-sent luck—turns out to be me. I won't let her down."

His best friends, the Stewart Grangers, believed and gave them courage. After all, Jean Simmons' beloved Jimmy is sixteen years older than she, and Hollywood cynicism has used a battering-ram on *their* marriage with absolutely no effect.

THE RIVALS

When Julius La Rosa appeared at Loew's State in New York a group of girls gathered outside under his dressingroom window and to the tune of "ta-ra-ra-boom - de - ay," chanted, "We're Eddie Fisher fans, we're Eddie Fisher fans!" Grinning, Julius yelled back, "So am I!" and dragging his portable record player to the window sill, he put on one of Eddie's records and played it—but loud! The girls listened a moment and then roared back to the same tune, "Now we're La Rosa fans, and Eddie Fisher fans!"

Betty Vogel
Brooklyn, New York

Elizabeth Taylor believed—in all but her own good fortune. Michael loved her. She told reporters, "I want to be married as quickly as possible, because happiness is a fragile thing, and we have so little time for it." She had yet to be convinced that happiness isn't a sometimes thing, but she had found the man who could give her whatever there was of it.

Liz and Mike Wilding have now been married almost three years. Careerwise, if Mike's child-wife soars any higher, she's going to be lost in a cloud. His own reputation as an actor's actor grows more solid every day. They have the baby boy of their dreams, and the world's warmest welcome is extended to any brothers and sisters who might join young Michael Howard in the house. And they have each other, Liz and Mike. Seeing them together, it's plain that they still have each other so utterly and completely that if there is trouble, it will have to come from something outside this marriage.

We hope there is nothing—ever. We hope that Liz Taylor's times of trouble are all behind her. END

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If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30.

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Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

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Dick Powell

Versatile director-star
of movies and television

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

for Mildness—for Flavor CAMELS

agree with more people than any other cigarette!

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Make your own 30-Day Camel Test . . . see what you've been missing!

B 499220 OCT 14 1954

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how long will it last?

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DEBBIE
REYNOLDS

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BRIGHT NEW
PACKAGE!

so sweet and lovely — your Prell-washed hair!

so easy to have — *'Radiantly Alive' Hair*

with PRELL SHAMPOO

SO SOFT, YET MANAGEABLE . . . SO SWEETLY CLEAN!

Come-hither loveliness — that's what your hair has after a luxurious Prell Shampoo! It's caressably soft, yet so *obedient!* Yes, angel-soft, smooth as satin, glowing with that 'Radiantly Alive' look *he'll* love! And Prell leaves your hair *really* clean . . . fresh and sweet . . . and free of embarrassing dandruff! Prell is easy to use, too — so convenient. No spill, drip or break. Try Prell tonight — it's *wonderful!*

OCT 14 1954
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New-formula Ipana®

with
bacteria-destroyer WD-9

Product of Bristol-Myers

Destroys hidden decay and bad-breath bacteria. It's yours today—a tooth paste with a wonder ingredient so effective it destroys most decay and bad-breath bacteria with every single brushing. And Ipana combines this protection with a new minty flavor your family will prefer.

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Send for generous sample tube. Mail coupon today for trial tube (enough for about 25 brushings).

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Hillside, New Jersey

Please send trial tube of new-formula Ipana.
Enclosed is 3 stamp to cover part cost of handling.

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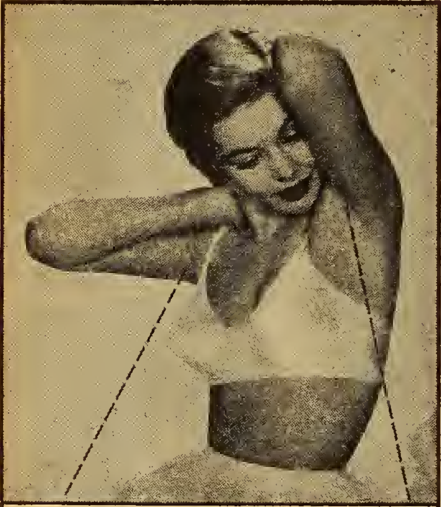
MAKE YOUR OWN TASTE TEST

Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate)

NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

SAFELY STOPS ODOR 24 HOURS A DAY!

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).

2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.

3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.

4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.

5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.

6. Gentle, safe, dependable—*ideal for sanitary napkins, too.* Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3

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November, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN'S 8-page gossip extra

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*Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds from MGM. She can be seen next in *Athena* with Jane Powell and in *Hit The Deck.* For other photographers' credits see page 82.

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F. Scott Fitzgerald's famous story
of youth on a fling!...

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but we're no good for each other!"

They met
and they kissed...
for this was Paris,
the city of love,
in its hour of joy!

ELIZABETH
TAYLOR
and VAN
JOHNSON

entwined in a
bittersweet romance
by the spell of
the song...

"THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"

color by
Technicolor

co-starring WALTER
PIDGEON
DONNA **REED** *Academy Award Winner ("From Here To Eternity")*

with
EVA GABOR • KURT KASZNAR

Screen play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein and Richard Brooks • Based on a story by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Directed by RICHARD BROOKS • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS • An M-G-M Picture

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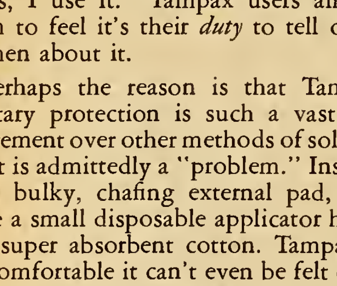
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TAMPAX
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WANING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
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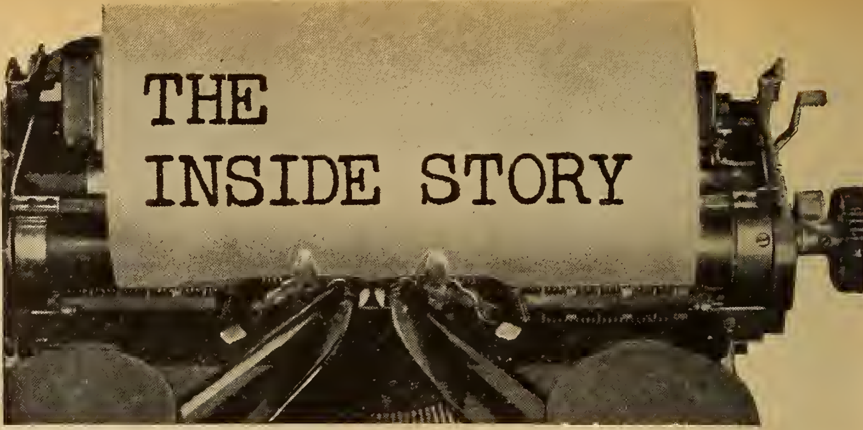


THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I understand there's an actress in Hollywood named Mary Trouble-In-Front. For whom does she work?
—V.E., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A. *Mary Trouble-In-Front is the name of a Sioux Indian girl hired by Universal-International in South Dakota for a bit part in* Chief Crazy Horse.

Q. How many times has Donna Reed been married, also Marge Champion?
—N.N., BATH, N. Y.

A. *Both twice.*

Q. I've been told on good authority that Victor Mature is afraid of horses and that doubles are used for his riding scenes. Is this true?
—E.K., DETROIT, MICH.

A. *Mature does not feel at home on a horse.*

Q. Was Cleo Moore ever married to Huey Long? —J.J., MONROE, LA.

A. *She was married to his son when she was fifteen.*

Q. Would you please settle a bet? Who has more hair: Fred MacMurray or Gene Kelly? —L.H., BORDENTOWN, N.Y.

A. *MacMurray.*

Q. How much money did Cary Grant get for making *Catch A Thief?*
—J.H., RICHMOND, VA.

A. *Ten per cent of the picture's gross.*

Q. Does John Wayne wear a toupee or a hairpiece in pictures?
—G.K., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. *Sometimes.*

Q. What is the name of Mario Lanza's new son and how many children does he now have?
—Y.R., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *Lanza's new son is named Marc. There are now two girls and two boys in the family.*

Q. I've read that the richest woman in Hollywood is Sonja Henie. Does she have more money than Loretta Young?
—N.R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. *Yes, according to reports.*

Q. What is the relationship between Mona Freeman and Bill Holden?
—H.H., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Good friends.*

Q. That woman Bob Wagner is supposed to be crazy about—isn't she really Barbara Stanwyck?
—V.E., SPENCER, IND.

A. *Yes.*

Q. What is the connection between two women named Jill Winkler and Jean Garceau and Clark Gable?
—E.D., VAN NUYS, CAL.

A. *Jean Garceau is Gable's private secretary. Jill Winkler is the widow of press agent Otto Winkler who was killed in a plane crash with Carole Lombard, Gable's third wife, on January 16, 1942. After the tragic accident Gable generously bought Mrs. Winkler a house in the San Fernando Valley.*

Q. Wasn't June Haver's engagement ring once owned by Mrs. Red Skelton?
—F.E., FENTON, NEB.

A. *Yes. It was turned in by Mrs. Skelton to a jeweler who repolished and reset and resold it to Fred MacMurray.*

Q. Who has the most expensive house of all the movie stars?
—R.G., SALEM, OREG.

A. *Probably the Gary Coopers.*

Q. Has Ann Sheridan ever gotten over the death of Steve Hannagan?
—A.L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Not yet.*

Q. Will Deborah Kerr ever make motion pictures again or is she through with Hollywood? —A.D., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Miss Kerr is currently making a film in England, plans to make many more in Hollywood.*

Q. Is it true that Corinne Calvet followed her lover all the way to Rome?
—B.R., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. *Corinne didn't like being separated from Jeffrey Stone (who under the name of Johnny Anderson was once married to Barbara Lawrence). So she followed Stone to Rome, where she is working in a film.*

Q. Is there any chance of that rich Mexican mogul's marrying Maureen O'Hara? —S.L., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A. *There are religious difficulties involved in securing an annulment or dispensation.*

Q. What's happened to Peter Lawford since his marriage to Patricia Kennedy? I've seen him in no pictures.
—H.D., DANBURY, CONN.

A. *Lawford is starring in a* TV *series,* Dear Phoebe, *about a male lovelorn columnist who uses a female name.*

Q. Is it true that Rock Hudson and Julia Adams once were a big thing?
—T.W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Yes.*

JUDY GARLAND JAMES MASON

IN

"A STAR IS BORN"

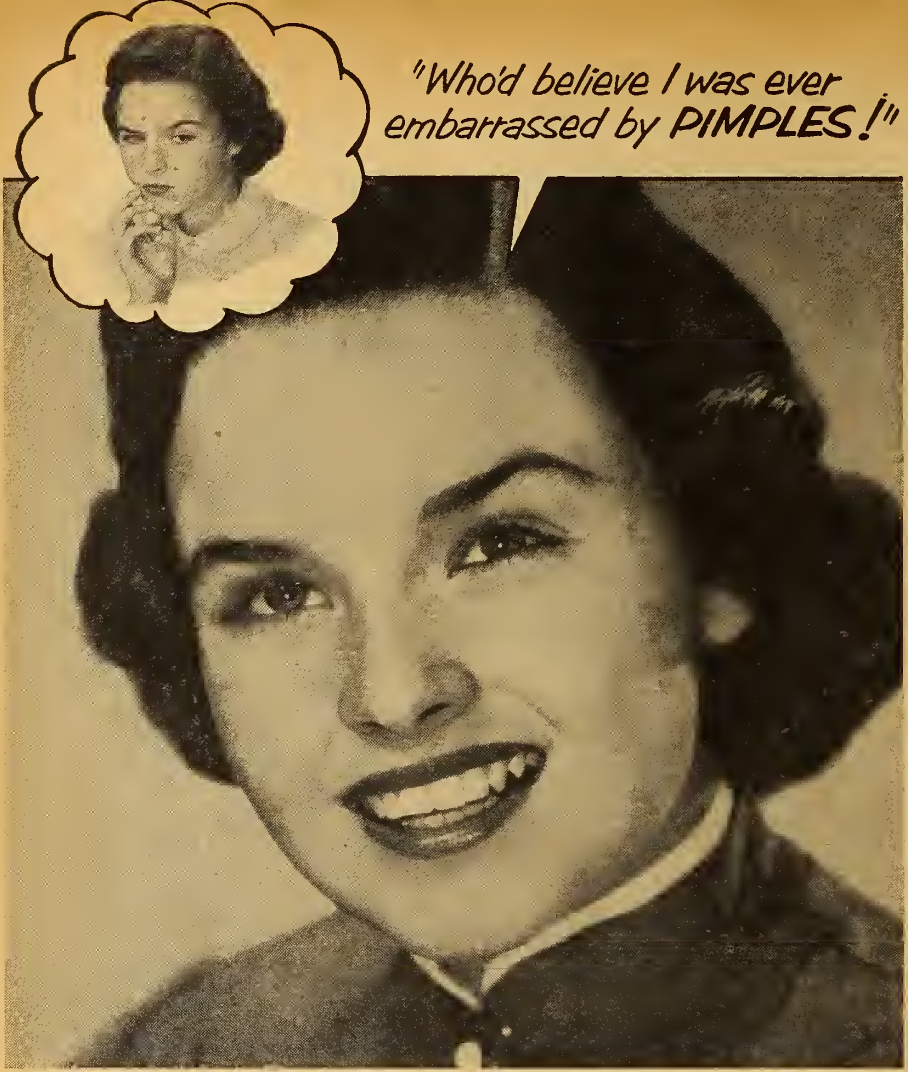
WARNER BROS.
PRESENT IT IN
CINEMASCOPE
TECHNICOLOR
AND STEREOPHONIC SOUND

The most anticipated motion picture of our time is now ready for your acclaim.

ALSO STARRING
JACK CARSON
CHARLES BICKFORD

WITH TOM NOONAN · SCREEN PLAY BY MOSS HART · DIRECTED BY GEORGE CUKOR · PRODUCED BY SIDNEY LUFT · A TRANSCONA ENTERPRISES PROD. · MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF · PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

6 NEW SONGS BY HAROLD ARLEN AND IRA GERSHWIN 'THE MAN THAT GOT AWAY' ◊ 'IT'S A NEW WORLD' ◊ 'GOTTA HAVE ME GO WITH YOU' ◊ 'HERE'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR' ◊ 'SOMEONE AT LAST' ◊ 'LOSE THAT LONG FACE'


"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

New Scientific Medication... Clearasil
'STARVES' PIMPLES
SKIN-COLORED... *hides pimples while it works*

Proved effective by doctors... endorsed by nurses in nationwide tests

Doctors prove this new-type medication *especially* for pimples really works!

In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's *antiseptic action* stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

Instant relief from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless. Pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America's largest-selling specific pimple medication...because CLEARASIL has helped so many young people and adults. CLEARASIL is GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. Only 59¢. Economy size 98¢. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today.

Special offer: Send 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous two-week trial size to Eastco, Inc., Box 12DH, White Plains, N. Y. Expires Dec. 10, 1954.

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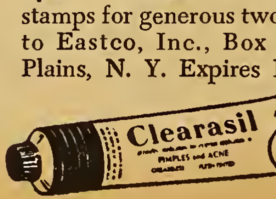
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



OF POOLS AND PONIES

■ Hollywood editors and reporters are lucky people. They have Alan Ladd's private telephone number. On the still warm October days in California they can give the star a ring and announce, "I'm coming over for a swim." They don't even have to bring their own towels. Such generous hospitality is rare in Hollywood, not because of the towels, but because most big stars pretend to be horror-stricken at the idea of an advancing photographer or newshound.

The latest poolside report on the Ladds is that they are ready to swing into action with their newly formed Jaguar Productions (named for a car Alan liked) as soon as they decide which is the best of three scripts.

Meanwhile, Alan is going into *The McConnell Story* on his Warner contract, with June Allyson as his leading lady. While resting, the whole family is shuttling back and forth between their town home and the ranch where Alana is having a ball riding her horse, Key, a Spanish stallion which she rented to her dad to ride in *Drumbeat*. The horse is one of eleven Spanish horses, all of which were named after Alan Ladd pictures. One is called Dahlia for *The Blue Dahlia*, another Beret, a third, pardon the expression, Hell for *To Hell and Back*. It tickles Alan to report that the horse named Shane was sold for about five times what it was really worth before it got that name, and he says he's been getting fan letters from new mothers who are calling their new sons Shane. "It's all right, I suppose," he says, "but I hope the fad doesn't grow. Imagine a lot of little tikes running around answering to the name Drumbeat!"

It doesn't bear thinking on.

Here's the "Inside" Story on Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ News from Playtex P… …ome of the world's largest-selling girdles ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Top Designers Give Top Honors To Playtex Girdles
Arrow Narrow Is Your New Silhouette

You're looking at the famous Playtex Magic-Controller*! Kitten-soft fabric inside, magic fingers, and a non-roll top to control those "Calorie-Curves"!

The one and only Girdle with Miracle Latex on the outside... kitten-soft fabric on the inside... and not a single stitch, seam or bone anywhere!

No other girdle whittles away so many inches . . . yet stays so comfortable! *Only* Playtex has the slimming power of miracle latex *plus* kitten-soft fabric inside to caress your skin. Washes and dries in a flash. Slip into a freedom-giving Playtex Girdle soon . . . and get that slimmer—trimmer look—*no matter what your size!*

PLAYTEX fabric lined Girdles & Briefs, $4.95—$7.95. Known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube—at department stores and better specialty shops.

P.S. You'll love the new PLAYTEX® *Living*® BRA! It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to flatter, feel and fit *as if fashioned for you alone!* Only $3.95

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...more exciting than the travels of Marco Polo...
more spectacular than the splendors of Kubla Khan!

WALTER WANGER'S

The Adventures of HAJJI BABA

Photographed with the revolutionary new anamorphic lens in

CINEMASCOPE

Color by **DE LUXE** Laboratories

Who's HAJJI?

Hajji was the most romantic barber (and masseur) who ever lived, the joy-boy of every beautiful babe who ever lost her veil, the hot-shot of every harem from Ispahan to Istanbul!

starring

JOHN DEREK · ELAINE STEWART

with AMANDA BLAKE · THOMAS GOMEZ · ROSEMARIE BOWE

Directed by DON WEISS · Screen play by RICHARD COLLINS · Music writen & directed by DIMITRI TIOMKIN

Produced by Allied Artists Pictures Corp.
Released by 20th Century-Fox

In the Wonder of 4-Track High-Fidelity, Directional STEREOPHONIC SOUND

Hear NAT KING COLE
sing the nation's newest song hit—
"Hajji Baba"!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood

Timothy Patrick McNulty makes his debut with Mama, Ann Blyth.

IN THIS SECTION: Good News Hollywood Snapshots The letter box Love story of the month I was miffed at Jane Powell I nominate Martha Hyer

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

"I FEEL FREE AND HAPPY for the first time in two years," Susan Hayward told me. I had thought Susie would be down in the dumps over Jess Barker's decision to fight Judge Walker's ruling that he is not entitled to any community property in their divorce and that Susan gets custody of the children with only rights of visitation for Jess.

But I didn't know my girl. She telephoned me and said, "I've been through so many months of horror I'm completely accepting the judge's decision as final.

"At no time did I want to drag our dirty linen through the courts. I even offered Jess a settlement because of the children. This he turned down, preferring to make a bad fight of it."

I had heard that Susan wanted to give Jess $100,000 to get her freedom and he turned it down! If this is true he must feel like jumping out the closest window, now that he gets *nothing*!

The irony of it is that at the time of their marriage it was Jess who insisted that Susan make a pre-nuptial arrangement that the California Community Property Law be waived and that *she* would get nothing from *him*, should they separate!

He was earning much more at that time than Susan was.

What few people know is that they separated in a matter of months after their marriage. She came to see me at that time. It never has been my policy to advise my friends about their marriage troubles. That's a personal thing. But I couldn't refrain from saying to the weeping Susan, "Oh, Susie! If he hit you and walked out on you once there's nothing to keep him from doing it again."

Susan, today, says: "You were right, Louella. But if I had taken your advice I might not have my wonderful twin boys."

WHEN THE BELLES GET THEIR HEADS TOGETHER at parties and talk "girl talk," they say Gene Kelly is the actor who puts the least ardor into love scenes.

Gene heard about his "rep" and cracked: "I don't mind roughing them up if they like it. I just worry about their make-up."

Jack Palance admits that he blew his top and was way out of line when he shouted and raved at two extra girls playing (*Continued on page* 12)

PARTY OF THE MONTH *was tossed by Cyd Charisse to celebrate Tony Martin's Hollywood Bowl debut.*

GLORIA GRAHAME *and Cy Howard were married at Cy's home. Gloria wore black, carried sweetpeas.*

hollywood snapshots

It was a big month for romance—with all the fellows taking their best girls out on the town.

THE NEW GUY *Madison is quite a man-about-town now. A favorite date is Sheila Connolly.*

OLD FLAME *burns for Zsa Zsa and Rubirosa, but whether they'll marry is unsettled.*

BING CROSBY *and Phil Harris caught salmon. Bing wrote, "Fishing with Harris is a lot of laughs. He talks to the fish, even sings to them."*

ROY ROGERS *and Dale gave awards to high school kids who won accident prevention contest, talked to some who had been accident victims.*

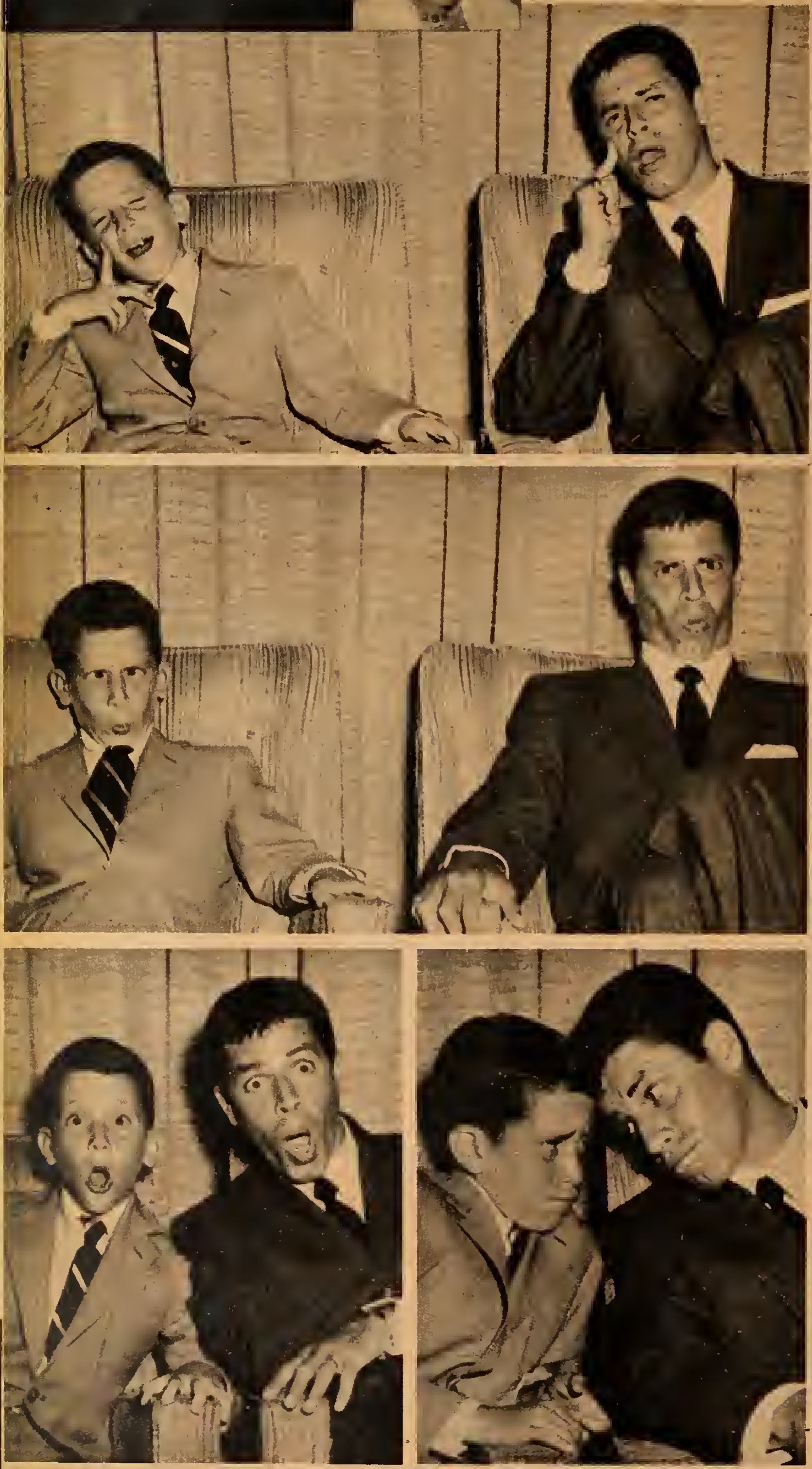
JUDY GARLAND *is in Monte Carlo with Sid and Jack Warner. I hope pictures like this stop the silly talk of a feud between Judy and Jack.*

GENE KELLY *and his lovely wife are almost strangers, they've been overseas so much for Gene's films. Betsy still hopes to do some acting.*

HEAVY RUMORS *of Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini marrying, but Grace's friends disapprove.*

LIGHT TALK *for Pier Angeli and James Dean. He's a Brando type—no car, many T-shirts.*

BRIGHT PAIR *are cute Rita Moreno and Geordie Hormel, Leslie Caron's almost ex-husband.*



Like father, like son

The resemblance between Jerry Lewis and his 9-year-old Gary just amazes me—especially when they're doing their "mugging duet." (These special photographs are the cutest I've ever seen!) They learned that mournful look from a cocker spaniel!

(*Continued from page* 10) slaves just because they were chattering on the set of *The Silver Chalice*.

The company was shocked by his language and Jack is sincerely sorry it ever happened.

He called me to say, "The reason for my outburst is that I was working with a terrible case of poisoning from a snake bite on location. My doctor advised me to stay at home for several days under medical treatment.

"I didn't want to do this because there were about 1000 extras working in the scenes we were shooting and I didn't want to put the director and producers to the expense of keeping these people idle because of my illness.

"All I can say is that my nerves snapped when the girls kept chattering between scenes when I was trying desperately hard to memorize my lines under my terrific physical strain."

Okay, Jack. What more can you say than that you are sorry, and I'm sure you told the girls as well as me.

ALTHOUGH BARBARA RUSH and Rock Hudson sent me a beautiful scarf from Ireland when I was in London, I didn't get to see them emote in *Captain Lightfoot* for the very good reason that I didn't get to Ireland and they couldn't get to London.

So I was surprised my first day back at my desk in Hollywood to get a phone call from Barbara who returned home the day after I did.

She was both happy and upset—happy to be home and upset over rumors which had been flying that she and Jeff Hunter were on the verge of parting.

"The only parting we've had is that my work took me to Ireland and Jeff's picture took him to Mexico City.

"Really, there's not a bit of truth in the reports of a rift," she told me, and I believe the gal. In fact, she was so eager to see Jeff she was flying to Mexico to catch up with her traveling bridegroom.

Speaking of Rock, he stayed on in Europe for a holiday on the continent, not a honeymoon with Betty Abbott, as had been freely touted.

Betty was the script girl on *Captain Lightfoot* as well as being Rock's best girl, so she had to return with the company to Hollywood to work on the cutting of the film and so on.

Sooner or later I believe Rock and Betty will get around to getting married. He dates others now and then, but she seems to be the *real* heart interest in his life.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH was the lovely affair hosted by Cyd Charisse for her ever lovin' husband, Tony Martin, following his debut at the Hollywood Bowl.

Cyd took over the new room at Ciro's and turned it into a garden of flowers. At first some of the candid camera boys got miffed because Cyd wouldn't let them in to take pictures. But when Tony, who is a very easygoing guy, showed up, he had a little chat with Cyd and said, "Come on in, boys."

Esther Williams surprised everyone by dancing all evening in her *bare feet.* Someone asked her, "Do your shoes hurt?"

Esther said, "Nope, I just like to dance this way," and that was that.

Late arrivals were surprised to see Nancy Sinatra, ex of Frankie, apparently teamed up with Harry Karl, estranged husband of Marie McDonald. But Nancy laughingly explained that Harry wasn't her date. He was just her supper partner and later drove her to her car which she had left in front of Barbara Stanwyck's house.

Speaking of Barbara, she decided to have some fun and showed up in the red wig which she wears in her new movie. Everyone thought it was striking but preferred her own natural silvery locks.

Gary Cooper and Rocky looked thoroughly made-up. They danced mostly with one another and he was quite devoted to her.

Judy Garland and Sid Luft were excited about leaving the following day for Europe, all expenses paid by the boss, Jack Warner. Judy looked cute in a black and white chiffon.

No one admires Audrey Hepburn more than I. She is a superb actress.

But I've got some news for her firsthand: She has hurt a lot of friends and estranged many of the press by making—then breaking—interview appointments in New York and by later refusing to talk with even the people who have helped her build her career when she arrived in London.

I was in London at the time and some of her closest friends told me they were unable to reach her even by phone.

She left immediately for Switzerland where she again went into hiding.

There are many reports that Audrey's health is bad. It is also pretty generally believed that she is emotionally upset over Mel Ferrer, the big romance in her life.

Although Mel is divorced, he is devoted to his children and is in constant communication with Mrs. Ferrer.

Audrey, apparently, is so deeply in love with the actor, without whom she made no appearances in New York, that she is unduly jealous and unhappy about him.

SPEAKING OF AUDREY, I bet she never expected to be compared to cute, peppery Debbie Reynolds. But one of the London critics wrote:

"Debbie Reynolds in *Susan Slept Here* is the logical successor to Audrey Hepburn." Pretty nice compliment to Debbie, I calls it.

I GUESS I'M THE LEAST SURPRISED person in the world that Vic Mature and his wife, Dorothy, got in such a battle at Del Mar that they went flying to their lawyers to talk divorce.

Like the Matures, I used to spend my own vacations at the little racetrack by the sea, and each season Vic and Dorothy staged some sort of a head-on collision.

This one was more spectacular than usual.

They had been sitting in the cocktail lounge of the hotel before going in to dine, apparently very friendly.

Then, Dorothy (*Continued on page 14*)

I was really miffed about JANE POWELL

■ I really don't know what got into Jane Powell to deny so vehemently that she had any idea of marrying Pat Nerney—and then, a bare ten days later, to announce to the world that she had received her engagement ring and that the marriage would take place soon!

As I told you in this department last month, I didn't believe Jane's denials even when she herself was making them to me.

Who in the world did she think she was fooling? She and Pat have been inseparable ever since they fell in love and all the stuff about their "never even discussing marriage" was a lot of nonsense and I knew it. And printed it!

A reporter friend of mine wasn't so lucky. This writer spent two hours with Jane at her home interviewing her about her romance with young Nerney. Now get this:

Not only did Jane say she wasn't marrying Pat, she indicated that she was still in love with another man in her life!

My friend wrote her story as Miss Powell gave it to her and it was in publication, too late to stop, when the blonde actress sprang her plans to marry Nerney just a few days later.

All we reporters ask is a little fairness and honesty now and then. Is this asking too much?

I nominate for stardom: MARTHA HYER

■ She has the same look of quality Grace Kelly has and an even more exciting figure. In *Sabrina* Martha loses Bill Holden (temporarily) to Audrey Hepburn but she's so lovely to look at it's understandable that she gets him back.

She's twenty-five years old, weighs 116 pounds, is five feet, six inches tall and is currently redheaded. Her hair has been bleached, dyed and tinted different colors so often she has almost forgotten she's a natural brownette.

Every time she's cast in a new picture she has to switch her hair color to contrast with that of the woman star.

She says she will know she has reached official stardom when another girl has to dye to contrast with her.

She was born in Dallas, Texas, where her father is an assistant district attorney. She's one Texan who doesn't hesitate to admit she prefers living in California.

For two and a half years she was married to Ray Stahl, the writer-director son of the late John Stahl. At that time she rated (careerwise) only leads in westerns.

It's probably just a coincidence that her career took a sharp upturn just about the time she divorced Stahl. She had excellent roles in *So Big*, *Sabrina* and *Lucky Me*.

Unlike many babes in the Hollywoods, Martha has had solid training in her profession at both Northwestern University and the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

An important man at Paramount tells me, "Watch Martha Hyer. She can and may be another Grace Kelly."

(*Continued from page* 13) went to a phone booth. Suddenly, in a towering rage, Vic went to the booth, jerked the door open, stepped inside and other cocktail loungers were treated to a full view of the battle through the glass door although not a sound came through!

Sooooo, they say they are headed for divorce although you can pick up some easy bets that before this latest vacation brawl reaches the judge, these two ardent battlers will make it up as they have done three times in the past.

SHORT SHOTS: Two new children are living at Lana Turner's house these days. Don't get excited, they are the son and daughter of Lex Barker who have come to live with Lana and Lex while their mother is in Mexico City for a year. Lana is a good mother, wonderful with the kids, and they adore her.

Can't make up my mind whether I like Arlene Dahl's new short and *straight* hair cut or not. But with that face she can do almost anything.

The reason Ava didn't divorce Frankie when her six weeks were up in Nevada is because not only does she want him to pay all court costs but also defray all expenses on the big house which she occupied with her family at Lake Tahoe. And he ain't about to do it, he ain't.

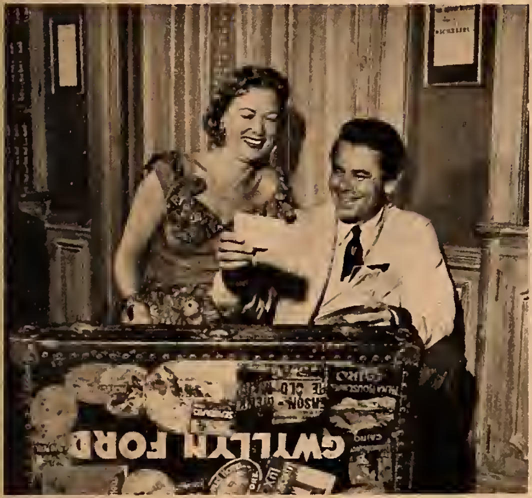
Ethel Barrymore is crazy about Frank Sinatra, whether Ava is or not. The Grand Lady of the theatre took to Frankie and vice versa like chocolate syrup to ice cream. Ethel couldn't get over Frankie's blowing her to a champagne and cake birthday party on the set of *Young At Heart*. "Frank is," drawls the one and only Ethel in that magnificent voice of hers, "a livin' *doll*."

Speaking of dolls, no one in years has given such expensive gifts to the crew and cast following a picture as those Johnny Ray handed out after *There's No Business Like Show Business*—gold watches and cuff links, traveling bags, cases of champagne, expensive briefcases, and to the assistant prop boy, a new TV set!

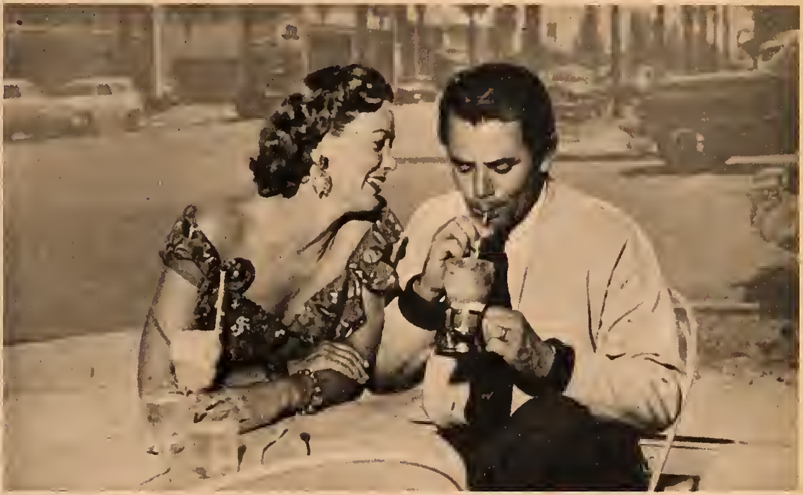
THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

Joan Crawford got award as Fur Fashion Woman of 1954 from top furrier Al Tietelbaum.

My favorite love story of the month: The Glenn Fords relive their romance.



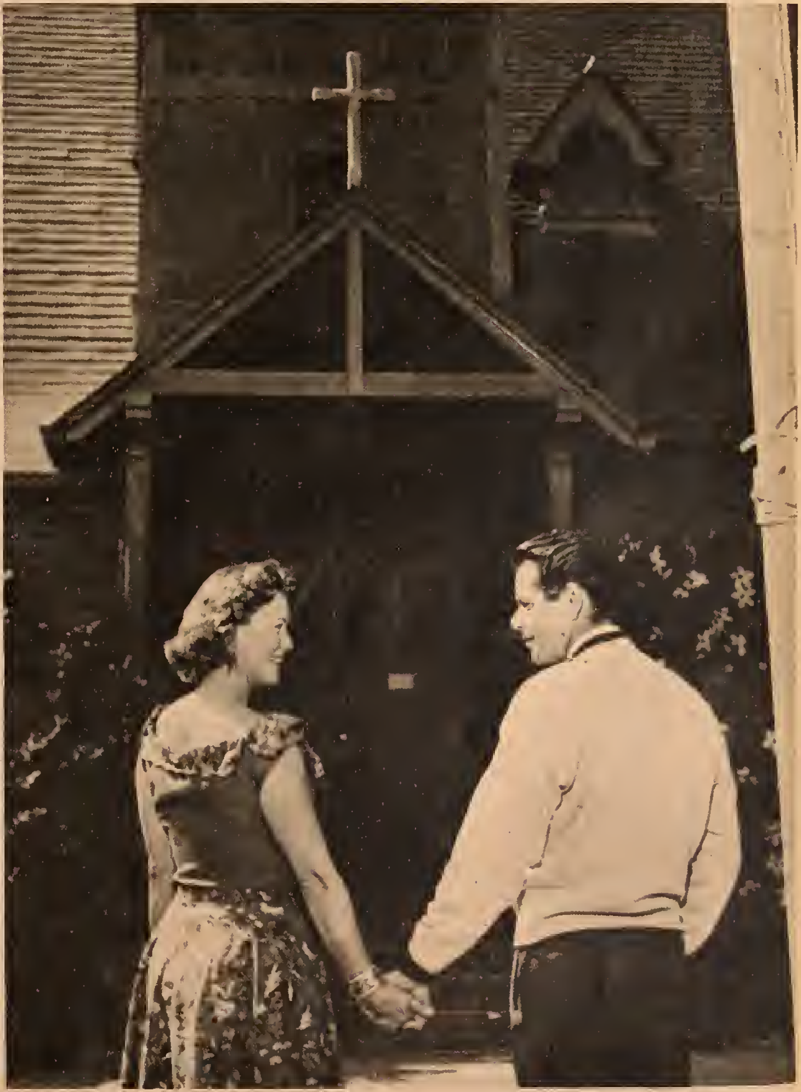
It all started on their 11th wedding anniversary when Glenn and Ellie discovered a trunk full of their old letters, written during Glenn's Marine Corps days.



Next, the scene of Glenn's proposal—a sidewalk ice cream cafe. (Glenn had wanted an un-Hollywood atmosphere.) "I can't recall what I said when I asked her," he confessed. "But I know that I ordered a chocolate soda—and I hate chocolate!"

Glenn dragged out his uniform, swore he could get into it, but didn't. He was a sergeant when he married Ellie—who had her pick of Hollywood's most eligible stars.

First on their memory lane was the house they were married in. Pat O'Brien had introduced them, told Ellie, "I know a guy you'd get along with real good."



Glenn gave Ellie a tiny diamond ring—all he could afford on his Marine Corps pay. Ellie, then at the top of her career as a movie star, insisted that he take her to St. Augustine's Episcopal Church (where Glenn had been a teacher) to put it on.

MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE

the letter box

(First, a word of explanation to those of you who complain that I fail to use your letters in this department: I try to use comments of general interest to all fans and if you'll just bear this in mind, I'm sure you'll see print. Thank you.) Now let's hear from:

JUDY TIKWORTH, Bradenton, Florida, who resents a letter from Pat Kennedy (*not* Mrs. Peter Lawford) criticizing Robert Wagner's upstage conduct while on location. "I, too, had the opportunity to watch Mr. Wagner making scenes and I found him gracious to the fans and a delightful young man to meet, very modest and a gentleman."

"In my opinion," pens BETTY CAMPBELL of Dorchester, Mass., "John Agar is the best-looking man in Hollywood and one of the finest actors. I am glad Universal-International is giving him the break he has so long deserved." Evidently John is *very* popular in Massachusetts. CAROL SHEIL, of Boston, also writes glowingly of him in *Bait*.

RUTH VILEISIS, Naugatuck, Conn., spent part of her vacation in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and writes: "As I came out of a small cafe I saw a crowd gathered around a big car—and there were June Haver and Fred MacMurray. They were all smiles, giving autographs right and left and *thanking* the people for asking for them! How do you like those dolls?" *Pretty nice, I agree.*

MARGARET CANELLIS would like to make three comments: "One, *Three Coins In The Fountain* is the year's most delightful picture. Two, Robert Stack is the year's most improved actor in *The High And The Mighty*. Three, I had Fernando Lamas all wrong. He's my favorite again since he married Arlene Dahl."

Wow! Did I start something when I challenged Robert Mitchum to prove himself in *Not As A Stranger*. Lots of letters, mostly agreeing with me. But *not* BETTE COLLIER, Coal City, Ill., who blasts:

"I bet you won't be able to dig yourself out of the mail you'll receive from Robert Mitchum's many fans protesting your comments. He is perfect for Mort Thompson's novel about the young doctor." *Don't say I didn't give you your say, Bette.*

After their honeymoon Glenn shipped out for a year. (That's when they wrote those letters!) When he came home they lived over a garage, thought the beach the world's most romantic place.

They ended their reminiscences with a trip to The Beachcombers, their favorite restaurant, then drove down the Old Ox Road near Malibu, where they had first told their dreams to each other.

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A FREE CADILLAC A WEEK

FOR 6 WEEKS and $1,000 to help pay your Income Taxes on the Cadillac you win . . .

"Here's your big chance to win a gorgeous, new Cadillac like mine! You'll be as thrilled with it as I am! What a car . . . complete luxury on wheels . . . and wonderfully easy to drive!"

Jane Russell

Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl—
starring in

HER NEW
UNDERWATER PICTURE

Produced by
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One new 1954 Cadillac Series 62, 4-door Sedan *plus* $1,000 to help pay your Income Taxes on the Cadillac you win!

SECOND PRIZE EACH WEEK

$1,000 in cash!

10 THIRD PRIZES EACH WEEK

Ten $100 prizes in cash!

100 Additional Prizes Each Week

One hundred $25 prizes in cash'

You have many chances to win . . . 6 weekly contests for weeks ending Sept. 18, 25 and Oct. 2, 9, 16, 23, 1954.

It's easy to enter!

Go to your favorite cosmetic counter; get Lustre-Creme Shampoo and the Official Contest Entry Blank*, on which you'll see the jingle at right. Then, just fill in the last line of the jingle, ending with a word that rhymes with "shampoo." Example:

"Leaves hair like satin, too!"

These tips may help you win!

- Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . never dries your hair . . . it beautifies it!
- Even in hardest water, its rich lather leaves hair soft, shining, fragrantly clean and easy to manage!
- The favorite shampoo of 4 out of 5 top movie stars! *Try it—in Cream or new Lotion Form! You'll be inspired to finish the jingle in winning form!*

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No wonder the movie stars' choice
Is Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
It never dries . . .
It beautifies!
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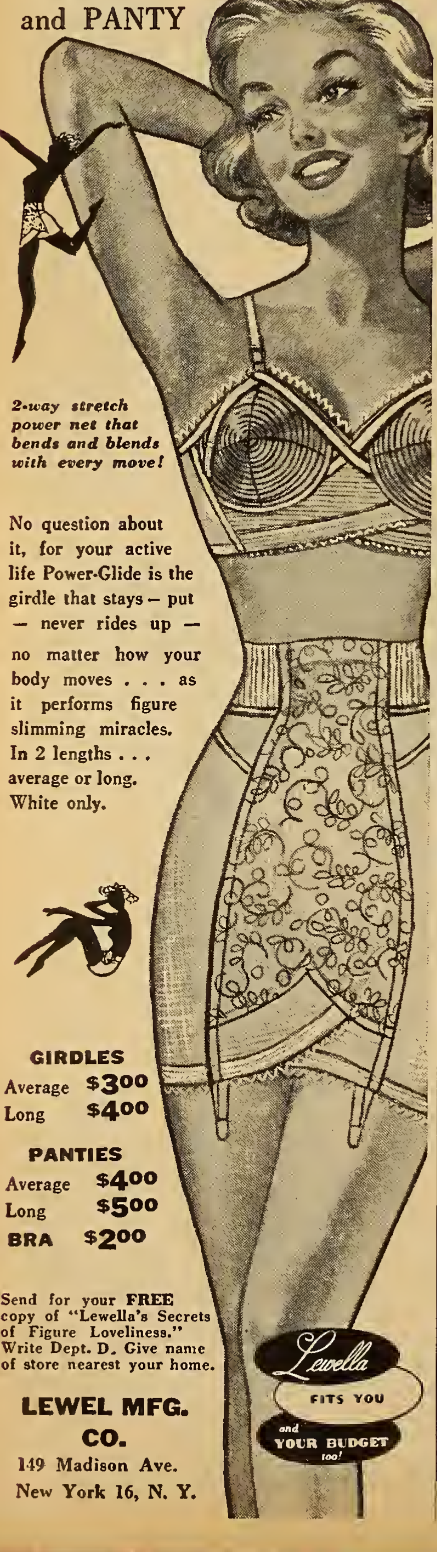

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

Brigadoon isn't on their map, but Gene Kelly and Van Johnson wander into it on the dream town's one day of existence in the 20th Century.

Gene and Brigadoon's prettiest girl, Cyd Charisse, fall in love, dance together, sing "The Heather On The Hill." Gene did choreography.

After taking part in the festivities for a wedding, Gene and Van return to New York—but not permanently. Other songs in this adaptation of the Broadway musical are "Almost Like Being In Love," "Come To Me, Bend To Me," "Waitin' For My Dearie," "I'll Go Home With Bonnie Jean."

Picture of the Month: BRIGADOON

■ For those who fancy fantasy here's *Brigadoon* rising in the Scottish Highlands like a misty dream. And that's what Brigadoon is, a dream town whose perfection is preserved because it comes into existence only one day in every hundred years. The day that Americans Gene Kelly and Van Johnson stumble on it while grouse hunting. A wedding is in progress and gaiety prevails—until the jilted suitor (Hugh Laing) declares he's leaving Brigadoon. If he does, the village will disappear forever. Van Johnson saves the day. Giving Gene Kelly time to fall for Fiona (Cyd Charisse) and sing that popular ballad, "Almost Like Being In Love." Trouble is, Kelly has a fiancée in New York. Not that he really cares. She (Elaine Stewart) is a social climber. But if Kelly stays in Brigadoon he'll be lost to our civilization, swallowed up, as it were, in a dream. Johnson persuades him to come home. However, it isn't easy to forget Fiona. Kelly broods about her and finally goes back to Scotland. "I know Brigadoon isn't there," he says, "but I've got to see where it was." You know what they say about true love. They say when you love someone anything is possible, especially miracles. It's a warm, romantic musical with excellent dancing and the Technicolor is beautiful. A smash hit as a Broadway musical, it should be just as much of a success as a movie. Cast includes Barry Jones, Virginia Bosler, Jimmy Thompson.—MGM

In these 3-hour danger periods your skin *"dies"* a little

Every day for periods of 1 to 3 hours, your skin is "open" to trouble, dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, real trouble can "breed":

Dryness . . . "shriveling"
Stretched pores . . . roughened, grainy texture

Read what skin specialists recommend to prevent these serious skin problems . . .

After each washing— "re-balance" your skin

Some signs of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing:

The "drawn" feel of your face.
Flakiness; often a splotchy look.

These are the first warnings of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect skin, more disturbing problems can take root. Dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels." Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause enlarged pores, blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin *instantly* . . . "

60 times faster than Nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shriveling. Keeps pore-openings cleared—keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Always leave on a bit of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" under make-up.

A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides a 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A *deep* Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps skin looking clear, *vibrant!*

Start this *complete* beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream *today*. Soon your friends will be saying—"Your skin looks *marvelous* lately!"

Among society beauties who use Pond's

MRS. FRANCIS IRÉNÉE DU PONT II
THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS
LA COMTESSE JEAN DE CARAMAN
MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.
LA COMTESSE DE LA FALAISE

More women use this one cream than *any* face cream ever made. Get a large jar today. Begin giving your skin quick daytime "re-balancings" . . . deep clearings each night with Pond's Cold Cream. *It's the world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled.*

Mrs. Amory S. Carhart, Jr

Young Mrs. Carhart, of New York and Southampton, shows her love of simplicity and perfection not only in her choice of dress—but also in her complexion care. "I find that the simplest skin care is also the most effective," she says. "It's a quick smoothing with Pond's Cold Cream the moment after I wash my face. And I always give my skin a deep clearing with Pond's Cold Cream every night at bedtime."

Now—a pressed powder for dry skin!

New "Puff Magic" is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—comes in 5 flattering new shades

My dear friends,

Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed powders—they don't cling long enough, and the shades are too pale. These women need a *lanolin* makeup, like my new Puff Magic. This pressed powder with *lanolin* foundation comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

Natural Magic—*a stardust finish for your skin.*
Honey Fair—*for that "lit-from-within" look.*
Honey Brunette—*flattering as candlelight.*
Bridal Pink—*soft and natural as a blush.*
Tan Magic—*rich as Riviera sunshine.*

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

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by LADY ESTHER

PRESSED POWDER WITH LANOLIN FOUNDATION

Mirrored case. $1.00 + Tax • Scroll case. 59¢ + Tax

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

THE DETECTIVE A comedy that's gentle, soft spoken, unexpected, can be lots of fun. This one is. It stars Alec Guinness as a priest with the refreshing point of view that anyone can commit crime but most people don't because, fortunately, they don't want to. His self-appointed mission is to convert criminals into good citizens. He'd rather save their souls than send them to prison. This doesn't sit well with Scotland Yard but it sits rather jauntily on Guinness who for his work has acquainted himself with jujitsu and various thugs. Now he becomes involved with a master thief, Flambeau (Peter Finch), who makes off with a treasured cross that Guinness is taking to Rome. Guinness resolves to find Flambeau, lead him into the fold. Flambeau is a tough customer, but Guinness exhibits saintly patience and persistence along with quite human frailties that delightfully pay off. With Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker.—Col.

SHIELD FOR MURDER Any killer is dangerous but when a cop turns homicidal in the name of the law that's worse. Detective Nolan (Edmund O'Brien) has a reputation for being trigger happy. Now he shoots a bookmaker in the back, lifts the 25,000 dollars he was carrying and claims to Detective John Agar that the shooting was accidental. But Nolan was observed by a deaf mute and even if he hadn't been, his actions are suspicious. He overplays his hand by taking his girl friend Marla English to see an expensive model home and telling her he'll buy it. The story builds to a high pitch as Nolan's sanity gives way and he fights desperately with himself, with a gang boss to whom the bookie was delivering the 25,000 and with his friend Agar. Nolan is a hot-headed and somewhat simple minded guy, but Edmund O'Brien gives depth to his characterization that raises it above the usual chase theme.—U.A.

DAWN AT SOCORRO Too bad there weren't any psychoanalysts in New Mexico in the 19th century. Would have saved a lot of gunpowder. Take Rory Calhoun, a gambler with an odd sense of honor. It surely made him sad to kill people but he had such *good* aim. And it made him sad to see a flower like Piper Laurie plant herself in David Brian's gambling casino at Socorro. (Piper's father had disowned her because he thought she was wicked which, of course, she wasn't.) Right from the start Calhoun doesn't want to do anything but retire to Colorado Springs because he has a racking cough due to a bullet lodged in his lung. But he has to shoot down about six men before he can get to the railway ticket office and gamble away his life's savings and rescue Piper from herself—and from David Brian. That's a large order for a man with a cough that shakes his ankles. Technicolor—U-I.

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everything comes Alive in CINEMASCOPE

As in the 20th Century-Fox Romantic Comedy

"WOMAN'S WORLD"

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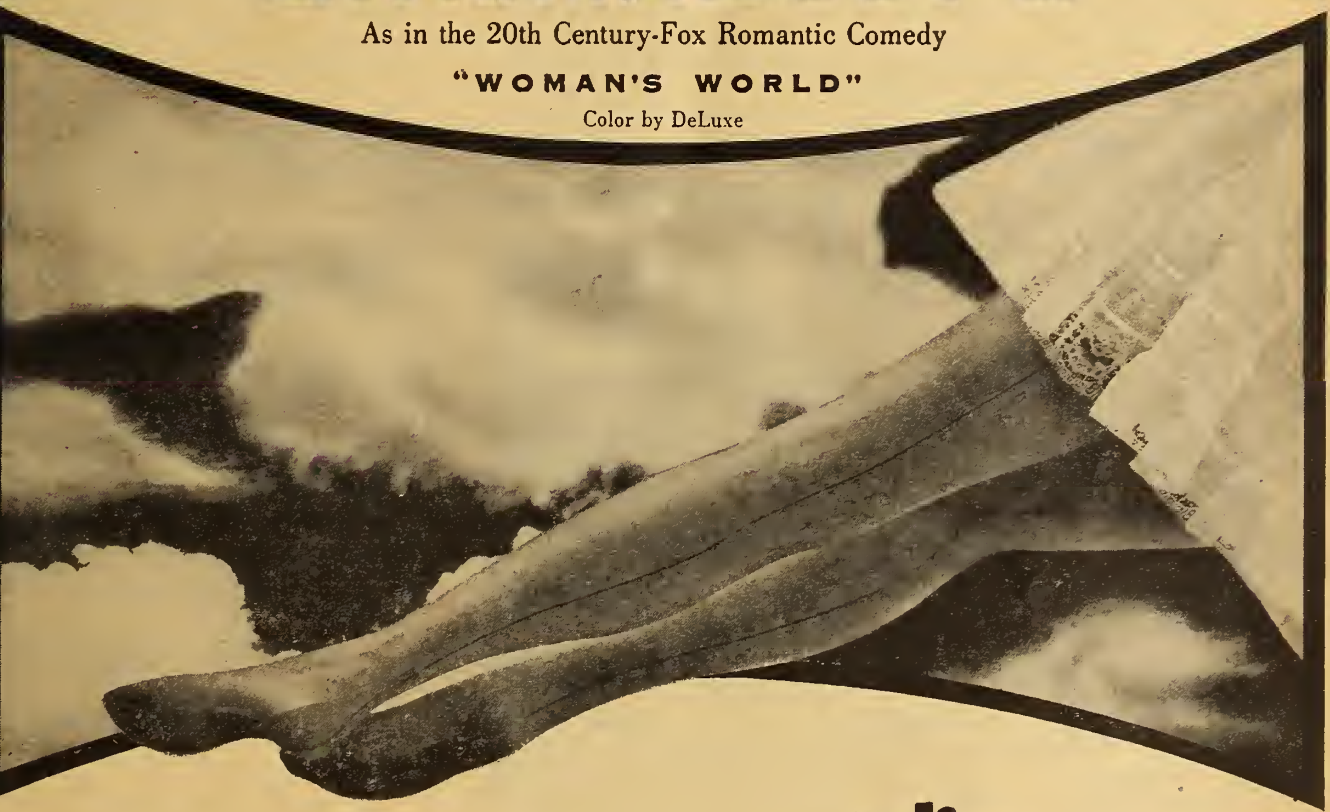

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ROCK HUDSON ...that "Magnificent Obsession" star sensation

IN HIS MOST EXCITING ROLE!

The story of a Love that was greater than Honor...and a Courage that stood alone against the fury of India's Great Rebellion!

BENGAL BRIGADE

COLOR BY Technicolor

A Universal-International Picture starring

ROCK HUDSON · ARLENE DAHL

co-starring URSULA THIESS

with Torin Thatcher · Arnold Moss · Daniel O'Herlihy

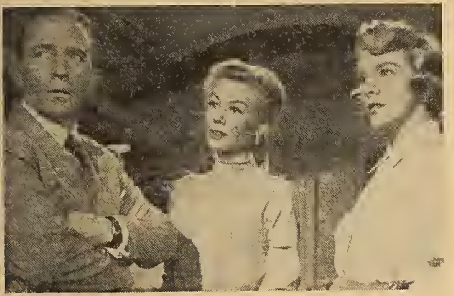
Directed by LASLO BENEDEK · Screenplay by RICHARD ALAN SIMMONS · Produced by TED RICHMOND

Universal International

THE LAW VS. BILLY THE KID The law wasn't good enough for Billy The Kid (Scott Brady). He didn't even trust the governor, a nice old guy, who promised him freedom if only he'd stop drawing blood. Billy wanted freedom and he wanted Betta St. John for a bride, but most of all he wanted revenge against a crooked sheriff and his men who planned to take over all the ranches in the territory. Billy had found a little peace on this particular ranch owned by Paul Cavanaugh. He might have gone straight, too, under his influence if Cavanaugh hadn't been shot down in cold blood by said sheriff and men. There are some kids whose destinies are marked by violence and tragedy, and I suppose Billy was one of those kids. Although it gets kind of boring to hear them tell it. Even in Technicolor. With Alan Hale, Jr., James Griffith.—Col.

AFRICA ADVENTURE If you want to go to Africa, go alone. After seeing what it's *really* like I'm not budging. Robert C. Ruark, the newspaper columnist who made this documentary, has omitted all the fraud. "So much nonsense about African safaris" has been pawned off on the public, he says. I like the nonsense; it made everything so romantic. Now we see the heat, the drought, the nomads digging for water, the vultures fighting over a carcass, the bull rhino showing his temper. "And if the camera shakes," says Ruark, "it's because the cameraman was frightened." Well, the camera doesn't shake too often. A rather absorbing record of an African safari that starts in Nairobi, Kenya, heads for the northern frontier, moves along the Abyssinian border. You'll see some fascinating shots of native tribes and of Ruark's party turning Africa into a bit of home. Pathecolor—RKO

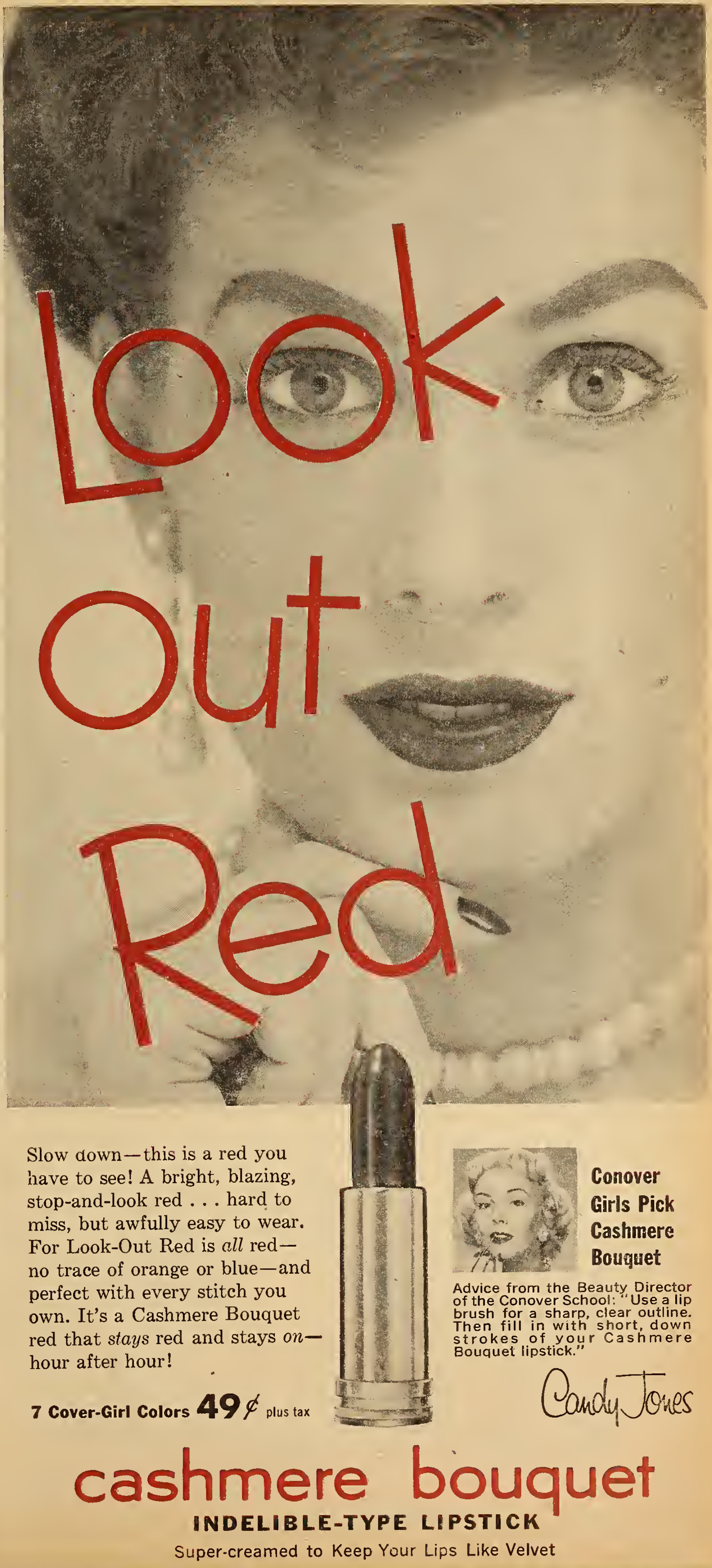
NAKED ALIBI With all this emphasis on brutality in movies it's no wonder some teen-agers take it for granted. Sure the murderer pays, but first he has a ball. Slaps cops around, drives toward Mexico to live it up with a blonde night club singer (Gloria Grahame) and almost gets away with three slayings. Only thing that stops him is Detective Chief Sterling Hayden, who is fired because newspapers think he's sadistic. Hayden spots Willis (Gene Barry) for a killer the minute he's hauled in on a drunk charge. Next day detective Casey Adams, who questioned him, is murdered. But Willis leads a respectable life, has a wife (Marcia Henderson) a child and a bakery, so what if he acts insane? Nobody can prove it. Hayden proves it on his own time, trails him to Border City, kidnaps him, brings him home kicking. It's exciting, it's suspenseful—and Hayden gets his job back, which apparently puts this film on a high moral plane.—U.-I.



Jackpot of the Month: WHITE CHRISTMAS

If the title *White Christmas* is familiar, it should be. It's the song Irving Berlin wrote and Bing Crosby introduced twelve years ago in the musical *Holiday Inn.* Aside from that there's nothing old about this film. Its score includes fourteen fresh-off-the-piano hits by Berlin. It's the story of a retired Major General (Dean Jagger) who has no place to go when the Army has finished with him. So he opens an inn in Vermont. But even a general can't order snow or requisition customers. That's where Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye come through. They met in the Army, teamed up afterward and hit it big on Broadway. The boys found out about the inn when they went to Vermont to visit a sister act (Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen). Now they want to do Jagger a good turn, promote a little business for him. Naturally, the sisters misunderstand Crosby's and Kaye's intentions; they think they want to promote themselves. Naturally, the sisters are in love with Crosby and Kaye. There are all kinds of romantic, sentimental complications that resolve themselves in snow flakes and good will on Christmas Eve. Meanwhile there's dancing on costly Technicolor sets, and singing and a kind of glow which these four stars can project like nobody's business. Besides all this, *White Christmas* is the first picture ever filmed in VistaVision, a really exciting development that gives you an even larger picture than the other new techniques. It's unusual, too, in that VistaVision can be adapted to any size screen —even for drive-in movies—and still give you a clear, sharp picture.—Para.

THREE HOURS TO KILL When Dana Andrews comes back to town everybody reaches for a gun. Dana is not liked. Dana makes everyone in Furnace Flats feel guilty because three years ago they tried to lynch him for a murder. The corpse was Donna Reed's brother (Richard Webb) who opposed her marrying Andrews. Now the sheriff (Stephen Elliot) gives Dana three hours of freedom. Who was guilty—saloon owner James Westerfield, barber Whit Bissel, gambler Lawrence Hugo? Maybe it was Dick Coogan who married Donna and was supposedly her brother's best friend. Anyway, all of these boys were right up there with the noose and tree three years ago. It's quite a shock for Donna to see her lost fiance again. Hotel owner Dianne Foster is more thrilled than terrified. Anyway, a few hours is plenty of time for Andrews, who not only finds the murderer but also patches up his love life.—Technicolor. —Col.



Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red . . . hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is *all* red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that *stays* red and stays *on*—hour after hour!

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢ plus tax

Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

Advice from the Beauty Director of the Conover School: "Use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. Then fill in with short, down strokes of your Cashmere Bouquet lipstick."

Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

Are you in the know?

Should the hostess be served—

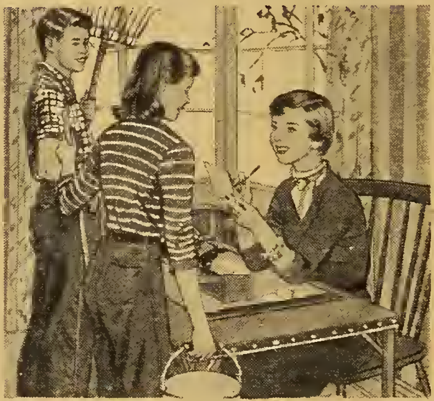
☐ *First* ☐ *Last* ☐ *In turn*

If you lived in the days of the poison-dealing Borgias, you might want to de-jitter your guests! So—you'd be served first, to prove no cyanide lurked in the soup. But today, etiquette scowls on "me first" hostessing. Here, service should start with the femme in foreground (at right)—continuing clockwise; hostess to be served in turn. Being sure builds poise. That's why, on *those* days, you choose Kotex—assured no outlines show, thanks to special *flat pressed ends!*

To dress up a plaid suit, add a —

☐ *Frilly blouse* ☐ *Faille purse* ☐ *Tam*

All wrong—the answers above! It's a sad plaid that's teamed with ruffles, a silky purse; instead, add an elegantly simple blouse or sweater, good leather handbag. Smart *tailored* accessories are what's needed. And for certain needs, try the 3 sizes of Kotex—there's one just "tailor-made" for *you.* P.S.: No mistakes with Regular, Junior or Super, as Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!



What's a good wampum-magnet?

☐ *Your piggy bank* ☐ *A bureau*

Need extra mazuma? Have Mom help you set up an after-school-jobs bureau. Neighbors phone you for help wanted (to rake leaves, wash cars, run errands). Job minded kids apply to you, pay you 15% of their earnings. And at calendar time, let Kotex keep you *comfortable.* That chafe-free softness *holds its shape;* and you get non-fail *absorbency!*

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Know someone who needs to know? Remember how puzzled *you* were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster *now* who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send for new *free booklet* "You're A Young Lady Now". Written for girls 9 to 12, tells all she needs to know, *beforehand.* Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1011-4, Chicago 11, Ill.

SUDDENLY Here's an interesting, fast-paced little study of a man who tries to assassinate the President of the United States. Happens in a small town called Suddenly where nothing has happened in years. One day the place is flooded with FBI men. They're clearing the way for the President who'll get off his train at Suddenly on his way to a fishing trip. Frank Sinatra (the assassin) and his buddies arrive about the same time and take over a house above the station in which live Nancy Gates, a war widow, her young son (Kim Charney) and her father (James Gleason). Nancy is terrified of violence, terrified of life and for months has been turning down Sheriff Sterling Hayden's offer of marriage. The ordeal she goes through now teaches her plenty. And Sinatra, as the "nobody" who became a "somebody" when they handed him a gun in World War II, sheds a lot of light on what makes madmen kill.—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

BROKEN LANCE (*20th-Fox*): This dramatic story of early ranchers is not an ordinary Western. Fast-paced and well written, it deals with the struggle for power between rugged Spencer Tracy and his scheming son, Richard Widmark. Bob Wagner, Katy Jurado are on Spencer's side. There's romance with Jean Peters as well as plenty of action. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

REAR WINDOW (*Para*): The best Hitchcock thriller in some time, this one has Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey, Thelma Ritter and a quietly terrifying performance by Raymond Burr. Besides top-flight suspense, the dialogue sparkles, there's humor, romance and Technicolor.

THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH (*U-I*): If you like Tony Curtis in armor and Janet Leigh in danger, you'll love this one. Barbara Rush is in it, too—and enough jousting, intriguing and revenging to satisfy the most avid knighthood fan.

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS (*U.A.*): This one is destined to become a classic. One of the most charming, warmly humorous movies ever centered around children, this deals with two wonderful little boys, Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, who steal a baby because they think their grandfather, Duncan Macrae, doesn't love them enough.

BETRAYED (*MGM*): Clark Gable, Lana Turner and Victor Mature star in a story of spies and counter-spies (though no one knows which one is which) during World War II. Filmed in Holland in Eastman Color, it is suspenseful and exciting.

THE EGYPTIAN (*20th-Fox*): A really big film, this epic of love and excitement in ancient Egypt stars Edmund Purdom, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, Michael Wilding, Gene Tierney, Bella Darvi and has Technicolor and CinemaScope as well.

SABRINA (*Para*): Wonderful Audrey Hepburn and her co-stars, Humphrey Bogart and William Holden, make this charming comedy about the chauffeur's daughter who falls in love with the rich man's son an absolute delight. Light, and lots of fun.

HOBSON'S CHOICE (*U.A.*): A really funny British comedy, this one stars Charles Laughton as a father so stingy he'd rather have his daughters stay single than give them a dowry. But daughters have minds of their own—and husbands, too, eventually.

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS (*MGM*): One of the best musicals to come along in ages, this one even has a plot in the shenanigans of seven uncouth, woman-hungry he-men who kidnap their brides. Jane Powell and Howard Keel, Technicolor, CinemaScope, good tunes and top-notch dances.

ON THE WATERFRONT (*Col.*): One of the year's best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY B?

by Barbara Stanwyck

Here's Barbara's secret for keeping young at heart.

■ Every woman should accept the necessity for thinking outside herself. An actress must do it; otherwise, how can she depict a variety of characters from the study she has made of others? A mother must think outside herself; otherwise, how can her children benefit from her observations and understanding? But women who are neither mothers nor actresses sometimes must train and discipline themselves especially hard to think of others—or drift into thinking that life revolves around them.

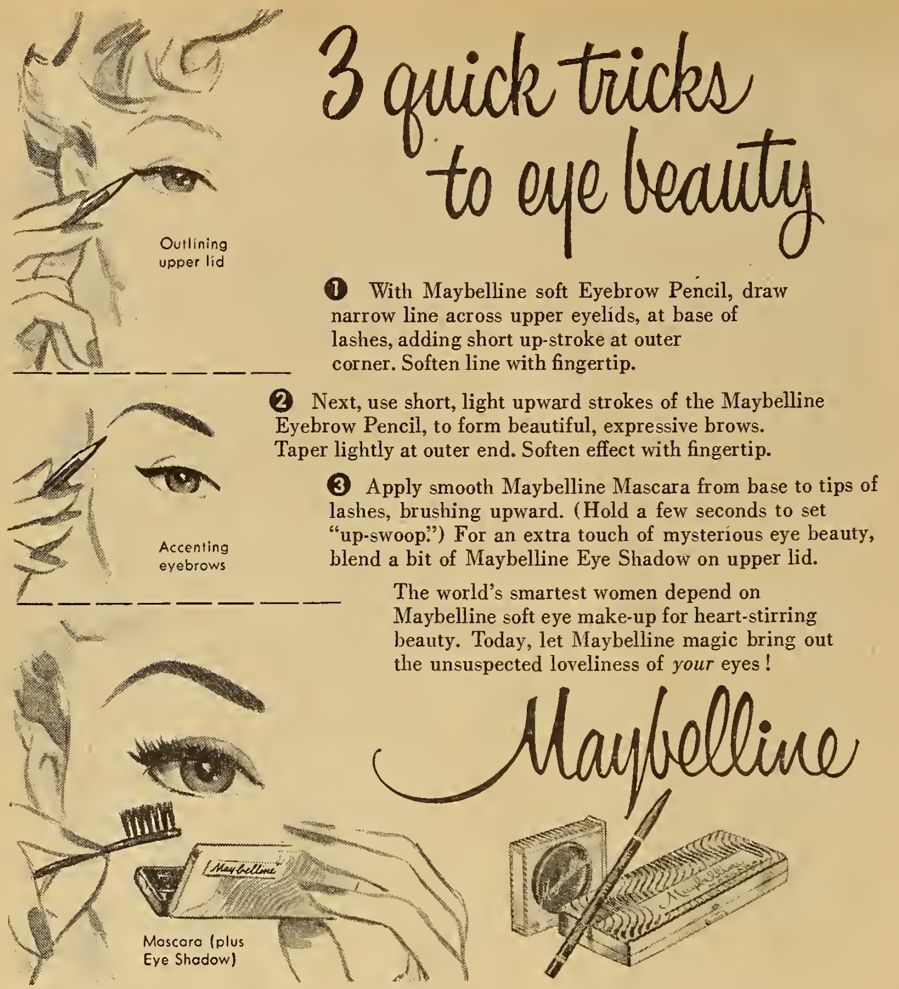
There is less danger, of course, of becoming self-absorbed if one is busy. Idleness is a destructive force. I sympathize with people who do not have enough to do. I, personally, get into a black mood when I'm not making a picture or preparing for one. I feel vital—alive—when I have so much to do I don't know how I am going to make hours in a day for it. And I'm sure all busy people feel the same way. An interest in others and in many things will make one more interesting to others and more interested in other things.

I try to give Stanwyck as little thought as possible. Keep her neat and clean and healthy—then forget the mirror. I find this a more satisfying existence—and a good way to keep really young.

Today, Tonight— wear it and see why more women use Evening in Paris than any other fragrance in the world!

Cologne, **$1.00, $1.75**
Perfume, **$1.00** to **$15.00**
Improved-formula Face Powder in 6 stylist shades, **$1.00**
(all prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS Created in France . . . Made in the U.S.A.



❶ With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

❷ Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

❸ Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of *your* eyes!

Maybelline

This is the ONLY Vaginal Suppository for FEMININE HYGIENE
that can make ALL these claims!
Zonitors
Vaginal Suppositories

Zonitors assure hygienic protection for hours.

Zonitors are powerfully effective yet harmless.

Zonitors are daintier, more convenient.

As a means of hygienic protection in feminine hygiene, a suppository is unequalled for convenience and ease. Zonitors offer so many *extra* advantages:

1. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless. They require no extra equipment. Young wives are delighted with their ease of use, compactness and ease of concealment.
2. Zonitors contain the same powerful germicidal and deodorizing type of medication as world-famous Zonite liquid.
3. When inserted, Zonitors form a protective hygienic coating which lasts *for hours*. They're not the old-fashioned greasy type which quickly melts away.
4. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. Safe to the most delicate body tissues.
5. Zonitors *completely* deodorize. They keep you so dainty. A blessing to fastidious young wives.

Buy Zonitors today. Only 98c per dozen.

WORDS AND MUSIC

Peggy Lee wanted fame and fun . . . and got them for a song!

■ Shoppers on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles sometimes see a tall, leggy blonde making her way into a smart shop and, because she looks like one, they usually think she's a model. But the natives regard the young lady with knowing admiration. "There," they will point out for visitors, "goes the lady Irving Berlin!"

In Jamestown, North Dakota where she was born; this blonde was known as Norma Egstrom. To Hollywood, New York, nightclubbers and TV viewers, she is Peggy Lee.

In fewer years than it takes most people to get started on just one career, Peggy has enjoyed several. First she became a favorite as a singer of popular songs. Now she writes them.

When she started her motion picture career it was as a star, opposite Danny Thomas in *The Jazz Singer.* Now she is making two more, one of them *The Benny Goodman Story.* She was a featured vocalist with his band. She has not neglected nightclubs and her appearances in San Francisco and Reno have added to her fans.

Peggy has published more than seventy songs. "It's A Good Day" and "Mañana" sold over two million platters. She did the lyrics for the title song of *Johnny Guitar,* the theme song for *About Mrs. Leslie* and an entire score for Walt Disney's soon-to-be-released *The Lady And The Tramp.* She is the voice of five characters in the picture. She has just written and recorded for Decca a song with her guitarist titled "The Gypsy With The Fire In Her Shoe."

"I just drifted into composing," Peggy says. "It sort of comes naturally to me."

When she isn't really busy, she writes poetry—some of which is soon to be published.

I Saw BLACKHEADS GO IN 10 MINUTES!

By CLAIRE HOFFMAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A skin specialist today demonstrated a simple 10-minute way to rinse away blackheads. To the face of a woman who had suffered from blackheads, enlarged pores and a spotty complexion for nearly 12 years, I saw the doctor apply a peculiar, plastic-like cream. 10 minutes later . . . **when he rinsed this cream** from her skin with a moist facial tissue, I saw ugly blackheads rinsed away! They were clinging to the tissue that the doctor held out for all to see— **actually rinsed away from the skin** with a simple 10-minute home medical treatment anyone can use at home!

Actually Draws Pimple and Blackhead Material Out of Clogged Pore Openings — In Minutes!

"You will notice," continued the doctor's aide as he motioned us in closer, "that not all the blackheads are gone. That would be too much to expect from just one treatment. Especially since our subject, Miss ———, has suffered from these externally caused blemishes for a good many years. "But now, watch closely! Because you will notice that this first 10-minute treatment has not merely floated away a considerable number of blackheads, but it has also so loosened and softened the more stubborn pus formations, that I can now gently tissue even more of them away. Here is the tissue for your examination!"

As we all strained forward to see the results of this amazing medical demonstration, a large magnifying mirror was now placed before the woman's face, revealing the pore openings with startling clarity!

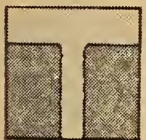
Why Many Women Confuse Enlarged Pores With Clogged Pores

"The next part of our demonstration concerns the pores. I will now place this woman's hand next to her face. Now, as you look through this magnifying mirror, you will notice that, unbelievable as it seems, the stretched pore openings on this woman's face already appear even smaller in size than those on her hand! And you will also notice that where we have applied the cream more heavily — especially around the nose — that the pore openings actually appear to have collapsed and tightened!

"Why? Because much of the dirt which we have drawn out of the skin and then rinsed away into this facial tissue — **had been cemented into this woman's pore openings not only for days, not only for weeks, but for months!** But when we remove this dirt, when we draw it out with this skin treatment, the pores have a natural tendency to collapse back to normal. The simple chart shows why."

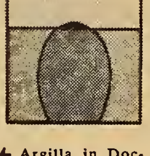
STEP-BY-STEP

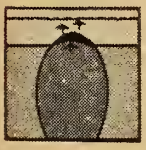
Here Is How Doctor's Skin Treatment Acts To Draw Out Blackheads And Clear Enlarged Pore Openings



Here is what a normal pore opening looks like. Note narrow, healtby shape.

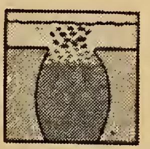
Enlarged pore opening due to clogging. Note blackhead cap which plugs pore.

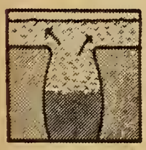




Argilla in Doctor's Cream-Mask now starts drawing, lifting action.

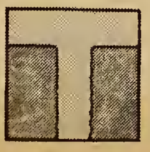
Blackhead Cap has already started to lift out and break up, unpluging pore opening.





Blackhead gone, hardened wastes in pore openings may now be drawn out by Arglila.

Wastes gone—enlarged pore opening due to clogging quickly tends to narrow back to normal again. **Skin is clearer, smoother!**



What Happens When You Apply This Doctor's 3-Way Formula!

First, to prepare your skin for treatment, we are going to soften and loosen the buried filth cemented into your pores. The laboratory-developed pore cleanser which is part one of this famous specialist's treatment, is unlike any other cleanser you have ever used in your life, regardless of how much you can afford to pay. And here is how you can prove it on your skin.

Apply the specially compounded pore cleanser. Tissue it off! Now look at the tissue!

When you see the dirt and filth pouring out on that tissue . . . when you see the infectious filth and indescribable wastes that may have been causing your skin eruptions since adolescence . . . then and only then will you begin to understand why you need a drastic change in complexion care.

2) The second part of your treatment is a medicated cream designed to get at those ugly blackheads, whiteheads and externally caused pimples which cause you so much misery.

Apply it to your face with your fingertips as you would any cream. A little thicker around the "danger areas" . . . mainly around the nose, lips, eyes and cheeks.

The first 3 or 4 minutes you will feel a strong stimulation. This is the massaging action of the medicated ingredients going to work on your skin. Your face will feel hot and cold. You will like it. Your face will feel refreshed. It is like a massage without irritation, bringing fresh, purifying blood to your face to draw off the poisonous wastes in your skin.

After 3 or 4 minutes this hot and cold action goes away, and a wonderful relaxation of all your tense, overworked facial muscles sets in. In another moment, you will feel your skin getting tighter and tighter. What is happening is this: A wonderful medicated absorbing agent called ARGILLA is drying on your skin. It is turning the cream on your face into a firm, plastic-like mask. You get a pleasant drawing feeling, a relaxing feeling. There is a corrective action, and an astringent action. You feel the ARGILLA drawing on the pus-heads. Everything it touches it draws into itself, including the hardened oils, the dirt, the waste matter, the fatty acids, whatever filth is buried in the pores, including some of the blackhead materials, perspiration and poisons given off by the skin.

After 10 minutes rinse the mask away. Hot or cold water makes no difference. It dissolves in a second. Your skin feels clean, refreshed, sparkling, smoother! Like velvet! But wait . . . you haven't finished your first treatment yet!

Now Apply Step 3 of Your Treatment . . . The Astringent

This is not merely a perfumed alcohol that tickles your skin for a few seconds. It penetrates into your pore openings, performs a final necessary sponging, dissolving action. But even more important, tightens the pore openings and leaves an invisible film on your skin that lasts for hours. You cannot feel it, you cannot see it, but it is there to help protect your pore openings!

Now Look Into Your Mirror

Some of your blackheads should be gone with very first treatment! Look for softened pimples and whiteheads that may break or be drawn out in your next treatment or two. Look at the corners of the nose, around your mouth, your cheekbones! See how your enlarged pores have tightened. Your skin will feel alive! You should actually see minor wrinkles gone . . . and this fresh, buoyant, youthful effect will last for hours.

Is This for "Normal" Skin, Too?

Certainly. Simply because this is a medicated formula doesn't mean that you have to have a "sick skin" to use it. You may be a woman past 30 who has never had a really serious skin problem, but who finds herself annoyed by occasional blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores or periodic skin eruptions. You may be a woman who suspects that your skin is not as beautiful and as fresh-looking as it could be . . . but your cosmetic creams can't give it to you. In that case . . . we think you'll be thrilled by the sheer, smooth, silken beauty that one or two treatments can give you.

On the other hand . . . if you have an adolescent, broken-out skin, if you are a man who is troubled by blemishes or a "sandpaper skin" and you are sensible enough not to be ashamed to use a so-called "woman's treatment" in the privacy of your own home . . . or if you are a woman who has chosen to abuse her complexion with improper and inadequate care . . . then this is vital.

You will see positive improvement with your first 10-minute home treatment. Your mirror will show it to you. And we say you will see further rapid improvement for the next 14 days. After 14 days, you will discover whether you have to keep using all or part of the treatment every day, once a week, or once a month depending on how fast your complexion begins to clear.

How You May Try This Skin Treatment In Your Own Home Without Risking A Penny!

The name of this 3-way formula is the Queen Helene skin treatment. Your Queen Helene 3-way formula, enough for 42 home treatments, includes your laboratory developed cleansing cream, your medicated mask cream and your pore astringent. The cost is $3.98 . . less than 10c a treatment. Yes, less than 10c for a skin specialist's 3-way skin and beauty treatment.

Miss V. L. . . . Age 27, a victim of externally caused blackheads, whiteheads, pimply skin eruptions since adolescence. Above photo reveals one of many women who have achieved a remarkably clearer skin, thanks to a skin specialist's amazing 10-minute demonstration described on this page.

Follow your daily progress in your mirror and after each treatment. If your Queen Helene treatment does not do for your skin everything we have led you to believe it will do, if you don't see definite improvement after just one 10-minute treatment, if you don't see a faster improvement each day for the next 14 days, return the unused portion. We'll thank you for trying it, and refund your full purchase price.

But act today! The longer you wait . . the worse your skin is bound to get. And like any other condition . . the worse it gets . . the longer it takes to get well So right now, while you're determined to help yourself . . . send the coupon today!

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Please rush me by return mail my complete Queen Helene 3-Way Skin Treatment, including:
1. LABORATORY DEVELOPED CLEANSING CREAM
2. MEDICATED MASK CREAM
3. ASTRINGENT

I will pay postman low introductory price, plus postage and handling. If I don't see definite improvement in my skin after just one 10-minute treatment — if Queen Helene doesn't do for my skin everything you have led me to believe it will do, I will return unused portion for my money back.

QUEEN HELENE PRICE LIST (Check Size Desired)

☐ **$3.98 size (plus Federal Tax). Enough for 42 home treatments at less than 10c a treatment.**

☐ **$5.95 economical professional size (plus Federal Tax). Enough for 90 home treatments for one person — enough for 45 home treatments for 2 persons, at less than 7c a treatment. (You save $2.01.)**

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Exclusive with professional beauticians ...sold only in beauty salons and barber shops.

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Only genuine KURLASH refills this new automatic way!
Open KURLASH w-i-d-e
Rubber bow pops out—no pins or screws
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Here's why it's easier than ever to be the girl with the wide-awake look

Now—a *new* KURLASH* to give you sparkling eyes, the wide-awake look.

It's so easy! You just touch your lashes with KURLENE cream . . . then, curl them with *new* KURLASH.

Shaped to your eye, KURLASH cushions lashes gently up in a laughing curve . . . your eyes look bright . . . your whole face—*wide-awake!*

And, after months, when KURLASH rubber wears down—exclusive *new* automatic refill snaps instantly in place.

Try new KURLASH eyelash curler tomorrow. $1 at drug, department, variety stores. KURLENE, 50c plus tax.

For personal advice—write Jane Heath, Eye-beauty Consultant, Dept. M.

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Being the
tender tale of
two star-cross'd
lovers,
doomed to part.

MY FIRST LOVE

by Mitzi Gaynor

■ My first fellow happened to me at the same time as my first show. The show was *Song Without Words*, which we were playing in San Francisco. He was one of the ushers and his name was Fred.

I didn't know him from nothing till a girl in the show uttered those famous last words, "There's a fellow working here who's just *dying* to meet you."

"I have no time for men," I answered. "*I* am an artiste!" Knowing nothing about men *or* artistes.

I thought Fred was terribly old—nineteen—and terribly romantic looking. He always went around with a pipe. It never had any tobacco in it, but it gave him such an air.

We were madly, but madly, in love. Every night after the show we had dinner together in a little French restaurant. We fought about *everything*. If Fred said it was a nice day, I retorted, "It is *not*!" Just to show him that I was pretty sophisticated and knew my way around, too.

Then the show moved to Los Angeles. When Fred came to the train to see me off, he brought me an orchid. An *orchid*! And said, "Mitzi, do you know what this means?"

Not wanting to show my naiveté, I said in my most regal manner, "I certainly do not. Perhaps you had better explain yourself."

"It means we're engaged," Fred said, and I could have flown to Los Angeles under my own power. When we got there, oh joy, there was even a letter waiting for me. He must have written it between the matinee and evening performance on Saturday. He had a nickname for me, "Almond Eyes." I pictured myself as a sort of Theda Bara.

Letters—that was the sour note in our love song. I hate to write letters.

Poor Fred would write and write without getting an answer, and finally I'd get a cheery, impersonal note, saying, "Well, I'm engaged again." He never was, of course, but I knew I had better write or else.

I think our Great Romance lasted about a year and a half. Did I date anyone else when I was away from him? Certainly not. I had the soul of an artiste—would I betray the Man I Loved? Besides, I didn't know any other boys.

It all ended when I went to New York. Fred came down from San Francisco to see me off.

Oh, that leavetaking. When the train pulled out, I really played the scene to the hilt. There I was, hanging out the window, waving my handkerchief, shouting, "Farewell, farewell! I shall never forget you!" while Mother held on to my ankles. How I loved suffering.

In spite of my fine words, I did forget him. New York was so exciting I just didn't get around to answering Fred's letters. But I overplayed it. This time I got a *wire*. It said, "Engaged. Wedding set for such-and-such a date. Too bad you can't be here." Not even "love."

That wedding didn't come off, either. Fred is still single—but not carrying any torch, heaven knows. He's in the Army now and writes to me now and then. And the things we remember about our big, dramatic romance are funny enough to break up both of us and send Jack Bean, the man I'm *really* going to marry, into hysterics!

You and your lovely clothes are safe with Fresh

Are you always Lovely to Love?

You're lovely to look at, lovely to be near—*only* when underarms stay dry, odorless.

That's why lovely women use FRESH Cream Deodorant, always!

Tests in a leading university laboratory show that new FRESH with "Moisture-Shield" formula has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants. And it is this astringent action that keeps underarms *dry* and free from odor. Use gentle, effective FRESH daily.

ONLY **FRESH** HAS THIS NEW "MOISTURE-SHIELD" FORMULA TO KEEP UNDERARMS REALLY **DRY!**

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9 OUT OF 10
LEADING COVER GIRLS PREFER
SWEETHEART SOAP
"Its More Luxuriant Lather
KEEPS ME
FRESH ALL DAY"

"Beauty is my business," says lovely Jean Ball, "and SweetHeart is my beauty soap. Making my living as a model, I find that SweetHeart's rich, fragrant, more luxuriant lather keeps me fresh all day—even after long sessions under hot studio lights. Best of all, SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facials keep my skin as soft and smooth as flower petals."

• Change today to thorough care—with pure, mild SweetHeart. In just seven days, your complexion looks softer, younger.

SWEETHEART
The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

TV TALK

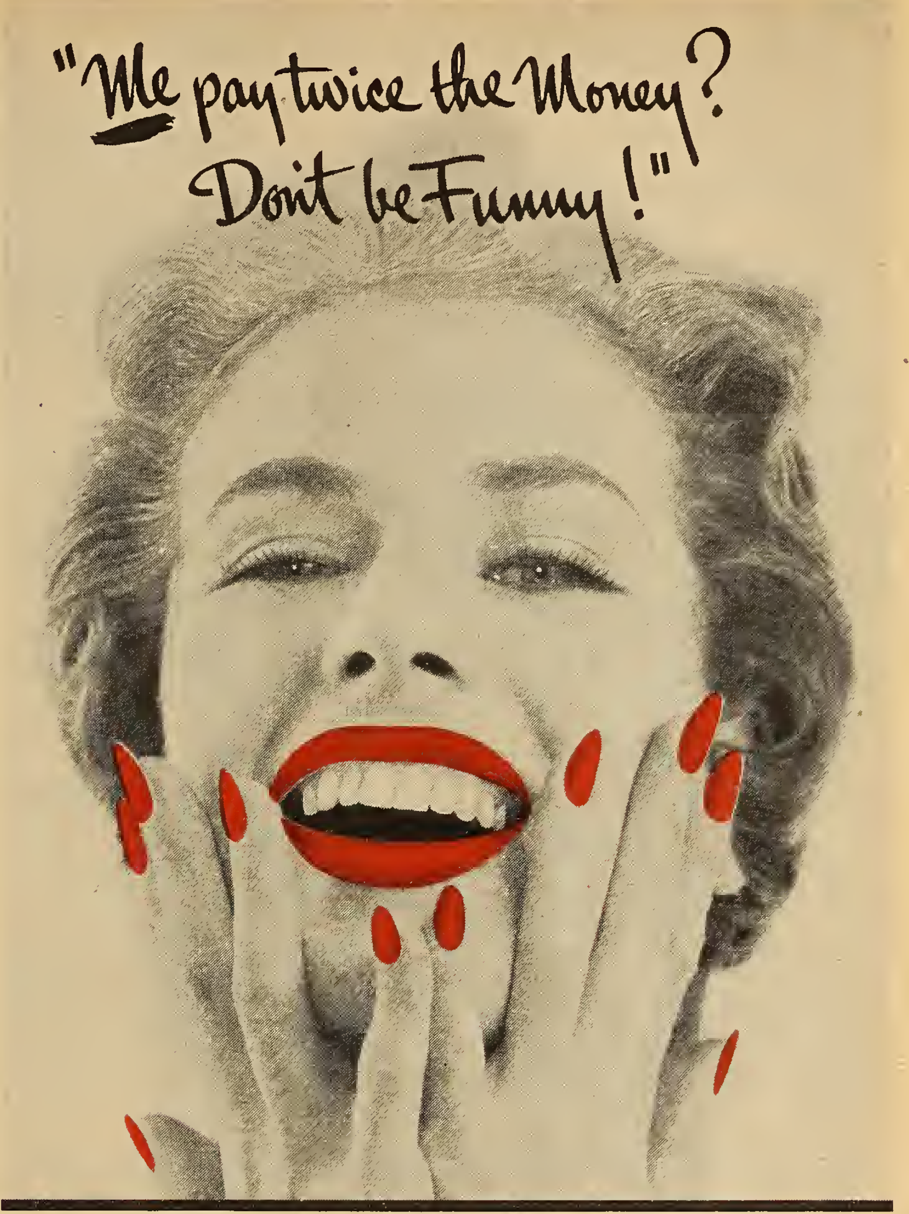
Steve Allen is moody . . . Audrey Hepburn has future in-law trouble.

Jack Paar, whose career is really zooming, is one of the most relaxed characters in the business when the cameras are turned on. In private life he is a nervous wreck. He eats hardly any breakfast, gulps iced tea or coffee for lunch, and keeps taking pills to keep himself going. His dialogue offscreen comes so fast that you wonder how he can keep it up and not collapse. He's a worrier, too. He frets over stories about him when they appear in the papers and keeps seeing double meanings in them when there aren't any. He keeps thinking his whole career is in jeopardy from one innocuous sentence in somebody's story. It's amazing that detrimental things aren't printed about him, in fact, for he has an uncanny—and unfortunate—knack for sticking his foot in his mouth. He's a little like Godfrey in that way (although much easier to see, of course). Both of them, once they start talking, can't stop; and both of them come out with statements that make them look pretty silly when they show up in print . . . Don't think that **Audrey Hepburn's** family and friends are the only people against her possible marriage to **Mel Ferrer.** Some members of Mel's family don't approve either. It isn't that they don't like Audrey—they all do—but they are very religious and do not recognize divorce. They still consider Fran Ferrer (who divorced Mel in Mexico a few months ago) his wife . . . **Steve Allen** seems like one of the easiest-going guys in the world. But he's not. He gets into blue-indigo moods, and no one can get him out of them. And his show sometimes suffers from Steve's funks; when he's in one, he's not so quick with the quips—and sometimes just a little high-handed with his studio audiences. Any little thing can set him off—a misplaced camera, a wrong note, a slow stagehand. The worst time to meet Steve, however, is in the morning. He doesn't start operating, or even thinking, until around noon. It's a good thing his show is a late-night one. He'd probably flop with a thud if he had to take over Garroway's work . . . It's surprising in such a suave guy, but **Robert Montgomery** has a stutter. The more he talks, the more pronounced it is . . . One reason you don't read more about **Arlene Francis** is that she's so nice many editors claim that any story about her would be dull . . . Even the smartest producers make mistakes, and **Howard Lindsay** is no exception. **Kim Stanley** once went to him to audition, armed with a letter from a mutual friend, and Lindsay told her to go back to Texas. Kim, who is essentially very shy, had spent two years getting up the nerve to use the letter and she was heartbroken. But she is also a very determined girl and she went on to her TV and Broadway successes. She had her moment of triumph when Lindsay saw her act and marched right up to her to say, "I'm so glad you didn't go back to Texas." . . . **Al Hodge,** who has been playing *Captain Video* practically since TV was born, is a big, husky, amiable boy who is the envy of many actors for one reason: They might not want to spend years playing in a science fiction TV show, but they wish they could learn their lines as fast as he does. He doesn't even have to go to rehearsals sometimes! He can just take the script, read it over and go on! . . . **Rex Thompson** is unique among child actors. The adult thespians just give up and let him steal their scenes when he's on stage. But—show-business miracle though it seems—they don't mind. They like little Rex. He's a very self-possessed boy—but not at all in an obnoxious way—and he's been known to cue far more experienced actors in their lines because he often knows their lines as well as his own! He's a real trouper, too.

Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows at wedding.

One time he had laryngitis and the doctor said he could not act that night. But Rex was determined that the show would go on—and it did, and he did! Another thing that's amazing about Rex is that he doesn't have to have his directors explain a part to him. Even at his age, he understands the characters he plays. Rex's accent is legitimate, by the way. His father is English, and has kept his accent even after some twenty years in this country. And Rex Thompson is his real name, although his father, a part-time actor, uses the name of **Jack Beanwell.** Seems that when he came to this country, there was another actor named Jack Thompson, so he changed his last name, taking his mother's maiden name. But his son uses the family's real name . . . Lots of people have commented on how much **Leo G. Carroll** sounds like the late Roland Young when he plays the role of Cosmo Topper. What few of them realize, however, is that although Carroll and Young were friends for years, Carroll has always talked the way Topper does. Carroll is a little bit like Topper, too—a dry wit and a befuddled air that belies the brains underneath. Carroll, in fact, is quite a scholar: he's an omnivorous reader who likes nothing better than a good philosophical or literary conversation. But he also has a side interest in magic and is not averse to placing a few bets on the horses . . . You wouldn't think it to see **Tony Randall** and **Wally Cox** (one with a pale face and the other with a skinny frame), but they often work out in a gym during their lunch hour . . . **Color television** is going to be very hard on some female stars. Dyed blonde hair shows up as just what it is, and every little scar on a girl's cheeks looks like a cave. Quite a few actresses who don't have perfect complexions are doing something about them right now. Some are even undergoing those sandpaper or wire brush operations to smooth up their faces. One musical comedy star who does quite a bit of TV work had one a few months ago, and the difference is amazing! They're very painful and take weeks to recuperate from (weeks when work would be out of the question), but this particular star never could have sung in front of a color TV camera without one . . . **Walter Cronkite** was a very unhappy man when CBS gave his *Morning Show* spot to Jack Paar. Not that he was delighted to get up every morning before five to make it to the studio, but the pay checks were mighty nice—and mighty necessary with a fancy apartment on the East River and two young girls in private school. Walter's ambition, however, is—and has been for a long time—to have a straight fifteen-minute news show. The trouble is, you can't get one just for the asking. Walter, although he enjoys emceeing, still considers himself primarily a newsman.

Rex Thompson proves to be a real trouper!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Don't be Funny!"

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THE REASON—ENAMELON! Only Cutex, world's largest selling nail polish, contains this miracle, Chip-pruf ingredient that prevents peeling—keeps fingertips glowing with a chip-resistant lustre that stays perfect from manicure to manicure!

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Prices plus tax.

Try Cutex "Double Action"
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Something thrilling happens

Your skin feels soft and smooth as a rose petal

Simple two-way treatment helps blemished skin. Suddenly your skin looks like a little girl's. Gone are hateful blackheads, pimples, oily shine, flaky dryness. That's your thrilling reward for making Cuticura Soap and Ointment your daily routine . . . How does Cuticura work such wonders? Cuticura Soap is superfatted, the mildest, best kind of complexion soap. It preserves the natural moisture as it cleanses. And Cuticura Ointment softens, gently stimulates, visibly improves your skin as it helps clear up externally caused blemishes. Millions of women thank world-known Cuticura for their exquisite skin—why don't you try Cuticura!

Cuticura

FREE SOAP sample, folder telling right way to cleanse normal, dry, oily, blemished skin. Write Cuticura, Dept. DM-11, Malden 48, Mass.

To work like this you gotta be nuts— or be Cyd Charisse!

FOR DANCERS ONLY

■ At the climax of the music Cyd Charisse leaped energetically onto partner James Mitchell's shoulder. They held the position like statues.

Director Stanley Donen turned to the group around the camera. Eugene Loring nodded his approval of the intricate choreography. Jean Coyne was positive not a strand of Cyd's hair was twirled out of place. A woman from the censor's office affirmed that Cyd's skirt, which was slit above the knee, had remained provocative, but not too provocative. Finally, a short eternity later, the director called, "Cut! It's a lily."

A "lily" means great, perfect. To Cyd Charisse it meant the completion of 160 hours of work for a guest specialty in *Deep In My Heart.* The number would last a slim seven minutes on the screen.

According to Cyd, "My shoes go flying off in the middle of an arpeggio, my hair tangles in my partner's teeth as I lean against his arm doing a high kick and my earrings take off at the slightest spin."

She has found several off-beat remedies. She brushes the inside of her shoes with toupee paste. "Then they stay on like paper on the wall. The paste is washable so it doesn't harm stocking, foot or shoe.

"I feel like a wired candelabrum every time I wear earrings in a dance. They're spin-tested first to see how long they'll stay on the ear before the force of the twirl will snatch them off. Then they run a wire around my ear and connect it to the back of the earring *and* dab the front with paste."

Eugene Loring, who has known Cyd for eleven years, helped to remind her of other dance "eccentricities" that had to be developed. "Cyd, as you know, has the longest legs of any dancer in town. We always used to have trouble keeping the opera length hose she wore from twisting." Now, she wraps a penny in the top of her stocking, binding it with elastic and tying it to the stocking belt. Those nylons hug her leg for dear life, and she's never lost a penny yet.

The most nerve-racking accident is the run in the stocking. The entire costume has to be taken off section by section since it is entirely sewed or hooked together.

"The dance for *Deep In My Heart* was a rough one," Loring explained. "We couldn't shoot it in sequence since neither Cyd nor anyone else could endure the pace. We'd film the harder leaps and spins in the morning when she was fresh and taper off after noon."

"There are so many other items to check besides the correct steps," Cyd sighed. There are the dance skins, flesh-fitting leotards made of porous latex. Every dancer wears this flesh-tone second layer of skin to keep the perspiration from soaking the costume. "As it was I had four rehearsal costumes worn out before I ever tried on the white lace and jersey one I wear for the number. They had a duplicate of it just for protection."

A good thing, too, for after testing thirty-four pairs of shoes, Cyd had finally chosen the high heels that would have balance, style and endurance. She hadn't taken more than a few steps when the rubber-tipped heel caught in the hem of her dress. It was good to know there was an extra.

She must remember other details: lacquering her hair until it fits like a cap and removing all rings so they won't cut her partner or herself. She tries to keep daisy fresh by packing her wrists in ice cubes. If these aren't available she uses cologne.

So next time you see Cyd gliding over the dance floor like whipped cream on a banana split, just be content with your comfortable seat in the theatre, your box of popcorn and your two left feet.

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Debbie Reynolds, co-starred in "Athena," MGM's musical romance in color.

Modern Lowboy in blond oak, with convenient drawer in base. Model #2920. $79⁹⁵*

DEBBIE REYNOLDS agrees: Planning is the first step to happiness

LOVELY DEBBIE REYNOLDS has learned that happiness doesn't *just happen.* More often than not, it is the result of careful planning. And Debbie believes that a Lane Cedar Chest should be an important part of those plans.

A Lane Chest has a way of gathering fine linens and lingerie, and the girl who starts collecting them early will have more—and lovelier—things for the home of her dreams. What's more, a Lane Cedar Chest will keep precious blankets and woolens fresh and sweet-smelling—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can!

Lane Chests are sold at most leading furniture and department stores. And here's something worth thinking about: *Just one nice garment saved from moths can pay for a Lane Cedar Chest!*

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

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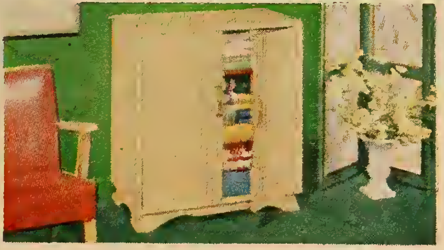
Over 100 styles and finishes. * $5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.



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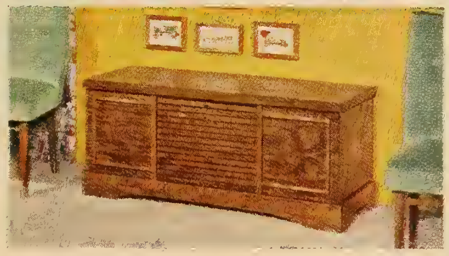
Modern Console in blond oak with three sliding shelves for maximum storage convenience. Model #C-120. $79.95*



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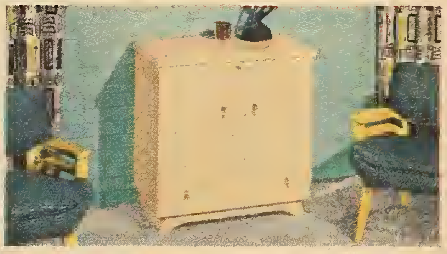
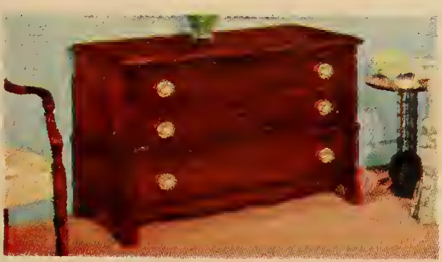
Stunning Modern chest in American walnut with convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3008. $59.95*



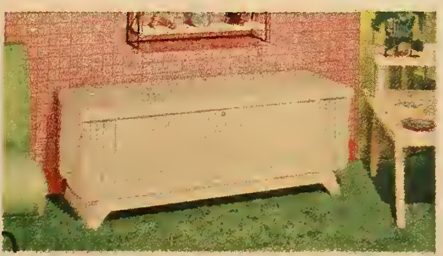
BEDROOM

Space-Saver Chest. Ample storage, minimum floor space. In blond oak. Cabinet opens at top, drawer in base. #3100. $59.95*



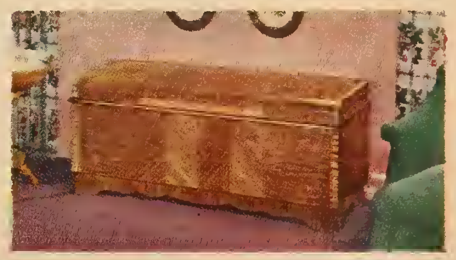
LIVING ROOM

18th-Century Chest in satin-finish mahogany. Full-length drawer in base and simulated drawers above. Model #2221. $79.95*



BEDROOM

Unusually smart blond oak chest equipped with convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3081. $49.95.*



BEDROOM

Attractive Chest of matched walnut with borders of zebrawood. Equipped with self-lifting tray. Model #3083. $49.95*

How you can stop odor, check moisture...

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Instantly checks perspiration moisture. *Instantly* stops odor and keeps it stopped 24 hours or longer . . . even through the hottest day!

Follow arrows for daintiness plus. Blend Tussy Cream Deodorant into the skin, moving up, then out to the sides. It's a cosmetic, made with face cream . . . smooths the skin.

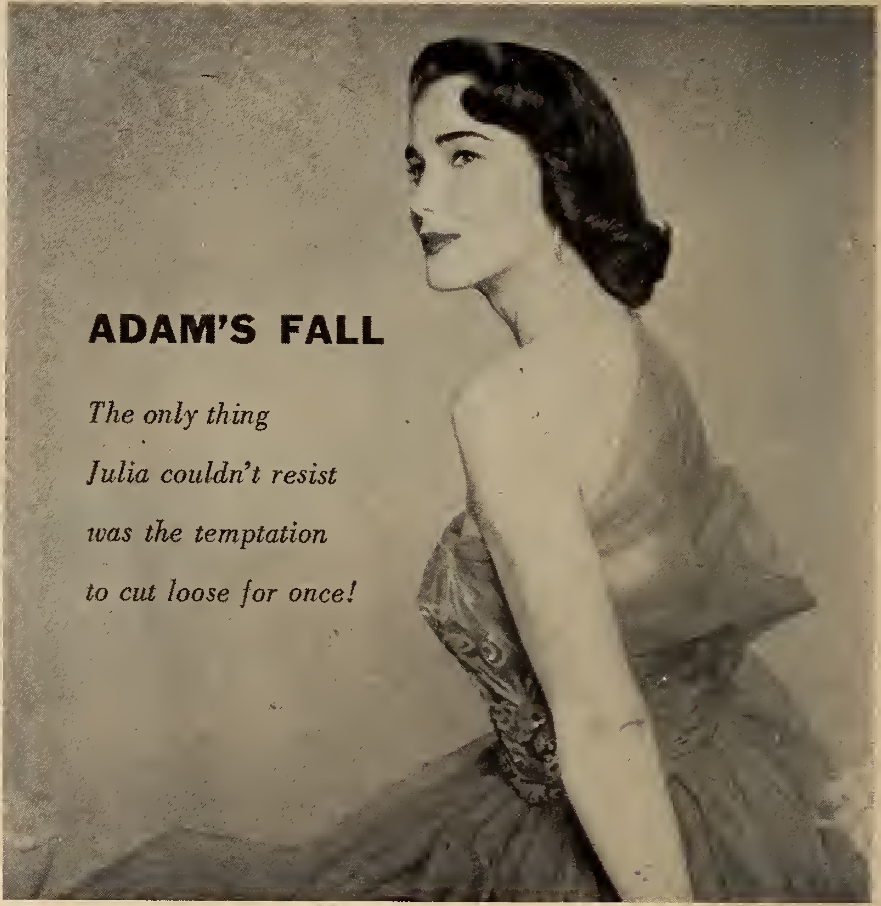
Won't fade out! You can't become immune to its effects. Each time you use it . . . it protects you. Safe for normal skin and fabrics. 50¢ & $1.

When you travel, carry a Tussy Stick Deodorant in your purse. Easy to use any place. Only $1.

prices plus tax

ADAM'S FALL

The only thing Julia couldn't resist was the temptation to cut loose for once!



Until recently, every time a movie villain shot a flaming arrow into the air it fell to earth in Julia's hair. As an invariably long-tressed, demure heroine, she was slapped, drowned and incinerated. Finally, tired of taking her life in her hands, she took her scissors to her hair.

"No more demure darlings," she thought happily, having chopped off a hank in the middle. "From now on I'm the fiery type."

Netless result: the "crazy cut" above, the role of an un-battered wife—and a nice long wig to wear in part of the film!

■ Julia Adams was in a rebellious mood, which was unusual. She stomped into the office of U.I.'s chief hairdresser, and shook loose her hair. "Cut it," she exclaimed. "And no arguments!"

"Very well," the hairdresser replied, and excused herself to check with the front office. Julia bit her lip. She knew that by the time Joan came back she'd doubtless have word that she'd better let the hair stay the way it was. She reached for the scissors, pulled out a big strand from the top of her head and snipped same emphatically. That's how Julia's new "crazy cut" was born.

The sequel to the crazy cut is that one week later Julia flew to Boston to start work in *Five Bridges To Cross,* in which she stars with Tony Curtis. For the early sequences, the studio had to slap a wig on her head, but then came the lapse of twenty years, the way they do it in movies, and Julia gets a chance to introduce her crazy cut on the screen. "And if anyone likes it, I don't own the copyright," she says, "only they're forewarned that I'm not responsible for the way it looks on any head but my own."

CLARK GABLE . . . *Rumor or no: the King hasn't chosen his Queen!*

■ When Clark Gable made a fast trip to the hospital to pick up his old friend Kay Williams Spreckels who had suffered a slight accident, many people jumped to the conclusion that romance was in the air. Actually, Clark maintains friendship of long standing with Kay, as with Virginia Grey, and if he ever talked of marriage to either, no one says so.

Clark, who will be fifty-three on February 1, has confided to intimates that there is only the slimmest chance that he'll ever wed again. Furthermore, he is not going to dispose of his ranch on Petit Avenue in Encino, as rumored. "Every time I think maybe I'll let it go because it's a huge place for one man to rattle around in," Clark has said, "I visualize other people living there, and I just can't bring myself to put it up for sale."

About ten years ago, this place was considered way out in the country, and he liked it that way, with the mountains between himself and the studio, but the San Fernando Valley population has grown so swiftly that the Gable ranch is now considered the center of town. The only way Clark's life has changed is that he no longer hangs out of a Sunday morning with the hot rod car specialists who used to count him one of their regulars. Too many Sunday drivers spotted him and clustered around for autographs.

Clark's chief interest at the moment is in his new 20th Century-Fox picture, *The Tall Men*. It will be his first picture since he left MGM. Starring in it with him will be Jane Russell and Guy Madison, as Clark once again becomes the hard-riding cowboy in a story about the Old West.

Mrs. America

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YOU can enjoy a thrilling Florida tour — or any of a hundred others — with hotels, transportation, special sightseeing all included at one low price! For details, visit any Greyhound Travel Bureau — or mail the coupon below.

"Mrs. America" is lovely Wanda Jennings of St. Louis, pictured above with her husband. They visited Marineland, stopped at Ellinor Village, toured Miami, other fun spots.

FLORIDA CIRCLE
11 days, 10 nights' hotel from Jacksonville **$79.10**

LOS ANGELES—SAN FRANCISCO
3 days, 2 nights' hotel starting from either city . . . **$21.10**

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(Escorted from Laredo).
12 days, 11 nights' hotel (19 meals included) from San Antonio **$149.10**

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Mail coupon to Greyhound Tour Dept., 71 W. Lake St., Chicago 1, Ill., for colorful trip-planning map—details on 50 pre-planned vacations.

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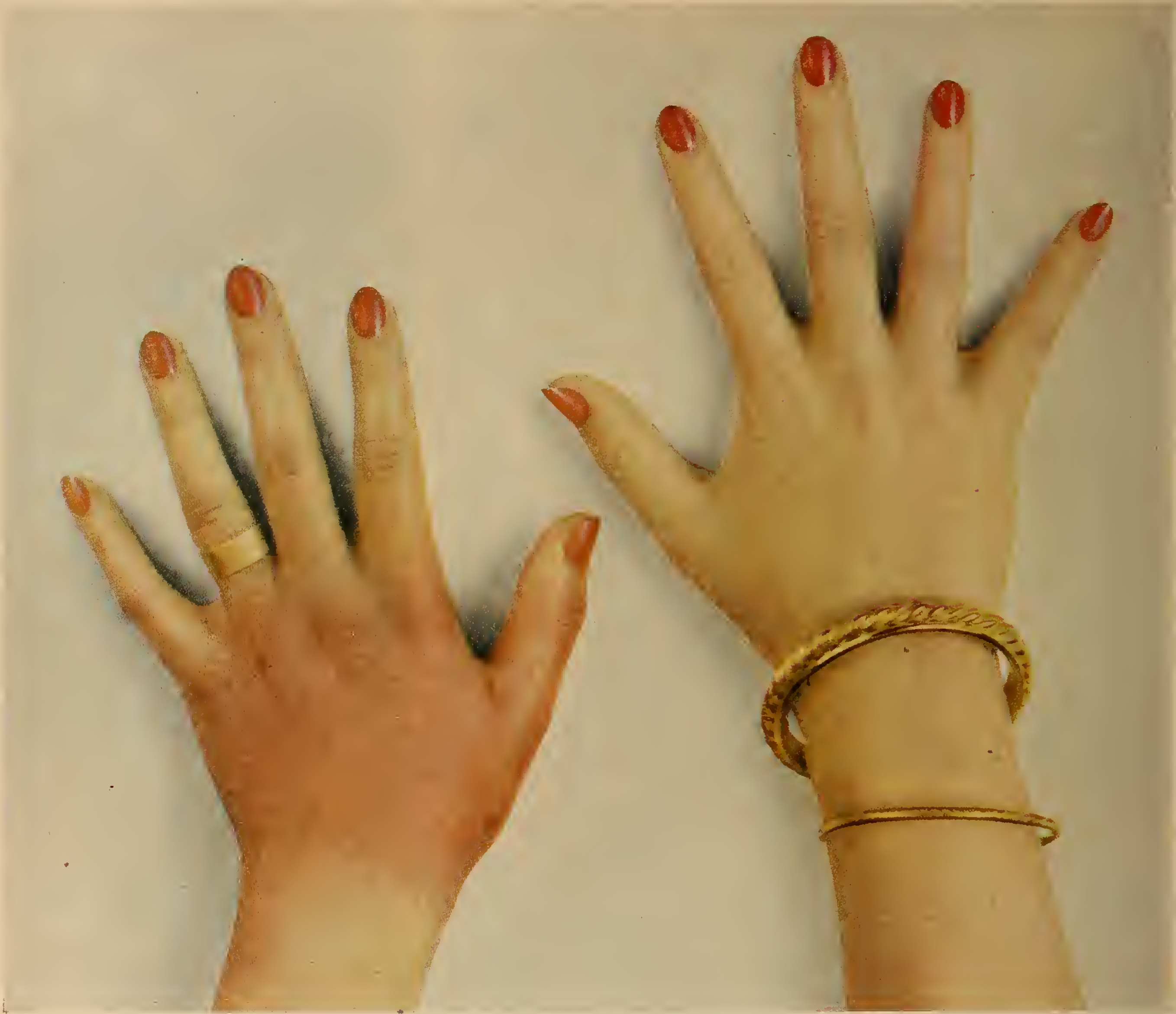


Both hands of Mrs. Janice Mulcahey were soaked in detergents. Only her *right* hand was given Jergens Lotion care. The difference is remarkable! We believe this is the most important skin news in years.

Found: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Recently, 447 women spent many weeks looking for a way to stop "detergent hands."

Three times a day, they soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated.

The results were astonishing. In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened, red, even cracked and bleeding. Right hands were smooth, unblemished, soft, and white!

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. *Not even 100% lanolin did better* (no hand care has more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens Lotion formula, perfected over fifty years, positively *stops* detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all the hand problems a woman has to face. It's your *guarantee* of romantically lovely hands.

If you haven't tried Jergens Lotion lately, now is the time. You'll find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. It's never sticky or greasy. And it's still 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion **positively stops "Detergent Hands"**

*NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.*

The Two Worlds Of Marilyn Monroe

By **JACK WADE**

■ Since her wedding Marilyn Monroe has been living in two worlds. One is at home with Joe in the evening—which she considers most important—and the other is her own daytime career world which keeps her famous and content.

These two worlds are separate and Joe wants Marilyn to keep them that way. And she, of course, is willing.

The vital question is: Are these two worlds antagonistic or complementary?

Can Marilyn be one sort of woman during the day and another sort at night?

Can she have one set of friends from eight A.M. (*Continued on page* 72)

Debbie: "What do I want from marriage? Well . . . I need a lot of security, a lot . . . hey! Let me ask you something for a change!"

"What's with this marriage-expert business? How come everyone's asking *me*? I'm just a working girl, I guess I always will be."

"Ohhh . . . you want to know about Eddie and me. . . . Why didn't you say so? In that case— why don't you ask Eddie!"

Eddie: "Now don't throw questions at me. Let me think. Well . . . er . . . we're just good friends!"

"Who's stalling? *Me?* Well, all right, you can have it straight. I've got it bad for Debbie. I think she's wonderful."

"But look . . . don't say we're married! Don't even say we're engaged. Why, I don't know if Debbie loves me that much!"

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ Are Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds married?

There is no point any longer in asking if they plan to be married. Any eye which fell on them during Eddie's trip to Hollywood, before he took his European vacation, any ear which caught their words to each other, saw and heard enough to clinch the fact that matrimony was in the air.

"You've got a career started and I wouldn't want to interfere with it," Debbie said one day at a Beverly Hills gathering when someone kidded both of them about seeing a minister.

Eddie came back quickly and earnestly. "The best thing about my career is meeting you," he said.

The ordinarily blithe Debbie, who has no trouble fluffing off a compliment when the fellow doesn't mean anything, turned as rosy as the tomato-colored shirt she was wearing (with matador pants) and started tripping over her consonants before she was able to reply.

"That's different," she said. "Maybe it won't be interference then."

It wasn't long after this exchange that Debbie and Eddie met in New York—with both their mothers. At the airport Debbie was in her old form when she was questioned about Eddie. Her replies were quick and easy, but not exactly answers. But when she started back to California, Debbie was wearing a new ring and planning a wedding, probably to be in January in California.

About that interference, maybe they could be wrong. Back of Eddie stand men who have helped him to success and for whose show business judgment he has great respect (much more than he has for his own, as he will frankly admit) and even as they insist that they are open minded about Eddie's acquiring a wife, the possibility of it makes their faces set (*Continued on page* 77)

There's a ring on Debbie's finger and a gleam in Eddie's eye; there may be wedding bells right after New Year's—but only weeks ago (left) look what they were saying!

She looks like a bride

Only A Few Of Our Stars Abroad Forget Their Homes And

Ingrid Bergman, once regarded here as the perfect wife, shocked America by her conduct with Rossellini—but Europeans accepted it calmly.

REPORT FROM EUROPE:

WHY CAN'T THEY BEHAVE?

By Sheilah Graham

■ The British just couldn't believe it. There was a stunned silence as Errol Flynn, grinning fatuously and foolishly, followed his wife Pat Wymore off the London Palladium stage. It was the *Night Of A Hundred Stars*—the "Midnight Matinee" organized by Noel Coward for a charity. Royalty was in the stalls, represented by seventeen-year-old Princess Alexandria, daughter of the Duchess of Kent.

For no reason anyone could guess, Errol Flynn, late of Hollywood, had elected to read *The Kinsey Report* from the stage. It was shockingly tasteless, and to make it worse, Mrs. Flynn performed a just-as-vulgar semi-striptease.

"But why was there no mention of this strange exhibition of bad manners in the press?" I asked a newspaper friend of mine a few days later.

"That's what Flynn wanted," he replied, "so we decided to punish him by ignoring the incident."

Insult Their Hosts—But They Make Many Horrifyng Headlines!

Shelley Winters, temperamental anywhere, really cut loose in Italy. Few and far between were the times when the jealous Shell calmed down to pose smilingly with Vittorio, Michael Rennie, Silvana Mangano.

No one is more poised in Hollywood than Gene Tierney, but she throws caution to the winds in Europe. The Aga Khan (left) smiled tolerantly at some of her antics but turned thumbs down on her as Aly's wife.

Although usually accompanied by mutual friends, Ava and her bullfighter shocked the public by disappearing together for days in Spain. But Ava was the one shocked by Dominguin's behavior in America.

Bob Hope and his wife, photographed in a rare nightclub appearance, are as circumspect overseas as they are at home, do a great deal to make up for the bad impression left by other Hollywoodites abroad.

Errol has always loved to shock and startle. But I was amazed on my recent trip to Europe, to discover that other movie stars who are usually cautious in their statements and conservative in their behavior, had lost popularity because of sounding off and acting up.

I was surprised, for instance, to find that Clark Gable had lost face in Paris over the Suzanne Dadolle affair. Now it's one thing *not* to marry a girl. But in France you are *not* a gentleman if you deny you are engaged to a lady, after *she* has announced it. It is not gallant. Actually, poor Suzie might have grabbed Hollywood's best bachelor if she had realized how easily film stars are frightened by ladies who announce, "We are engaged to marry." But all the same, I'm sure that if the same thing had happened in Hollywood, Clark would have remained noncommittal and gone off shooting or something instead of flatly denying that his intentions were matrimonial. Such ungraciousness wasn't like the King.

And Gene Tierney. No one is more sedate in Hollywood than Gene—when she's here. Gene was born and raised in Brooklyn. She has a passion for titles, and she longs to be a princess. All this palaver about trying to decide whether she should or should not marry Prince Aly Khan is stuff and nonsense. If the old Aga Khan would give the word, it is my opinion that Gene would marry Aly faster than she could say yes. Ironically, one of the Aga's objections to Gene as a daughter-in-law, I'm told by one of his close friends, is that Gene tries too hard to act like a princess—or rather she conducts herself as she thinks a princess does—haughty, cold and disdainful. I haven't met many princesses, but the real article has always been warmly gracious.

And Gene's technique with Aly was, shall we say, a little clumsy. True, she was surrounded (*Continued on page* 79)

Every week Jeff drives from his studio dressingroom ("my town headquarters") to his new house in the Apple

New love has brought
new happiness to
Jeff Chandler's lonely life.
But this time
he wants to be sure!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

A time to work things out

"We've both been through emotional upsets," Jeff says. "My divorce won't be final till next year and Gloria doesn't want to be tied down yet."

■ Jeff Chandler must rearrange his life, now. In his new kind of life, there must be a woman, sooner or later.

Most of Hollywood believes that woman will be pert, petite, beautiful Gloria De Haven. Jeff and Gloria have been going around together ever since their estrangements and divorces.

That they care deeply for each other is obvious. When Gloria recently opened at El Rancho Vegas, a swank nightery in Las Vegas, Jeff flew in from Hollywood to lead the opening night applause. A few weeks later when he was on location in Kingman, Arizona, making *Foxfire* with Jane Russell, Jeff again took off to visit Gloria on the week-end.

This jaunt from Arizona was supposed to be a surprise, but it backfired. When Chandler arrived in Las Vegas, he found that Gloria had another guest—Marty Himmel, the husband she was then in the process of divorcing.

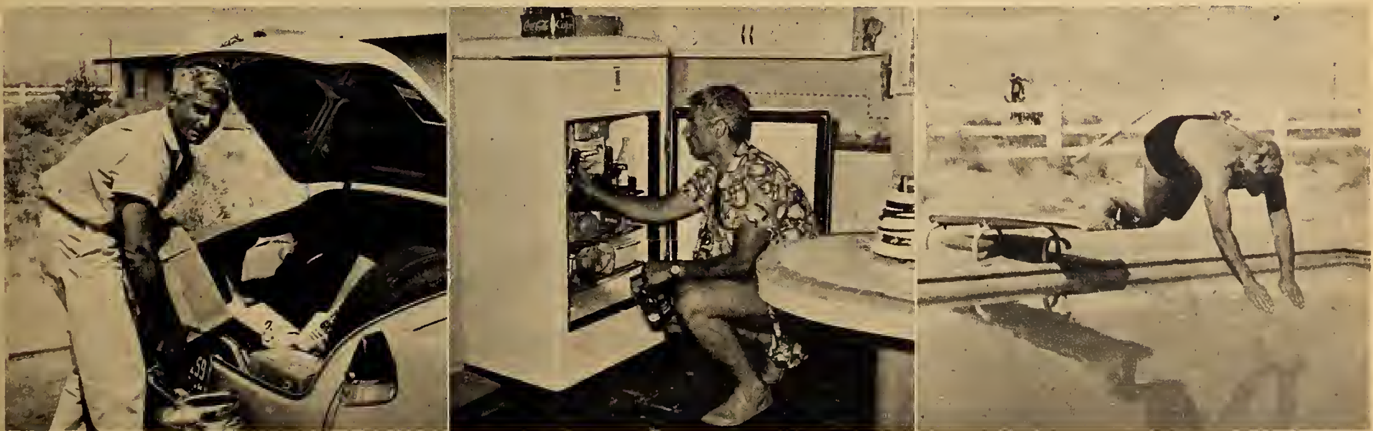
The newspapers said that Marty and Jeff exchanged strong words, that the tall, burly actor invited Himmel to step outside and that while Gloria was singing to the cash customers, the two men in her life squared off. But Gloria says it isn't true.

"I read in the newspapers, too, how Jeff and Marty were supposed to have fought over me. It's a lot of bunk.

"Jeff happened to fly up to see me. I didn't know he was coming. And Marty happened to fly in from New York. My divorce from Marty was very friendly and I was glad to see him. I was glad to see Jeff, too. There was no fight of any kind.

"After the week-end, Jeff flew back to his location and Marty went on to Los Angeles. Two weeks later I got my divorce from Marty.

(*Continued on page* 70)



Valley desert. Friends say he rented the lonely place just to escape "all those Hollywood dames who call him up."

I seem to have done it again. I didn't think the dress was so shocking, but the roof fell in, as usual. And there I was, as usual —flat on my face!

How to take Criticism

BY TERRY MOORE

■ The editors of Modern Screen have nominated me a likely authority on criticism and how to take it.

Thank you. I think.

Well, it's true that I have had a little more practice in this particular field than a lot of people I could name. Certainly there have been more times than one when I have felt that the world was not a hundred per cent behind Terry Moore.

But on the whole, I think I have benefited more than I have suffered from the barbs—and I am *not* talking in the sense of publicity. I'll get to that. I believe I have benefited by evaluating *constructive* criticism and turning it to my own uses. I believe that—by a somewhat painful process, I grant you—I have learned to accept criticism and even antagonism with some grace.

I have a friend who collects quotations the way some people collect stamps, and he has lent me a couple of them for this occasion.

He says that Ernest Hemingway has defined courage as "grace under pressure." I like that. I don't say I'm a brave woman yet, but I'm trying to learn to be one.

And it was Oscar Wilde, this friend says, who once remarked: "Experience is the name men give to their mistakes." It seems to me Mr. Wilde was being more clever than sound. This would be true only of a person who never learned a thing from being wrong. The value of criticism lies in what your critic might be able to teach you, doesn't it? And if you do learn from it, then that *is* experience. I didn't come here to tangle with Oscar Wilde, but sometimes a girl has to speak (*Continued on page* 80)

WHEN TERRY DECIDED TO SHOW

Terry piloted her mother and Rita . . .

In the afternoon they went swimming

Later that day they rode—and rested

CITY-BRED RITA MORENO THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS THEY HEADED FOR THE HILLS—AND A DUDE RANCH!

but Rita drove the jeep. They turned out to be equally gleeful at wading in icy brooks—and at eating, of course!

and next morning got up early to explore. First discovery: a calf. Second: novice Rita could handle a horse!

. . until the prospect of a square dance sent both girls (slightly bowlegged) to change for the party and goodbyes.

Trips to her beloved seashore are a necessity for Jane, who overworks when making a picture, has been known to crack up from the strain.

Bob prefers fishing in the mountains for vacations, so, Jane says, "We compromise. He goes to the mountains—and I go to the beach!"

Why try to change me now?

JANE'S STUBBORN AND SHE KNOWS IT, TEMPERAMENTAL AND ADMITS IT—BUT YOU CAN'T TEACH "THE OLD ONE" NEW TRICKS!

■ Shortly before she left for Europe this fall to star in the first Russfield production, *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, Jane Russell sat with a couple of friends in her beach house at Malibu. The dove-and-pink livingroom with the clean modern lines has almost become a trademark of hers. This was during the time that she was making *Foxfire* with Jeff Chandler and, as always, Jane was dog-tired midway through the picture. She isn't a girl who takes her film emoting lightly. Because she was tired, she had done what she always does when a blessed free week-end unfolds—beat feet for the seashore.

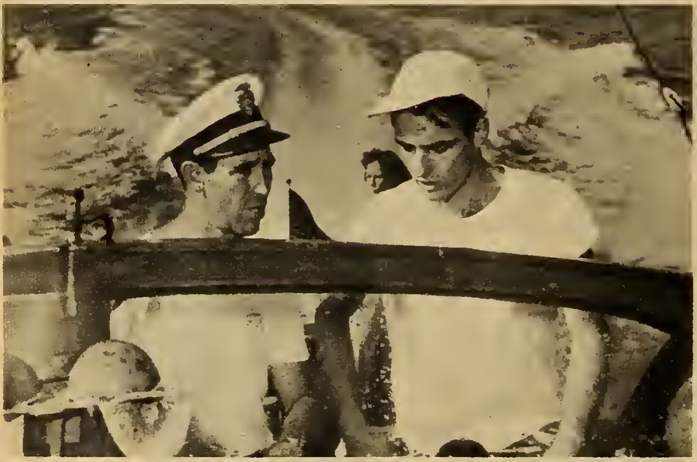
It was particularly quiet there that Sunday afternoon. After an active morning on the beach, her kids, Tracey and Thomas, had needed no urging to fall into bed for their naps. Robert had gone fishing with a couple of cronies. The beach house had no (*Continued on page* 89)

By TONI NOEL

It isn't arrogance that makes Clift hide from the public, flee from romance. It's a deep-rooted fear of failure that's turned him into Filmdom's Vanishing Man!

BY RICHARD L. WILLIAMS

WHAT MAKES MONTY



After every film Monty disappears, usually turns up somewhere like Varadero in Cuba, where he can relax, go yachting with friends like Italian socialite Marcel Grief—and feel fairly safe from reporters.

Monty has dated girls like Judy Balaban (above), Liz Taylor, but the women he admires most are older, "complicated" ones like Libby Holman, Natasha Lytess (Monroe's dramatic coach), Mira Rostova.

Serious about his work, Monty appeared for minimum salary in *The Seagull* in New York and in DeSica's *Indiscretion Of An American Wife* in order to work with artists he admires.

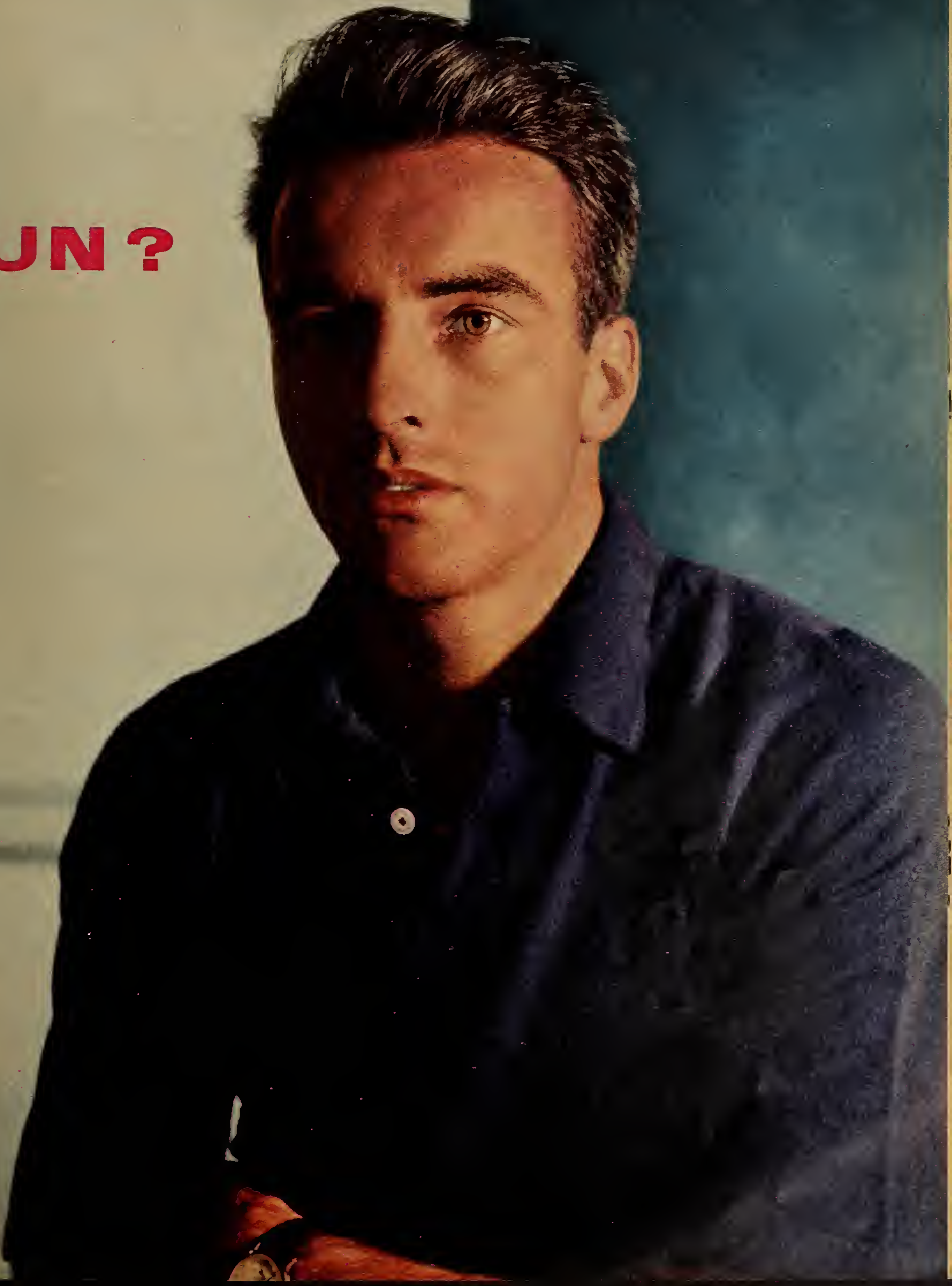
■ It's always shocking to discover that a good friend has it in him to be a heel. It can be just as surprising to learn that a person you've written off as impossible is really a nice guy, after all.

Well, Montgomery Clift is really a nice guy, after all. The reportedly snobbish, standoffish, elusive, boorish, reserved Clift has given the infuriating impression that he just can't be bothered with people and that he has stayed single all this time for the want of a good enough girl.

The only trouble is, you've got to get to know Monty to find the niceness under his hard-shell—and it's very hard to get to know him because once he gets the idea that you want to, he scuttles away like a crusty turtle. Or, more exactly, a frightened one. For Monty has a peculiar defense mechanism: he's so afraid of not being "true" to his own picture of himself, that he'll readily risk offending people rather than let them think, perish the thought, that he's a glad-eyed hail-fellow in pursuit of *them.* So he runs away.

A typical incident occurred in New York last summer. Late one night a young photographer mounted the rickety steps backstage at the Phoenix Theatre on lower Second Avenue. From the alley below rose the hubbub of the departing audience (*Continued on page 83*)

RUN ?



Good for each other

by Marva Peterson

IN THEIR NEW HOME FERNANDO AND ARLENE DISCOVERED THAT THEY DON'T HAVE TO HAVE EVERYTHING IN COMMON—JUST AS LONG AS THEY DO HAVE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL!

The Lamas' Dutch Colonial house stands in a quiet Bel Air canyon. Built against a mountain slope (for privacy), it has glass-walled patio and livingroom. Fernando promptly named it "Happy House."

The livingroom is furnished with pieces from Fernando's former apartment and Arlene's. For two months before they were married they secretly decorated the house.

One of their very few brand new purchases was a spinet piano; now Arlene can accompany Fernando, who loves to sing at parties. "Most of the adjustments," Arlene admits cheerfully, "have been mine."

One month after they moved in their home was ready for a housewarming. Both Arlene and Fernando work best under pressure, love to be rushed and to meet deadlines.

■ The picturesque California coastal town of Carmel is such a popular honeymoon spot that the citizens are especially considerate of newlyweds. They are friendly and courteous and they leave them to their blissful ways.

When Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas strolled into a Carmel curio shop recently, the saleswoman retired discreetly into the background.

She had recognized the movie stars immediately. Only the night before she had read of their elopement to Las Vegas. And it seemed perfectly natural that they, too, should choose to honeymoon in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

"Darling," Arlene murmured as she glanced around the curio shop. "This place is jammed with treasures. We can get simply wonderful things for our livingroom shelves."

"Why not buy books?" Fernando asked with masculine logic.

Arlene shot her husband a wifely look. She prowled and poked among the curios, examining and pricing every object. Some minutes later she found a black and gold musical cigarette box. She carried it to Fernando.

"When you open it," she explained, "it plays two tunes—'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes' and 'Two Cigarettes In The Dark.'"

"I like it,' Lamas announced. Arlene noticed that he, too, had made a purchase.

"What did *you* buy?" she asked (*Continued on page* 68)

"I've got a secret!"

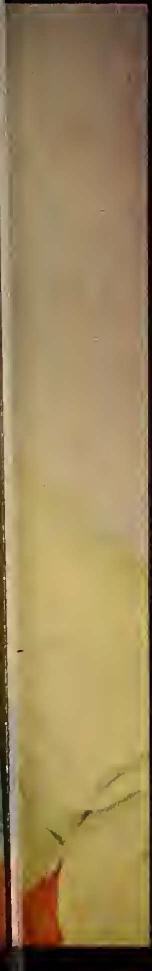
LINDA DARNELL: As a young star, Linda was nervous, chewed her fingernails, forgot errands, needed to relax but didn't know how. Then she found a way. Her secret: "Music. I keep my radio or recorder going practically 24 hours a day. I eat to music, drive to music, study scripts to music (her latest is *This Is My Love*) and even sleep to music all night. My friends sometimes jokingly refer me to their favorite psychiatrists, but I find music—from swing to symphony—a great relaxer." (This, by the way, is the secret of many famous people: find something that always relaxes you—whether it's music, murder mysteries or finger painting—and turn to it when necessary.)

JAN STERLING: Jan takes even more pains than most Hollywood stars to keep looking her best. Yet her extremely unglamorous role in *The High and The Mighty,* in which she wiped off her make-up before the cameras, and her equally unattractive part in her latest film, *Women's Prison* failed to frighten her. Her secret: "I remembered that the most important person in my world—my husband—often sees me at my worst. If he can forgive this face, I can show it to the rest of the world!"

DONNA REED: Donna wanted to go to college. To support herself, she took the first job offered at the first price that was suggested—washing dishes for meals and a dollar a week. Too late she learned that the regular salary was $10 a month. Now she's a high-priced, high-rated star in *The Last Time I Saw Paris.* Her secret: "Take your time, investigate, don't make a decision until you know the facts. And most important, don't underrate or overrate yourself . . . know your own value and stick to it at all times."

Here are little-known facts about well-known stars; secrets that account for their success with people and with careers—and may be the answers to your problems, too!

MARILYN MONROE: Marilyn knows that her primary appeal is her sexy beauty. Her secret: "Variety. For example, I change my hair color for almost every film. Honey, champagne, amber. Now silver blonde for *Show Business.* I experiment with different shades of lipstick often too. A woman can't really change her face, of course, but subtle coloring can make an interesting difference."



ANNE BAXTER: In *Ten Commandments* Anne wears ornate toe-rings, popular in Biblical times. On impulse she ordered a few for her personal wardrobe—and she'll wear them! Then just watch her start a new fad! Her secret: "Do at least a few of the things that really seem fun. Nobody should be afraid to have fun . . . even if it's silly."

VIRGINIA MAYO: In her high school days, Virginia never dated, was so shy that others thought her aloof and snobbish. Now starring in *The Silver Chalice,* Virginia is poised and charming. Her secret: "I learned that people are basically kind. When they didn't seem friendly it was usually something in me that was pushing them off."

MORE →

"I've got a secret!" continued

JUNE ALLYSON➤

Like every popular star, June has critics. Unlike most, she isn't bothered by being called a "professional sweetheart with a knack for nasty niceness." She just grins and admits that no one is perfect. Her secret: She pokes fun at trouble. She has organized "The Allyson Obnoxious Club" and includes among the other revolting members Dick Powell and Jim Stewart.

MARY MURPHY

Starring in *Love Is A Weapon,* Mary is a conversational acrobat. She can discuss philosophy—then switch in a second to baseball! Her secret: "I've found that men can't bear a girl who takes over the conversation, but they like her to hold her own."

JEAN SIMMONS

Jean's wardrobe is a trademark. Her secret: "I'm an extremist. I love really elegant gowns for evening, rather bare and of lovely, fine fabrics. But I prefer jeans and shirts for everything else—whenever I can get away with them!" Jean's in *Desirée.*

MITZI GAYNOR ▲

Mitzi has a new look—you'll see it in *There's No Business Like Show Business.* It's a combination of beauty, grace, sincerity—and sophistication, carried just far enough. Knowing where to stop took a lot of thought, planning and effort. Her secret: "Sophistication is wonderful if you really understand yourself. But don't forsake your own personality by trying to be someone else. Be yourself. It's the starting point for all real self-improvement."

The higher and faster a guy climbs,

the more successful and secure he becomes,

the more you can be sure

there's been a woman's love behind him!

Man, man is for the woman made

FRANK SINATRA

Marriages may come and go, but Nancy Sinatra gets the sole credit for being the backbone of Frank's sincerity, for having an uncanny knack of bringing out the best in this turbulent man. Now, his stormy second marriage a failure, Frank seems to realize that he has found peace only with Nancy and his family. He may not be the world's best husband, but he is a truly fine father, proud of his kids and conscious that Nancy is responsible for their turning out so well. Since she has known him, during their marriage and even after the divorce, Nancy has given Frank unwavering loyalty. May their most recent happy date not be their last!

RORY CALHOUN

In private conversation she's his Moll and he's her Blackie—and when you see them together you know why. Lita has all the loyalty of the moll for her man—even goes sailing with Rory though the sight of the ocean turns her green. And he's as tough as they come—ex-logger, miner, cowpuncher, Rory was once the guy who'd just as soon take a poke at a producer as say "Good morning." Now that she's reformed him, Lita occasionally takes a job (she is a successful professional singer) just to prove she can be independent. But neither she nor the head of the house wants to roam. One might say they're thicker than thieves.

◀ **ROBERT WAGNER** Not one but several women have had the molding of Bob. Perhaps the most influential now is Barbara Stanwyck, who has shown him the intricate ins-and-outs of Hollywood living, from how to take direction to how to avoid gossip. He learned the ways of young love from his romance with Debbie Reynolds (though neither was ripe for marriage then) and lovely Jean Peters taught him the importance of pure friendship. But no one knows which woman will eventually show Bob the beauties of adult love.

Man, man is for the woman made continued

ALAN LADD ▶

"Give-everyone-else-credit" Ladd is less the product of the women of his love than of his own stature as a genuinely honest human being who concentrates more on others than himself. Yet it is Sue Ladd who has managed his career, advised him, added the smooth finishing touches to the hardy gentleman from Hot Springs, Arkansas. And together they are a team that has never been matched in Hollywood, the people's choice as the town's most ideal married couple. Not only do they have a wonderful family of kids, but Alan, for more than a decade one of Hollywood's ten most popular stars, seems headed for another long stretch of big box office pictures and admits, "I never could have done it without Sue."

◀ BOB MITCHUM

Few Hollywood wives envy Dorothy Mitchum. Hers has been the hardest job in town, keeping her big, tough mug's feet on the ground when everyone, including Bob, had almost given him up. But Dorothy has succeeded. She once told him, "Before you do something, ask yourself how it will reflect on your boys." Since then, most of what has reflected on his sons has been Mitch's superb acting and now his courage in leaving the soft berth of a studio to start his own producing company. The job has been a tough one, but now the rewards are in—and they are big ones in the fields of love and laughter. Though she will always need a supply of patience, Dorothy Mitchum, secure at last, envies few movie wives.

◀ JIMMY STEWART

At age forty, Jimmy The Paradox was the shy one, the glamorous war veteran who played the field as an untouchable bachelor. At forty-one he found Gloria and plunged like a pleased puppy into the sea of matrimony and family life. Twin girls joined Gloria's two sons to fill out the family and Jimmy's famous smile became less wistful, more contented. The magic influence became suddenly apparent when career-conscious James paid less attention to movies and more to picnics, even letting Gloria select his scripts . . . a job which she handled with such success that **The Glenn Miller Story** and others made him approximately $4,000,000 richer than he was as a bachelor. Two, it seems, don't have to live as cheaply as one!

▼ DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS

It's not always funny to be a comedian's wife. Dean's wife, Jeanne Biegger, had to come from way behind in the care and handling of her man . . . but today she has the upper hand—and rules well with it. It took her encouragement to help Dean break into recording, it required her stabilizing influence to bring Dean home from his wanderings as Don Juan Supreme. Jerry's wife Patti had it equally rough; she found herself married to a lovable guy who trusted people so little that he slept with a gun under his pillow! She gave him the first home he had ever known, calmed his nerves, became more important to him than his beloved audiences. Someday, under the same management, he will have big money in the bank—and all his much-needed security will be courtesy of Patti.

THE GRANGERS

And no matter what kind of madness Hollywood calls it, the tyrant and the martyr are about to celebrate their fourth happy anniversary!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ "Cough once," said Granger. Jean coughed like an ailing butterfly. "Cough *big!*" She coughed big while he leaned from his height to bend a judicial ear.

Flu had felled her on the set of *Desirée*. Just out of bed, she was bound for the doctor's. "You think I'd better go back to work tomorrow?"

"Over my dead body."

"Why?"

"Because I'm bigger than you are."

Though the day sweltered, even on their sky-reaching hill, Jean was winter-clad. A scarf tied snug under her chin. A dark wool slack suit covered her from throat to ankle. She looked small and woebegone, a bunny huddled against nameless perils. To ward them off, she clasped her husband's waist, dug her head against his chest. His arm went round her. "Can I have some moola?" she asked, piteous.

The other hand fished out bills. "This one? Or are you planning to take a boy friend out to dinner?"

She plucked the larger one. "I'm a gold-digger."

"Come along, gold-digger. The taxi waits."

This homespun domestic scene (*Continued on page* 62)

CALL IT LOVE

THE GRANGERS CALL IT LOVE

continued

Despite their preference for hearth and home, the Grangers do go nightclubbing occasionally when Jean feels like dancing. Both have excellent senses of humor, enjoy wits like vivacious Shelley Winters.

Their new home is smaller, more convenient than their first mansion in Hollywood . . . yet gossip insisted their change of homes meant the marriage was shaky!

On location for *Green Fire* with Grace Kelly, Stewart has the distinction of being one of the few leading men whom Grace has not been linked with off-screen!

(*Continued from page* 60) left a pleasure feeling as of bells rung in tune. It's a tune that has always sounded good to the Grangers. For reasons hard to assess, Hollywood seems to enjoy playing it jangled.

Consider last winter. Granger works for MGM. By and large, although with an occasional struggle, he goes where they send him. They sent him to England to make *Beau Brummell*. Jean stayed behind. Columns, having subsided for a while, broke into new and fevered rashes. He was sore because she'd refused to go along. She was sore because he'd left her flat. While she moped at home, he was living it up with the Wildings. Even—tsk, tsk—dating Elspeth March, his ex-wife.

So much for creeping innuendo. Now for the facts. With more weariness than ire, being past ire, Granger lays them on the line. Yes, he saw Elspeth March. "She's the mother of my children. We had matters to discuss concerning their welfare. I also happen to be fond of her. So is Jean. We're rational people. That Elspeth was once my wife doesn't now make her my arch enemy." The Wildings, baby and all, shared his apartment. "If this be living it up, make the most of it." As to who got sore, his look said louder than words that some asininities sink too low for comment.

Jean stayed behind for the same reason he went. She had to—by the terms of her contract with Hughes. In the hope that she'd be able to join him later, Granger took what he calls a woman's apartment. "Double bed, silk sheets. Wouldn't be caught dead in it by myself." At the last minute she was shoved into a picture. "Which was rather worse than saying goodbye, period. Knowing it's for months, one steels oneself. But this other sort of teasing thing—she's coming, she's not, she'll be here, she won't—that's murder. Someone else said it more tastefully. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' "

It's true that he kept her in tears while he was gone. By his own peculiar methods. When she was sixteen, Jean's father died, but he remained a living part of her life. "You loved him so dearly," said her husband. "I can't understand why you don't have a photograph of him."

"Mummy's got the only one and she won't let me have it."

This offered no insuperable obstacle. In England he asked Mummy for the photograph, vowing to guard it with life and honor. As she went to fetch it, he insists he grew panicky. "I'd heard so (*Continued on page* 87)

Grandmother and the Good Life

There's nothing so helpful in keeping a marriage happy as learning to get along with yourself!

by Janet Leigh

■ When I got back from Hawaii a year ago last summer after losing the baby I had expected, I learned that my grandmother Lita was dying of cancer. For two months all of us were in attendance on her, my mother and father, my two aunts and their husbands. To help out, I made it my business to have dinner for everybody cooked in my house every evening, and when I got home from work I would bring it over to my grandmother's house where they were gathered.

While the others, who had been with grandmother all day, ate, I would sit with her, stroke her forehead with a cool cloth, and hum or sing to her if she didn't feel like talking. Sometimes this could soothe her to the point of forgetting her pain and she would drop off into blessed sleep. When this happened we used to weep sometimes in gratitude at her surcease from agony—and perhaps weep all the more because she never once complained.

Grandmother's trust in ultimate goodness, as shown by her acceptance of her lot, was a beautiful one. She never moaned, she never asked once why this had happened to her, she never once lashed out at anyone or anything in retaliation as stricken people sometimes will. More than this, she even retained a sense of responsibility; she could not, even in the teeth of convulsive pain, shirk what she felt was (*Continued on page* 85)

Nobody told her she was

At every stop, kids gathered. Doris signed six dozen pictures, answered questions. One girl asked what they did on the train. "Not even Scrabble," Doris laughed. "We're just resting this trip."

Doris posed for many snapshots with the train's crew. She and Marty preferred the leisurely train ride to flying direct to their destination, New York. "We're not in a hurry," they agreed. "Why rush?"

Breakfast, in the famous Harvey manner, consisted of ham and eggs, potatoes and steak! The Melchers ate in their compartment. At Chicago their car was transferred to the New York train.

"I think Marty and I never talked so little as during that breakfast," Doris recalled later. "No, we hadn't quarrelled; mostly we couldn't take our eyes off the scenery. Indian country . . . so beautiful."

"Next time I take a vacation," Doris said happily, "I won't bother with going somewhere. I'll just

a star

■ When Doris Day and her husband Marty Melcher boarded the Super Chief for Chicago, en route to New York, it was with the distinct understanding that they were just ordinary passengers. "No autographs," Doris had said firmly. "No special favors. No publicity. We're on vacation. See?" The management of the Super Chief saw. In fact for twenty minutes after Doris boarded the train, the superintendent refrained from inviting them to dinner on the house. And for almost ten seconds the ever-hungry Marty refrained from accepting. Although the telegraph operators wired ahead to every station on the line that there were celebrities aboard, no one except porters, waiters, conductors, passengers and assorted fans gathered at the Melcher's compartment door for autographs. And as to Doris Day, girl hermit, it was at least five minutes before she got lonesome in the peace and quiet she had requested and flung open the door of the compartment to the first fans, settled happily down to signing autographs and told Marty, "Gee. Isn't it just awfully nice of everyone to make such a fuss?"

Doris' favorite fan reminded her of her son Terry, who, Doris told everyone proudly, was off to camp all by himself. She spent much time writing him postcards.

At a station stop Doris bought an Indian bow and arrow for Terry. "Say," she asked the Indian, "are these from Brooklyn?" "No," said he, "but I am!"

But even on the train there was work. "At least," Doris said, "it puts me to sleep!"

get on a long-distance train and stay!"

IT'S A BRAND-NEW BRANDO

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

The T-Shirted Terror is tame at last—in more ways than one. Here for the first time is how Marlon himself explains his sudden change of heart!

■ "Look," Marlon Brando said. "I'm not going to pose in any T-shirt. I'm tired of that screwball routine. From now on, I'm not going to have people say I'm a souped-up wack."

Brando was talking to a group of photographers who were trying to shoot him on the set of *Desirée* where he had a few minutes off between scenes.

He looked around and borrowed a jacket from a friend. Slipping into it, he said, "Okay." And the shutters started clicking.

"Got enough?" Brando asked presently.

The amazed photographers looked at each other. Was this docile, gentle, pleasant young man really Marlon Brando?

Was this the *enfant terrible,* the holy terror, the actor with the blazing, unpredictable temperament? Was this the very same fellow they'd been warned against, the actor Twentieth Century-Fox had sued for $2,000,000 because he'd walked away from *The Egyptian?*

He was humble, cheerful and helpful—and on the Twentieth lot, too. Jean Simmons, his leading lady in *Desirée,* passed by and said voluntarily, "Marlon Brando is the greatest."

The publicity men, notoriously jaded and sophisticated, agreed that they never had worked with a more cooperative player.

Were they all sincere or were they merely climbing on the bandwagon because Brando is expected to win an Oscar for his superlative performance in *On The Waterfront?*

The answer is that Marlon Brando, the most enigmatic and talented young actor Hollywood has ever known, has turned over a new leaf. Ever since April, Brando has been a relatively new man—new in his attitude and in his behavior.

He has become outgoing. He has developed great warmth in (*Continued on page* 92)

good for each other

(*Continued from page 51*) nonchalantly, thinking she was hiding her curiosity.

Fernando shook his handsome head. "Not until we're home."

Arlene tried but no amount of teasing or pleading could make him divulge his secret. "Honestly," she said, looking as though she might stamp her foot a little. "I think you're terrible." They both smiled.

THE MORNING after Mr. and Mrs. Lamas officially moved into their small Dutch colonial house in Bel Air—they had been furnishing it secretly two months before their wedding—Fernando unwrapped his mystery purchase and hung it on the wall outside the master bedroom.

At the sound of the hammering Arlene stopped unpacking and began investigating. Her eyes fell on a brightly painted wooden disc about the size of a ten-inch pie plate. The disc had one clock hand, and around its outer edges were painted such adjectives as "tender, sullen, hungry, passionate, tired."

"It's called a marriage barometer," Fernando explained. "Especially designed to help a new wife anticipate her husband's moods."

At that Arlene burst out laughing and collapsed weakly against her husband's chest. "Of all the crazy things," she began. And then she was off on another wave of laughter. "I promise," she announced between giggles, "to check it every morning, noon and night."

Although Fernando planned the barometer as a gag, it has its semi-serious aspects as well. Of all the recent Hollywood marriages, none might use a barometer quite so well as the Lamas-Dahl union. This was one love affair most of the movie colony's observers did not expect to see grow into a marriage.

These two people are completely opposite in background and temperament.

ARLENE'S ANCESTORS are pure Scandinavian from away back. Born and reared in Minneapolis in a neighborhood that is still a section of transplanted Denmark, Arlene was taught to be reserved, poised, composed and always in control of her emotions.

Fernando, on the other hand, suffered a disruptive childhood in Buenos Aires where he was brought up by his grandmothers. He fought and struggled for everything he ever won. Emotionally, he has a low threshold, sizzles suddenly and boils over quickly.

A great athlete, he loves all outdoor sports, riding, hunting, swimming. Arlene does not. Her hobbies run to painting, cooking and sewing.

"And yet despite our differences," Fernando says, "we are becoming more alike all the time. I am not sure of the reason for this. Is it because we are very much in love or is it because we are only now discovering the fundamental ways in which we are truly the same?"

ARLENE AGREES that she and Fernando are growing together but this is because in every marriage someone has to make adjustments. "And most of them," the tall redhead adds good-naturedly, "have been mine.

"For example, Fernando happens to like women with straight hair. I don't know why. So I've changed my hairstyle to a loose page boy cut.

"Fernando likes to sing at parties, so I've started practicing on the piano again so I can accompany him. His favorite colors for me happen to be black and green so I now find myself buying only black outfits. And I had our friend and interior decorator Larrie Mako, change the color scheme of my bedroom from pink to green.

"Then there are Fernando's eating habits. He comes from Argentina where dinner is served at ten P.M. As a result we eat late. Not that I wait until ten, but sometimes I can last until nine.

"Also he has a habit of falling in love with certain foods — French toast or breaded veal cutlets or Bologna sausage and crackers. When one of these spells hits him I dutifully accept my fate and serve his current specialty for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"I don't have to share his enthusiasm, however, so I specialize in liver which the doctors tell me I should eat regularly."

The Lamases' good friend Larrie Mako says that she too, has noticed a growing of similar taste in Arlene and Fernando.

"Six months ago," she says, "I would've agreed with everyone else that they are as different as night from day. But now that I've been working with them on getting their little house furnished, it's surprising to learn that they *do* have a good deal in common.

"They both love movies, good wines, formal parties and surprises. They're both ambitious and strong-willed and they both love to work. I don't think there's anything they can't accomplish. They love to have their fingers in many pies."

hollywood's hottest
star, glamorous
grace kelly,
will be on the
december cover
of **modern screen**
on your newsstand
november 9

Arlene is busy these days designing a new line of lingerie for an eastern manufacturer. She also writes a beauty column twice a week, and she's just finished *A Woman's World* for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Fernando is rehearsing a nightclub act for Las Vegas in addition to starting an import-export business and reading half a dozen scripts.

Their friends expect that within a year Fernando and his bride will have organized a corporation to be called Lamas-Dahl Enterprises, Inc.

BETWEEN THE TIME the false prophets predicted that Fernando would never marry Arlene and the wedding day, these two stars began to shop for a home. They searched together on Sundays and they hunted apart on weekdays. They wanted a smallish place that combined beauty with complete privacy. Ultimately they found their honeymoon home in one of the garden-like canyons of Bel Air.

Their house is Dutch colonial with two bedrooms, a den, and a charming garden. It nestles gently against a mountain slope so that the glass walls in the livingroom and patio are completely protected from neighborly curiosity.

Fernando calls it "Happy House."

Two months before they moved in, the couple began to work on the furnishings. Happy conspirators, they had great fun working together while many of the gossip writers insisted that it was all over between them.

"First off," Arlene recalls, "we started decorating the livingroom. We decided to do it black, grey and gold, using old pieces that we owned. I took my four television chairs and had them covered in a grey and gold print. Fernando had his couch covered in grey.

"Practically the only new things we had to buy were a few lamps and a spinet piano for Fernando."

The Lamas den was another joint operation. Fernando covered the floor with one big square of cotton shag carpeting, and Arlene installed a white plaid couch from her old house.

"This room," Fernando likes to point out, "doubles as an office for our business affairs. We wanted it to be light and pleasant and I think it is."

The diningroom and foyer were left untouched but upstairs Arlene turned the second bedroom into "Fernando's Hideaway."

"We kid about this room," she explains, "with its sign on the door and everything. But the truth is that it *is* a nifty hideaway for Fernando. He answers fan mail here and watches television and studies his lines. It's the perfect escape spot for a man."

All the furniture in this room is simple and utilitarian. The room has two walls of hanging space for Fernando's rather extensive wardrobe.

WHEN FRIENDS marvel at how quickly the Lamases got settled, the man of the house generously attributes the speedy success to Arlene. "We both work better under pressure," he says, "so Arlene gave us a deadline of one month. 'After one month,' she said, 'I want us to be ready for a housewarming.'"

And the Lamases were ready, even though Arlene had to sit up until two A.M. the night before finishing the curtains for Fernando's Hideaway.

The housewarming party was memorable. It showed a lot of skeptics that the Dahl-Lamas marriage was well planned and carefully executed—not an impetuous thing.

A pair of white doves in a huge gilt cage hung above the door set the theme for the party. There was a buffet dinner for sixty-five, ten to a table. The tables were covered with red organdy and the centerpieces were gilt birdcages filled with red and white carnations.

"There were no place cards," Fernando says, "because I don't believe in place cards. What kind of thing is it to take friends who are enjoying cocktails and say, 'Sorry, but you must separate now. You sit here and you sit there.' I think guests should choose their own company. That's why at our house, never place cards."

THE PARTY was a huge success and it went on until the small hours of the morning, and after the last guest had departed, Fernando took his wife in his arms. "Tell me," he said, "and you must be honest. If you had to do it all over again, would you still marry me?"

Arlene made a cute, pouty face at her husband.

"Ask me in the morning," she said, "after I've checked my barometer." **END**

I dreamed I was a living doll
in my maidenform bra
[illegible] Prelude* bra in embroidered [illegible] Also in stitched broadcloth or e[illegible]red nylon taffeta ... from [illegible]

a time to work things out

(*Continued from page 43*) "As to the future and Jeff—that's hard to say. He's a wonderful guy and I enjoy his company. He's not hard to look at. He's got a sharp but subtle sense of humor. And no matter what they write about his being moody and complex, I've never known him to take himself too seriously. You can't say that about many actors."

How does Jeff feel about Gloria?

Notoriously careful about discussing girls, all he will say is, "Gloria is as fine a young woman as I've met in this business. She's sweet, she's sparkling, she's a lot of fun and she knows her way around.

"I like to be with her or I wouldn't be seeing her. But we've both been through emotional upsets. My divorce won't be final until next year, and if I know Gloria, she doesn't want to tie herself down, either. After all, she just got divorced."

Still, Jeff Chandler is not one to lead a lonely life. Nor is he likely to turn sour on marriage because his first one failed.

"What I need most of all," he says, "is time to work things out. Basically I'm a simple guy. I confront problems as they come along.

"I've got the kind of face that makes me look moody or miserable, so that people are always attributing deep and complex motivations to my behavior.

"They say that I'm carrying a torch for Marge (Jeff's ex-wife) or that I'm pining away for Gloria or that there's a big thing between me and Joan Crawford. They say that I'm lonely and in search of a wife.

"The only thing that I've been searching for lately has been a house on the desert and I've found it." Two months ago Jeff decided that the Hollywood pace was too fast for him, so he moved out of his apartment in Westwood and rented a house in Apple Valley in the Mojave Desert.

It's a small house with two bedrooms and a swimming pool. On week-ends when he isn't working, this giant of a grey-haired actor races his Cadillac into Hollywood, picks up his two daughters, Dana and Jamie, and speeds back to his desert retreat. Here he plays and swims with them, cooks dinner for them or takes them to the Apple Valley Inn. And here he finds the peace which eluded him in Hollywood.

On Sundays Jeff gets his little girls back to Marge in time for dinner and then drops in to see Gloria De Haven.

If he has to report for work the next day he spends the night in his dressingroom at Universal-International. He uses the dressingroom as his town headquarters. But his home, he says, is Apple Valley, 104 long miles from the bright lights and the beautiful women of Hollywood.

How long Jeff will go for the simple, quiet and solitary desert life, no one knows.

A friend of his says, "This desert kick Jeff's on is just a stage. It's a reaction to his divorce. He can't take it for any appreciable amount of time. He's a city boy, born and bred in Brooklyn. All of a sudden he's crazy about the desert, in love with sand and driftwood.

"You want to know why? He's tired of all those dames calling him up in Westwood. De Haven is something else again. He's really stuck on her. But she's not about to give up show business and even if she were, she's not about to take her two kids and live twelve months a year in the Mojave Desert. I don't care who she loves.

"Not that I've got anything against the desert, mind you. It's a wonderful place for a couple of months. But I don't think Chandler can take it all year round."

Jeff says time will tell. That is why he rented a house instead of buying one. But he did spend $4700 for an acre and a half of land in Apple Valley, and if he doesn't tire of the place, he plans to build his own house there next year.

His divorce will be final then and he will be in a position to marry again, which brings us back to Gloria De Haven.

Although she is not yet thirty, Gloria has been married and divorced twice.

Her first husband was actor John Payne, by whom she had two children, Kathy, eight and Tommy, six. Her second husband was wealthy New York contractor Marty Kimmel.

One reason these two marriages ended in divorce was that Gloria was not ready to renounce her career in favor of domesticity, a demand of both of her ex-husbands.

"Show business happens to be in my blood," Gloria says, "and I just can't get it out. Not yet, anyway. Jeff understands that and I'm sure he appreciates it."

Gloria is the daughter of the late Flora Parker and Carter De Haven, one of the greatest of all the stage and screen teams of yesteryear.

She was sent to various dramatics schools, music academies and dancing schools. When she was twelve, David Selznick signed her to play Becky in *Tom Sawyer*. But by the time Selznick was ready to roll, Gloria had outgrown the part.

A few years later, director George Cukor who was a family friend, begged Gloria's parents to let their daughter play a small part in *Susan And God*. "Just for the sake of theatrical tradition," he urged. They said yes and Gloria was in show business.

She was a featured soloist with Bob Crosby's orchestra, sang next with Jan Savitt's band, and presently went to MGM for a role in *Best Foot Forward*. She played with June Allyson and Gene Kelly, Judy Garland and Van Johnson.

After her marriage to John Payne she went to work at U-I and Twentieth Century-Fox and then did a musical at RKO. Early this year she went to U-I and starred in *So This Is Paris* with Tony Curtis and Gene Nelson.

It happens that Jeff Chandler and Tony Curtis are close friends. One afternoon Jeff wandered onto the *So This Is Paris* set to see Tony and took one look at De Haven. One look is all that's necessary.

Jeff's growing interest in music added fuel to the fire. Sonny Burke, head of Decca Records on the west coast, had talked Jeff into singing some solos for the kids at Balboa Beach. Jeff had done so well that Sonny had offered him a Decca recording contract.

Gloria is under contract to Decca, too. So these two handsome people had something in common right from the very beginning—records, royalties, disc jockeys, Sonny Burke, orchestrations.

Jeff spoke about his first two recordings, "I Should Care" and "More Than Anyone." He was afraid they'd flop.

Gloria said, "I don't think so." She was right. More than 150,000 copies have been sold so far.

Jeff was so encouraged that he began to do something he had always wanted to do—to write—"to create something out of my own imagination." He wrote the lyrics to a melody and entitled them "That's All She's Waiting To Hear." Then he recorded the song and backed it with "Lamplight."

He made exploitation recordings for the disc jockeys and drove down to the Broadway department store in Los Angeles and autographed his records for hundreds of admirers. Gloria De Haven remained in the background, happy and glad at heart that he was finding himself with work that gave him satisfaction and stimulation.

Jeff Chandler is a paradox, and Gloria De Haven realizes it.

Jeff likes to say, "I'm lazy and all I want to do is sleep and take it easy." But give him a modicum of spare time and he's renting an office in Beverly Hills, organizing the Chandler Music Company, working on the plans for a series of Jeff Chandler comic books or doing research for a transcribed radio program he hopes to put on the air any day now.

Gloria understands this apparent contradiction because she herself is blessed or handicapped by the same nature.

"I'd love to be able to relax," she says, "and just do nothing." But the minute she has nothing to do, guilt assails her and she's after her agent pleading for work.

Although they come from different backgrounds, Jeff and Gloria are two of the same kind. Superficially they appear phlegmatic. Inwardly they are both ambitious workers. Ambition is necessary for screen stardom but frequently the bugaboo of Hollywood marriages.

For example, it is commonly held that one of the reasons Jeff's marriage to Marge Hoshelle failed was that Marge coveted fame and subconsciously resented Jeff's success. Marge was under contract to Warner Brothers when she married Chandler eight years ago. He was completely unknown. As Marge took time off to bear his children, her career waned and his rose.

The same thing happened at the same time to Gloria De Haven and John Payne.

Gloria's career was really gathering momentum in 1945. Following *Best Foot Forward*, MGM predicted that De Haven would achieve topflight stardom within a year. Gloria married John Payne and three months later she was pregnant. Temporarily, she abandoned her screen career, and because of that, MGM switched the build-up to another newcomer—June Allyson.

Gloria was having another baby and it wasn't until the spring of 1948 that she was ready to return to screen work. By that time John Payne was the family breadwinner and Gloria De Haven was regarded as a promising performer who had passed up show business in favor of housework and child-rearing.

Gloria set out to disprove this allegation and to regain her former standing as a bright young actress. This led to arguments with John Payne and a divorce.

Gloria has learned from her past mistakes and so has Jeff. They aren't kids any more. They have no intention of repeating the same errors. They fully realize the cares and responsibilities of marriage and the price, tangible and intangible, of failure.

So Jeff works almost all the time. He doesn't play golf or tennis. He owns neither a plane nor a boat. He used to play a little softball once in a while.

Because he has achieved a fair degree of stability as a motion picture actor, he is currently concentrating on the things he's always wanted to do: writing, singing and living in the desert, knowing that financially he can afford the luxury of possible failure in these lines.

Jeff realizes that no matter how enthusiastic a man is about his new work, there comes a time when without the love of a good woman, life deteriorates into mere existence. He wants a complete life, and this must include a woman.

Since he started going around with bewitching, good-natured little Gloria, he has dated no other girl. And he seems to be happier than he's ever been before.

Whether the romance will eventually lead to marriage or fade before Chandler's divorce becomes final, no one can say for sure. But certainly at this point, Jeff and Gloria are making beautiful music together. It might lead to wedding music. END

bewitchingly feminine

A fashion-first in movie-going is the 20th Century-Fox romantic comedy in CinemaScope, *Woman's World,* with June Allyson, Arlene Dahl and Lauren Bacall wearing the wonderful clothes designed by Charles LeMaire.

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More fashions on page 75

the two worlds of marilyn monroe

(*Continued from page* 37) to six P.M. and another set from six to midnight?

The chances are good that as you read this, Joe and Marilyn have been separated, geographically speaking.

Joe should be somewhere in the east covering the World Series, and Marilyn should be somewhere in the west making a comedy called *The Seven Year Itch*.

It is probable, too, that you will read—in fact, may already have read—that the Di Maggio marriage isn't exactly paradise. The idyllic twosome has become more realistic with the passage of time, which is the normal course of marriage.

BUT MARILYN'S marriage happens to be unusual in several ways.

She married a great athlete who was already retired when she met him. At the time of their marriage, January 14, 1954, Marilyn was approaching the zenith of her career; her husband no longer had one.

Besides their mounting and undeniable love for each other, the Di Maggios have relatively little in common. Joe knows very little about acting and dramatics, and Marilyn knows just as little about baseball.

Marilyn has no intention, certainly, of becoming an athlete, and Joe refuses to try to mastermind his wife's career.

Joe and Marilyn have completely different backgrounds. Joe was raised in a large, happy, healthy household filled with laughter and companionship. Marilyn lived the youth of an unwanted orphan, alone, afraid, insecure. Because of all this, some people are now saying trouble will come.

Some of these have gone so far as to suggest that Joe is jealous of his wife.

"Why," they ask, "does he refuse to visit her on the set? Is that normal for a loving husband?"

They ask further, "Why won't he pose with her for home layouts? Why does he object to publicity? One of his best friends, a sports writer, telephoned from New York and asked if he'd pose for some photos. Why should Joe turn down his friend?

"Why won't he take Marilyn to parties or previews or premières? Why won't he make the slightest sacrifice for her career?

"Sooner or later the girl has got to resent his indifference."

WHAT THESE PEOPLE don't seem to realize is that beneath her exterior of naivete and breathless bewilderment, Marilyn Monroe is one of the most sensible and naturally bright beauties in Hollywood.

She can hold her own with any sophisticated glamour star you care to mention. And she knows in her heart that Joe's so-called indifference is not indifference at all. It is independence and self-reliance.

"It may be okay for other guys to manage their wives' careers," one of Joe's friends says. "Sid Luft and Judy Garland, Marty Melcher and Doris Day, Freddie Brisson and Rosalind Russell, Tom Lewis and Loretta Young. But they've all got show business backgrounds.

"Joe's background is baseball. Just because he was one of the greatest outfielders the game has ever known, he doesn't feel entitled to call the shots on Marilyn's career.

"The only time I've ever heard him give her any advice is when she and Twentieth were negotiating a contract. 'The publicity is swell,' he told Marilyn. 'Only be sure to get the money.'"

As for Joe's refusal to pose for pictures with Marilyn or to visit her on the set, he isn't being contrary and he isn't trying to be difficult. He's just being himself.

But finally, toward the end of *Show Business*, the rumors of Joe's indifference became so widespread that he decided to dispel them by visiting his wife on the set.

Quietly and unobtrusively, he showed up and stood in a corner while she sang her tempestuous heat wave number.

"I'm here," he announced, "because the newspapers insist that there must be something wrong between Marilyn and me because I don't visit her at work."

When she finished her song, she ran over to him and said anxiously, "I hope you liked it, dear."

"I liked it all right," Joe said, "but it takes so long to shoot so little. It makes me nervous hanging around here watching everybody get ready."

A moment later, Di Maggio posed for a picture with Irving Berlin and then as quietly as he had entered the studio, he drove out in his 1953 Cadillac.

"He never has liked parties or previews," Marilyn says, "or show business celebrations. And before we were married, he never would take me to any. I didn't expect marriage to change his habits or his likes and dislikes."

So far as anyone knows, Joe has posed in the studio with Marilyn for only two shots. On each occasion there was a third person along.

One time Joe visited Marilyn on the set of *Monkey Business*, a film she made with Cary Grant. Joe agreed to stand up for a photo with Marilyn and Cary. After the negative was printed, Grant's face was cropped out.

On another occasion Joe visited Marilyn with David March, the agent who had arranged their first date. This time March's face was cropped out.

Joe has been offered large sums of money to pose with Marilyn at home.

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THE THREE FEATURES I LIKED BEST IN THIS ISSUE ARE: (*place a check* (√) *in the box next to your favorites*)

- ☐ Louella Parsons in Hollywood
- ☐ The Two Worlds of Marilyn Monroe
- ☐ She *Looks* Like a Bride (Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher)
- ☐ Report From Europe: Why Can't They Behave?
- ☐ A Time to Think Things Out (Jeff Chandler-Gloria De Haven)
- ☐ How to Take Criticism (Terry Moore-Rita Moreno)
- ☐ Why Try to Change Me Now? (Jane Russell)
- ☐ What Makes Monty Run? (Montgomery Clift)
- ☐ Good For Each Other (Fernanda Lamas-Arlene Dahl)
- ☐ The Grangers Call It Love (Stewart Granger-Jean Simmons)
- ☐ Grandmother and the Good Life (Janet Leigh)
- ☐ Nobody Told Her She Was a Star (Doris Day)
- ☐ It's a Brand New Brando
- ☐ I've Got a Secret
- ☐ Man, Man, Is For The Woman Made
- ☐ Of Pools and Ponies (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ How Doth the Little Busy B? (Barbara Stanwyck
- ☐ Words and Music (Peggy Lee)
- ☐ My First Love (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ For Dancers Only (Cyd Charisse)
- ☐ Adam's Fall (Julia Adams)
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AGE________**OCCUPATION**____________________

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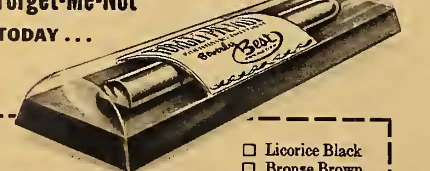

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"My private life is private," he says, "and that's out. Right now too many kids know where we live because the picture of the house we're renting was published in the magazines. They ride up and down the street and even ring the front door bell."

"As soon as our lease expires," Marilyn says, "we're moving. I don't know where, but we're moving."

After ten months of marriage, Marilyn still insists, "Joe comes first." But the studio has pre-empted most of her time.

Marilyn has said on many occasions that Joe has no objections to her continuing her career so long as she spends her evenings at home with him.

During the day Joe likes to play golf or go to the races or listen to the ball games. Marilyn has no interest in these.

Since sports, spectator or participation, are no fun for her, Joe figures that it's best for Mrs. Di Maggio to do what keeps her happy. And Marilyn is happiest when she's working in front of the cameras.

"Lots of times," she recalls, "I starved so that I could have the chance to act in pictures. Joe sees no sense in my giving it up. Besides, what would I do? Act as his caddy on the golf course?"

IN THE STUDIO Marilyn is surrounded by talented craftsman and artists whose appeal to her is primarily intellectual.

Natasha Lytess, who is probably Marilyn's closest friend, is a great dramatics coach, one of the finest in the business.

Years ago when Marilyn was fired from Columbia, Natasha took the young girl into her apartment. In Marilyn she recognized a totally unprepared, uneducated but potentially acceptable actress.

So Natasha, the widow of an outstanding German novelist, introduced this young, lonely girl to the fascinating world of Shakespeare, Freud, and Thomas Wolfe. She taught her about the various schools of acting, about art and literature and life. In Marilyn she found a responsive mind.

Subsequently, writers who interviewed Marilyn, expecting to find her a dumb bunny, were startled when she spoke briefly but knowledgeably on George Bernard Shaw, the Stanislavsky method of acting and the works of Eugene O'Neill.

It is Natasha Lytess who is responsible for much of Marilyn's acting success, and Marilyn is the first to acknowledge this. It is Natasha Lytess who still coaches Marilyn on every line. But once the day's work is done at the studio, Marilyn closes the iron door. Intellectual stimulation is over for the day.

ONE DOES NOT find Natasha Lytess dining with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Di Maggio. Nor are the Di Maggios found at Hollywood Bowl listening to a symphony or at the Biltmore Theatre engrossed in a play.

Chances are they are watching a good, old-fashioned western on TV or perhaps visiting Joe's friends, Vic and Marguerite Massi, or maybe entertaining Joe's sister Marie and her daughter, down from San Francisco.

At these gatherings Marilyn does not expound on the virtues of Marlon Brando as an actor. She doesn't talk about the excitement she felt when she watched Brando perform on the set of *Desirée*. Nor does she talk about the dance teaching of Jack Cole or studio politics.

By the same token, Joe does not discuss the various idiosyncrasies of Casey Stengel or Ted Williams' batting average or the bases Jackie Robinson has stolen.

The Di Maggio family discussions are usually limited to immediate plans and problems: where to move, to buy or to build, the welfare of Joe's relatives (since Marilyn has virtually no family and practically no close friends). By nature, neither Joe nor Marilyn is talkative. Nor do they crave excitement and wild times. They are a peaceful, very-much-in-love couple.

Marilyn did not marry for scintillating conversation, sparkling dialogue, or the furtherance of her career. She married purely for love, a family and a home.

"I never had these things as a child," she says. "With Joe beside me I'm never alone any more."

LONELINESS is frequently a state of mind. When Marilyn was single there were hundreds of men in the motion picture industry intensely anxious to cultivate her friendship. But still, she was lonely because she felt in her mind that she belonged to no one. In case of illness to whom would she turn? In case of unemployment, who would lend a hand?

All of that is different, now. No matter how she fares in her career, Marilyn feels that she still has Joe, and this situation gives her more courage and independence and security than she's ever known before.

It also helps her career immeasurably, since the studios rarely take advantage of a girl who has a financial alternative. Before she was married to Joe, Marilyn was suspended by her studio because she refused to make *Pink Tights*.

Marilyn's salary at the time was $750 a week. The studio knew that she had saved practically no money, that sooner or later she would be hard up.

Once Marilyn got married, the situation changed completely. The girl had someone to support her. This called for new tactics. The studio signed Sheree North in an attempt to stampede Marilyn into *Pink Tights*, a script she had refused.

Movie Director Mike Curtiz told Peter Arnell he was looking for a week-old baby for a movie role. "Preferably," he said, "one with experience."

Earl Wilson in The New York Post

But Marilyn refused to be stampeded. She had Joe for a husband, and she didn't care who the studio signed.

In the end, it was the studio that capitulated. Monroe was given a new contract, the lead in *Show Business*, and she was told to forget about *Pink Tights*.

THIS WAS HER first triumph in studio negotiations, and Marilyn realizes that she won largely because she had a husband to back her up.

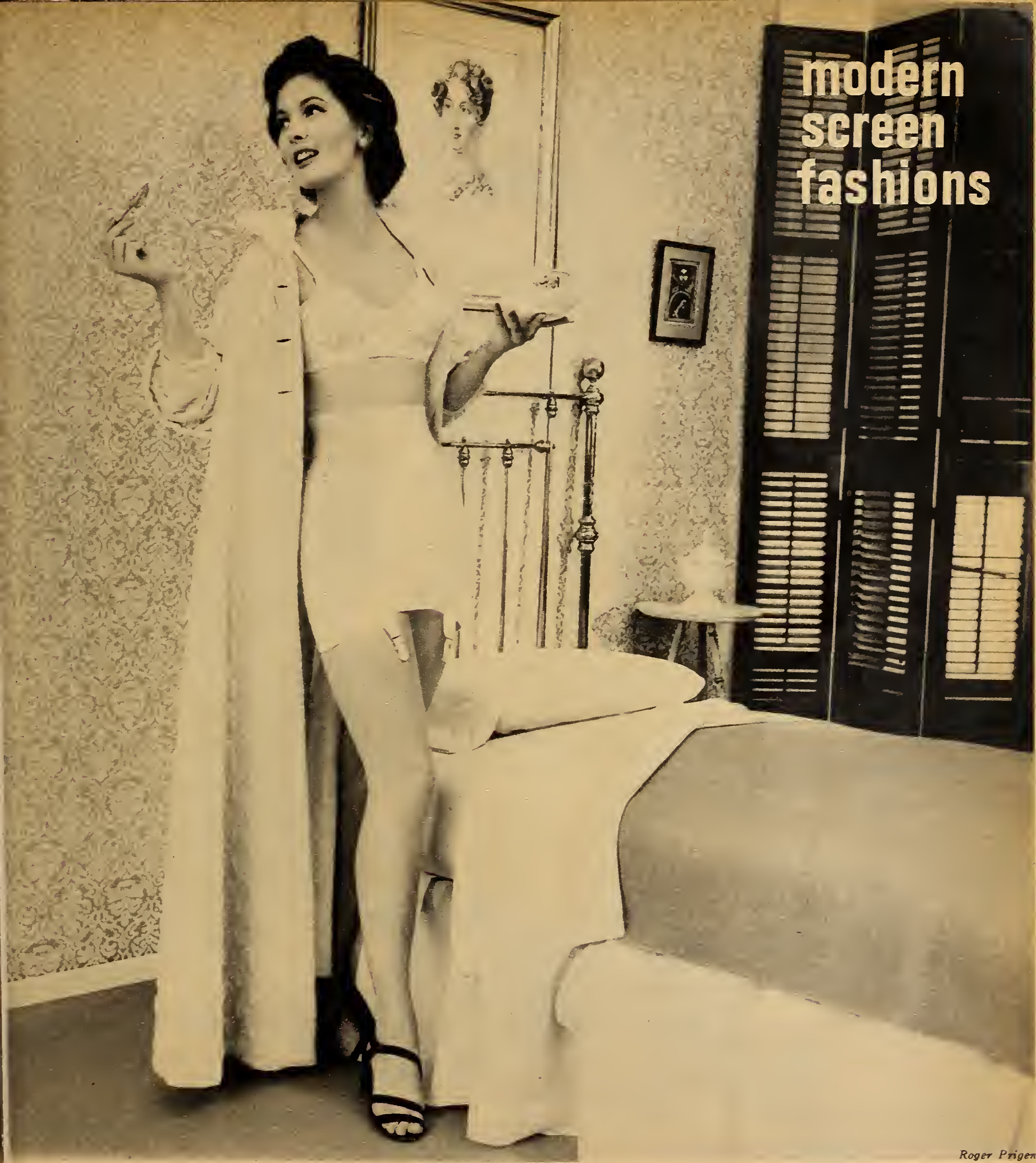
You can see therefore what Joe means to this girl, and why she is willing to live in two worlds on his terms.

When Marilyn is with Joe in San Francisco, there is no studio discussion whatever. She helps her sister-in-law Marie with the food, occasionally cooks spaghetti for Joe—he has taught her how—makes the rounds of the relatives, dines at the Di Maggio restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf which is run by Joe's brother Tom, and in short, she does everything to please her husband.

In most homes it's the husband who goes off to work in the daytime and returns at night to the waiting arms of a loving wife. When Joe and Marilyn are living in Hollywood the setup is reversed. This doesn't necessarily mean, as many detractors imply, that the marriage will founder. All it means is that Joe and Marilyn have developed a way of life that fits their own particular set of circumstances.

Right now their strong love is the bridge that spans Marilyn's two worlds. Tomorrow it will be a baby, perhaps, and when the baby does come, Marilyn's career will be relegated to third position behind Joe and bambino. END

modern screen fashions



Roger Prigen

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More fashions on page

modern screen fashions

Roger Prigent

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SECRET CHARM BRAS BY CELEBRITY CAN BE PURCHASED AT DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

she looks like a bride

(*Continued from page 38*) in grim lines. "You never can tell about the reaction of feminine fans to a young romantic singer who is no longer eligible," said one representative of Eddie's management group. "The women don't seem to hold the more mature crooners, Crosby, Como or Sinatra, personally responsible for the sentiments expressed in the lyrics of their songs. Or if they do, these older fellows have been around long enough to develop a following strictly on the basis of the music in their voices rather than on personality alone. But when a youngster like Eddie sings about the loneliness and heartbreak that is so often the subject of ballads, he is much more convincing if he is single. After all, married men are not supposed to be lonely!"

THIS PSYCHOLOGICAL notion about the girls who make up the bulk of his audiences is something Eddie is well aware of; so are his friends, and of course Debbie knows about it. She is strongly career-minded, having many times said she must get her own career going before she thinks of marriage. She still talks like that even though, with her success in *Susan Slept Here* and the great work she is doing in *Hit The Deck* at MGM, there is no doubt about the firm status of her stardom. And it is a safe bet, too, that if she marries Eddie, theirs will be a double star family. Debbie won't abandon her career.

"I'm a working girl, you know, and I probably always will be," she told him late one afternoon when he laid plans for a great evening and she begged off so she could rest for an early studio call.

Few young couples who are altar-bound can keep from revealing their plans in one way or another. So much like a loyal and dutiful young wife has Debbie acted toward Eddie, and so close to the attitude of a young bridegroom does his become sometimes, that a report claiming they have already secretly eloped has got a lot of credence. Probably those who do believe this are the type who not only are quick to add fact to rumor, but often multiply the one by the other. Yet if you were at the Hollywood Bowl the night Eddie sang there, or at the Mocambo on an early morning date with them as he crooned in Debbie's ear on the dance floor, or heard their dialogue the dozens of times she "dropped in for a minute" to see Eddie and was still having her hand held by him hours later . . . you would admit that the best description was "newlyweds."

ALL SUMMER, when they didn't happen to have a formal date they had a little informal routine that picked up the slack in this phase of their romance. The big white mansion Eddie lived in was on the Coldwater Canyon route Debbie always used driving home from the studio. You could always tell when Eddie was in because he never parked his black Cadillac in the garage—always in the driveway right at the front door. It is doubtful if on her way home after work Debbie once drove past that "standing" invitation to drop in. She would pull up behind the Cadillac in her salmon and cream Pontiac, slip inside the main hall of the house and peek through the back windows to the pool in the yard. That was all she had to do. Eddie, whose eyes are as sharp as his singing notes are true, would jump up from whatever he was doing (usually lounging in the sun) and run to get her.

Then would begin the business about her being able to stay only a little while. Eventually, to hold her around, Eddie began to use counter-strategy. He would

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claim that the drive home would be too much for her unless she had something to eat before she started. Or else he would insist that if she loved him she would go into the pool with him. "Isn't it true," he asked her one such evening, "that this is the best time to swim in California? Just before dinner?"

Debbie replied that this was true of the San Fernando Valley, where she lived, but she didn't know about the fancier Beverly Hills area where his house was. But she did stay around and that was the big idea.

You couldn't be blamed for thinking that Debbie acted very much like a conscientious wife and daughter-in-law if you saw her the night of Eddie's concert at the Bowl. Eddie got the best seats in the place, Box No. 32, for Debbie and her parents; center and smack in front of the stage. Debbie's folks were in it, all right. But not Debbie. She quietly walked to another box where Eddie's father, Joseph Fisher, was all alone, and sat with him.

Before the concert began she was backstage with her folks and they all gave Eddie their good wishes, Debbie sealing them with a kiss—and re-sealing them several times. And Debbie came back again after the show, of course, and you could tell it meant a lot to Eddie. After which Debbie went even further and revealed a fine understanding of the professional niceties involved in the event. She took a chair out of everyone's way—and let the rest of the world come and deliver accolades to the young artist.

Besides other singers, actors, musicians, managers, songwriters and producers who trooped into Eddie's dressingroom to congratulate him, a whole girls' club had somehow wangled permission to get autographs en masse. They lined up to see Eddie. At this, Debbie, for fear she might be recognized and thus intrude on his big night, shifted further into the shadows to be sure no one would recognize her.

Eddie had sung some of Irving Berlin's songs at the concert and there are plans for him to do Berlin's life on the screen. When the famous songwriter came back stage he wanted to take Eddie out for the evening. Eddie ran to get Debbie.

There were others in Irving Berlin's party that night but, except for rare moments, it was a twosome as far as Eddie and Debbie were concerned.

"You've got a real flip girl there," Berlin said to Eddie once, as they took seats at a Mocambo table.

"Yeah, she comes up with the good ones," Eddie agreed.

Up to that particular period in the evening Debbie had been talkative. But a little later when they were on the dance floor, and Eddie was singing to her, she was a girl existing in rapt silence.

"They were really sufficient unto each other that night," said a friend of the pair who was there that evening. "Believe it or not they had one drink—a soft drink—between them from the time they came in until they left. One drink and two straws. If it weren't for their evening clothes they would have looked like small town kids on a soda fountain date."

Eddie's birthday gift from Debbie was a pair of gold cufflinks inscribed, "A wonderful thing happened today—you."

Almost everyone Eddie meets seems to think it important to point out his youth to him (he's twenty-five) and emphasize that he has a great future if he doesn't make any false moves. No one tells him to his face that marriage would be a mistake but it is plainly the general idea. Eddie, a kid who hasn't had an easy life (although he always says, "It was okay with me having been poor; I didn't know any different"), sometimes gets fed up on this trend of conversation. And he often can be heard unconsciously trying to create the impression that he is older than his years.

"I bet you think I haven't been around much," he said to Irving Berlin once, "but how about this song?" And he sang one of Berlin's own numbers, written so long ago that Berlin barely recalled it.

"You weren't even born yet, when I wrote that one," Berlin said.

"Well, I grew quick," Eddie replied.

He is also a little sensitive about complaints that his tremendous success has so complicated his life with an endless round of rehearsals, shows, interviews and conferences that nobody can get in to see him. He can't forget that for most of his life nobody ever *wanted* to get to him.

He was a judge on Peter Potter's *Juke Box Jury* TV program in Hollywood last summer when Donald O'Connor guest-sang a song published by O'Connor's firm.

"That's the kind of song I would have liked to do last season on my Coca-Cola program," Eddie commented.

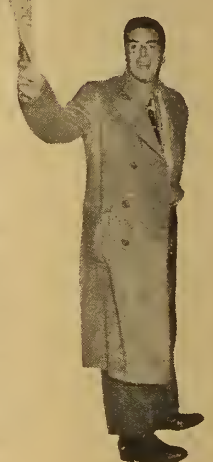
"Why didn't you?" Potter wondered.

"Nobody asked me," Eddie replied.

Potter turned to O'Connor and asked him why he hadn't brought the song to Eddie's attention since its use by Eddie would help make it a hit.

O'Connor raised helpless hands. "How do you get to Eddie?" he asked. "You have to climb over people."

PRESS-AGENT SUPREME



Two years ago, I was standing outside of Lucey's Restaurant in Hollywood when a group of movie stars came out. A crowd of autograph seekers formed, and above their excited cries a husky voice was heard booming out, "Get Jean Simmons! Get Jean Simmons!" Presently the owner of the voice, a tall, broad-shouldered man, approached me and suggested that I get the autograph of "that fine British actor, Robert Newton." To my surprise, the man giving out the advice was Victor Mature!
Miss G. H.
St. Paul, Minnesota

The others laughed but there was truth to Donald's excuse and Eddie was a bit embarrassed. For a simple boy from south Philadelphia the high levels of the amusement world to which he has ascended present many complications. The demand is not only for his professional services as a singer; his personal life gets involved. Take his love for Debbie. One way or another there'll be repercussions in his career if they marry, maybe good, maybe not.

It was clear last August when he was on his way to Europe that his romance would certainly be one subject he would discuss with his manager, Milton Blackstone, whom he was to meet in London.

"Milton is not just my manager, but my friend," Eddie pointed out a few days before he began his trip. "When things have come up I have listened and come to my own conclusions, but always, too, I have passed the problems on to him. He's got my interest at heart, I know." END

why can't they behave?

(*Continued from page 41*) by other guests and servants when she stayed at his houses in Paris, Ireland and Deauville, but I would have bet more on her chances of becoming a princess if she hadn't. And that dash to join Aly in Mexico was a trifle less than discreet.

But how can movie stars be discreet? Rita Hayworth didn't have *any* chance for privacy when she traveled with Prince Aly Khan half way around the globe before they were married. And when the deluded film star hoped to have their baby in Switzerland without any publicity, she was surrounded by reporters from practically every newspaper in the world.

The same or worse befell Ingrid Bergman. I want to put on record that I knew about the baby before the story broke, as Ingrid's former press agent, Joe Steele, can testify. I had received the amazing news from a close friend of Ingrid's in Rome. And I talked about it with Joe, who was very worried, but I assured him I would never break such a story. I felt too sorry for Ingrid, who until then had been regarded in this country as almost saintly. I'm sure she herself had no idea of what the warm Italian sun and the warmer Italian director would do to her northern personality—or I know she would have taken her daughter Pia with her. She did not mean to abandon Pia. But Ingrid was trapped by her emotions. This could never have happened here.

Naturally she loves it over there. Apparently, no one was shocked by her behavior and no one refers to it. When I saw her in Paris, surrounded by her three children and doting husband, she told me she was completely happy—and the situation with Pia was improving.

"I've decided not to fight any more; there have been too many fights. But I am in touch with Pia and I know that one day she will forgive me and come to see me of her own free will," said Ingrid with calm assurance.

Ava Gardner's big romantic escapade in Italy and Spain didn't turn out so well. She fell with a thud that was heard all over Europe for the fascinating charms of bullfighter Luis Dominguin, and she planned to do a Shelley Winters and help him to a movie career in Hollywood. But the best laid plans of mice and movie stars sometimes go astray. The matador came to Hollywood while Ava was in Nevada to shed Frank Sinatra. He left her there after a short visit and was seen with this and that glamour puss around the night spots of Hollywood. And if there's one thing Ava can't take, it's having her man make eyes at another woman.

But it was fun while it lasted. When I was in Rome, I was told that Ava had made herself inaccessible to the press, the public and her alma mater, Metro, that she would disappear for days at a stretch with the handsome bullfighter.

To go back to Sinatra, it wouldn't be correct to say that he behaves badly in Europe. Sinatra is himself whether he's in London, Paris, Rome, Las Vegas or Hollywood. And himself can be pretty sweet sometimes and sometimes on the very sour side. I don't know what happened at the fashionable Milroy Club in London, but owner John Mills canceled Frankie's membership card. And London clubs fall over themselves to have Hollywood stars for members.

Shelley Winters is usually herself wherever she happens to be working. And I've seen her very temperamental in Hollywood. But when she was making *Mambo* in Rome, Shell really let herself go. I was told the intimate details of the fracas. It seems that Shelley was working in a scene with her husband, Vittorio Gassman, from whom she was then estranged. His girl friend, eighteen-year-old Anna Maria Ferrero, was on the set.

"Get her off," hissed Mrs. Gassman between takes. Vittorio's reply was to go over to the younger actress and embrace her. I find it hard to blame Shelley for losing her temper and throwing a glass of water into the pretty face of her rival.

Jane Russell was very worried about returning to England where she filmed part of *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* for two reasons. The last time she was there, Janie had made the headlines as the heroine of a raucous party. Jane denied the story and it seemed very strange to me at the time because in Hollywood Jane is a quiet, easygoing, church-going girl.

The other reason for Jane's fear of Europe is to her credit, although the actual facts were just as surprising to me. I refer to Jane's leaving England with the little boy she later adopted. The emigration authorities over there were on her neck for taking a British subject out of the country without official sanction. And more foolish, when there are so many unwanted *anonymous* babies here who could use Jane's good home, why did she take a European child whose parents knew her and might try to regain the child at any unforeseen time? In fact, I heard recently they were planning to come here to live within a few acres of Jane's home in the valley in order to be near their son.

When Gregory Peck lived in Hollywood, he was regarded as a model husband and father. There was one short period when

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he and Greta separated, but they both explained it was an unimportant quarrel and didn't mean a thing. It took a long stay in Europe to reveal the serious state of the Peck marriage. I've always contended that the woman has yet to be born who can break up a happy home. The Pecks came to the parting of the ways in Europe before he met Veronique Passani. I knew there was something wrong when Greta flew here suddenly with the boys, leaving Greg to carry on alone in Europe. He carried on, but not alone. And last reports had Miss Passani decorating the big house he bought near London. As of now, she is slated for the position of Mrs. Peck, number two. But there might have been only one Mrs. Peck instead of a bushel, if Greg had made his pictures here.

Gary cooper came back to this country just in time to regain his equilibrium and his wife Rocky. Coop is an easy target for a designing female. They tell me that Gary is available for the asking, but he's too lazy to make the first move. I believe he was really in love with Pat Neal, but the complications of getting his freedom represented too much work for this easy-going guy. But that girl in France, Giselle Pascal, had Gary spinning.

But don't get the idea that *all* Hollywood stars kick up their heels and kick over the traces when they leave the four hundred or so reporters who watch over them here. Some of our top luminaries are great ambassadors for our way of life.

Victor mature, for instance. No one appreciates a buck more than Victor, but no one can be more generous or more charming where it does the most good. Little things, but they count in a big way. Like when Vic was in Holland co-starring with Lana Turner and Clark Gable in *Betrayed*. His driver was a young Dutchman whose whole family had been killed while he worked for the Allies in the Underground Army. Now he was setting aside some of his earnings to pay for his neglected education. Came the last day of the picture and the chauffeur looked as blue as his uniform. Then spake Mr. Mature to wife Dorothy, "Let's not *fly* back to England. Let's drive through Germany and then stay in Paris for a week. And I must have my chauffeur, of course. They say those French drivers are dangerous!"

Vic could have hired anybody in Paris. He could have driven himself through Germany. But the extra money and the trip meant so much to the Dutchman.

And Lana Turner, aided and abetted by Lex Barker, was just as kind. Some of the picture was shot in front of a Catholic Orphanage in The Hague. There were eighteen little orphan girls and Lana promised to take them to the circus. They were all dressed up and ready to go when Lana discovered there was no matinee. Could have been a tragedy, but Lana took them to her hotel, fed them ice cream, cake and soda pop and took them to a show in a park instead.

The British recently sent an appreciation plaque to Bob Hope for the money he has raised and donated to the British version of Boys Town. On one visit, Mr. Hope who is always charitable, gave his entire earnings in London to the project—some fourteen thousand pounds. And then there are the dozens of stars in Hollywood—Danny Kaye, Jack Benny and many others—who go regularly to Army bases in Europe, Asia and wherever there is a lonely G.I. These make up the real aristocracy of Filmland. And it is good that Europe can see and meet them in order to erase the bad behavior of what is still, thank goodness, a minority. **END**

how to take criticism

(*Continued from page* 44) her mind. And sometimes not.

I personally find it hardest to keep silent when the charge is made that I'm publicity mad. Perhaps I should let it pass. My advisors usually tell me: "Don't get into a hassle, dear. It'll just make it worse." But I get into a hassle anyway, because if you do not reply sooner or later to criticism that is merely destructive or plain untrue, then there comes a point where you can't live with yourself.

I'm told that someone once said of me that I sought publicity with all the ardor of a salmon fighting its way upstream to spawn. Even if this were true, which it is not, the simile is wrong. The salmon knows perfectly well it's going to lay an egg. I always have hopes to the contrary.

Here's an example. I came my latest cropper at Las Vegas—latest at the time of writing, that is. It was over a gown I wore in the finale of my act there. It was considered overdaring.

I was in Vegas on account of criticism anyway. Friendly and good-natured, but it was a challenge. Eddie Fisher told me I had the worst singing voice he'd ever heard. So naturally I had to get together an act and sing. Show Eddie Fisher, who—if my dear friend Debbie Reynolds doesn't mind—is my idol among singers.

Now the gown bit went like this: in the act, I was to go through three phases. First I was costumed and made up as a very young girl, no more than high school age. In the middle part, I was post-debutante size, and in the finale ultra sophisticated, something like Lana Turner. For that, naturally, we'd ordered a sophisticated dress—but not an ultra daring one. You'll see.

Here is what the papers didn't bother to report:

The gown arrived no more than an hour before show time, so there couldn't have been a change even if we'd thought it desirable. But why should it have been desirable? The gown *wasn't* transparent above the waist, as written. It had a flesh-tone foundation. (I think Miss Dietrich's did, too. Didn't she say something about a camera being able to see through anything? And how right she is if she did!)

I tried it on for the kids in the company and they loved it. So I wore it in the last number with no forebodings at all.

Jack Paar recalls the time he was under three-year contract to RKO: "But I didn't do a day's work. In fact, they wouldn't even announce me for pictures due to be canceled." —*Paul Denis*

Then the roof fell in. It seems to me I'm climbing out of the debris of some roof or other every time I look around.

The newspapers wrote what wasn't true —and never let anyone tell you a camera can't lie because a camera can, often does.

Newspapermen later admitted to me that the pictures of me and the gown had been retouched for a shocking effect.

But the damage was done. Everybody got into the act. The affair of the ermine bathing suit was resurrected and Terry Moore was back in the soup.

I made my big mistake then and there. I turned chicken and put away the gown. Opening night was its first and only appearance. It shouldn't have been. I should

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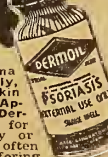
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have kept right on wearing it. By not doing so, I seemed to plead guilty.

I kept it hanging in the dressing room, though, and friends would drop in and say, "What ever happened to *that* gown?"

"That's it," I'd say, "hanging over there."

And the inevitable response: "You mean, *this* is what all the fuss was about?"

Yet I can hear my advisors now as they look through these words: "Yes, but why bring it up again? Let sleeping dogs lie."

No. Not so long as they let cameras lie, I won't. To my mind, that wasn't criticism, that was wanton damage, and wanton damage is something I must fight back against—or give up and live in a cave.

I SUPPOSE there are all kinds of degrees of criticism, and you have to sort them out. I got a rough press stateside—never from the Army—when I wore the ermine bathing suit in Korea, and part of it I could understand. No, not understand—that isn't quite right. But it struck me that if people thought I had lapsed from taste in wearing it, then they had a right to think so. Wait. My quotation-happy friend may have one that goes with this—and he has. "I do not agree with a word you say and will defend to the death your right to say it." That was how I felt.

But when they called the suit a Bikini, I cried. Because it wasn't and I have never worn one of those and never will. I've made a lot of mistakes in my young lifetime so far and will make a lot more. I expect to be called on the carpet for them and hope to learn from the lecture. But I hope just as hard that I shall never bow to untruth or unjustified abuse.

There's always such a good chance that your critic, who is looking at you from a comparatively objective viewpoint, may be right.

One writer said that I was always trying to please everybody, and in that way sort of crossed myself up, if I got his idea correctly.

That was true at the time. As a consequence of the piece, it is not so true now. It would be nice to please everybody, yes, but I'm afraid it won't be practical until we get the forty-eight-hour day.

Roger Price, who divorced his last wife, Anita Martell, recalls how he persuaded her to marry him: "I threatened to hold my breath until she gave in."

—*Paul Denis*

Not that I've broken away from the habit completely, or probably ever will. This eagerness to please goes hand-in-glove with being sensitive to criticism and both are very much a part of me.

For instance, a few months ago I put on a little weight between pictures, and a friend mentioned it to my mother.

"For pity's sake." Mother told him. "Don't tell Terry. She'll go right out and starve to death." I imagine she was right.

But that has to do with vanity as well. This other trait, this wanting so badly to see it the other person's way can have serious consequences.

It's supposed to be Christian to put yourself in the place of others, and I'm reasonably sure it is, but it's surprising how thoroughly you can stumble doing it.

I made a well-meant effort to cooperate in a campaign involving some cheesecake poses, brief costumes but cute, and positively nothing offensive.

Therefore, I was startled, to put it mildly, to read a few weeks later that I had instigated the whole thing, practically announcing my candidacy for Miss Sexy Dish of that or any other year.

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stance of it true. Indeed, my attitude was the opposite. So I hit back as hard as I could. Just made the hassle worse, as they say. I don't know if it was what you'd call graceful acceptance of criticism. But there we are again. This is criticism? No, this is misrepresentation.

I'm not combative by nature. When experienced and wise Hollywood commentators like Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper take me to task—as they have—I accept what they say and try like fury to take their advice and use it. Miss Parsons, to paraphrase her, wrote that I was pressing too hard in a promotional way, that it had begun to look to her as if I'd do "anything for publicity." I hadn't meant to be like that, really, but I could see the point to her censure and I put the brake on the Terry Moore calliope. I think she has forgiven me.

Miss Hopper, during a gadabout period of mine, suggested I begin getting to bed earlier. So I began getting to bed earlier. Miss Hopper is worth listening to.

Indeed, if all counsel had the wisdom of Hedda's and Louella's, Terry Moore wouldn't spend so much time behind the eight-ball. But all counsel doesn't.

And this you should know about me—I am one of the most avid takers of advice in all Hollywood, where advice is as free and as plentiful as smog. I take good advice when I can. If it isn't available, I take so-so advice. And when they're finally out of that, too, I take any old kind.

I'm like the inveterate gambler in the place with the crooked roulette wheel. Told it was dishonest, he replied, "I know, but it's the only game in town."

All that may seem a trifle far afield from the subject of criticism and me, but I assure you it is not. It's all part of the package. The time may eventually come when I will go for a year or even a decade without putting my foot into my mouth or myself into an ermine bathing suit. That's what I'm working on now.

It's not that I'm ashamed of anything I have done. I'm not. I might be if I had actually done some of the things I've been accused of, but since I didn't, then the only shame would have to be that of the misinformed writers for themselves. But no girl, emphatically including Terry Moore, likes to be in the middle of a certain type of uproar. No publicity is worth it. I don't believe for a moment the axiom that any publicity is good publicity, and if it *were* so, then I'd rather skip publicity altogether. No, what I want to stay clear of from now on is misunderstandings, misinterpretations of my motives. Like most people, I mean awfully well. But my toe seems to stub more easily than the average.

In New York quite a while ago, at a party, someone wanted me to pose with an ape. I was in a bit of a spot at the time, as usual, and I thought it might strike my hooting section as undignified, so I declined. Word got around fast: Terry Moore's so hoity she won't even pose with an *ape*. So I agreed. Word got around fast again: Terry Moore's so nuts for publicity, she'll pose with an *ape*! How do you win? Incidentally, I had plenty of advisors on both sides, but not one to advise me to get up and go home.

Another time, at a Hollywood premiere, I was escorted by an officer from the Korean theatre, a friend of mine. We stopped in the lobby to be photographed, and when the pictures appeared in the papers, my friend was a little in the background. I, of course, didn't realize it. I'd looked where the photographers asked me to look, as anyone does when having a picture taken. But at least one of the columnists next day couldn't see it like that. Do you know what I had done? I had upstaged a Korean war hero. It's not terribly easy to forgive the person who wrote that.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a saint and I don't claim privileged immunity from attack. In my line of work, it's foolish to cry every time you're hurt.

And as I say, criticism can be a *good* thing, beneficial and constructive.

But where it is not, where it is malicious or disorderly, I guess there are two alternatives: ignore it with grace or fight back. Under no circumstances, I believe, should you let it get you in any other way. I know a few hypersensitive people who get sick, physically sick, when they hear something adverse about themselves. I'm sorry for them. No one likes it. We like to think everyone sees us in our own conceptions of ourselves. But that's a rarity. A man of great understanding once put the situation in these terms:

"You're like everyone else," he told another actor, who had been worrying about his personal popularity. "Some people like you, some people don't, and the other ninety-nine per cent don't give a hoot one way or another. Now forget it."

I thought it advice—another rarity—to remember. The actor to whom he spoke had abandoned grace under pressure and was, so to speak, crying on our shoulders.

When I think of grace under pressure today, I think instead of another player, a very famous star who had become involved in a truly sordid scandal. I neither stone nor condone him. That's not my department. But I do know that two days after the headlines broke—and they were still breaking—he lunched at Romanoff's with his lawyer. That in itself was a pretty brave thing to do. But his entrance was almost magnificent. He walked to his table easily and jauntily. He wasn't swaggering; heaven knows, there was nothing to swagger about. But his chin was up and his smile was on and you knew he wasn't going to flinch, whatever happened. I believe most of us—and remember, he was still presumed innocent in the eyes of American law—wanted to stand up and cheer.

You know, that's for me. Not a sordid scandal, I mean; on the contrary, perish forever the thought. But that kind of courage—well, Mr. Hemingway must have given his definition some thought.

Mother says it takes a really big person to swallow and digest honest criticism and then use it for nourishment, and that the honest kind frequently is the hardest to take. That's about it, I guess. It's like some health foods. They may not taste very good going down but they can work small wonders once they're there. And one more point: making a face while you're swallowing won't make them taste any better. Smile instead. END

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what makes monty run?

(*Continued from page 48*) that had just applauded the final curtain of Anton Chekhov's moody masterpiece, *The Seagull.* On the dark landing the youth tapped on a dressingroom door, and blinked in the bright light as it opened to reveal the grease-painted face of Kevin McCarthy, one of Clift's closest friends.

"I—I wanted to see Mr. Montgomery Clift," the youth said a little timidly.

"Then come on in and see him," said McCarthy, and pointed to the dressing table where his old friend and roommate, bare to the waist, was at work with towel and cold cream. Clift half turned around, said "Hi," and gestured with one hand to show he couldn't shake hands yet.

The photographer introduced himself. "I know everybody has been after you," he said, "but my editor and I thought if I showed you some of my work, maybe we could make an appointment to take pictures of you—you know, the kind you'd like yourself."

"Sure, I'd like to see your stuff," said Clift, and a few minutes later he and McCarthy were examining the natural-lighted portraits. While Clift sized up the work, the photographer sized up Monty Clift: the tousled dark hair, the hazel eyes looking a bit tired this night, the ruddy skin, the naked chest far from muscle-bound but looking healthy, hairy and suntanned.

"I like them; I really do," Clift was saying. "I think you *would* take the kind of pictures I like—natural, no posed-looking stuff, me and all my pores. But here's my problem: I've had to turn everybody down till the run of this play is over, because I'm putting everything I've got into it. And while you probably wouldn't distract me, if I said yes to you I'd have to say yes to them all and I'd be run ragged and I just can't have that; I gotta concentrate on this job till it's over." The eyes and the frank voice seemed to implore the young man to believe this.

"Well, all I'd need would be an hour or so some morning," the photographer persisted, "and it'd be a real break for me—" But Monty Clift shook his head. "Let's get in touch the day we close here, or the day after, and I'll see what I can do. Okay?"

After a few minutes the young man bade a disconsolate goodnight to Clift and the sympathetic McCarthy and picked his way down the stairs. Monty Clift heard from him the day *The Seagull* closed after a successful run. But the photographer didn't hear from Monty Clift because the actor fled almost at once to rest (and to grow a beard!) in Ogunquit, Maine, from the labor of love which had netted him the Equity minimum for playing frustrated sweetheart to Mira Rostova and frustrated son to Judith Evelyn.

THE YOUNG CAMERA artist still feels snubbed and baffled. But he has the consolation of being in good company, for with rare lapses Clift has been running away from the press for years. Except for the George Evans agency, which built him up as a natural, T-shirted, male Garbo, he has been frustrating to press agents, too. He vanishes just as rapidly after a million-dollar movie, when he's needed for publicity. Not that he's truly uncooperative or boorish (as his loyal friends have grown a little weary of explaining), but that he's less afraid of seeming that way than of seeming to be on the make. He remains grimly determined to sell himself on his work alone.

At thirty-four (October 17) this fear of seeming pushy would seem a little unreasonable, if not actually groundless. But it is not Monty Clift's only fear. Apart from all his positive attributes he retains an abiding fear not of success, but of what success might do to him—make him lose touch with the "real" world. And it is fear of failure in marriage that keeps him running away from serious romance.

THERE HAVE BEEN, and still are, women in Montgomery Clift's life. His friends say that he has been in love, and not just once. But he has seen love enter nearby lives only to go out the window leaving bitterness behind. He hates the thought of having this happen to him or to one he loved.

"I know it sounds trite," says his brother, William Brooks Clift, Jr., director on the NBC-TV *Home* show, "but I think Monty's still waiting for the right girl to come along. Sure, he could have been married long ago, have had kids by now, have had all the fun of being married—but who's to say? Maybe he's been right in waiting. Right now, though, no matter what you hear, I'm pretty sure there's no 'romantic interest' in his life."

The lack of one has not always stopped writers from inventing one, like the mythical Mary, a wealthy Eastern girl who was on the point of marrying him only to marry, for no apparent reason, someone else.

During and after the making of *A Place In The Sun* Monty had many dates with Elizabeth Taylor. It wasn't for the sweet uses of publicity alone; they enjoyed each other's company, but they never considered that they were cut out to marry each other. He used to be seen often in the company of Judy Balaban of the theatre-owning clan. Off and on for years now he has dated Libby Holman, the torrid torch singer widowed by Smith Reynolds. Many commentators have jumped to the conclusion that he "prefers older women," where the truth is merely that he prefers complicated women he can respect and with whom he isn't bored. Because his fear of phoniness keeps Monty out of New York's bigger, brassier celebrity hangouts, he and Libby have been seen most often in smaller East Side bistros in the neighborhood of his tastefully furnished East 61st Street bachelor apartment. What they find to talk about, Monty and Libby don't say. Some columnists have sworn they talk of love, others say they just talk.

In Hollywood he also used to date Natasha Lytess, who is Marilyn Monroe's dramatic coach. But the real mystery woman of Monty's life—because nobody can quite figure out where she stands with him—is the one who has been his own dramatic coach. Mira Rostovskaya Letts, billed in her United States acting debut in *The Seagull* as Mira Rostova, is a petite blue-eyed brunette, at once birdlike and intense, whom Monty and Kevin have known for more than ten years.

MIRA, BORN IN RUSSIA, was an actress in Europe before the war. Monty formed an immense respect for her from their first meeting. She was attractive, with some of the forlorn and frightened-looking beauty of a Luise Rainer, and she had the same kind of small, appealingly-accented voice. She also had brains. She became Monty's

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coach, a sounding board off whom he could bounce all his deeply-felt urges to improve himself as an actor, a judge of all his experimental striving toward naturalness—which does have to be striven for.

She even went onto the sound stages with him, rehearsing him between takes, unobtrusively cueing him when he was on camera. Nobody on the set was ever quite sure what she did do, but as long as Clift came out good, nobody minded. Not until *From Here To Eternity.* Mira was absent then, some said at the studio's request, and Clift still came out good—and stronger than ever—as Private Prewitt.

Mira Rostova had a lot to do with Monty's doing *The Seagull* for peanuts this year, at a time when Stanley Kramer was hounding him to play in *Not As A Stranger,* when John Huston wanted him for Ishmael in *Moby Dick,* and when the late Leonard Goldstein was after him for *The Leather Saint.* They were waving up to $200,000 under his nose.

"Kevin, Mira and I had been promising ourselves for years that some day we would get together and do a play," Clift said. "We read plays by the dozens," (nothing new for Monty, who chain-reads screenplays and treatments while chain-smoking and chain-drinking cups of coffee, ever searching for just the right part) "but the only one we felt was right for the three of us was *The Seagull.* People like me need a live audience . . . Many an actor on top of the world and his career at the same time, does his soul good with a little comeuppance, which he gets most effectively across the footlights."

Being a trio of perfectionists, Clift and McCarthy and Rostova couldn't accept a standard translation. Night after night (usually in Monty's roomy living room) they worked at constructing their own version, with Mira translating from the original Russian and the three of them worrying out each line of dialogue!

Add it up and undoubtedly there is affection between Monty and his Mira, but if it were ever to ripen into marriage it should have done so long ago.

Just where does all this leave the people who (in print) have been stubbornly trying to marry Monty off to one of the women in his life? It leaves them holding the bag. If he had been the eccentric they had mistaken him for, he might have rushed into marriage long ago. But he's not really an eccentric, and certainly he isn't a radical, despite his reputation as the pre-Brando Marlon Brando who went to Hollywood with one suit, two ties and a built-in sneer. (He happens to like grey flannels and grey tweeds, often dresses today as he did yesterday—but not necessarily in the same suit!)

On the contrary, he is one of the most conservative actors on either coast. It is conservatism, as well as seriousness about his work, that makes him fear losing contact with the "real" world where an actor finds his roots and inspiration. He feels that once he starts throwing his money around, or trades in his 1940 Buick coupe on a 1955 Caddy convertible, or gets to spending his time with famous people to the exclusion of ordinary people, he'll be lost. Playwright Arthur Miller once put this feeling as one of "having to have a neighborhood around me."

It was the same kind of earnestness that led Monty and Kevin to take seven months off and go to Europe with Mrs. McCarthy and their son Flip, so that Monty and Kevin could labor over a screen treatment of *You Touched Me,* the Tennessee Williams play that shot Clift to Hollywood and thence to stardom in Howard Hawks' *Red River.* No studio ever bought their product, but they believe it was worth doing anyway—because they had to.

"Monty's that intense, earnest and dedicated about everything he does," his brother says admiringly. "He could have been a tennis champion if he'd wanted to bother. He still goes to the gym all the time and keeps himself in great shape. . . . I think he'd make a great director; he has a director's point of view and an uncanny sense of what an author means by a part. He treats every movie as if it were a play, working on his part the way he'd work on a theatre part and not settling for anything but his best."

Deborah Kerr, who can be pretty intense herself, tells this story:

"When we were making *From Here To Eternity* all of us, naturally, were most excited by the work," she recalls. "The book was gripping, and Danny Taradash's script was wonderful. We all worked very hard toward understanding our roles. It was rewarding, but it was intensive work too, and at the end of the day we'd often discuss something else.

"One afternoon Fred Zinneman, Burt Lancaster, Donna Reed, Frank Sinatra and I were having tea. We were talking about Harry Truman, what kind of person he was, how you could dislike him or like him, but couldn't ignore him or deprecate him at all as a fighter. Monty joined us when the conversation had already reached the pronoun stage. He pitched into it fervently for fully twenty minutes—before we realized that *he* was talking not about Mr. Truman but about Maggio, the part Sinatra was playing in the film!

"That was all he cared about then. He lived for that film when he was working on it. And bear in mind that he wasn't just concerned with his own part, he was involved, deeply involved with the other characters. I've never known any actor who works so thoroughly and completely on whatever he does. We would sometimes relax, but Monty always thought of the film and of *every* aspect of it."

It was because he admires thoroughness, sensitivity and directorial greatness that Monty sought out Vittorio DeSica in Italy a few years ago and applied for an acting job knowing very well that the pay, if he landed it, would be closer to off-Broadway scale than to his $150,000-per-film Hollywood price. DeSica said he'd think it over, and thanked Monty for saying all those nice things about *Bicycle Thief* and *Miracle In Milan.* Monty got acquainted with Cesare Zavattini, the happy, humane, gnomelike genius who writes most of DeSica's screenplays, and convinced Zavattini that he was really serious about it. So Monty got the role opposite Jennifer Jones in *Indiscretion Of An American Wife,* the poignant vignette laid in Rome's modern railway terminal. No picture part in the world would have made Monty happier, because only this one gave him the opportunity to sit at the feet of DeSica.

Before he branches into directing himself—and it appears plain that this is where he's headed—Monty would like to do some comedy roles, either in films or on TV. He'd also like to play in *The Emporium,* a no-scenery play about a country store, if his good friend playwright Thornton Wilder ever gets through tinkering with it. Beyond that Monty would like to keep on making an occasional pile of Hollywood gold. "It gives a guy wings."

But whether he'll keep on winging about the world alone, or in the company of a wife, remains a baffling question. Maybe it even baffles Monty. Please, somebody, marry him! It isn't right for a guy so nice to be alone so long when marriage could make him so much nicer! END

grandmother and the good life

(Continued from page 63) still her duty. "Has Grandpa eaten his dinner?" she'd want to know. What did he have? Were we sure we didn't give him any greasy gravy? Were things going well generally? How was I doing in the studio?

Thoughts of death might be in *our* minds, but not in hers. She was too occupied with thoughts of the living. And sometimes, as she lay sleeping, I would look at her and become again conscious of the convictions I have come to in my life.

Her body, I saw, was just a shell, a place in which was stored love and experience and learning and skill—certainly not to be lost when the shell cracked and had to be laid away! Why, this little gentlewoman, as she lay dying, was still developing in stature. She showed it in her superiority over her pain and her indifference to her mortal fate! Why, this was beyond the flesh and into the realm of the divine; this must go on. There could be no doubt.

This, in essence, is my faith.

I AM PRETTY SURE that I am held to be a lighthearted person, not only by those who know me, but also by those who have had occasion to read about me. And this is true. So what I have said, or rather the way I think, may be a surprise. Let me then make it clear that if I am associated with the quality of happiness, credit should go to the fact that I *do* think the way I do.

I have always, even as a child, had a sense of being which did not depend wholly on the flesh. Don't all children? They never for a second think of themselves as temporary in nature, existing between never was and never will be again. But as I grew older I needed a little more than just this "sense," I needed the support of logic behind it and I got this out of a realization of what I have to call the *continuity of goodness*—continuity in the sense that I knew my grandmother's goodness must continue somewhere.

Esther Williams spent all the day climbing down a mountainous Roman wall via an anemic rope. Before she started her first descent Esther looked down at the craggy rocks, which furnishes the "bed" at the bottom of the wall in this particular scene for *Jupiter's Darling*, then glanced nervously at Howard Keel, and said, "What happens if I slip?" "Don't worry, Esther," said Keel, "it's the last scene in the picture."

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

When people anywhere in the world talk about a "fully developed man" don't they always mean that in addition to whatever fields of knowledge he has specialized in, *he is also a good man, morally?* Is it not acknowledged that a clever man who is not good is *incompletely* developed?

TEN YEARS AGO (just to use a good comparison point in my life) it is my opinion that I was about as bad a person as I was good. About this time my leanings toward either direction were about equal, I figure. There was a desire to be good, a series of temptations to be bad. Before this my major impulses belonged to childhood and can be discounted. Since then, I know I am definitely a better person than I was. I may even in time become a good person. To be good is the basis of my belief.

Maybe I should make what I said more clear. I don't mean that I am less evil today than I was as a child, but rather that I am better for having improved those qualities of character that come with time; wisdom, tolerance, understanding. After all, a child can be willful, greedy, argumentative, noisy, impolite—and yet truly innocent in that he is not any of these things by intent. Only if he persists in them beyond the phases of growing up, would he take on guilt.

In my religious lexicon there is no such word as punishment, so that a state of guilt does not mean that one is damning himself in an active sense. That you are not good does not necessarily mean that you are bad. I don't think any of us are all of one or the other.

I know there are days when a test will find me wanting and other times when I will undergo it in a manner to make myself feel quite proud. And it takes energy to be good. While driving the other day I found myself trapped behind a truck making an improper left turn, and I just knew I wasn't going to be able to fight off the temptation to be angry. So I let go. "Go ahead and have yourself a ball, girl," I told myself. And I did. I out and out swore. (Not that he nor anyone else could hear me!) But such relinquishment of my main drive to improve myself as a person is pretty infrequent. I'll never even be nearly perfect; but I'll never quit trying.

In this I am not just working for benefits to come in another world. Believe me, it is making me stronger, better, happier in this one. What I can face today I never could have faced when I was younger. It is pretty comforting to feel this about yourself. It is worth striving for in itself even if it were not part of a whole faith.

THERE IS NO one religion which interprets existence for me, both here and beyond, as I have come to interpret it for myself. Not Presbyterianism, into which I was born and will forever hold fondly; not Unitarianism, which has stimulated so much of my thinking; nor Christian Science, which I devotedly read. Yet in all three of these, and partly in others as well, I have found inspiration I needed. They have helped me come closer to knowing that which, perhaps, I shall never know—but must always go on seeking.

This search began seriously at the time my first marriage was breaking up.

I didn't find it easy to contemplate divorce; I was sad and frightened. I would sit and try to imagine how it would feel to be single again. And though there were pleasant aspects my predominant reaction was uneasiness.

At this point my husband's mother suggested that he and I both read Christian Science. I know she did this not only because she felt it might help keep the marriage, but because she knew it would bring us comfort. She was right about that and I will always be grateful to her.

As I read, and mulled over what I read, curtains seemed to be lifted between me and the future; and I saw that with courage I could walk through glorious vistas ahead. With courage, that is, and with truth. To fear the end of my marriage was not being in truth, but in weakness.

To continue to be a wife when wifehood was not making me happy was simply to be afraid of losing a label which supposedly gave me distinction because it read "Married." Actually it was a misrepresentation, and I was the one most fooled by it.

I am not a Christian Scientist but I still read Science. I need it as I need essentials of my Presbyterianism and Unitarianism. I discovered that my mind was of a type which was not satisfied to stay on any one path to spiritual understanding and thereby close off all the others. Being what I was I had to *think* my way spiritually, and my thinking is still going on. God has to make sense to me—at least as far as I can understand. It is good that His teachings

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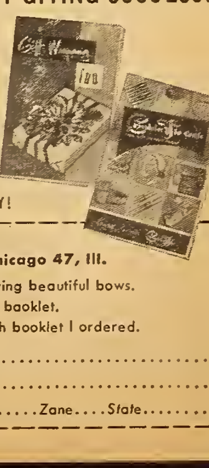

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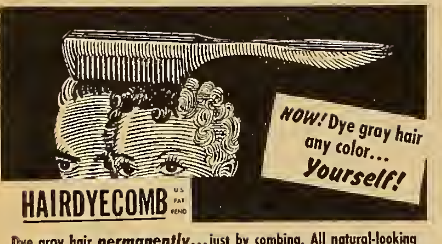
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ARTHRITIS?

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Limited space prohibits telling you more here but if you will write me I will reply at once and tell you how I received this wonderful relief.

MRS. LELA S. WIER
2805 Arbor Hills Drive 73
P. O. Box 2695
Jackson 7, Mississippi

through Jesus did not encourage passivity, that religion is properly dynamic, because God to me represents a search I must make, not a goal I have achieved.

It may seem that life might be a little disturbing for someone of my type who cannot accept a formal faith because none answers all my questions. And it is true that for those who can fulfill their spiritual needs by worshiping in the established church of their choice there would seem to be less time-wasting indecision. But for a Janet there can be no other spiritual disposition; because wherever a question remains unanswered she cannot forget it, but must keep asking it.

What would be the point of sitting in any one church if your mind kept asking a question that might only be answered in another church; or sitting in the second church when queries arose that could best be satisfied in the first church? And so I feel that all who seek God are joined, no matter how separated their temples.

I know that to many I would seem to be floating nowhere, but I can assure you that here and there I find a marker which tells me I am not astray. It may be just a line, like the one in Mary Baker Eddy's Christian Science writings, "Life is a showing forth of God." From this, in a simpler interpretation, I came to understand that if there is a God the only way He can be expressed on earth is through people. And there was a singular happiness in this for me. I was not only able to think, "Well, my job is to express God through me," but that I will be able to see God now many times in what other people do. I have. In the little things as well as the big.

I sat in the Brown Derby restaurant with friends the other day as a waiter—a little, old waiter—gave me a second cup of coffee when he saw that my first one had gotten cold, what with all the time I had taken out for talking. It came to me as he did this that while being attentive was part of his duties, he was really at an age where a gabby girl could rightfully be a nuisance to him. But instead of annoyance there was a fond, almost fatherly, look of understanding in his eyes, as he put the second cup down and took the first one away. For a split second as we looked at each other, we were more father and daughter than we were waiter and patron. And that meant, of course, for that split second we were human and real and doing good—God's good.

NOW COMES further benefit from this phase of my faith. If God can do His work through others, then these others become important to me; the waiter, the truck driver who delayed me, the girl who waits on me in the drugstore—there is as much to their lives as there is to mine. And with this my relationship to my fellow man becomes clearly a responsibility I must never evade or hold cheaply.

A few years ago I met a group of people, and when we began to talk of religion I mentioned some of the ideas I have given here and they acted as if I were silly. It threw me a little. I admired a few of them and I began to wonder if I could be wrong, if perhaps I had no right to spread my particular kind of "good." Then a few nights later I found myself alone with one of the women, and out of a clear sky she told me she had been greatly helped by my words of the previous evening. More than this—she had needed the help inherent in my viewpoint. But she hadn't wanted to reveal her trouble to everyone, of course, so she had said nothing. She hadn't wanted to tell me either, for that matter, but she had to in justice to the comfort she had gotten, and, you might say, to practice the preaching which had helped her. Here was the continuity of good again; from Grandmother to me to this friend and back to me again; enriching all to whom it came.

There are side benefits to such an attitude. I remember last spring when I sprained my ankle at a time when I had dozens of plans which necessitated my being on my feet, not off them. My first reaction was to get myself steamed up into as *mad* a mood as I could achieve. But then I talked myself out of it. I decided to see if I could possibly profit from that sprained ankle. I did. Tremendously.

I did it by thinking. For the two weeks that my ankle kept me home I tried to do all the thinking I could about my life and the problems in it. As a matter of fact, I did my thinking for practically the next five years in that two weeks, and then went back and did it all over again for Tony as well. And the things I got to know, as a result of this, of what we should and shouldn't do, in our private lives and in our professional ones, and all the reasons for same; I mean the actual worth of the information made us feel twice as rich.

IT'S INCREDIBLE what you can do for yourself just by keeping quite still and letting those little wheels in your head turn; you can't afford not to!

Last May, for instance, Tony and I were getting ready for a real vacation—a three-week hideout in Connecticut. Then one night Tony walked in with his face way down to here and announced that he was in a new picture and would have to leave for Boston location for those three weeks.

Anger flared up in me. Something was wrong somewhere. Either the studio had an awful nerve to intrude into Tony's vacation period or he had said yes when he should have said no. But where previously this would have been the extent of my thinking and I would have acted on it, now my mind carried on unbidden to a saner and better conclusion.

If I raised the devil and demanded that Tony keep to our original plan for our vacation, he would. This would mean notifying the studio that they would either have to change the schedule for the picture, or use someone else for the lead. This in turn would mess up the studio's production plans, affect Tony's relationship with the studio so that he would feel miserable, and when it was all over what would I have gained? Answer: nothing.

Mike Connolly reports that Corinne Calvet calls the décor of Johnnie Ray's new house "Early Miscellaneous."

Earl Wilson in The New York Post

"Boston?" I asked. "Well, at least Boston is in New England and being in New England was to be the main feature. We'll still have our week-ends together."

Tony's face lit up as if he thought I were wonderful. Well, I'm not wonderful. But any time he wants to think so—

I see the power of goodness as something as mysterious as the power of the atom, but far more enduring. Whence comes the power of the atom? The scientists can't tell you. They only know that something which holds an atom together, and which they label "the binding force of nature," is where this power originates. Man has a binding force just as mysterious in its persistence; the power of good. Even the mighty power of the atom is depleted in its explosive death. But the power the human heart exerts is never gone—the more good we do the more good there is. Somewhere here is the secret of living past life itself, I believe. END

(Janet Leigh can now be seen in MGM's Rogue Cop.)

the grangers call it love

(*Continued from page 62*) much about him. Suppose I hated to look at his face!" The face was strong, sensitive, beautiful. He stared for a good two minutes and paid tribute. "No wonder she loved him." He had it enlarged and framed, reproduced in sizes small, big and various—for a billfold, a locket, a dresser—sent them all to Jean. From having no picture of her father, she was suddenly surrounded. She cried.

The trip was something she'd hungered for. "I want to walk up the London streets," she moaned, "and get lost in the fog and smell the Thames. I'm homesick for London." The cry echoed in Granger's ears. By good chance, he met an artist who specialized in London scenes—fabled places like Fleet Street and The Mall. With a certain diffidence he broached his scheme, which involved a tiny little street in Hendon. "Its artistic interest may be nil. It's not very beautiful except that my wife was born there. Would you go down and draw it for me?" The artist obliged, delivering his sketch to the studio. The cameraman on *Beau Brummell,* an old friend of Jean's, took a look. "Very nice," he said, "only she wasn't born there. Family moved to Hendon when she was three. If it's her birthplace you want, go to Holloway. Right near the Holloway Jail. Wonderful old pub on the corner. You'll like it." Both sketches flew the Atlantic, arriving on that strategic day when Jean's hope of joining her husband was finally quashed. She cried again.

BALCONY SCENE

In the Chicago Theatre Rosemary Clooney was midway through one of her songs when she came to a line something like, "I'm just a little girl with no place to go." A joker in the balcony immediately let out a long and loud "Come-on-a-my-house!" and the audience went into hysterics—while Rosie giggled so hard she had to stop singing!

Jack Ramsey
Pocahontas, Virginia

Let's concede there's nothing noteworthy about a man's thoughtfulnes for his wife. It does, however, indicate sound relations. Yet the snipers snipe, taking what seems to be almost gleeful aim at the Granger marriage. They can do it no real harm. But when the peppering grows so heavy as to bring phone calls from Jimmy's mother in England, it acquires nuisance value. It also begins to bore those who hold no personal stake in the game.

GRANGER IS the target, not Jean. Jean is the martyred darling. (A darling she is, though singularly unmartyred.) What makes him a target is what we profess to admire—individualism. He refuses to be—more accurately, he's incapable of being—anyone but himself. In many communities, life goes more smoothly if you're cut to a pattern. Granger isn't.

He's a fighter for one thing, and fighters risk treading on people's pet corns. When his spirit yells no, you won't hear his mouth mumbling yes. His are honest battles over issues he honestly believes in—be it a script that seems ill-suited to himself, a contract he considers one-sided or further lengthy separations from his wife. Returning from five months in England, he delivered an ultimatum. "I won't leave Jean again." "Sorry, old boy," they told him, "but you're going to South America for *Green Fire.* Relax, it's only two weeks." He stood his ground, and collision threatened. Though you may have heard hints to the contrary, studios are often human and Granger is reasonable. They pared the two weeks to six days. Granger went.

Moonfleet, which he's making here, presents no problems. But a cloud lurks over the horizon. They want him to do *Bhowani Junction* in India. He'd be all for it—if Jean could play the girl. "Or even if they'd let her do a film in Burma," he suggests dryly. "At least we could nip across and see each other. It's this awful sensation of 8000 miles between you that's soul destroying. Cables and phone calls don't help much. Hang up the phone and you're lonelier than ever. Not that I'm blind to MGM's viewpoint. We'll have to work it out together, that's all."

THIS HARDLY sounds like the mulish truculence with which he's sometimes charged. That he's no Job for patience he'd be the first to grant. Inefficiency irks him. His standards of workmanship are high. He won't sacrifice them on the altar of popularity. Universal popularity doesn't head the list of things-he-can't-live-without. Hollywood is an open-armed town, where yesterday's stranger is tomorrow's darling. Not so with Granger, a Britisher and a Scotsman, to boot. If one Britisher is more self-contained than another, it's the Scot. Those friends he has and their adoptions tried, he keeps for life. Easy intimacies fail to attract him. "We ask people up here because we want to see them, enjoy talking to them. You can't talk to four hundred at once. So we have six or ten or even two. What's wrong with that?" The answer, of course, is nothing. You like big parties or you don't, and neither inclination is a subject for censure. But tell that to the critical, who tag him snooty and bewail the fact that he won't even take poor little Jean out dancing. Poor little Jean feels no pain. True, she likes dancing and he's tepid about it. "It's a difference," she points out, "not a yawning abyss." He recognizes the difference. Often as not, he'll strangle his reluctance. "There's this little jive joint somebody told me about." (Both prefer little jive joints to glamour clubs.) "Come on, you can dance your head off." Often as not, she'll be the one to protest. "Darling, I'm tired. Anyway, Groucho's on tonight."

Others may cavil. His wife feels not the slightest yen to change him. She's purringly content with him as he is. They talk the same lingo, the same kind of nonsense exhilarates them. Where Hollywood is effusive, they thrive on understatement. Any public display of sentiment makes them squirm. "In simple affection," he explains gravely, "we call each other idiot." If she does it, it's cute. It he does it, eyes glaze and paragraphs get into all the papers. "What Granger *said!*" Most are perceptive enough to realize that one man's "idiot" can hold more tenderness than another's glib "sweetheart." But they need fillers.

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been so constantly assaulted on such flimsy grounds. Take the oversize house he bought on arrival. He had made a mistake, rectified it, paid for it with his own hard cash, and whose business was it anyway but their own? Yet the town sliced it up until it sounded like a misdemeanor, if not a slight felony perpetrated against his bride. Take Jean's early unhappiness in her work, which sometimes reduced her to tears on the set. These were promptly translated into rows with her husband; why else should a girl weep? Take home economics. He's handy with a skillet. She'd rather go hungry than fix herself a meal. Domestic details aren't up her alley. He can manage them with a twist of the wrist, and does, seeing no reason to impose on her distasteful burdens. This is bad? Apparently. Why? Because he's invading her realm, robbing her of her feminine right, treating her like a child. Take even the matter of a couple of TV sets. How can they love each other when they watch different programs? Yes, it gets that silly.

They've been under fire along other fronts. But here, at least, they're in company. No British actor has ever drawn a Hollywood salary check without being prodded, more or less gently, on the subject of American citizenship. Some ignore the prodding, some react off the record. Ask Granger a straight question, and you get a straight answer. "I'm forty years old. I've spent nine-tenths of my life in England. I have two children, a mother and sister there. Jean has a mother, a brother and two sisters. Our roots are there. You can't tear them up because you've worked elsewhere for three years. Put yourself in the same position. England means to us what America means to you. If we changed citizenship now, any thinking person must know we'd be hypocrites, acting through shabby motives—to help us over taxes, to make travel easier on an American passport. This would be an affront to America, not a tribute. Hollywood has given us a lovely way of life on this hill. But obviously it's not the American way. We don't know enough about America to form opinions. Later, perhaps, especially if children were born to us here, we'd make it our business to travel up and down the land, study it, learn it, and become citizens, if we did, not as a convenience but because we loved it and wanted to spend the rest of our lives here."

THEY HOPE to have children, though not yet. Through her former contract, Jean's career stagnated. Now it's blossoming again. She'd like to concentrate on it for a while. "We don't believe in turning kids over to nannies. That way, you have a little thing in the house and never get to know it. Baby cuts his first tooth on Nanny's finger, takes his first step and topples into Nanny's arms. All agog, she phones Mummy at the studio. Mummy wails to high heaven, feeling cheated and with good reason. When Jean becomes a mother, she'll do one picture a year."

Their work has kept them apart more than they like. In three and a half years, they've had no time for a holiday together. Last summer they planned to go to La Paz. *Green Fire* was due to finish the first of the month, *Desirée* to start on the sixteenth. Reservations were made, fingers crossed, eyes fixed on the promised land. Then *Green Fire* dragged on through the twelfth and La Paz went a-glimmering. They sighed and swore, each according to his gender, and resigned themselves. The twin career holds no terror for them.

"What," demands Granger, "would I do with a woman who's never known the exhaustion of a day at the studio? What would she do with a man who wants only to flop and put his feet up? Words, I imagine, would flow like Niagara, and words have been known to lead to drastic action. Jean and I understand without too many words. We've been pricked by the thorns of the same profession."

REAR WINDOW

A few years ago as I was driving to a friend's house, I noticed that a man in the car in front of me was looking out of the back window and making faces. He was so funny that I couldn't help laughing. I followed his car for about a block and he continued to make faces at me and other cars that went past. Then I recognized that versatile face—it belonged to Bob Hope!

Linda Young
Austin, Texas

With an adult outlook, each respects the other's need for fulfillment in work. Granger's masculinity doesn't require the prop of a little woman dancing attendance. So long as Jean wants a career, he'll encourage her in it because of the bred-in-the-bone conviction that every person has the right to express himself in his chosen way. In acting, she has found her medium. He hasn't.

Physically equipped as few men are to play doughty heroes, doughty heroes give him a pain. "They're dull creatures. Nor do I consider that by donning a wig and sword, you achieve anything much." Here too, however, he sees the studio's viewpoint. His derring-do films bring home the bacon. "And who's to argue with bacon? Yes, I'd like to slip out of ruffles now and again into the skin of a real character. But if I don't fight too hard for a change of pace, it's because I'm not all that keen about acting. Acting leaves me feeling fenced in, a little frustrated. I fancy myself creative along some line."

His far-from-secret goal is to be a director. Although it's a serious ambition—more likely, *because* it's a serious ambition—he kids it. "I've yapped about it so much, I'll probably never do it. In which case, I can always tell my grandchildren what a fine director their granddaddy might have been. Better than maybe risking the ghastly chance that you're lousy."

DIRECTOR OR NO, he's bent on owning a farm, getting down to such basic creative activity as crops and calves. Jean stipulates only that none of the calves shall ever be sent to market. Meanwhile they pursue their lovely way of life on the hill. "Lovely to us," says Granger, "and dismally unspectacular in the telling."

Since his return from England, something new has been added in the person of Rushton, who used to work for him over there and agreed to temporary transplantation. A quietly glowing gem, Rushton runs the household, does the marketing, rises virtually with the dawn to fix Jean's breakfast when she is working. Which ought to leave Granger slumbering undisturbed. Only it doesn't. "When Jean gets up, nobody sleeps. For a small girl, she makes disproportionate noises. She falls down, she trips over things. I hear her mutter 'Excuse me' to the bedpost, 'I'm sorry' to the door."

"Creative fancy," says Jean, returned from the doctor's now and comforting herself with a spot of tea. "Some day he'll stick that bit into a movie."

Heedless, he plunges on. "Whereas my wife can sleep through thunder, earthquakes and dogs licking her face. On those rare mornings when we're both unemployed, Rushton brings in the coffee. I drink it, with this dead body beside me. I shower, I dress, I go out and putter round the garden. Contrary to printed report, I do *not* uproot trees with my bare hands. My horticulture consists in meditating on what to tell the gardener to do next. I change into trunks. I take a plunge in the pool. By now it's ten, so I look in on my sleeping beauty. She continues to lie motionless. I drop a heavy object. Nothing happens. I grow uneasy. I clunk her over the head three or four times."

"With a soft hammer," she prompts. Then they eye each other. "Uh-uh. Somebody might believe it. Delete jokes."

"Hammer deleted. What I actually do is open the door to the clustered animals and let them climb over her."

The animals number four. Two cats called Traybert, in combined honor of Spencer Tracy and agent Bert Allenberg. Two miniature poodles—Young Bess from the movie of the same name, Old Beau after *Beau Brummell*. Granger is this kind of despot. Jean says: "I would like a cat." He says: "Darling, you don't want a cat," and orders a couple of Siamese.

FINALLY DRAGGED from unconsciousness, Jean breakfasts in bed with the newspapers. "She's a diligent reader. First, the funnies. Every picture and word of the funnies from stem to stern. Then the columns. If she's mentioned, she yells. If I'm mentioned, she yells. If a friend's mentioned, she yells, though not quite so loud. If she devours them in silence, it's a sign that nobody she knows got a tumble that day. I'm not sure whether she's relieved or disappointed."

"A smidgen of both," she tells him.

They putter some more, they inspect their once barren hillside, now blooming like paradise. They bask in the sunlit hours of a lazy day. "How can you itemize them?" he asks, forever astonished that anyone should be interested in the trivia of their daily lives, but doing his best to oblige. Friends may drop in. Their reputedly British circle is liberally sprinkled with Americans—Tracy and Allenberg, Garland and Luft, directors Cukor and Kazan. Jimmy cooks up some dinner. Jean hovers. The culinary arts fascinate her at a distance. She eats what he gives her, criticizing all the while. "This meat's too well done. There's not enough pepper."

"Shall I hand in my notice, madam?"

"I'll think about it. Ask me in fifty years."

WHEN THEY'RE ALONE evenings, TV holds them enthralled. "Being competition, it makes us feel slightly guilty. We swallow our guilt and tune in just the same." He's mad for baseball and the fights. She plays her own favorites, then wanders over to him. Baseball she likes. "Unless the blokes paste each other too hard."

"Then she ducks. Our attachment to TV stems less from the programs than the sociability. It's cozy lounging together on the couch with a bottle of beer in your hand. You watch the Rheingold commercial and take another slug of Budweiser."

"For that remark Rheingold will doubtless crown you."

"It's a typographical error. It's also time for you to pop back into bed."

We caught a final glimpse of them in the doorway. Bess' tufted head poked out of the nest of Jean's arms. Looking for something to chew, Beau took a sniff at Jimmy's shoe. The Grangers, big and little, stood close. They stand close in more than the literal sense. They're nice people. They're happy. They love each other. Let's leave 'em be. END

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why try to change me now?

(*Continued from page 47*) telephone, no TV set, not even a radio to invade one's privacy. There was only the hypnotic tone of the surf beyond the picture window . . . only the bittersweet nostalgia of the blues coming softly from a pint-sized phonograph on a nearby table—and Jane Russell sitting quiet, her dark eyes brooding over the sea she loves so well.

Suddenly she spoke, shattering the illusion of serenity. "Next time a writer asks me for a story idea," she announced, "I'm going to come up with one for him. A story to be called *If You Don't Like It, Lump It.*"

Ah, ha! you might well think. Now that she has formed her own picture company, now that she isn't tied down by a contract, Miss Jane can't concern herself with what the public says.

No such thing. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the controversial storms she has shrugged her way through with apparent indifference, Jane has always needed approbation more than most movie stars. She goes out of her way to avoid antagonizing people, she cares very deeply how the public feels and she isn't about to develop one of those "I'm-bigger-than-all-my-critics" complexes.

THERE WAS A reason for her saying what she said, however. One of the friends relaxing with her that Sunday *was* a writer, who had been giving her some tiresome, uninvited "for your own good" advice about a certain current Russell project which had nothing whatever to do with the making of motion pictures. The unwanted counsel had been offered some hours earlier, at which time Jane neither sulked nor argued her point. But now she came up with this like-it-or-lump-it routine. Although it was a pretty sneaky way of telling a friend to go climb a tree and not up to her usual standard of forthright insult, there are mitigating circumstances. First, she was tired. Besides, the writer was a guest in her house, and Jane is never rude to guests. Well, hardly ever. And finally, she wasn't mad at anybody. She made the remark without a trace of malice, and when comprehension dawned on the guy, she grinned at him fondly. Just so he knew where she stood.

WHERE SHE STANDS is on her own two feet. She'll make mistakes in her newfound independence, maybe, fall flat on her face, maybe, but the point is that at least they'll be *her* mistakes. One of the things Miss Russell is most tired of is being slapped on the wrist for obeying orders. "If people think a thing is in bad taste, it's their privilege to make a fuss—but before they criticize me or anyone else for what they see on the screen, couldn't they at least ask whether our contracts permit us to object to scenes in the picture? I can insist on script changes now, but I couldn't always." This is one desirable aspect of independence, but it has its drawbacks, too. With the announcement that she wears no man's collar, any future goofs must be laid at her own door.

OF COURSE, what constitutes a goof is a matter of personal opinion. Earlier this year Jane made a trip to New York and, on a nocturnal search for some real

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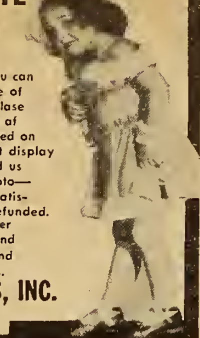

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crazy music, ran into a columnist who reported the following day that Miss Russell considered the Almighty "a Livin' Doll when you get to know Him." A national magazine duly noted the comment, and there were sanctimonious howls of outrage at her blasphemy and retorts from cooler heads pointing out that if Old Jane knew the Lord well enough to call Him a Livin' Doll, she was in much better shape than people who didn't know Him at all. Jane was mildly surprised but not at all upset by the to-do. "I guess I did say it," she confirmed placidly. "It sounds just like me—why, you've heard me say it a hundred times." She doesn't regard that as one of her mistakes. But she's a wicked one, all right. At the end of her nightly prayer she has even been known to implore the Lord to take care of Himself.

When magazines break out in a rash of stories asking whether success had changed Jane Russell, they'll just be words. Currently the Old One's (Miss Russell's four brothers' pet name for her) favorite song is a standard called, "Why Try to Change Me Now?" and it ought to be her theme song. Nobody is going to change Jane, for her own good or otherwise. She's as stubborn as a mule, unshakable in her loyalty—and she'll stay that way. She indulges whims she knows will land her in hot water up to her chin. She always listens to people who know more about making movies than she does and, unaccountably, she sometimes listens to people who wouldn't know a camera angle from a hole in a doughnut. She's convinced that she's a sound judge of character and yet, jokingly or not, she sets quite a store by astrology. "I don't even know why I like you," she often complains to one of her friends. "Everybody knows that Geminis can't stand Taureans!"

She's curious as a squirrel about strangers—some strangers—but never try to make book on which ones will appeal. When they don't, she ignores them. "I've never been so embarrassed in my life," relates a member of the RKO publicity team. "We were in the gallery, shooting some art for a magazine cover, when the editor of the magazine came in. I introduced them, and Jane said, 'Hi,' in that disinterested voice that I ought to recognize by now. Then she proceeded to look right through that woman for two hours. I nearly wore myself out trying to make small talk.

"Still, you can't get mad at her. After all, just to do these pictures, she was giving up a day when she could have been at the beach. She made every costume change we asked; she did everything the photographer said. Only her mind was somewhere else—and if I had said anything to her about it, she'd have answered with something sarcastic, like, 'Who's going to put my mind on a magazine cover?' You can't change that dame."

When she thinks a stranger is bright or cute or funny, believe it or not, Jane is shy. The high-voltage eyes look hither and yon, sneaking only an occasional glance of appraisal. She becomes a model of decorum, causing studio representatives to shift uneasily in their seats.

If she's satisfied that this one is worth the time, for instance, she might pull a complete switch in the next moment and become the Legend. This myth, perpetrated and carefully nurtured by her devoted crew, insists that Miss Russell is mean as a snake, arrogant, temperamental, unreasonable—and her mother should bite her when she gets back to the kennel. No one can become a crew member in good standing without adding to this canard.

One Legend victim was a serious young man who came out from New York to write a story about The Real Jane Russell. He was introduced to her in the RKO commissary and they talked briefly, but Jane was bored, indifferent, uncooperative—which to the initiated meant that she liked him and was feeling playful. Calmly she outraged his artistic integrity by suggesting that he go on home and create any little piece of fiction that came into his head.

Smarting somewhat, the young man persisted. He was bound to write nothing but The Truth. Finally, Jane shrugged. "If you want to know what I'm really like, why don't you go over to the set and talk to my crew? I guess they hate me the best."

The crew greeted his appearance with fish-eyed coolness, and when he diffidently explained his mission, they responded with variously uncouth noises of derision.

"Why waste our breath, telling you what she's really like?" scoffed hairdresser Steffi Garland. "When your story came out, it would be the same old watered-down version!"

"That's not his fault," stand-in Carmen Nesbitt pointed out sympathetically. "If he wrote the real story, they wouldn't allow it in the mails."

Behind his horn-rimmed glasses the young man's eyes were beginning to glaze ever so slightly, a fact which the crew noted with complacency. They led him to Miss Russell's portable dressingroom, sat him down, and began relating the reasons why she was an impossible employer.

At this point Jane entered. Although there was some shifting about to make room for her at the dressing table, she was otherwise ignored. She glanced in the mirror at the writer and asked, "Well, what have they been telling you?"

"Uh—nothing," he lied uncomfortably.

"That doesn't surprise me," Miss Russell remarked, applying mascara with a deft hand. "I'm surrounded by fools and idiots."

Nobly the writer stepped into the breach. "Miss Russell, there's something I'd like to ask you about. In looking over your studio biography, I ran across something rather peculiar. It said that when you were a baby, your mother used to leave you out in the snow in your buggy for hours on end. Would you—"

"What's so peculiar about that?" interrupted wardrobe mistress Mary Tait. "If you had given birth to something this horrible, wouldn't *you* encourage pneumonia?"

It broke up the whole bunch, Jane Russell most of all, and gave the writer his first indication that they were pulling his leg. To date Jane has given her best acting performances as the Legend.

The real Jane Russell is so untemperamental and so cooperative that she feels defensive about making a reasonable adjustment in her daily routine. As everyone knows, she habitually tries to do too much, and has cracked up on several of her recent pictures. Worried, her family and friends persuaded her to cut down.

"Say, Old One," teased a friend who didn't know the circumstances, "you been taking lessons from So-and-so?" naming a star well-known if not well-liked for the regard in which she holds herself.

For once, Jane didn't smile back. "Taking lessons in what?"

"Well, all of a sudden I hear Russell does not permit luncheon interviews—"

Jane looked stricken. Then, "I don't," she said tightly, "and I haven't on my last two pictures. I just have a sandwich in my dressingroom and use my lunch hour to rest or pray or cry or whatever I feel like."

It's probably the smartest move she has made in years, and there isn't a reason in the world why she should feel uncomfortable about it—except that she always has given up her free time in the past. The way it used to be, Jane was up at the crack of dawn in order to drive in from the valley and arrive at the studio on time. She worked through the morning, ate her way through a lunch interview, and hurried back to the set to work all afternoon. Usually there were other writers visiting the set, waiting to talk to her between scenes, and a member of the RKO publicity department once tabulated forty phone calls—all urgent—that came in for Jane in the course of a single day. Small wonder that she cracked up.

THE WOMAN'S TOUCH

I went to the première of Lucky Me *in Miami Beach and sat next to a man wearing a black sports outfit with a blazing white tie. When the lights went up for the floor show I must have been staring at this strange outfit for the man smiled at me and said, "Kinda loud, huh? But my wife made it for me and I love it." It was Robert Cummings.*

Stella Kamp
Miami Beach, Florida

Now she has cute Penny Sweeney of the dandelion coiffure to screen the calls and the visitors, and she keeps her lunch hour free. Know what she does with it, besides resting, praying and crying? She answers the calls that worry her the most.

Let's say that you're in trouble. The phone rings, you answer, and this flat, unemotional voice says, "Hi. This is Jane. How are you today?" After the first time, you won't need to be told who it is. After the third or fourth time you stop puzzling about the rest of it. There doesn't have to be a reason why she concerns herself with you; she just does. Her voice doesn't ooze solicitude with every syllable, she doesn't comfort you in wildly affectionate terms of affection a la Hollywood, she doesn't preach the gospel. Instead, she says with simple, hard-headed logic, "Look, do you have a really good doctor?" Or lawyer or candlestick maker, depending on your particular need. ". . . Because if you haven't, mine is the best." It's entirely possible that Jane's doctor, lawyer and candlestick maker do more charity work than professional philanthropists, and apparently they're happy about it. They eschew payment for whatever service they have rendered warmly but firmly. "Anyone who's a friend of Jane's—" is what they say.

Of course she believes in miracles and kill-or-cure methods. There is a reporter in Hollywood rumored to be sitting in a corner, gibbering to himself and playing with a piece of string, on account of Jane. It seems that he had a blue-ribbon assignment on her, one of those directives that said, "IMPERATIVE. DROP EVERYTHING ELSE. DEADLINE." So he went to U-I to visit her on the *Foxfire* set.

He was moping around her dressingroom when she came in, and immediately Jane asked, "What's the matter with you?"

"I dunno," he answered. "Picked up some kind of bug, I guess."

"So what are you doing here?"

"Well," the reporter was vague, as reporters usually are, "I had this assignment on you."

Jane clobbered him with a look. "I'm not going to talk to you," she said with absolute finality. "You look horrible. Go home and go to bed."

"But my story—"

"I said, go to bed. I'll call you later."

She did. She called that day and the next and the next. The second day she had a personal physician at hand. The third day she turned up with the most novel idea in publishing history; she had a writer from a competitive publication in her dressingroom when she called. "I told him about you," she said, "and he says he'll be glad to help you out in any way he can. Write your story for you or anything." Big joke.

The only thing she was steadfast in refusing to do, over the telephone or otherwise, was to hold still for any interview. "My doctor says you're too sick to work," she said stubbornly, "and if I don't give you any material, you can't write a story." And if he didn't write the story, he's probably peddling pencils on a street corner, or playing with that piece of string.

But why try to change her now? She's a magnificent, complex creature of fantastic impulses and pedestrian caution which are almost always in conflict.

Like quicksilver and the sea, Jane is changeless. She's only in a different mood right now. A grave, adult mood acknowledging that this might well be the most important year of her life. For the first time since she appeared on the Hollywood scene, Jane is a free agent.

While she was under contract to Howard Hughes, Miss Russell probably didn't realize how relatively sheltered she was. When she read a script, she didn't have to look into a crystal ball and decide whether the picture would be a hit or lay an egg; she merely had to play the role written for her. The outcome involved neither her money nor any responsibility.

Now that's all changed. She and Bob Waterfield will sink or swim on the strength of Russfield, and Robert admittedly knows nothing yet about making movies. Jane has got to read a script and visualize a picture, buy it or turn it down. Dicker for co-stars and directors. Rely on her own judgment regarding promotion, publicity and a dozen other facets.

It's enough to make anyone serious, but Old Jane faces the future confidently because she labors under the delusion that she has mastered a very dirty word: compromise. She hasn't, of course, since in her books compromising doesn't include making concessions or ending up with anything less than she wanted originally.

How does she compromise? "Well, take music. Bob Thiele of Coral likes me to make a certain kind of record a certain way. *I* like to make another kind my own way. So I do four that he wants, and then he lets me do four of my own.

"Or in picture making. Universal wanted me for *Foxfire* and we want to borrow Jeff Chandler for a Russfield production. So we compromised.

"Or in private life. If Robert wants to go fishing in the mountains and I want to go to the beach, we can't do both so we compromise—he goes fishing and I go to the beach."

She was perfectly serious, explaining all this, although in every instance she cited, Jane Russell ended up getting what she wanted. Apparently "compromise" means the difference between getting what she wants immediately or five minutes later.

Lazily, the Old One smiled, and her eyelids dropped to cover some secret thought of her own. "But I'll let you in on something. There are some situations where it looks like I'm compromising. I let people think I am. Only, I'm not—I'm just bidin' my time." The thought had mischief in it, but why try to change her now? END

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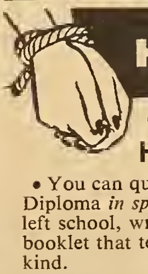

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it's a brand new brando

(Continued from page 66) his personal relationships. He likes people instead of fearing them. His conduct with Josanne Mariani, is different from his old manners with women. Josanne is a black-haired, brown-eyed Corsican actress Marlon had met in Europe. When Josanne came to Hollywood, she visited him on the *Desirée* set each day.

He was kind, considerate and attentive to her. In the past he's been chary of showing any affection to a girl, particularly in public. But with Josanne he was every inch the courting gentleman.

When newsmen asked if they might take her picture with him, Brando grinned and shook his head.

"You better not," he said. "Don't you think so? We've got no right to intrude on her privacy." Because Brando was so gracious, the photographers agreed.

They saw Josanne around Hollywood a great deal. Phil Rhodes, Brando's friend, used to drive her to and from the studio, and they could have photographed her a dozen times. But why get Bud Brando sore when he'd gone out of his way to help?

Who is responsible for Brando's new attitude? Why has he changed his tune? Only a year ago he was saying, "I've had enough of Hollywood. Came out to the movies for only two reasons: loot and experience. Now I've got 'em both and I'm pulling out." He talked about going to Europe and to the Far East and making pictures there but he was defintiely soured on Hollywood and its ways. He claimed that unjustifiably he had been depicted as an irresponsible screwball. After *Julius Caesar*, he said, it would be a long while before he hit the West Coast again.

For a while he was true to his word. He flew back to the East and presently his girl, Movita Castaneda, joined him there. Gradually, Movita helped weaken Bud's prejudice against Hollywood.

"You're too sensitive," she told him. "You take everything so much to heart. Why do you care what they say about you? They think you're rough and crude and crazy. But all the people who know you, all the people who've worked with you like and respect you."

But Bud was still hurt.

When *Julius Caesar* opened in New York, he declined to attend, explaining, "I just couldn't go through it."

Asked if he'd read the wonderful reviews, he said, "I never read reviews. They either praise you or kick you. But they don't help you."

Then Stanley Kramer, the producer for whom Brando had made his first Hollywood movie, *The Men*, telephoned to say that he was making a picture to be called *The Wild One*, and he wanted Brando, that he needed him badly. Would Bud come out to Hollywood and do this one favor?

Bud went. He has an indomitable sense of loyalty and friendship.

He understood that certain of his pals would get minor parts in *The Wild One*. They didn't and he resented it deeply. After the film was finished, he said, "I'm getting out of Hollywood and this time I'm really staying out." Once more he flew to New York where he signed to play in summer stock for a friend at $125 a week. Bud has great admiration for Elia Kazan, the talented stage and film director. It was Kazan who gave Brando his first big break by casting him as Stan Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

In New York, Kazan began to talk with Bud about a script by Budd Schulberg dealing with waterfront scandals.

Brando agreed to make the picture. Most of it was shot in Hoboken, New Jersey. Bud loved making the picture. He reported to work each day in work trousers and leather jacket. He rode the trains and subways home hardly ever being recognized. When he was, he signed autographs until his fingers were numb. Never in his life has he refused an autograph.

In the *Waterfront* film, for example, Sam Spiegel, the producer, was a bit late in paying some of the featured players their salaries. Marlon raised a fuss about it.

"Sam," he said, "you've got some nerve keeping these people waiting for their money. Where do you come off with that stuff?" Spiegel paid off quickly.

After *On The Waterfront* was completed, Bud heard from his father Marlon Brando, Sr., that a cattle ranch was to be put up for auction in eastern Colorado.

"I've got about 800 head of cattle out in Nebraska," Brando says, "and I always thought it would be a good idea to have them feed on my own ranch. I'm partners with my father—we have a company called Marsdo, Inc.—and my dad said we needed another $150,000.

"Just about then MCA, my agents, called and said that Fox wanted me for *The Egyptian*. I could get $150,000 for the picture. That seemed to be the answer."

When Brando arrived in Hollywood early this year, he knew in his heart that he was going to work in *The Egyptian* for only one reason—money. That realization ate into him. He is a sensitive young man who from time to time has denounced money-mad persons as "unconscionable hucksters."

Howard Hawks is in Egypt, filming *Land of the Pharaohs*. He hired 3,000 extras for the opening scene. It was at the quarry where the stones for the Pyramids were cut. The preparations began before dawn. At 1:30 P.M., after long hours in the sun, the 3,000 extras finally were in their proper places. Just as Hawks signaled for the cameras to start grinding, his Hungarian aide noticed that an extra's toupee was askew.

He shouted a signal in Hungarian, over the loudspeaker, to another Hungarian who was in charge of that section. In less than a minute, all 3,000 extras had rushed off. Hawks and his aide later learned that the Hungarian word sounded like the Egyptian word for "LUNCH."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

The resulting struggle with himself turned Marlon so sick that he felt he must have the help of a psychiatrist. So he got on a plane before *The Egyptian* started and flew to New York and the care of psychiatrist Dr. Bela Mittelmann.

Immediately, the studio filed suit and replaced him with young Edmund Purdom.

A few weeks later Brando was told that his mother, Mrs. Dorothy Brando, was ill in Pasadena. He flew back to California at once. When Bud arrived, she was dying.

Bud and his mother had always been very close. Mrs. Brando knew that in Marlon she had something of a maverick. She loved her son and sympathized with him and tried to bring him comfort and hope. Before she died, she said, "Bud, I want you to get along with people, to love them instead of fighting them. Don't fight with the studio, Bud. Don't fight with anyone. Sometimes it's hard but you must get along with people. You must love them. It's the only way."

Marlon said he would do his best.

His mother died on March 31. A few weeks later Brando made his peace with the studio and agreed to report for the role of Napoleon in *Desirée*.

The studio believed that he would be vindictive and antagonistic.

Instead Bud has been all sweetness and light, and extremely discreet. "I promised my mother that things would be okay."

When Bud was asked about his reported breakup with Movita, instead of blowing his top as he would have done in the old days, he said calmly, "We're still friends and Movita is still a very lovely person. But let's not pursue that subject."

Movita spoke more freely.

"Isn't it possible," she asked, "for a man and woman to have a friendship without its ending in marriage or a quarrel? Bud and I are still good friends. We talk over the phone every few days. But I never had any intention or desire to marry him. Apparently he's not yet ready for marriage.

"Before he settles down to family responsibilities he wants to travel. Marlon is a wonderful person involved in the sometimes painful process of finding himself."

Another young beauty who dated Bud in Hollywood and is convinced that he possesses all the virtues is Rita Moreno.

"I went out with Marlon a few times," Rita said, "and he was a perfect gentleman. He's relatively quiet, but when he speaks he says something worthwhile."

Marlon's explanation of the stories of his alleged weirdness is simple. "The press," he says, "is responsible for spreading all those wacky stories. When I was in *Streetcar* in New York a woman came backstage to interview Jessica Tandy.

"Jessica was about to introduce her to me but I said quickly, 'I know, Jessica—your mother!' I wasn't trying to be smart or sarcastic or anything. I didn't have my glasses on and I'm nearsighted. But this woman never forgave me and has been giving me the business ever since.

"Then when I came out to Hollywood to do *The Men*, the publicity guys told me to go around and visit another columnist at home. I didn't have anything to say, and when they told this columnist I wasn't about to go visiting, I became 'naughty, naughty Marlon Brando.'

"Then I was interviewed by some writers and frankly I was shocked by the questions they asked—so intimate, such an out-and-out infringement on a man's privacy."

Marlon admits he wasn't "too diplomatic" years ago. "But I've learned," he says, "and that's why I'm not posing for any pictures in blue jeans and a T-shirt. I've got suits. I've got shirts. I know how to knot a tie. I want to destroy the impression that I'm constantly bumming around."

As a matter of fact, Brando is now pursuing the opposite tack. At a recent Hollywood party, he was the only guest to show up wearing a tie and jacket.

The girls he quietly dated in Hollywood also report that he was dressed formally when he came courting.

When Marlon finished *Desirée*, he was heading for the Venice Film Festival where *Waterfront* was to be entered in the contest.

"How about that Mariana girl?" he was asked. "Will you see her in Europe?"

Brando grinned. "I'm trying to be very cooperative with all the press people," he explained. "I'm trying to be nice and helpful. But somehow I don't ever think I can get to the point of discussing girls I know. A man is entitled to his private life even if he is an actor, and attempts to invade it—well, I *still* consider them outrageous." But he said it good-naturedly.

A year ago he would have grown sullen and morose and stalked off.

There's no doubt about it—it's a new kind of Brando, with love and kindness conquering inhibition and fear. **END**

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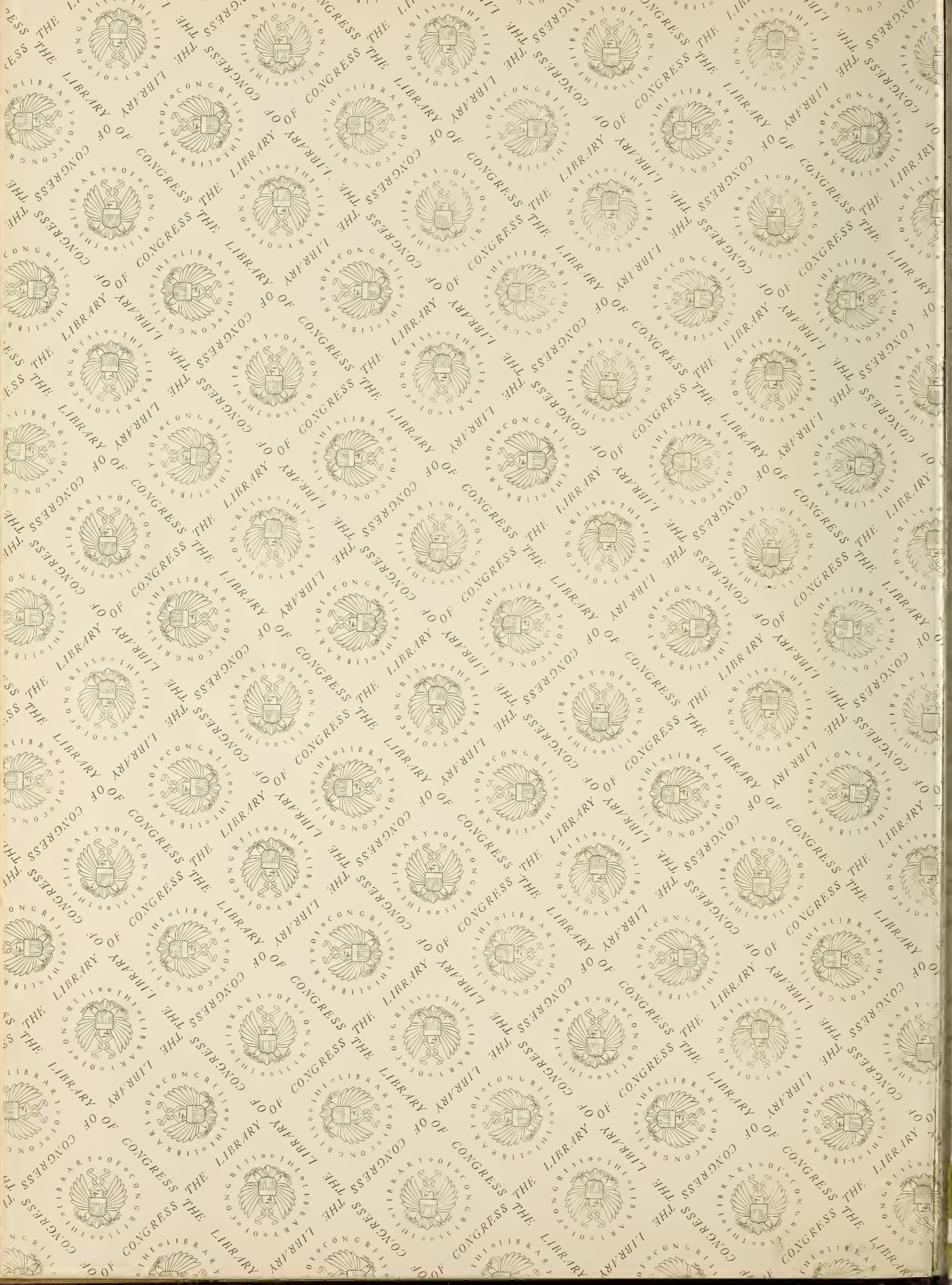
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